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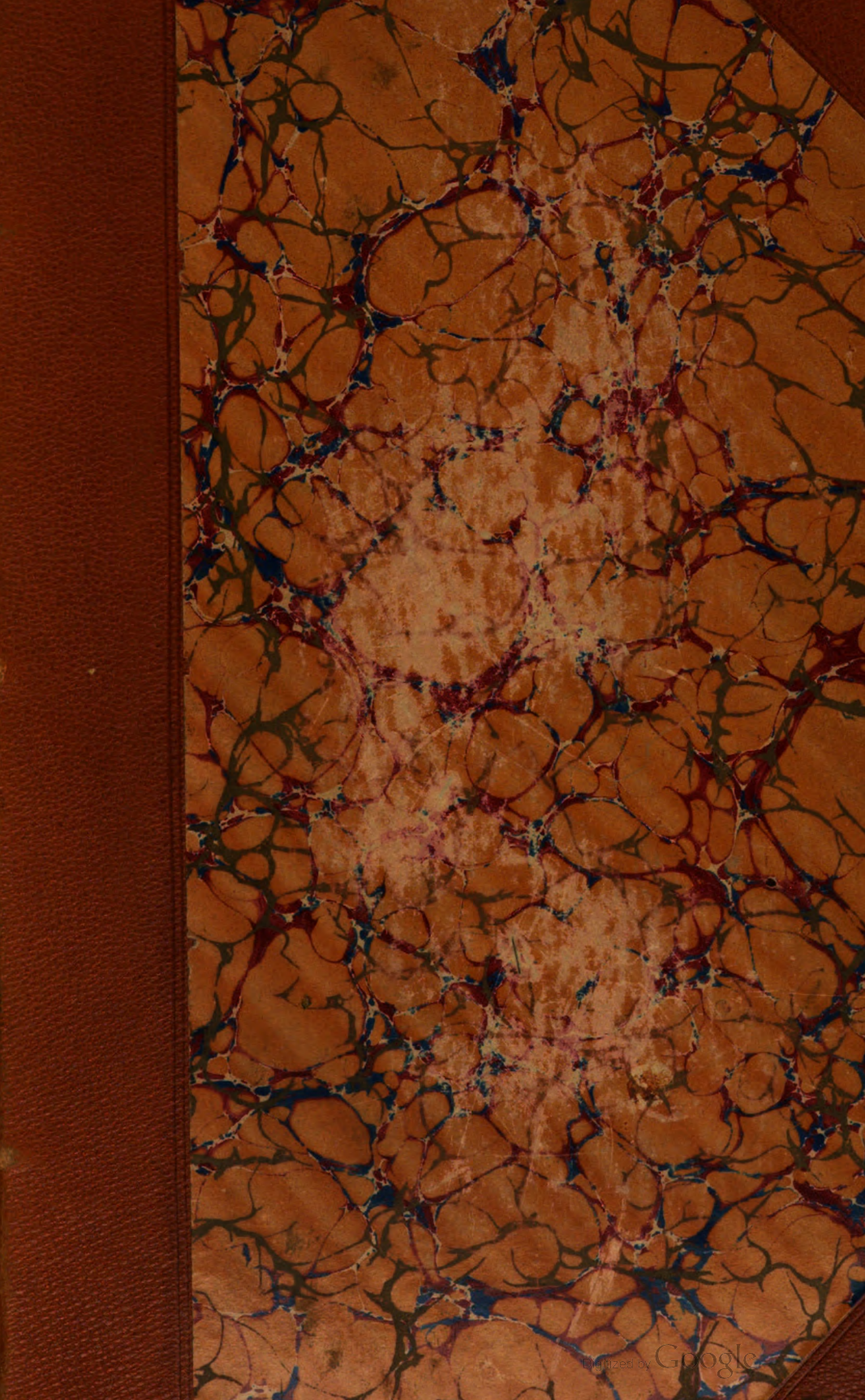
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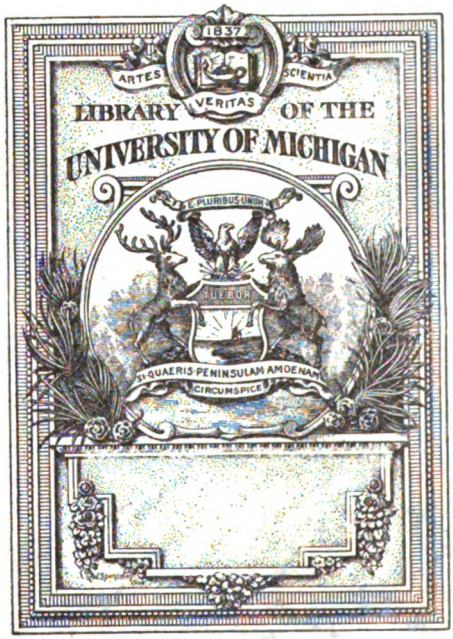

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

VOLUME TWELFTH;

Containing

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ROWE'S LUCAN,
HOMER'S HYMN TO CERES, AND
PINDAR'S ODES, OMITTED BY WEST.

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THE WORKS

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY A. POPE, ESQ.

VOL. XII.

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PREFACE.

HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt invention of any writer whatever. The praiſe of judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great geniuſes: the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſters every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes art with all her materials, and without it, judgment itſelf can at beſt but ſteal wiſely; for art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them to which the invention muſt not contribute: as in the moſt regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradiſe, where, if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nurſery, which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſt by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf when he reads him. What he writes is of the moſt animating nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes,

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο,

"They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the "whole earth before it." It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendour: it grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this "vivida vis animi," in a very few. Even in works where all theſe are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendour. This fire is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant; in Lucan and Statius, it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakſpeare it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven; but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhow, how this vaſt invention exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was likewiſe a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its vortex. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature, to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things, for his deſcriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of fable. That which Ariſtotle calls the "Soul of Poetry," was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt; and I ſpeak of it both as it means

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the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the probable, the allegorical, and the marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order; if he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises, and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemoras. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calipso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Simon, and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: if we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and untractable; that of Diomede forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding: of Hector, active and vigilant; the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open man-

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ner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently, affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſthus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner, it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will purſue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The ſpeeches are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, ſo there is of ſpeeches than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it) that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is left in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If, in the next place, we take a view of the ſentiments, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the ſcripture; Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we obſerve his deſcriptions, images, and ſimiles, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature ſummoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things in their various views preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide-views, unobſerved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurpriſing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the Iliad, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any epic poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the expreſſion, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that language of the gods to men. His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirſts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like; yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes from it, and forms itſelf about it: for in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous: like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it aſſiſted and filled the numbers with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the images. On this laſt conſideration, I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motions of Hector's plumes in the epithet κορυθαίολος, the landſcape of Mount Neritus in that of σιβοσίφυλλος, and ſo of others; which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metephor is a ſhort ſimile, one of theſe epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his verſification, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but ſearched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a great mixture of vowels and conſonants, and ac-

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cordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the diphthongs into two ſyllables, ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feeble Eolic, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſure, inſtead of being ſetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a ſarther repreſentation of his notions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian operas), will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language of poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed, the Greek has ſome advantages both from the natural ſound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verſe, which agree with the genius of no other language: Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more untractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this acconnt as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that fewer critics have underſtood the one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the Compoſition of Words. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the muſes dictate: and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpired vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full: while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extenſive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and ſtrongly marked, his ſpeeches more affecting and tranſported, his ſentiments more warm and ſublime; his images and deſcriptions are full and animated, his expreſſion more raiſed and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope in what has been ſaid of Virgil, with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no ways derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhed excellence of each: it is in that we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſſed a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion, Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow: Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets reſemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, beats all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But, after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues; they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief objections againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we reckon ſome of his marvellous fictions, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantic bodies, which exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his ſpeaking horſes, and Virgil his myrtles diſtilling blood, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his ſimiles have been thought too exuberant and full

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of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: it runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which, however are ſo managed as not to overpower the main one. His ſimiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeably to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and correſpondent images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found, upon examination, to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his groſſer repreſentations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes: but I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "that * thoſe times and manners are ſo much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of thoſe ages, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was ſhown but for the ſake of lucre, when the greateſt princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made ſlaves and concubines? On the other ſide, I would not be ſo delicate as thoſe modern critics, who are ſhocked at the ſervile offices and mean employments in which we ſometimes ſee the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleaſure in taking a view of that ſimplicity, in oppoſition to the luxury of ſucceeding ages: in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light, will double their pleaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thouſand years back into the remoteſt antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a clear and ſurpriſing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may farther ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame epithets to his gods and heroes, ſuch as the far-darting Phœbus, and blue-eyed Pallas, the ſwift-footed Achilles, &c. which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed: they were a ſort of attributes, with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of ſurnames, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſsly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like: as Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And, indeed, we have ſomething parallel to theſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide, Edward Longſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than the repetition, I ſhall add a farther conjecture. Heſiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of heroes diſtinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demigods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the iſlands of the bleſſed *. Now, among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer, are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame, as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſuperſtructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe critics never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt: a conſideration which, whoever compares theſe two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook or praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which might ſet the Odyſſes above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiſer man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other; or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as, becauſe Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer, which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetics. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardneſs of their

* *Preface to her Homer.*

* *Heſiod*, lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

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own tranſlations; this is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of thoſe that followed: and in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtic of poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one ſort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhowed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and, if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit: Nature and art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as that is ſeen in the main parts of the poem, ſuch as the fable, manners, and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contradictions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own; but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for tranſfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: and I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: however, it is the ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to the utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is in any particular place. It is a great ſecret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where he is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere Engliſh critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle; ſome of his tranſlators have ſwelled into fuſtian, in a proud confidence of the ſublime; others ſunk into flatneſs, in a cold and timorous notion of ſimplicity. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of Homer, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle); others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However, of the two extremes, one would ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity; no author is to be envied for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle, which his friends muſt agree together to call ſimplicity, and the reſt of the world will call dulneſs. There is a graceful and dignified ſimplicity, as well as a bold and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the mean between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as in the ſcripture and our author: One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired writings, that the Divine Spirit made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the purity of his thoughts) may, methinks, induce a tranſlator on the one hand to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our own language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as on the

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other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Græcisms and old words, after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear, or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet ὑληπόλλων to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: "The lofty mountain shakes his waving "woods." Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or "far-shooting" is capable of two explications; one literal, in respect to the darts and bow, the ensigns of that god; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore, in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shown) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once show his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorised to omit any; if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however, it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than an entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odyssey, ver. 312. where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having si-

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niſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhows with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general; but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its being eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led in to that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimiles and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuſes is like that of great miniſters: though they are confeſſedly the firſt in the commonwealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character in particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve, in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fullneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: nor to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity; perhaps, too, he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs, than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to ſtudy his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our author, and Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the Epic poem, the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But, after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the public, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern, as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge, with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer; as I wiſh for the ſake of the world he had prevented me the reſt. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a farther opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the great have done me, while the firſt names of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find, that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of poet; that his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent eſſay) ſo complete a praiſe.

" Read Homer once, and you can read no
" more;
" For all books elſe appear ſo mean, and poor.
" Verſe will ſeem proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
" And Homer will be all the books you need."

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a genius as my Lord Bollingbroke, not more diſtinguiſh-

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ed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critic of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that ſo excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing paſtorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the Earl of Carnarvon: but it is almoſt abſurd to particularize any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. Mr. Stanhope, the preſent ſecretary of ſtate, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the ſon of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: and I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my ſilence.

In ſhort, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himſelf happy to have met the ſame favour at Athens, that has been ſhown me by its learned rival, the univerſity of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after-ages for his defenders, his tranſlator has had the beauties of the preſent for his advocates; a pleaſure too great to be changed for any fame in reverſion. And I can hardly envy him thoſe pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of ſo many agreeable obligations, and eaſy friendſhips, which make the ſatisfaction of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhown to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

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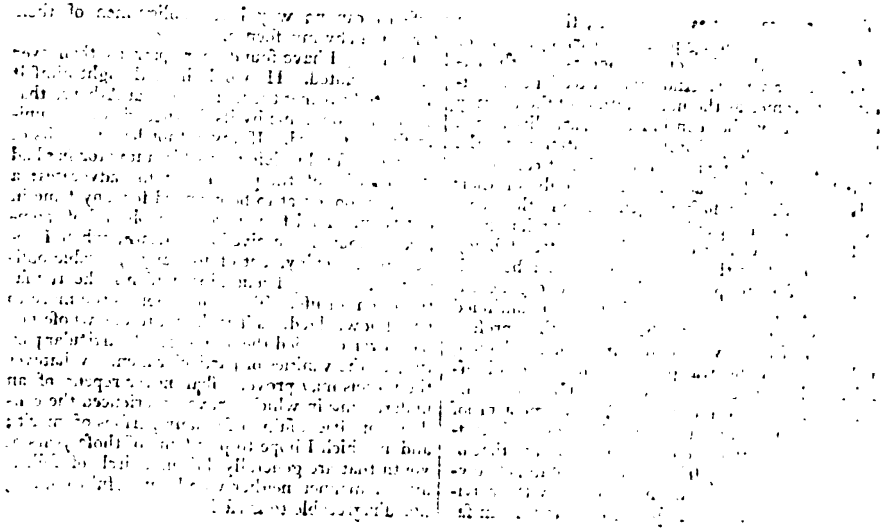

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POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon

In the war of Troy, the Greeks, having ſacked ſome of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryſeis and Briſeis, allotted the firſt to Agamemnon, and the laſt to Achilles. Chryſes, the father of Chryſeïs, and prieſt of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ranſom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the ſiege. The prieſt being refuſed, and inſolently diſmiſſed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a peſtilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a counſel, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cauſe of it, who attributes it to the refuſal of Chryſeïs. The king being obliged to ſend back his captive, enters into a furious conteſt with Achilles, which Neſtor pacifies; however, as he had the abſolute command of the army, he ſeizes on Briſeïs, in revenge. Achilles in diſcontent withdraws himſelf and his forces from the reſt of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, ſhe ſupplicates Jupiter to render them ſenſible of the wrong done to her ſon, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her ſuit incenſes Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the addreſs of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's ſtay with the Æthiopians, at whoſe return Thetis prefers her petition. The ſcene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chryſa, and laſtly to Olympus.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful ſpring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddeſs ſing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The ſouls of mighty chiefs untimely ſlain;
Whoſe limbs unburied on the naked ſhore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atrides ſtrove, [Jove.
Such was the ſovereign doom, and ſuch the will of
Declare, O Muſe! in what ill-fated hour,
Sprung the fierce ſtrife, from what offended power?
Latona's ſon a dire contagion ſpread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend prieſt defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.
For Chryſes ſought with coſtly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father ſtands,
Apollo's awful enſigns grace his hands:
By theſe he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the ſceptre and the laurel crown.
He ſued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race.
Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove reſtore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleaſures of your native ſhore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryſeïs to theſe arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my preſents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, ſon of Jove.
The Greeks in ſhouts their joint aſſent declare,
The prieſt to reverence, and releaſe the fair.
Not ſo Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the ſacred ſire, and thus reply'd:
Hence, on thy life, and fly theſe hoſtile plains,
Nor aſk, preſumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor truſt too far thoſe enſigns of thy God.
Mine is thy daughter, prieſt, and ſhall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, ſhall plead in vain;
Till time ſhall riſle every youthful grace,
And age diſmiſs her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed ſhe once enjoy'd.
Hence then, to Argos ſhall the maid retire,
Far from her native ſoil, and weeping ſire.
The trembling prieſt along the ſhore return'd,
And in the anguiſh of a father mourn'd.
Diſconſolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the ſounding main:
Till, ſafe at diſtance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays.
O Smintheus! ſprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou ſource of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whoſe bright preſence gilds thy Chryſa's ſhores:

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If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.
Thus Chryses pray'd: The favouring power
And from Olympus lofty tops descends. [attends,
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound;
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights through all the dusky air
The Pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the Goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.
Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men addrest:
Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we crost before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
So heaven aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.
He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus reply'd:
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew:
Uprising slow, the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age,
Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword.
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
'Tis sure, the Mighty will revenge at last.
To whom Pelides. From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul.
Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek of all the numerous band
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.
Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies;
Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest;
Nor will the God's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,
Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the God may spare.
The prophet spoke; when with a gloomy frown
The monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
Auger accurst! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill! [bring,
Still must that tongue some wounding message
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their Lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,
Is heaven offended, and a priest profan'd;
Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties bless my arms.
Yet if the Gods demand her, her I sail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fail.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Insatiate king, (Achilles thus replies)
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.
Then thus the king. Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possest of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim,
This hand shall seize some other captive dame;
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But thus when time requires—It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend:
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;

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Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The God propitiate, and the pest assuage.
At this Pelides, frowning stern, reply'd:
O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injur'd me:
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main.
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;
Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial presents to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?
To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly;
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the Gods distinguish'd care)
To power superior none such hatred bear:
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy;
If thou hast strength, 'twas heaven that strength bestow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briseïs with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our host it shall be known,
That kings are subject to the Gods alone.
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress,
His heart swell'd high, and laboured in his breast.
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
This whispers soft, his vengeance to controul,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspence he stay'd,
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seized; to him alone confest;
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the Goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:
Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son: then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.
Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
Let great Achilles, to the Gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is given;
The king and you are both the care of heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the Gods obey.
To her Pelides. With regardful ear
'Tis just, O Goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless.
He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The Goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.
O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,

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Then ſhalt thou mourn th' affront thy madneſs gave
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to ſave:
Then rage in bitterneſs of ſoul, to know
This act has made the braveſt Greek thy foe.
He ſpoke: and furious hurl'd againſt the ground
His ſceptre ſtarr'd with golden ſtuds around.
Then ſternly ſilent ſat. With like diſdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their paſſions with the words of age,
Slow from his ſeat aroſe the Pylian ſage,
Experienc'd Neſtor, in perſuaſion ſkill'd,
Words ſweet as honey from his lips diſtill'd;
Two generations now had paſs'd away,
Wiſe by his rules, and happy by his ſway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd.
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began: [joy
What ſhame, what woe is this to Greece! what
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
That adverſe Gods commit to ſtern debate
The beſt, the braveſt of the Grecian ſtate.
Young as ye are, this youthful head reſtrain,
Nor think your Neſtor's years and wiſdom vain.
A Godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such, as no more theſe aged eyes ſhall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathleſs name;
Theſeus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight?
With theſe of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led:
Fir'd with the thirſt which virtuous envy breeds,
And ſmit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongeſt of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deſerts red with monſters gore,
And from their hills the ſhaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet theſe with ſoft, perſuaſive arts I ſway'd;
When Neſtor ſpoke, they liſten'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n theſe eſteem'd me wiſe;
Do you, young warriors, hear my age adviſe.
Atrides, ſeize not on the beauteous ſlave;
That prize the Greeks by common ſuffrage gave:
Nor thou Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be juſt, and ſovereign power preſide;
Thee, the firſt honours of the war adorn,
Like Gods in ſtrength, and of a goddeſs born;
Him, awful majeſty exalts above
The powers of earth, and ſcepter'd ſons of Jove.
Let both unite, with well conſenting mind,
So ſhall authority with ſtrength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyſelf, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it Gods! Achilles ſhould be loſt,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our hoſt.
This ſaid, he ceas'd: the king of men replies:
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd ſoul,
No laws can limit, no reſpect control.
Before his pride muſt his ſuperiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him muſt our hoſts, our chiefs, ourſelves obey?
What king can bear a rival in his ſway?
Grant that the Gods his matchleſs force hath given;
Has ſoul reproach a privilege from Heaven?
Here on the monarch's ſpeech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting, ſpoke:
Tyrant, I well deſerv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy ſlave, and ſtill to ſerve in vain;
Should I ſubmit to each unjuſt decree:
Command thy vaſſals, but command not me.
Seize on Briſeis, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely ſee reſum'd;
And ſeize ſecure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering ſword in any woman's cauſe.
The Gods command me to forgive the paſt;
But let this firſt invaſion be the laſt:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'ſt invade,
Shall ſtream in vengeance on my reeking blade.
At this they ceas'd; the ſtern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in ſullen majeſty retir'd.
Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow veſſels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ſhip for Cryſa's ſacred ſhores:
High on the deck was fair Chriſeis plac'd,
And ſage Ulyſſes with the conduct grac'd;
Safe in her ſides the hecatomb they ſtow'd,
Then, ſwiftly ſailing, cut the liquid road.
The hoſt to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure luſtrations, and with ſolemn prayers.
Waſh'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd, and caſt th' ablutions in the main.
Along the ſhore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid,
The ſable fumes in curling ſpires ariſe,
And waft their grateful odours to the ſkies.
The armies thus in ſacred rites engag'd,
Atrides ſtill with deep reſentment rag'd.
To wait his will, two ſacred heralds ſtood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
Haſte to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)
Thence bear Briſeis as our royal prize:
Submit he muſt; or, if they will not part,
Ourſelf in arms ſhall tear her from his heart.
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Penſive they walk along the barren ſands:
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aſpect. on his arm reclin'd,
At awful diſtance long they ſilent ſtand,
Loth to advance, or ſpeak their hard command;
Decent confuſion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye ſacred miniſters of men and Gods!
I know your meſſage; by conſtraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
Patroclus haſte, the fair Briſeis bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witneſs, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witneſs to Gods above, and men below!
But firſt, and loudeſt, to your prince declare,
That lawleſs tyrant whoſe commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles ſhall remain,
Though proſtrate Greece ſhould bleed at ev'ry vein:
The raging chief in frantic paſſion loſt,
Blind to himſelf, and uſeleſs to his hoſt,
Unſkill'd to judge the future by the paſt,
In blood and ſlaughter ſhall repent at laſt.
Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought:
She, in ſoft ſorrow, and in penſive thought,
Paſt ſilent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, ſlow moving o'er the ſtrand.

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Not ſo his loſs the fierce Achilles bore;
But ſad retiring to the ſounding ſhore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother ſprung:
There, bath'd in tears of anger and diſdain,
Thus loud lamented to the ſtormy main:
O parent Goddeſs! ſince in early bloom
Thy ſon muſt fall, by too ſevere a doom;
Sure, to ſo ſhort a race of glory born,
Great Jove in juſtice ſhould this ſpan adorn:
Honour and fame at leaſt the Thunderer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promiſe of a God;
If you proud monarch thus thy ſon deſies,
Obſcures my glories, and reſumes my prize.
Far from the deep receſſes of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The Goddeſs-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a miſt ſhe roſe above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked ſhores,
And thus the ſorrows of his ſoul explores.
Why grieves my ſon? Thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He deeply ſighing ſaid: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè ſacred to Apollo's name,
(Action's realm) our conquering army came,
With treaſure loaded and triumphant ſpoils,
Whoſe juſt diviſion crown'd the ſoldier's toils:
But bright Chryſeïs, heavenly prize! was led,
By vote ſelected, to the general's bed.
The prieſt of Phœbus ſought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the ſceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The generous Greeks their joint conſent declare,
The prieſt to reverence, and releaſe the fair;
Not ſo Atrides: He, with wonted pride,
The ſire inſulted, and his gifts deny'd:
The inſulted ſire (his God's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:
A dreadful plague enſues; th' avenging darts
Inceſſant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inſpir'd by Heaven, aroſe,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes.
Myſelf the firſt th' aſſembled chiefs incline
T' avert the vengeance of the power divine;
Then riſing in his wrath, the monarch ſtorm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryſeïs to her ſire was ſent,
With offer'd gifts, to make the God relent;
But now he ſeiz'd Briſeïs heavenly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And ſervice, faith, and juſtice plead in vain.
But, Goddeſs! thou thy ſuppliant ſon attend,
To high Olympus' ſhining court aſcend,
Urge all the ties to former ſervice ow'd,
And ſue for vengeance to the thundering God.
Oft haſt thou triumph'd in the glorious boaſt,
That thou ſtood'ſt forth of all th' æthereal hoſt,
When bold rebellion ſhook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,
Durſt threat with chains th' omnipotence of Heaven.
Then call'd by thee, the monſter Titan came,
(Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name)
Through wondering ſkies enormous ſtalk'd along;
Not * he that ſhakes the ſolid earth ſo ſtrong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he ſtands,
And brandiſh'd round him all his hundred hands;
Th' affrighted Gods confeſs'd their awful lord,
They dropt the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.
This, Goddeſs, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the ſhores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curſe of ſuch a king:
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durſt diſgrace
The boldeſt warrior of the Grecian race.
Unhappy ſon! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celeſtial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averſe, and nurs'd for future woes?
So ſhort a ſpace the light of Heaven to view!
So ſhort a ſpace! and till'd with ſorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wiſh prevail,
Far, far from Ilion ſhould thy veſſels fail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger ſhun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my ſon.
Yet (what I can) to move thy ſuit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy ſnow.
Mean time, ſecure within thy ſhips, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The fire of Gods and all th' æthereal train,
On the warm limits of the fartheſt main,
Now mix with mortals, nor diſdain to grace
The feaſts of Æthiopia's blameleſs race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.
The Goddeſs ſpoke: the rolling waves uncloſe;
Then down the deep ſhe plung'd from whence ſhe roſe,
And left him ſorrowing on the lonely coaſt,
In wild reſentment for the fair he loſt.
In Cryſa's port now ſage Ulyſſes rode;
Beneath the deck the deſtin'd victims ſtow'd;
The ſails they furl'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
Next on the ſhore their hecatomb they land,
Chryſeïs laſt deſcending on the ſtrand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulyſſes led to Phœbus' ſacred fane;
Where at his ſolemn altar as the maid
He gave to Chryſes, thus the Hero ſaid:
Hail! reverend prince! to Phœbus' awful dome
A ſuppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unranſom'd here receive the ſpotleſs fair;
Accept the hecatombs the Greeks prepare;
And may thy God, who ſcatters darts around,
Aton'd by ſacrifice, deſiſt to wound.
At this, the ſire embrac'd the maid again,
So ſadly loſt, ſo lately ſought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Diſpos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:

* Neptune.

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With water purify their hands, and take
The ſacred offering of the ſalted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And ſolemn voice, the prieſt directs his prayer:
God of the ſilver bow, thy ear incline,
Whoſe power incircles Cilla the divine;
Whoſe ſacred eye thy Tenedos ſurveys,
And gilds fair Chryſa with diſtinguiſh'd rays!
If, ſir'd to vengeance at the prieſt's requeſt,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging peſt;
Once more attend! avert the waſteful woe,
And ſmile propitious, and unbend thy bow.
So Chryſes pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the ſalted barley threw,
And with their heads to Heaven the victims ſlew:
The limbs they ſever from th' incloſing hide;
The thighs, ſelected to the Gods, divide:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
The prieſt himſelf before his altar ſtands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands;
Pours the black wine, and ſees the flames aſpire;
The youths with inſtruments ſurround the fire:
The thighs thus ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, tranſfix, and roaſt the reſt:
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
With pure libations they conclude the feaſt;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, diſpenſe the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Pæans lengthen'd till the ſun deſcends:
The Greeks, reſtor'd, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo liſtens, and approves the ſong.
'Twas night; the chiefs beſide their veſſel lie,
Till roſy morn had purpled o'er the ſky:
Then launch, and hoiſt the maſt; indulgent gales,
Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the ſwelling ſails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows ſwift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand);
Then part, where ſtreach'd along the winding bay
The ſhips and tents in mingled proſpect lay.
But raging ſtill, amidſt his navy ſate
The ſtern Achilles, ſtedfaſt in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But waſting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and ſlaughter roll,
And ſcenes of blood riſe dreadful in his ſoul.
Twelve days were paſt, and now the dawning light
The Gods had ſummon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove firſt aſcending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of æthereal powers.
When like the morning miſt in early day,
Roſe from the flood the Daughter of the Sea;
And to the ſeats divine her flight addreſt.
There, far apart, and high above the reſt,
The Thunderer ſat; where old Olympus ſhrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the Goddeſs ſtood: one hand ſhe plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knee embrac'd;
If e'er, O Father of the Gods! ſhe ſaid,
My words could pleaſe thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my ſon beſtow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at leaſt by heavenly promiſe due
To life ſo ſhort, and now diſhonoured too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever juſt and wiſe!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans riſe;
Till the proud king, and all the Achaian race,
Shall heap with honours him they now diſgrace.
Thus Thetis ſpoke, but Jove in ſilence held
The ſacred councils of his breaſt conceal'd.
Not ſo repuls'd, the Goddeſs cloſer preſt,
Still graſp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear requeſt.
O fire of Gods and men! thy ſuppliant hear;
Refuſe, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis leaſt the care of Jove?
She ſaid, and ſighing thus the God replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies?
What haſt thou aſk'd? Ah why ſhould Jove engage
In foreign conteſts, and domeſtic rage,
The Gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, ieſt the haughty partner of my ſway
With jealous eyes thy cloſe acceſs ſurvey;
But part in peace, ſecure thy prayer is ſped;
Witneſs the ſacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable ſign,
This ſeals thy ſuit, and this fulfils thy vows——
He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls, and gives the nod:
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the God:
High heaven with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all Olympus to the centre ſhook.
Swift to the ſeas profound the Goddeſs flies,
Jove to his ſtarry manſion in the ſkies.
The ſhining ſynod of th' immortals wait
The coming God, and from their thrones of ſtate
Ariſing ſilent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majeſty of heaven appear;
Trembling they ſtand, while Jove aſſumes the throne,
All, but the God's imperious queen alone:
Late had ſhe view'd the ſilver-footed dame,
And all her paſſions kindled into flame.
Say, artful manager of heaven (ſhe cries)
Who now partakes the ſecrets of the ſkies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial ſtate.
What favourite Goddeſs then thoſe cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his conſort hides?
To this the Thunderer: Seek not thou to find
The ſacred counſels of Almighty mind:
Involv'd in darkneſs lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the firſt ſhalt know
The firſt of Gods above, and men below;
But thou, nor they, ſhall ſearch the thoughts that roll
Deep in the cloſe receſſes of my ſoul.
Full on the ſire the Goddeſs of the ſkies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majeſtic eyes,
And thus return'd: Auſtere Saturnius, ſay
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy ſway?
Thy boundleſs will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy councils take the deſtin'd courſe,

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But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was ſeen
In cloſe conſult the Silver-footed Queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the ſignal vain that ſhook the ſky.
What fatal favour has the Goddeſs won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable ſon?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people ſlain.
Then thus the God: Oh reſtleſs fate of pride,
That ſtrives to learn what heaven reſolves to hide;
Vain is the ſearch, preſumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this ſuffice; th' immutable decree
No force can ſhake: what is, that ought to be.
Goddeſs ſubmit, nor dare our will withſtand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand;
Th' united ſtrength of all the Gods above
In vain reſiſts th' omnipotence of Jove.
The Thunderer ſpoke, nor durſt the Queen reply:
A reverend horror ſilenc'd all the ſky.
The feaſt diſturb'd, with ſorrow Vulcan ſaw
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleaſure his deſign,
Thus interpos'd the Architect Divine:
The wretched quarrels of the mortal ſtate
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in ſenſeleſs ſtrife employ,
We, in eternal peace and conſtant joy.
Thou Goddeſs-mother, with our ſire comply,
Nor break the ſacred union of the ſky;
Leſt, rouz'd to rage, he ſhake the bleſt abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the Gods.
If you ſubmit, the Thunderer ſtands appeas'd;
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd.
Thus Vulcan ſpoke; and riſing with a bound,
The double bowl with ſparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
Goddeſs, (he cried) be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God ſo daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand againſt the force of Jove?
Once in your cauſe I felt his matchleſs might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from the etherial height;
Toſt all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the ſun deſcended, touch'd the ground:
Breathleſs I fell, in giddy motions loſt;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coaſt.
He ſaid, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a ſmile, the white-arm'd queen received;
Then to the reſt he fill'd; and in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with aukward grace his office plies,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſkies.
Thus the bleſt Gods the genial day prolong,
In feaſts ambroſial, and celeſtial ſong.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muſes round
With voice alternate aid the ſilver ſound.
Mean time the radiant ſun, to mortal ſight
Deſcending ſwift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their ſtarry domes the Gods depart,
The ſhining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno ſlumber'd on the golden bed.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trial of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces.

Jupiter, in purſuance of the requeſt of Thetis, ſends a deceitful viſion to Agamemnon, perſuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks ſenſible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his aſſiſtance, but fears the army was diſcouraged by his abſence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their diſpoſition by a ſtratagem. He firſt communicates his deſign to the princes in council, that he would propoſe a return to the ſoldiers, and that they ſhould put a ſtop to them if the propoſal was embraced. Then he aſſembles the whole hoſt, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimouſly agree to it, and run to prepare the ſhips. They are detained by the management of Ulyſſes, who chaſtiſes the inſolence of Therſites. The aſſembly is recalled, ſeveral ſpeeches made on the occaſion, and at length the advice of Neſtor followed, which was, to make a general muſter of the troops, and to divide them into their ſeveral nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occaſion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book conſiſts not entirely of one day. The ſcene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the ſea-ſhore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

Now pleaſing ſleep had ſeal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
Th' immortals ſlumber'd on their thrones above;
All, but the ever wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' ſon he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
Then bids an empty phantom riſe to fight,
And thus commands the viſion of the night:

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Fly hence, deluding dream! and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair;
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to destroy
The lofty towers of wide extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Cloth'd in the figure of the Pilian sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king:
Can'st thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress,
Oh, Atreus son! can'st thou indulge thy rest?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake. 'tis Jove's commands I bear;
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Awake; but waking, this advice approve,
And trust the vision that descends from Jove.
The phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought he sacks untaken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,
What mighty toils to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain!
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw;
Th' embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied,
The starry faulchion glitter'd at his side;
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.
Now rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king dispatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp, and summon all the bands;
The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ship the Pylian prince he found;
There calls a senate of the Peers around;
Th' assembly plac'd, the king of men express
The counsels labouring in his artful breast:
Friends and confederates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my sight;
Whose visionary form like Nestor came,
The same in habit, and in mien the same.
The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,
And, dost thou sleep, Oh, Atreus' son? (he said)
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes;
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs on yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
This hear observant, and the Gods obey!
The vision spoke, and past in air away.
Now, valiant chiefs! since Heav'n itself alarms;
Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
But first, with caution try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war!
To move the troops to measure back the main,
Be mine; and your's the province to detain.
He spoke, and sat; when Nestor rising said,
(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd)
Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the vision of the Powers divine;
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,
Forbid it, Heaven! this warning should be lost!
Then let us haste, obey the God's alarms,
And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
Thus spoke the sage: The kings without delay
Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:
The sceptred rulers lead; the following host
Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.
As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling, and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;
Dusky they spread, a close embody'd crowd,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ships, a lengthening train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain:
Along the region runs a deafening sound;
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.
Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove,
And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,
And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
The king of kings his awful figure rais'd;
High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd:
The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:
To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd;
Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyestes next the prize descends:
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.
On this bright sceptre now the king reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd:
Ye sons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!

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Of partial Jove with juſtice I complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with ſpoils.
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt,
Our blood, our treaſure, and our glory loſt.
So Jove decrees, reſiſtleſs lord of all!
At whoſe command whole empires riſe or fall:
He ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And towns and armies humbles to the duſt.
What ſhame to Greece a fruitles war to wage,
Oh, laſting ſhame in every future age!
Once great in arms, the common ſcorn we grow,
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe:
So ſmall their number, that if wars were ceas'd,
And Greece triumphant held a general feaſt,
All rank'd by tens, whole decades when they dine
Muſt want a Trojan ſlave to pour the wine.
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
And Troy prevails by armies not her own.
Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
Since firſt the labours of this war begun:
Our cordage torn, decay'd our veſſels lie,
And ſcarce enſure the wretched power to fly.
Haſte then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!
Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
Love, duty, ſafety, ſummon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
Our ſhatter'd barks may yet tranſport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native ſhore.
Fly, Grecians, fly, your ſails and oars employ,
And dream no more of Heav'n-defended Troy.
His deep deſign unknown, the hoſts approve
Atrides' ſpeech. The mighty numbers move.
So roll the billows to th' Icarian ſhore,
From Eaſt and South when winds begin to roar,
Burſt their dark manſions in the clouds, and ſweep
The whitening ſurface of the ruffled deep,
And as on corn when weſtern guſts deſcend,
Before the blaſt the lofty harveſt bends:
Thus o'er the field the moving hoſt appears,
With nodding plumes, and groves of waving ſpears.
The gathering murmur ſpreads, their trampling feet
Beat the looſe ſands, and thicken to the fleet.
With long-reſounding cries they urge the train
To fit the ſhips, and launch into the main.
They toil, they ſweat, thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
The doubling clamours echo to the ſkies.
Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hoſtile plain,
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain;
But Jove's imperial queen their flight ſurvey'd,
And ſighing, thus beſpoke the blue-ey'd maid:
Shall then the Grecians fly! O dire diſgrace!
And leave unpuniſh'd this perfidious race?
Shall Troy, ſhall Priam, and th' adulterous ſpouſe,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And braveſt chiefs, in Helen's quarrel ſlain,
Lie unreveng'd on yon deteſted plain?
No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
Once more reſulgent ſhine in brazen arms.
Haſte, Goddeſs, haſte! the flying hoſt detain,
Nor let one ſail be hoiſted on the main.
Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
Swift to the ſhips precipitates her flight;
Ulyſſes, firſt in public cares, ſhe found,
For prudent counſel like the Gods renown'd:
Oppreſs'd with gen'rous grief the hero ſtood,
Nor drew his ſable veſſels to the flood.
And is it thus, divine Laërtes' ſon!
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun)
Thus to their country bear their own diſgrace,
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
Shall beauteous Helen ſtill remain unfreed,
Still unreveng'd a thouſand heroes bleed?
Haſte, generous Ithacus! prevent the ſhame,
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
Your own reſiſtleſs eloquence employ,
And to the immortals truſt the fall of Troy.
The voice divine confeſs'd the warlike maid,
Ulyſſes heard, nor uninſpir'd obey'd:
Then meeting firſt Atrides, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial ſceptre of command.
Thus grac'd, attention and reſpect to gain,
He runs, he flies, through all the Grecian train;
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,
He fir'd with praiſe, or with perſuaſion mov'd.
Warriors, like you, with ſtrength and wiſdom bleſt,
By brave examples ſhould confirm the reſt.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but reſents our fears:
Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in ſecret council ſpoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour ſprings,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.
But if a clamorous vile plebeian roſe,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
Be ſtill, thou ſlave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye Gods, what daſtards would our hoſt command,
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land!
Be ſilent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worſt of tyrants, an uſurping crowd
To one ſole monarch Jove commits the ſway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.
With words like theſe the troops Ulyſſes rul'd,
The loudeſt ſilenc'd, and the fierceſt cool'd.
Back to th' aſſembly roll'd the thronging train,
Deſert the ſhips, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge ſurges to the trembling ſhores:
The groaning banks are burſt with bellowing ſound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult ſinks, the noiſes ceaſe,
And a ſtill ſilence lulls the camp to peace,
Therſites only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no ſhame, by no reſpects control'd,
In ſcandal buſy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice ſtudious to defame:
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim;
But chief he glory'd, with licentious ſtyle,
To laſh the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure ſuch as might his ſoul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
His mountain ſhoulders half his breaſt o'erſpread,
Thin hairs beſtrew'd his long miſhapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart poſſeſt,
And much he hated all, but moſt the beſt.
Ulyſſes or Achilles ſtill his theme;
But royal ſcandal his delight ſupreme.
Long had he liv'd the ſcorn of every Greek,
Vext when he ſpoke, yet ſtill they heard him ſpeak.

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Sharp was his voice, which, in the ſhrilleſt tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:
Amidſt the glories of ſo bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breaſt inflames,
The golden ſpoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood beſtow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy cheſts o'erflow:
Thus at full eaſe in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirſt of gold?
Say, ſhall we march with our unconquer'd powers,
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hoſtile towers,
And bring the race of royal baſtards here,
For Troy to ranſom at a price too dear?
But ſafer plunder thy own hoſt ſupplies;
Say, would'ſt thou ſeize ſome valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bleſs thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our maſter craves, ſubmit we muſt,
Plagued with his pride, or puniſh'd for his luſt.
Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waſte his ſtore
In loves and pleaſures on the Phrygian ſhore;
We may be wanted on ſome buſy day,
When Hector comes: ſo great Achilles may:
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearleſs, and the brave:
And dar'ſt he, as he ought, reſent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.
Fierce from his ſeat at this Ulyſſes ſprings,
In generous vengeance of the king of kings;
With indignation ſparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and ſternly thus replies:
Peace, factious monſter, born to vex the ſtate,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, raſhly vain
And ſingly mad, aſperſe the ſovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, ſlave! of all our hoſt,
The man who acts the leaſt, upbraids the moſt?
Think not the Greeks to ſhameful flight to bring,
Nor let theſe lips profane the name of king.
For our return we truſt the heavenly Powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the hoſt with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what haſt thou beſtow'd?
Suppoſe ſome hero ſhould his ſpoils reſign,
Art thou that hero, could thoſe ſpoils be thine?
Gods! let me periſh on this hateful ſhore,
And let theſe eyes behold my ſon no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To ſtrip thoſe arms thou ill deſerv'ſt to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And ſend thee ſcourg'd and howling thro' the fleet.
He ſaid, and cowering as the daſtard bends,
The weighty ſceptre on his back deſcends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumors riſe;
The tears ſpring ſtarting from his haggard eyes:
Trembling he ſat, and, ſhrunk in abject fears,
From his vile viſage wip'd the ſcalding tears.
While to his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought:
Ye Gods! what wonders has Ulyſſes wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield;
Great in the council, glorious in the field!
Generous he riſes in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of inſolence,
Such juſt examples on offenders ſhown,
Sedition ſilence, and aſſert the throne.

'Twas thus the general voice the hero prais'd,
Who, riſing, high th' imperial ſceptre rais'd:
The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celeſtial friend,
(In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.
Th' expecting crowds in ſtill attention hung,
To hear the wiſdom of his heavenly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, pauſing ere he ſpoke,
His ſilence thus the prudent hero broke:
Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race,
With ſhame deſerting, heap with vile diſgrace.
Not ſuch at Argos was their generous vow,
Once all their voice, but, ah! forgotten now:
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
Till Troy's proud ſtructures ſhould in aſhes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native ſhore!
What could their wives or helpleſs children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one ſhort month, endure the wintery main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wiſh our peaceful ſeat,
When the ſhip toſſes, and the tempeſts beat:
Then well may this long ſtay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian hoſt I blame;
But vanquiſh'd! baffled! oh, eternal ſhame!
Expect the time to Troy's deſtruction given,
And try the faith of Chalcas and of Heaven.
What paſs'd at Aulis, Greece can witneſs bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beſide a fountain's ſacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd;
('Twas where the plane-tree ſpreads its ſhades around)
The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon ſhot, of dire portent;
From Jove himſelf the dreadful ſign was ſent.
Strait to the tree his ſanguine ſpire he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmaſt branch a mother-bird poſſeſt;
Eight callow infants fill'd the moſſy neſt;
Herſelf the ninth; the ſerpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and cruſh'd the crying young;
While hovering near, with miſerable moan,
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The mother laſt, as round the neſt ſhe flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monſter ſlew:
Nor long ſurviv'd; to marble turn'd, he ſtands
A laſting prodigy on Aulis' ſands.
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Truſt in his omen, and ſupport the war.
For while around we gaze with wondering eyes,
And trembling ſought the powers with ſacrifice,
Full of his God, the reverend Chalcas cried,
Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aſide.
This wond'rous ſignal Jove himſelf diſplays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praiſe.
As many birds as by the ſnake were ſlain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain;
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed:
Thus ſpoke the prophet, thus the fates ſucceed.
Obey, ye Grecians! with ſubmiſſion wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.
He ſaid: the ſhores with loud applauſes ſound,
The hollow ſhips each deafening ſhout rebound.
Then Neſtor thus---Theſe vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high reſolves at laſt?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements paſt?

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Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!
While useless words consume th' unactive hours,
No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.
Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway;
We march to war, if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,
And view with envy our successful wars.
On that great day when first the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main,
Jove on the right, a prosperous signal sent,
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife,
Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any Greek invite
His country's troop to base, inglorious flight;
Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly,
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
Among those councils, let not mine be vain;
In tribes and nations to divide the train;
His separate troops let every leader call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;
If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
If Gods above prevent, or men below.

To him the king: How much thy years excel
In arts of council, and in speaking well?
O would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten such sages as they grant in thee;
Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!
But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
In fierce contention and in vain debates.
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
By me provok'd; a captive maid the cause:
If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast:
And, well-refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield;
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
And all for combat fit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;
Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all:
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!
Till bath'd in sweat be every manly breast,
With the huge shield each brawny arm depress,
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
And each spent courser at the chariot blow.
Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
Who dares to tremble on this signal day;
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

The monarch spoke; and straight a murmur rose,
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.
Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;
With hasty feast they sacrifice, and pray
T' avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,
To Jove's high altar Agamemnon led:
There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers;
And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.
Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son,
Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;
Then wise Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;
And Menelaus came unbid, the last.
The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake.
When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer:
Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heaven of heavens has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods, unbounded and alone:
Hear! and before the burning sun descends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!

Thus pray'd the chief; his unavailing prayer
Great Jove refus'd, and toss'd in empty air:
The God averse, while yet the fumes arose,
Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew,
The limbs they sever from th' enclosing hide,
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide.
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lie from every part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress,
The generous Nestor thus the prince address:

Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:
Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when Heaven directs the way.
He said; the monarch issued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands;
The chiefs enclose their king: the host divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms;
No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:

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So from the poliſh'd arms, and brazen ſhields,
A gleamy ſplendor flaſh'd along the fields.
Not leſs their number than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white ſwans in Aſius' watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayſter's ſprings, [wings;
Stretch their long necks, and clap their ruſtling
Now tower aloft, and courſe in airy rounds;
Now light with noiſe; with noiſe the field reſounds.
Thus numerous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery ſide;
With ruſhing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thundering footſteps ſhake the ſounding ſhore.
Along the river's level meads they ſtand,
Thick as in ſpring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as inſects play,
The wandering nation of a ſummer's day,
That, drawn by milky ſteams, at evening hours,
In gather'd ſwarms ſurround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with buſy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the ſun.
So throng'd, ſo cloſe, the Grecian ſquadrons ſtood
In radiant arms, and thirſt for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his ſcattered force conjoins
In cloſe array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more eaſe, the ſkilful ſhepherd ſwain
Collects his flocks from thouſands on the plain.
The King of Kings, majeſtically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outſhines them all;
Like ſome proud bull that round the paſtures leads
His ſubject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was ſeen,
His ſtrength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien,
Jove o'er his eyes celeſtial glories ſpread,
And dawning conqueſt play'd around his head.

Say, Virgins, ſeated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddeſſes! immortal nine! [height,
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeaſur'd
And hell's abyſs, hide nothing from your ſight,
(We, wretched mortals! loſt in doubts below,
But gueſs by rumour, and but boaſt we know)
Oh, ſay what heroes, fir'd by thirſt of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's deſtruction came?
To count them all, demands a thouſand tongues,
A throat of braſs, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, aſſiſt! inſpir'd by you
The mighty labour dauntleſs I purſue:
What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I ſing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,
Peneſius, Leitus, Prothoënor led:
With theſe Arceſilaus and Clonius ſtand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
Theſe head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,
And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,
And Mycaleſſia's ample piny plain.
Thoſe who on Peteon or Heſion dwell,
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell;
Heleon and Hylè, which the ſprings o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Haliartus ſtray,
Or Theſpis ſacred to the God of Day.
Oncheſtus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
Copæ, and Thiſbè, fam'd for filver doves;
For flocks Erythræ, Gliſſa for the vine;
Platea green, and Nyſa the divine.
And they whom Thebè's well-built walls encloſe,
Where Mydè, Eutreſus, Coroné roſe;
And Arnè rich, with purple harveſts crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmoſt bound.
Full fifty ſhips they ſend, and each conveys
Twice ſixty warriors through the foaming ſeas.

To theſe ſucceed Aſpledon's martial train,
Who plough the ſpacious Orchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Ialmen and Aſcalaphus the ſtrong:
Sons of Aſtyochè, the heavenly fair,
Whoſe Virgin charms ſubdued the God of War
(In Actor's court as ſhe retir'd to reſt,
The ſtrength of Mars the bluſhing maid compreſt).
Their troops in thirty ſable veſſels ſweep,
With equal oars, the hoarſe-reſounding deep.

The Phocians next in forty barks repair,
Epiſtrophus and Schedius head the war.
From thoſe rich regions where Cephiſſus leads
His ſilver current through the flowery meads;
From Panopea, Chryſa the divine,
Where Anemoria's ſtately turrets ſhine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cypariſſus ſtood,
And fair Lilæa views the riſing flood.
Theſe rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Cloſe on the left, the bold Bœotians ſide.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian ſquadrons on,
Ajax the leſs, Oïleus' valiant ſon;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in purſuit, and active in the fight;
Him, as their chief, the choſen troops attend,
Which Beſſa, Thronus, and rich Cynos ſend:
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands, [ſtands,
And thoſe who dwell where pleaſing Augia
And where Boagrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Taphe's ſylvan ſeats reſide:
In forty veſſels cut the liquid tide.
Eubœa next her martial ſons prepares,
And ſends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and ſtrong Eretria;
Th' Iſteian fields for generous vines renown'd,
The fair Cariſtos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad ſhoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands diſmiſs not the long lance in air;
But with portended ſpears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corſelets and the brazen ſhields
Twice twenty ſhips tranſport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.

Full fifty more from Athens ſtem the main,
Led by Mneſtheus through the liquid plain,
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus ſway'd,
That ow'd his nurture to the blue-eyed Maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offſpring of the foodful earth.
Him Pallas plac'd amidſt her wealthy fane,
Ador'd with ſacrifice and oxen ſlain;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes reſound the Goddeſs' praiſe)
No chief like thee, Mneſtheus! Greece could yield,
To marſhal armies in the duſty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to diſplay,
Or cloſe th' embody'd hoſt in firm array.
Neſtor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praiſe.

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With these appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands; [course,
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their
And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the generous Argive train
From high Trœzenè, and Maseta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:
Whom strong Tyrinthè's lofty walls surround,
And Epidaur with viny harvests crown'd;
And where fair Asinen and Hermion show
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
These by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway;
In four-score barks they plough the watery way.
The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
And Ægeon, and Adrastus' ancient reign;
And those who dwell along the sandy shore,
And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store,
Where Helicè and Hyperesia lie,
And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
A hundred vessels in long order stand,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.
High on the deck the king of men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his host, unrivall'd of his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main.
His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans exercis'd in arms;
Phares and Brysia's valiant troops, and those
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills enclose:
Or Messe's towers for silver doves renown'd,
Amyclæ, Laäs, Augia's happy ground,
And those whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
And Helos, on the margin of the main:
These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,
In sixty ships with Menelaus draws:
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair-one's grief, and sees her falling tears.
In ninety sail, from Pylo's sandy coast,
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:
From Amphigenia's ever fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand;
Where beauteous Arenè her structures shows,
And Thryon's walls Alpheus' streams enclose:
And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortals empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awak'd the silver string.
Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Ægyptus stood;
From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;
And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Enispè shook by wintery wind,
And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;
In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite.
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
(Ancæus' son) the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear;
The first to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.
Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,
And bounded there where o'er the valleys rose
The Olenian rock; and where Alisium flows;
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came
The strength and glory of th' Epean name.
In separate squadrons these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide.
One was Amphimacus, and Thalphius one
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus son);
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line;
And great Polyxenes, of force divine.
But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
From the blest islands of th' Echinades,
In forty vessels under Meges move,
Begot by Phileus the belov'd of Jove.
To strong Dulichium from his fire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.
Ulysses followed through the watery road,
A chief, in wisdom equal to a God.
With those who Cephalenia's isle enclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
These in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.
Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant son,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenè, and th' Olenian steep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore,
For now the sons of Oeneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himself, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas care now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow through the main.
Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnossus, Lictus, and Gortyna's bands,
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
Or where by Phœstus silver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.
Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels through the stormy seas;
From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright,
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding shore,
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
And saw their blooming warriors early slain.
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;
For this, constrain'd to quit his native place
And shun the vengeance of the Herculean race,
A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;

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Where, many ſeas and many ſufferings paſt,
On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at laſt:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Increas'd and proſper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the ſire of men and Gods;
With joy they ſaw the growing empire riſe,
And ſhowers of wealth deſcending from the ſkies.
Three ſhips with Nireus fought the Trojan ſhore,
Nireus, whom Aglaë to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultleſs ſhape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and ſmall his ſtrength in arms.
Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of thoſe Calydnæ's ſea-girt iſles contain;
With them the youth of Nyſyrus repair,
Caſus the ſtrong, and Crapathus the fair;
Cos, where Eurypylus poſſeſt the ſway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
Theſe Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the God by Theſſalus the king.
Now, Muſe, recount Pelaſgic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers:
From Phthia's ſpacious vales; and Hella, bleſt
With female beauty far beyond the reſt.
Full fifty ſhips beneath Achilles' care,
Th' Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
Theſſalians all, though various in their name;
The ſame their nation, and the chief the ſame.
But now, inglorious, ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array;
Cloſe in his fleet the angry leader lay;
Since fair Briſeis from his arms was torn,
The nobleſt ſpoil from ſack'd Lyrneſſus borne.
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
And the bold ſons of great Evenus flew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care,
But ſoon to riſe in ſlaughter, blood, and war.
To theſe the youth of Phylacè ſucceed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And graſſy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres, and the ſylvan ſcenes,
Sweet Pyrrhaſus, with blooming flowrets crown'd,
And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.
Theſe own'd as chief Proteſilas the brave,
Who now lay ſilent in the gloomy grave:
The firſt who boldly touch'd the Trojan ſhore,
And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
There lies, far diſtant from his native plain;
Unfiniſh'd his proud palaces remain,
And his ſad conſort beats her breaſt in vain.
His troops in forty ſhips Podarces led,
Iphicles' ſon, and brother to the dead;
Nor he unworthy to command the hoſt;
Yet ſtill they mourn'd their ancient leader loſt.
The men who Glaphyra's fair ſoil partake,
Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake.
Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters fall,
Or proud Iolcus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ſhips embark'd for Ilion's ſhore,
With bold Eumylus, whom Alceſte bore:
All Pelias' race Alceſtè far outſhin'd,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.
The troops Methonè or Thaumachia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Meliboea's fields,
With Philoctetes ſail'd, whoſe matchleſs art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
Seven were his ſhips; each veſſel fifty row,
Skill'd in his ſcience of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poiſonous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
Whom Greece at length ſhall wiſh, nor wiſh in vain.
His forces Medon led from Lemnos' ſhore,
Oïleus' ſon, whom beauteous Rhena bore.
Th' Oechalian race, in thoſe high towers con-
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty ſail the ſparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To theſe his ſkill their * Parent-God imparts,
Divine profeſſors of the healing arts.
The bold Ormenian and Aſterian bands
In forty barks Eutypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in ſnow,
And where Hyperia's ſilver fountains flow.
Thy troops, Argiſſa, Polypœtes leads,
And Eleon, ſhelter'd by Olympus' ſhades,
Gyrtonè's warriors; and where Orthè lies,
And Oleoſſon's chalky cliffs ariſe.
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
(That day when, hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To diſtant dens the ſhaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypœtes join'd in equal ſway
Leontes leads, and forty ſhips obey.
In twenty ſail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus; Guneus was their leader's name.
With theſe the Enians join'd, and thoſe who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleaſing Titareſius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his eaſy tides;
Yet o'er the ſilver ſurface pure they flow,
The ſacred ſtream unmix'd with ſtreams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!
Laſt under Prothous the Magneſians ſtood,
Prothous the ſwift, of old Tenthredon's blood;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obſcures the glade, and nods his ſhaggy brows;
Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus ſtray'd
(The region ſtretch'd beneath his mighty ſhade);
In forty ſable barks they ſtemm'd the main.
Such were the chiefs, and ſuch the Grecian train.
Say next, O Muſe! of all Achaia breeds,
Who braveſt fought, or reign'd the nobleſt ſteeds?
Eumeleus' mares were foremoſt in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race:
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the ſilver bow.
Fierce in their fight, their noſtrils breath'd a flame,
Their height, their colour, and their age the ſame;
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.
Ajax in arms the firſt renown acquir'd,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retir'd
(His was the ſtrength that mortal might exceeds,
And his, th' unrivall'd race of heavenly ſteeds).
But Thetis' ſon now ſhines in arms no more;
His troops, neglected on the ſandy ſhore,

* Aeſculapius.

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In empty air their ſportive javelins throw,
Or whirl the diſk, or bend an idle bow:
Unſtain'd with blood his cover'd chariots ſtand;
Th' immortal courſers graze along the ſtrand;
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their lord.
Now, like a deluge, covering all around,
The ſhining armies ſwept along the ground:
Swift as a flood of fire, when ſtorms ariſe,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the ſkies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
On Arimè when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhœus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, preſt beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.
But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air;
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs ſhe found,
The old conſulting, and the youths around.
Polites' ſhape, the monarch's ſon, ſhe choſe,
Who from Æſetes' tomb obſerv'd the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in proſpect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this diſſembled form, ſhe haſtes to bring
The unwelcome meſſage to the Phrygian king:
Ceaſe to conſult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
Aſſembled armies oft have I beheld;
But ne'er till now ſuch numbers chang'd the field,
Thick as autumnal leaves or driving ſand,
The moving ſquadrons blacken all the ſtrand.
Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
Aſſemble all th' united bands of Troy;
In juſt array let every leader cail
The foreign troops; this day demands them all.
The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
The council breaks, the warriors ruſh to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the duſky plain:
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
Amidſt the plain in ſight of Ilion ſtands
A riſing mount, the work of human hands;
(This for Myrinne's tomb th' Immortals know,
Though call'd Bateïa in the world below)
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hoſt appear.
The godlike Hector, high above the reſt,
Shakes his huge ſpear, and nods his plumy creſt:
In throngs around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.
Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchiſes' ſon by Venus' ſtol'n embrace,
Born in the ſhades of Ida's ſecret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love)
Archilochus and Arcamas divide
The warrior's toils, and combat by his ſide.
Who fair Zeleia's wealthy vallies till,
Faſt by the foot of Ida's ſacred hill;
Or drink, Æſepus, of thy ſable flood:
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to ſhow,
Grac'd with the preſents of his ſhafts and bow,
From rich Apæſus' and Adreſtia's towers,
High Teree's ſummits, and Pityea's bowers;
From theſe the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius' and Adraſtus' equal ſway:
Old Merops' ſons; whom, ſkill'd in fates to come,
The fire forewarn'd, and propheſy'd their doom:
Fate urg'd them on! the fire forewarn'd in vain,
They ruſh'd to war, and periſh'd on the plain.
From Practius' ſtream, Percote's paſture lands,
And Seſtos and Abydos' neighbouring ſtrands,
From great Ariſba's walls and Selle's coaſt,
Aſius, Hyrtacides conducts his hoſt:
High on his car he ſhakes the flowing reins,
His fiery courſers thunder o'er the plains.
The fierce Pelaſgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Lariſſa's ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother leaders ſhine
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.
Next Acamus and Pyreus lead their hoſts,
In dread array, from Thracia's wintery coaſts;
Round the bleak realms where Helleſpontus roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarſe-reſounding ſhores.
With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trazenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.
Pyrœchmus the Pœonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend:
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the diſtant Amydon;
Axius, that ſwells with all his neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.
The Paphlagonians Pylœmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her ſavage mules,
Where Erythinus' riſing clifts are ſeen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Seſamus invades the ſky;
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.
Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epiſtropheus command,
From thoſe far regions where the ſun refines
The ripening ſilver in Alybean mines.
There mighty Chromis led the Myſian train,
And augur Ennomus, inſpir'd in vain,
For ſtern Achilles lopt his ſacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.
Phorcis and brave Aſcanius, here unite
The Aſcanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.
Of thoſe who round Mæonia's realms reſide,
Or whom the vales in ſhades of Tmolus hide,
Meſtles and Antiphus the charge partake;
Born on the banks of Gyges' ſilent lake.
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycalè, and Latmos' ſhady brows,
And proud Miletes, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barbarous tongues.
Amphimachus and Nauſtes guide the train,
Nauſtes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war,
Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles ſlain,
The river ſwept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;
The valiant victor ſeiz'd the golden prize.
The forces laſt in fair array ſucceed,
Which blameleſs Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;
The warlike bands that diſtant Lycia yields,
Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields.

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BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

The armies being ready to engage, a ſingle combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is ſent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam ſat with his counſellors, obſerving the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the ſolemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel enſues; wherein Paris being overcome, he is ſnatched away in a cloud by Venus, and tranſported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Greeians, demands the reſtoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day ſtill continues throughout this book. The ſcene is ſometimes in the fields before Troy, and ſometimes in Troy itſelf.

Thus by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and ſtretches o'er the land.
With ſhouts the Trojans ruſhing from afar,
Proclaim'd their motions, and provok'd the war;
So when inclement winter vex the plain
With piercing froſts, or thick-deſcending rain,
To warmer ſeas, the cranes embody'd fly,
With noiſe, and order, through the mid-way ſky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war deſcends upon the wing.
But ſilent, breathing rage, reſolv'd and ſkill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid duſt around
Darkening ariſes from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus ſheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift gliding miſts the duſky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight ſhade;
While ſcarce the ſwains their feeding flocks ſurvey,
Loſt and confus'd amidſt the thicken'd day:
So, wrapt in gathering duſt, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, ſwept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hoſtile armies ſtand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the ſons of fame
Whom Troy ſent forth, the beauteous Paris came,
In form a God! the panther's ſpeckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an eaſy pride,
His bended bow acroſs his ſhoulders flung,
His ſword beſide him negligently hung,
Two pointed ſpears he ſhook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the braveſt of the Grecian race.

As thus, with glorious air and proud diſdain,
He boldly ſtalk'd, the foremoſt on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, eſpies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he ſeizes and devours the ſlain,
Preſt by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.

Thus, fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;
Smit with a conſcious ſenſe, retires behind,
And ſhuns the fate he well deſerv'd to find.
As when ſome ſhepherd, from the ruſtling trees
Shot forth to view, a ſcaly ſerpent ſees;
Trembling and pale, he ſtarts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight:
So from the king the ſhining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickeſt Trojans lies.

As God-like Hector ſees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh, hadſt thou died when firſt thou ſaw'ſt the light,
Or died at leaſt before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boaſt,
And fly, the ſcandal of the Trojan hoſt,
Gods! how the ſcornful Greeks exult to ſee
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy ſoul ſupplies a form ſo fair,
In former days, in all thy gallant pride
When thy tall ſhips triumphant ſtemm'd the tide,
When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
And crowds ſtood wondering at the paſſing ſhow;
Say, was it thus, with ſuch a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And * both her warlike lords outſhin'd in Helen's eyes?
This deed, thy foes delight, thy own diſgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or haſt thou injur'd whom thou dar'ſt not right!
Soon to thy coſt the field would make thee know
Thou keep'ſt the conſort of a braver foe.

* Theſeus and Menelaus.

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Thy graceful form inſtilling ſoft deſire,
Thy curling treſſes, and thy ſilver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to theſe you truſt,
When youth and beauty ſhall be laid in duſt:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Cruſh the dire author of his country's woe.
His ſilence here, with bluſhes, Paris breaks;
'Tis juſt, my brother, what your anger ſpeaks:
But who like thee can boaſt a ſoul ſedate,
So firmly proof to all the ſhocks of fate?
Thy force like ſteel a temper'd hardneſs ſhows,
Still edg'd to wound, and ſtill untir'd with blows.
Like ſteel, uplifted by ſome ſtrenuous ſwain,
With falling woods to ſtrow the waſted plain:
Thy gifts I praiſe; nor thou deſpiſe the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving ſpeech, and pleaſing outward ſhow,
No wiſh can gain them, but the Gods beſtow.
Yet, would'ſt thou have the proffer'd combat ſtand,
The Greeks and Trojans ſeat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way ſpace our hoſts divide,
And on that ſtage of war the cauſe be try'd:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth ſhe brought:
And who his rival can in arms ſubdue,
His be the fair, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league your toils may ceaſe,
And Troy poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for generous ſteeds, for beauty more.
He ſaid. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midſt, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with ſteps majeſtically ſlow:
While round his dauntleſs head the Grecians pour
Their ſtones and arrows in a mingled ſhower.
Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd;
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aſide:
A parley Hector aſks, a meſſage bears,
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult ſilence, and the fight ſuſpend.
While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either hoſt, and thus to both applies:
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your ſhining ſwords within the ſheath reſtrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midſt, in either army's ſight,
He dares the Spartan king to ſingle fight;
And wills, that Helen and the raviſh'd ſpoil
That caus'd the conteſt, ſhall reward the toil.
Let theſe the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.
He ſpoke: in ſtill ſuſpenſe on either ſide
Each army ſtood: the Spartan chief reply'd:
Me too, ye warriors, hear, whoſe fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field reſign;
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall that he muſt, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the reſt, ſecure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To Earth a ſable, to the Sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the ſanction of conſiderate age;
His ſons are faithleſs, headlong in debate,
And youth itſelf an empty wavering ſtate:
Cool age advances venerably wiſe,
Turns on all hand its deep-diſcerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.
The nations hear, with riſing hopes poſſeſt,
And peaceful proſpects dawn in every breaſt.
Within the lines they drew their ſteeds around,
And from their chariots iſſued on the ground:
Next all, unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the ſable ſhore.
On either ſide the meeting hoſts are ſeen,
With lances fix'd, and cloſe the ſpace between.
Two heralds now, diſpatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius haſtens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.
Mean time, to beauteous Helen, from the ſkies
The various Goddeſs of the rainbow flies
(Like fair Laodice in form and face
The lovelieſt nymph of Priam's royal race).
Her in the palace, at her loom ſhe found;
The golden web her own ſad ſtory crown'd.
The Trojan wars ſhe weav'd (herſelf the prize)
And the dire triumph of her fatal eyes.
To whom the Goddeſs of the painted bow;
Approach and view the wond'rous ſcenes below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now reſt their ſpears, or lean upon their ſhields;
Ceas'd is the war, and ſilent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In ſingle fight to toſs the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
This ſaid, the many-colour'd maid inſpires
Her huſband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Ruſh to her thoughts, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a ſnowy veil ſhe threw,
And, ſoftly ſighing, from the loom withdrew;
Her handmaids Clymene and Æthra wait
Her ſilent footſteps to the Scæan gate.
There ſat the ſeniors of the Trojan race.
(Old Priam's chiefs, and moſt in Priam's grace)
The king the firſt; Thymœtes at his ſide;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and Hicetaon, once the ſtrong;
And next, the wiſeſt of the reverend throng,
Antenor grave, and ſage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and baſk'd before the ſun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wiſe through time, and narrative with age,
In ſummer-days like graſhoppers rejoice,
A bloodleſs race, that ſend a feeble voice.
Theſe when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower,
In ſecret own'd reſiſtleſs beauty's power:
They cried, No wonder ſuch celeſtial charms
For nine long years have ſet the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majeſtic mien!
She moves a Goddeſs, and ſhe looks a Queen
Yet hence, oh Heaven! convey that fatal face,
And from deſtruction ſave the Trojan race.

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The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's ſide.
See on the plain thy Grecian ſpouſe appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years!
No crime of thine our preſent ſufferings draws,
Not thou, but Heaven's diſpoſing will, the cauſe;
The Gods theſe armies and this force employ,
The hoſtile Gods conſpire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and ſay what Greek is he
(Far as from hence theſe aged orbs can ſee)
Around whoſe brow ſuch martial graces ſhine,
So tall, ſo awful, and almoſt divine!
Though ſome of larger ſtature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He ſeems a monarch, and his country's pride,
Thus ceas'd the king; and thus the fair replied:
Before thy preſence, father, I appear
With conſcious ſhame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I died, ere to theſe walls I fled,
Falſe to my country and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
Falſe to them all, to Paris only kind?
For this I mourn, till grief or dire diſeaſe
Shall waſte the form, whoſe crime it was to pleaſe.
The king of kings, Atrides, you ſurvey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of ſway:
My brother once, before my days of ſhame;
And oh! that ſtill he bore a brother's name!
With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
O bleſt Atrides! born to proſperous fate,
Succeſsful monarch of a mighty ſtate!
How vaſt thy empire! Of yon matchleſs train
What numbers loſt, what numbers yet remain?
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horſe,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
Againſt the manlike Amazons we ſtood,
And Sangar's ſtream ran purple with their blood,
But far inferior thoſe, in martial grace
And ſtrength of numbers, to this Grecian race.
This ſaid, once more he view'd the warrior-train:
What's he whoſe arms lie ſcatter'd on the plain:
Broad is his breaſt, his ſhoulders larger ſpread,
Though great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct ſmall;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The ſtately ram thus meaſures o'er the ground,
And, maſter of the flock, ſurveys them round.
Then Helen thus: Whom your diſcerning eyes
Have ſingled out, is Ithacus the wiſe:
A barren iſland boaſts his glorious birth:
His fame for wiſdom fills the ſpacious earth.
Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myſelf, O king! have ſeen that wond'rous man:
When truſting Jove and hoſpitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cauſe;
(Great Menelaus urg'd the ſame requeſt)
My houſe was honour'd with each royal gueſt:
I knew their perſons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan moſt engag'd our view;
Ulyſſes ſeated greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' ſon harangu'd the liſtening train,
Juſt was his ſenſe, and his expreſſion plain,
His words ſuccinct, yet full, without a fault;
He ſpoke no more than juſt the thing he ought.
But when Ulyſſes roſe, in thought profound,
His modeſt eyes he fixt upon the ground,
As one unſkill'd or dumb, he ſeem'd to ſtand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor ſtretch'd his ſcepter'd hand;
But, when he ſpeaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of deſcending ſnows,
The copious accents fall with eaſy art;
Melting they fall, and ſink into the heart!
Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep ſurpriſe;
Our ears refute the cenſure of our eyes.
The king then aſk'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant ſtrength endued;
Whoſe brawny ſhoulders, and whoſe ſwelling cheſt,
And lofty ſtature, far exceed the reſt?
Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied)
Himſelf a hoſt: the Grecian ſtrength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus ſuperior towers
Amidſt yon circle of his Cretan powers,
Great as a God! I ſaw him once before,
With Menelaus, on the Spartan ſhore.
The reſt I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have ſought, but ſought in vain;
Caſtor and Pollux firſt in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horſe.
My brothers theſe; the ſame our native ſhore,
One houſe contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at eaſe,
For diſtant Troy refus'd to ſail the ſeas:
Perhaps their ſwords ſome nobler quarrel draws,
Aſham'd to combat in their ſiſter's cauſe.
So ſpoke the fair, nor knew her brother's doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native ſhore.
Silent they ſlept, and heard of wars no more.
Mean time the heralds, through the crowded town,
Bring the rich wine and deſtin'd victims down.
Idæus' arms the golden goblets preſt,
Who thus the venerable king addreſt:
Ariſe, O father of the Trojan ſtate!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To ſeal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy ſon, and Sparta's king advance,
In meaſur'd liſts to toſs the weighty lance:
And who his rival ſhall in arms ſubdue
His be the dame, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league our toils may ceaſe,
And Troy poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
So ſhall the Greeks review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for generous ſteeds, for beauty more.
With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white courſers to the car:
He mounts the ſeat, Antenor at his ſide;
The gentle ſteeds through Sceæ's gates they guide.
Next from the car deſcending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian hoſt and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the ſage Ulyſſes then
Aroſe, and with him roſe the king of men.
On either ſide a ſacred herald ſtands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlace ſheath'd beſide his ponderous ſword;
From the ſign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the princes ſhare;

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Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and ſpreads his lifted hands:
O firſt and greateſt power! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain ſway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
From eaſt to weſt, and view from pole to pole
Thou mother Earth! and all ye living Floods!
Infernal Furies and Tartarian Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
Hear, and be witneſs. If, by Paris ſlain,
Great Menelaus preſs the fatal plain;
The dame and treaſures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plough the watery deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let Ilion juſtly pay,
And every age record the ſignal day.
Thus if the Phrygians ſhall refuſe to yield,
Arms muſt revenge, and Mars decide the field.
With that the chief the tender victims ſlew,
And in the duſt their bleeding bodies threw;
The vital ſpirit iſſued at the wound,
And left the members quivering on the ground.
From the ſame urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the powers divine.
While thus their prayers united mount the ſky;
Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who firſt the league confound,
Shed like this wine, diſtain the thirſty ground;
May all their conſorts ſerve promiſcuous luſt,
And all their race be ſcatter'd as the duſt!
Thus either hoſt their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.
The rites now finiſh'd, reverend Priam roſe,
And thus expreſs'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes:
Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But ſpare the weakneſs of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me ſhun,
Nor view the danger of ſo dear a ſon. [fall,
Whoſe arms ſhall conquer, and what prince ſhall
Heaven only knows, for Heaven diſpoſes all.
This ſaid, the hoary king no longer ſtay'd,
But on his car the ſlaughter'd victims laid;
Then ſeiz'd the reins his gentle ſteeds to guide
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his ſide.
Bold Hector and Ulyſſes now diſpoſe
The liſts of combat, and the ground encloſe:
Next to decide by ſacred lots prepare,
Who firſt ſhall launch his pointed ſpear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like theſe are heard through all the bands.
Immortal Jove, high heaven's ſuperior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And ſhades eternal! let diviſion ceaſe,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.
With eyes averted, Hector haſtes to turn
The lots of fight, and ſhakes the brazen urn
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the firſt to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies ſat the combat to ſurvey,
Beſide each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the liſts the generous courſers neigh.
The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright:
The purple cuiſhes claſp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, with ſilver buckles bound:
Lycaon's corſelet his fair body dreſt,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his ſofter breaſt:
A radiant baldric, o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
His youthful face a poliſh'd helm o'erſpread;
The waving horſe-hair nodded on his head;
His figur'd ſhield, a ſhining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed javelin ſhakes,
With equal ſpeed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The Spartan hero ſheaths his limbs in arms.
Now round the liſts the admiring armies ſtand,
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidſt the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance
All pale with rage, and ſhake the threatening lance.
The Trojan firſt his ſhining javelin threw;
Full on Atrides' ringing ſhield it flew;
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his maſſy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but firſt prefers his prayers:
Give me, great Jove! to puniſh lawleſs luſt,
And lay the Trojan gaſping in the duſt:
Deſtroy th' aggreſſor, aid my righteous cauſe,
Avenge the breach of hoſpitable laws,
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendſhip's holy name.
He ſaid, and pois'd in air the javelin ſent,
Through Paris' ſhield the forceful weapon went,
His corſelet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank deſcends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and diſappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides wav'd his ſword, and ſtrook
Full on his caſque; the creſted helmet ſhook;
The brittle ſteel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke ſhort: the fragments glitter'd on the ſand.
The raging warrior to the ſpacious ſkies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
Then is it vain in Jove himſelf to truſt?
And is it thus the Gods aſſiſt the juſt?
When crimes provoke us, Heaven ſucceſs denies;
The dart falls harmleſs, and the faulchion flies.
Furious he ſaid, and tow'rd the Grecian crew
(Seiz'd by the creſt) th' unhappy warrior drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroidered thong,
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy:
Unſeen ſhe came, and burſt the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The caſque, enrag'd, amidſt the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with ſmiles the poliſh'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirſt of vengeance at his rival's heart,
The Queen of Love her favour'd champion ſhrouds
(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Rais'd from the field the panting youth ſhe led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleaſing ſweets his fainting ſenſe renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.
Mean time the brighteſt of the female kind,
The matchleſs Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd;
To her, beſet with Trojan beauties, came
In borrow'd form † the laughter-loving dame,

† eius.

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(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
The Goddess softly shook her silken vest,
That shed perfumes, and whispering thus addrest:
Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls.
Fair as a God! with odours round him spread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But some gay dancer in the public show.
She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the Queen of soft desire.
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said:
Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new nations must I cross the main,
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?
For whom must Helen break her second vow?
What other Paris is thy darling now?
Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest, and a captive wife,
Hence let me sail: and if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
A hand-maid Goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame:
Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.
Then, thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies;
Obey the powers from whom thy glories rise:
Should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then the sad victim of the public rage.
At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the Goddess of the Smiles and Loves.
Arriv'd and enter'd at the palace-gate,
The maids officious round their mistress wait;
Then all, dispersing, various tasks attend;
The queen and Goddess to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the Queen of Love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say;
Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shame,
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?
Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
The boaster Paris oft defir'd the day
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.
The prince replies: Ah cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power;
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
There want not Gods to favour us above;
But let the business of our life be love:
These softer moments let delight employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore,
My force'd, my willing, heavenly prize I bore,
When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.
While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field:
So some fell lion, whom the woods obey,
Roars through the desert, and demands his prey
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;
Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose!
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes!
Hear and attest! from heaven with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found:
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day.
He ceas'd; his army's loud applauses rise,
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle.

The Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book).—The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

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And now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebé, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.
When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen:
Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the Martial Maid;
But high in Heaven they sit, and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The Queen of Pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and, constant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atrides, gain'd the glorious strife.
Then say, Ye powers! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates?
Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,
Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And through his gates the crowding nations flow.
Thus while he spoke, the Queen of Heaven enrag'd,
And Queen of War in close consult engag'd:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke:
Shall then, O tyrant of th' ætherial reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes, be vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
Th' immortal coursers scarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.
The Sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:
Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
Can wretched mortals harm the power's above?
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou would'st confound,
And yon fair structures level with the ground?
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! If yet thou thirst for more,
Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore,
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given,
Till vast destruction glut the Queen of Heaven!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When Heaven no longer hears the name of Troy:
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay;
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
For know, of all the numerous towns that rise
Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,
Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,
None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race,
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.
At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies:
Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycænè, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime's sufficient, that they share my love.
Of power superior why should I complain?
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
Yet some distinction Juno might require,
Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire,
A Goddess born to share the realms above,
And styl'd the consort of the thundering Jove:
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
And Heaven shall act as we direct the way.
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.
The Sire of men and Monarch of the sky,
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.
Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her flight,
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent
To fright the nations with a dire portent
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the wintery main)
With sweeping glories glides along in air,
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:
Between both armies thus, in open sight,
Shot the bright Goddess in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The power descending, and the heavens on fire!
The Gods (they cried) the Gods this signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event:
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!
They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.
Like bold Laödocus, her course she bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.
Amidst the ranks Lycaön's son she found,
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd;
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsopus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.
To him the Goddess: Phrygian! can'st thou hear
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?
What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy dart,
Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart!
What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'st thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain!
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,

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And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the God of Day.
He heard, and madly, at the motion pleas'd,
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,
Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled:
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread:
The workmen join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surounding friends.
There meditates the mark; and, couching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes,
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.
Now with full force the yielding horn he bends
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering
But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour [string.
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian power,
Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course;
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd,
She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corslet drove:
The folds it pierc'd, the plainted linen tore,
And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
As when some stately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red:
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye:
So, great Atrides! show'd thy sacred blood, [flood.
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming
With horror seiz'd, the king of men descried
That shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The shining barb appear'd above the wound.
Then, with a sigh, that heav'd his manly breast,
The royal brother thus his grief express'd, [round
And grasp'd his hands; while all the Greeks a-
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound:
Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be slain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
Shall all be vain: when Heaven's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay.
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
I see the God, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his Ægis o'er their guilty head,
Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate.
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost,
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
(And spurns the dust where Menelaüs lies)
"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
"And such the conquests of her King of Kings!
"Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
"And unreveng'd his mighty brother slain."
Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's shame.
He said: a leader's and a brother's fears [shame.
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound.
To whom the King: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art
May staunch the effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring
His speedy succour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged shaft, (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.
With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies;
Through the thick files he darts his searching eyes,
And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machaon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.
The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man:
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran;
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around,
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery grac'd,
He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infus'd,
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us'd.
While round the prince the Greeks employ their care,
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war; [care,
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you seen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or surpris'd with fear;
But fond of glory with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight,
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlaid;
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery coursers snorted at his side.
On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves.

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Brave men! he cries (to ſuch who boldly dare
Urge their ſwift ſteeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valours on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us truſt in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whoſe crimes ſit heavy on her perjur'd head;
Her ſons and matrons Greece ſhall lead in chains,
And her dead warriors ſtrow the mournful plains.
Thus with new ardour he the brave inſpires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
Shame to your country, ſcandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deſerve to find!
Why ſtand you gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still muſt ye wait the foes, and ſtill retire,
Till yon tall veſſels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or truſt ye, Jove a valiant foe ſhall chaſe,
To ſave a trembling, heartleſs, daſtard race?
This ſaid, he ſtalk'd with ample ſtrides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;
High at their head he ſaw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his generous joy expreſt,
And claſp'd the warrior to his armed breaſt:
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praiſe ſhall we beſtow?
To thee the foremoſt honours are decreed,
Firſt in the fight, and every graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Reſtore our blood, and raiſe the warriors ſouls,
Though all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be ſtill thyſelf; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.
To whom the Cretan thus his ſpeech addreſt:
Secure of me, O king! exhort the reſt:
Fix'd to thy ſide, in every toil I ſhare,
Thy firm aſſociate in the day of war.
But let the ſignal be this moment given;
To mix in fight is all I aſk of Heaven.
The field ſhall prove how perjuries ſucceed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.
Charm'd with this heat, the king his courſe purſues,
And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A ſwain ſurveys the gathering ſtorm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours riſe,
Spread in dim ſtreams, and ſail along the ſkies,
Till black at night the ſwelling tempeſt ſhows,
The cloud condenſing as the Weſt-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending ſtorm, and drives his flock
To the cloſe covert of an arching rock.
Such, and ſo thick, th' embattled ſquadrons ſtood,
With ſpears erect, a moving iron wood;
A ſhady light was ſhot from glimmering ſhields,
And their brown arms obſcur'd the duſky fields.
O heroes! worthy ſuch a dauntleſs train,
Whoſe godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the king) who raiſe your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands:
Ah, would the Gods but breathe in all the reſt
Such ſouls as burn in your exalted breaſt;
Soon ſhould our arms with juſt ſucceſs be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie ſmoking on the ground.
Then to the next the general bends his courſe
(His heart exults, and glories in his force);
There reverend Neſtor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inſpiring eloquence commands;
With ſtricteſt orders ſet his train in arms,
The chiefs adviſes, and the ſoldiers warms,
Alaſtor, Chromius, Hæmon round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horſe and chariots to the front aſſign'd,
The foot (the ſtrength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle ſpace ſuſpected troops ſupply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly;
He gives command to curb the fiery ſteed,
Nor cauſe confuſion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the reſt let none too raſhly ride;
No ſtrength no ſkill, but juſt in time, be try'd:
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field ſhall caſt
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haſte;
Nor ſeek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent courſe,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preſerv'd their force,
By laws like theſe immortal conqueſt made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in aſhes laid.
So ſpoke the maſter of the martial art,
And touch'd with tranſport great Atrides' heart!
Oh! had'ſt thou ſtrength to match thy brave deſires,
And nerves to ſecond what thy ſoul inſpires!
But waſting years, that wither human race,
Exhauſt thy ſpirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'ſt thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.
Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He ſhook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd:
Well might I wiſh, could mortal wiſh renew
That ſtrength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion ſlain
Beneath this arm fell proſtrate on the plain.
But Heaven its gifts not all at once beſtows,
Theſe years with wiſdom crowns, with action thoſe;
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The ſolemn council beſt becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I reſign,
Let ſage advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He ſaid. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Meneſtheus on the duſty ſhore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx ſtands.
And next Ulyſſes with his ſubject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew ſo far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the ſound of war;
The tumult late begun, they ſtood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who ſaw their ſquadrons yet unmov'd,
With haſty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd:
Can Peleus' ſon forget a warrior's part,
And fears Ulyſſes, ſkill'd in every art?
Why ſtand you diſtant, and the reſt expect
To mix in combat which yourſelves neglect?
From you 'twas hop'd among the firſt to dare
The ſhocks of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are call'd before the reſt,
To ſhare the pleaſures of the genial feaſt:

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And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you labouring in the fray?
Say, is it thus those honours you requite:
The first in banquets, but the last in fight?
Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:
Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold, we stand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dar'st to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.
Struck with his generous wrath the king replies;
Oh great in action, and in council wise!
With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
The Gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.
He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side)
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;
Oh son of Tydeus! (he, whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)
Can'st thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
With hands unactive, and a careless eye?
Not thus thy fire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd;
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of fight!
I saw him once, when, gathering martial power,
A peaceful guest, he fought Mycenæ's tower;
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heaven;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war.
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around;
Dar'd and subdued, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay;
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire.
Gods! how the son, degenerates from the sire!
No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:
Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
Stern as his fire, the boaster thus begun:
What needs, O monarch, this invidious praise,
Ourselves to lessen, while our fires you raise?
Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
Our valour equal, though our fury less,
With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,
And happier saw the sevenfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty father's dy'd;
The sons subdued, for heaven was on their side.
Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,
Our glories darken their diminish'd name.
To him Tydides thus: My friend, forbear,
Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:
His high concern may well excuse this rage,
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;
His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.
He spoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.
As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the numerous bands;
No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands,
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends
A general shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills:
Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
Pale Flight around, and dreadful Terror reign;
And Discord raging bathes the purple plain;
Discord! dire sister of the slaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but rising every hour,
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around;
The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd.
Host against host, with shady squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.
The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echepolas the lance arrives;
Raz'd his high crest, and through his hemlet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.

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Him, the bold † leader of th' Abantian throng
Seiz'd to deſpoil, and dragg'd the corpſe along:
But while he ſtrove to tug th' inſerted dart,
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank, unguarded by his ample ſhield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and ſpurns the field;
The nerves, unbrac'd, ſupport his limbs no more;
The ſoul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the ſlain;
The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.
In blooming youth fair Simoïſius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell:
Fair Simoïſius, whom his mother bore,
Amid the flocks on ſilver Simois' ſhore:
The nymph deſcending from the hills of Ide,
To ſeek her parents on his flowery ſide,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax ſlain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground
Rais'd high the head, with ſtately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by ſome artiſt with his ſhining ſteel,
To ſhape the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, ſmooth and largely ſpread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a ſubject to the wind and rain,
And ſcorch'd by ſuns, it withers on the plain.
Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïſius lies
Stretch'd on the ſhore, and thus neglected dies.
At Ajax Antiphus his javelin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucus, lov'd by wiſe Ulyſſes, ſlew.
He drops the corpſe of Simoïſius ſlain,
And ſinks a breathleſs carcaſe on the plain.
This ſaw Ulyſſes, and with grief enrag'd
Strode where the foremoſt of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his ſpear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but, cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his ſight the Trojans backward drew,
And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.
A chief ſtood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's ſon, Democoön was his name;
The weapon enter'd cloſe above his ear,
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing ſpear;
With piercing ſhreaks the youth reſigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the ſhades of death;
Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms reſound;
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
Seiz'd with affright the boldeſt foes appear;
Ev'n godlike Hector ſeems himſelf to fear;

† Elphenor.

Slow he gave way, the reſt tumultuous fled;
The Greeks with ſhouts preſs on and ſpoil the dead:
But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppoſe;
Your foaming ſteeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with ſteel;
Your weapons enter, and your ſtrokes they feel.
Have you forgot what ſeem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.
Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers
Array'd in terrors, rouz'd the Trojan powers:
While War's fierce Goddeſs fires the Grecian foe,
And ſhouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diores, fell by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illuſtrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew);
Full on his ankle dropt the ponderous ſtone,
Burſt the ſtrong nerves, and craſh'd the ſolid bone.
Supine he tumbles on the crimſon ſands,
Before his helpleſs friends and native bands,
And ſpreads for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe ruſh'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death:
His guſhing entrails ſmok'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came iſſuing from the wound.
His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror ſent,
Deep in his breaſt above the pap it went.
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving boſom ſtood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty ſpear:
Then ſudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
And gaſh'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
The corpſe now breathleſs on the bloody plain,
To ſpoil his arms the victor ſtrove in vain;
The Thracian bands againſt the victor preſt;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breaſt.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In ſullen fury ſlowly quits the prize.
Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of the Epian race:
Death's ſable ſhade at once o'er caſt their eyes,
In duſt the vanquiſh'd, and the victor lies.
With copious ſlaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
Had ſome brave chief this martial ſcene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And ſwords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art, with wonder had he ſeen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.
So fought each hoſt with thirſt of glory fir'd,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Acts of Diomed.

DIOMED, aſſiſted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddeſs cures him, enables him to diſcern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppoſe him: Panda-

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rus is killed, and Æneas in great danger, but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded in the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And, bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegus cast his sounding spear,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its erring force.
Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead,
And, had not Vulcan lent his celestial aid,
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But in a smoky cloud the God of fire
Preserv'd the son, in pity to the sire.
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Encreas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew
Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
The God of battles, and this speech addrest:

Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.
Her words allay'd the impetuous warrior's heat,
The God of Arms and Martial Maid retreat;
Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds
They sat, and listened to the dying sounds.

Mean time the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
And some bold chieftain every leader slew:
First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' portended steel;
Whom Borus sent (his son, and only joy)
From fruitful Tarne to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chase,
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;
Diana taught him all her Sylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;
From Menelaüs' arm the weapon sent,
Through his broad back and heaving bosom went;
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabric and the fair design;
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystic will of Heaven unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled,
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead,
Through his right hip with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it past:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death, in lasting slumber seals his eyes.

From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whose generous spouse, Theano, heavenly fair,
Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear!
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd Hypsenor, generous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Euryppylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,
Then glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.
Down sunk the priest; the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,
In every quarter fierce Tydides rag'd,

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Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt through the ranks, he thunders o'er the plain: [place,
Now here, now there, he darts from place to
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, [bounds.
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
While Jove descends in fluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.
So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the † leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
His bended bow against the chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:
The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd:
Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds.
Not long the dreadful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.
So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
When thus the king his guardian power address,
The purple current wandering o'er his vest:
O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my godlike Sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field,
Now, Goddess, now thy sacred succour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in
And lay the boaster grovelling on the shore, [fight;
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.
Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (she cry'd) in every combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the fight, and every foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring Deities. [plain,
These see thou shun, through all th' embattled
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.
With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;

† Pandarus.

If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouzes at the smart,
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;
And two brave leaders at an instant slew:
Astynoüs breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd;
Astynoüs' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's shoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyïdus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old,
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determin'd by Tydides spear.
Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage;
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To strangers now descend his heapy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.
Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride
Glittering in arms, and combat side by side.
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn,
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.
With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued,
Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes,
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun:
Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows, and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal: if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice;
(Which, oh, avert from our unhappy state!
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man destroy; if God, entreat to spare.
To him the Lycian: Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold!
Such coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's disguise;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell;

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And, but ſome God, ſome angry God withſtands,
His fate was due to theſe unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
Nor join'd ſwift horſes to the rapid car.
Ten poliſh'd chariots I poſſeſs'd at home,
And ſtill they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in ſpacious coverlets they ſtand;
And twice ten courſers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bade me truſt to theſe,
When firſt for Troy I ſail'd the ſacred ſeas;
In fields aloft the whirling car to guide,
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride:
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his counſels with unheedful mind,
And thought the ſteeds (your large ſupplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the ſtraiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.
Too late, O friend! my raſhneſs I deplore;
Theſe ſhafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' ſons their points have found,
And undiſſembled gore purſued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to ſlaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour theſe bended horns I ſtrung.
And ſeiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the fate that ſent me to the field
Without a warrior's arms, the ſpear and ſhield;
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I ſee my ſpouſe and ſire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious arms,
Broke by my hand, ſhall feed the blazing flames.
To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift diſgrace.
The diſtant dart be prais'd, though here we need
The ruſhing chariot, and the bounding ſteed.
Againſt yon hero let us bend our courſe,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my ſeat, and from the chariot's height
Obſerve my father's ſteeds, renown'd in fight,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chaſe,
To dare the ſhock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with theſe, through fighting fields we go;
Or ſafe to Troy, if Jove aſſiſt the foe.
Haſte, ſeize the whip, and ſnatch the guiding rein;
The warrior's fury let this arm ſuſtain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the ſpear, the chariot's care be mine.
O prince! (Lycaon's valiant ſon replied)
As thine the ſteeds, be thine the taſk to guide.
The horſes, practis'd to their lord's command,
Shall bear the rein, and anſwer to thy hand,
But if, unhappy, we deſert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Elſe ſhall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And theſe the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with ſpear and ſhield
Myſelf will charge this terror of the field.
And now both heroes mount the glittering car;
The bounding courſers ruſh amidſt the war.
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus eſpy'd,
Who thus, alarm'd to great Tydides cry'd:
O friend! two chiefs of force immenſe I ſee,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of bold Lycaon's line,
And great Æneas, ſprung from race divine!
Enough is given to fame. Aſcend thy car;
And ſave a life, the bulwark of our war.
At this the hero caſt a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with ſcorn; and thus he ſpoke:
Me doſt thou bid to ſhun the coming fight?
Me would'ſt thou move to baſe, inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honeſt in my ſoul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.
I hate the cumbrous chariot's ſlow advance,
And the long diſtance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are ſtrong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my ſire.
Nor ſhall yon ſteeds that fierce to fight convey
Thoſe threatening heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at leaſt beneath this arm ſhall die;
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if ſhe dooms, and if no God withſtand,
That both ſhall fall by one victorious hand;
Then heed my words: my horſes here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the ſtraiten'd rein;
Swift to Æneas empty ſeat proceed,
And ſeize the courſers of æthereal breed:
The race of thoſe, which once the thundering God
For raviſh'd Ganymede on Tros beſtow'd,
The beſt that e'er on earth's broad ſurface run,
Beneath the riſing or the ſetting ſun.
Hence great Anchiſes ſtole a breed, unknown
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon;
Four of this race his ample ſtalls contain,
And two tranſport Æneas o'er the plain.
Theſe, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Through the wide world ſhould make our glory known.
Thus while they ſpoke the foe came furious on,
And ſtern Lycaon's warlike race begun:
Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain aſſail'd,
The ſpear may enter where the arrow fail'd.
He ſaid, then ſhook the ponderous lance, and flung;
On his broad ſhield the ſounding weapon rung.
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuiraſs hung.
He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaſter cries)
Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!
Miſtaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my ſpear be try'd:
Ye 'ſcape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hoſtile blood ſhall glut the God of war.
He ſpoke, and riſing hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The noſe and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;
Craſh'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms reſound;
The ſtarting courſers tremble with affright;
The ſoul indignant ſeeks the realms of night.
To guard his ſlaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His ſpear extending where the carcaſe lies;
Watchful his wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion ſtalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample ſhield diſplay'd,
He hides the hero with his mighty ſhade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at diſtance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides ſtoops; and from the fields,
Heav'd with vaſt force, a rocky fragment wields,

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Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degenerate days.
He ſwung it round; and, gathering ſtrength to throw,
Diſcharg'd the ponderous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inſerted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged ſtone,
And ſtripp'd the ſkin, and crack'd the ſolid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and ſtaggering with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm ſuſtains;
Loſt in a dizzy miſt the warrior lies;
A ſudden cloud comes ſwimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief who mighty numbers ſway'd,
Oppreſs'd had ſunk to death's eternal ſhade;
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchiſes in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguiſh and deſpair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd ſon her arms ſhe throws,
Her arms whoſe whiteneſs match the falling ſnows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her ſhining veil,
The ſwords wave harmleſs, and the javelins fail:
Safe through the ruſhing horſe, and feather'd flight
Of ſounding ſhafts, ſhe bears him from the fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unaſſiſting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting ſteeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with ſtraiten'd traces to the car.
Next ruſhing to the Dardan ſpoil, detains
The heavenly courſers with the flowing manes:
Theſe, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd,
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave,
(Whom moſt he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, reſum'd the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides ſwept the plain.

Mean while (his conqueſt raviſh'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chaſe of Venus flies:
No Goddeſs ſhe commiſſion'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her ſable ſhield,
Or fierce Bellona, thundering at the wall,
While flames aſcend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew ſoft combats ſuit the tender dame,
New to the field, and ſtill a foe to fame.
Through breaking ranks his furious courſe he bends,
And at the Goddeſs his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambroſial veil which all the Graces wove;
Her ſnowy hand the razing ſteel profan'd,
And the tranſparent ſkin with crimſon ſtain'd.
From the clear vein a ſtream immortal flow'd,
Such ſtream as iſſues from a wounded God:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial blood
(For not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.)
With tender ſhrieks the Goddeſs fill'd the place,
And droop'd her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him Phœbus took: he caſts a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then, with a voice that ſhook the vaulted ſkies,
The king inſults the Goddeſs as ſhe flies.
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no ſcene for thee:
Go, let thy own ſoft ſex employ thy care,
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this ſtroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydides thus: The Goddeſs ſeiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, diſtracted, from the conflict fled,
To aid her, ſwift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a miſt above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms ſhe found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who ſat remote, they bent their way,
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beſide him ſtood his lance, diſtain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming ſteeds before.
Low at his knee, ſhe begg'd, with ſtreaming eyes,
Her brother's car, to mount the diſtant ſkies,
And ſhow'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,
A mortal man who dares encounter Heaven.
Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;
She mounts the ſeat, oppreſs'd with ſilent woe,
Driven by the Goddeſs of the painted bow,
The laſh reſounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment ſcales the lofty ſkies:
There ſtopp'd the car, and there the courſers ſtood,
Fed by fair Iris with ambroſial food.
Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh, and diſſolv'd in tears;
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And aſk'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?

Then ſhe: This inſult from no God I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the ſon's defence the mother bled,
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage,
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.
Dione then: Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And ſhare thoſe griefs inferior powers muſt ſhare:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us ſuſtain,
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.
The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons impriſon'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
Perhaps had periſh'd; had not Hermes' care
Reſtor'd the groaning God to upper air.
Great Juno's ſelf has bore her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heavenly reign;
Amphitryon's ſon infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguiſh her immortal heart.
Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' power confeſs'd
The ſhaft found entrance in his iron breaſt;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Pæon, ſprinkling heavenly balm around,
Aſſuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.
Raſh, impious man! to ſtain the bleſs'd abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!

But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)
Whoſe ſpear ill-fated makes a Goddeſs bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,
Short is his date, and ſoon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late ſhe ſhall retire,
No infant on his knees ſhall call him Sire.
Strong as thou art, ſome God may yet be found,
To ſtretch thee pale and gaſping on the ground;
Thy diſtant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from ſleep with a diſtracted air,

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Shall fouze thy ſtaves, and her loſt lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!
This ſaid, ſhe wip'd from Venus' wounded palm
The ſacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a ſmile ſurvey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue ey'd Maid;
Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this miſchance the Cyprian Queen befell.
As late ſhe try'd with paſſion to inflame
The tender boſom of a Grecian dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for ſome youth of Troy;
The claſping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Raz'd her ſoft hand with this lamented wound.
The Sire of Gods and men ſuperior ſmil'd,
And, calling Venus, thus addreſt his child:
Not theſe, O daughter, are thy proper cares!
Thee milder arts befit; and ſofter wars;
Sweet ſmiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.
Thus they in heaven: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
Flush'd with celeſtial blood purſu'd his way,
And fearleſs dar'd the threatening God of day;
Already in his hopes he ſaw him kill'd,
Though ſcreen'd behind Apollo's mighty ſhield.
Thrice ruſhing furious, at the chief he ſtrook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth: when, breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
O ſon of Tydeus, ceaſe! be wiſe and ſee
How vaſt the difference of the Gods and thee;
Diſtance immenſe! between the powers that ſhine
Above, eternal, deathleſs, and divine;
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A ſhortliv'd reptile on the duſt of earth.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
He dreads his fury, and ſome ſteps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the ſilver bow
A phantom rais'd, the ſame in ſhape and ſhow
With great Æneas; ſuch the form he bore,
And ſuch in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the ſpectre bloody wars are wag'd,
And Greece and Troy with claſhing ſhields engag'd.
Mean time on Ilion's tower Apollo ſtood,
And, calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.
Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'ſt in blood, and ſhak'ſt th' embattled
Riſe in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes [wall,
Diſpatch yon Greek, and vindicate the Gods.
Firſt roſy Venus felt his brutal rage;
The next he charg'd, and dares all heaven engage:
The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal Sire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.
The God of battle iſſues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:
How long, ye ſons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unreveng'd ſee Priam's people die?
Still unreſiſted ſhall the foe deſtroy,
And ſtretch the ſlaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo brave Æneas ſinks beneath his wound,
Not godlike Hector more in arms renoun'd:
Haſte all, and take the generous warrior's part,
He ſaid; new courage ſwell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon firſt his ardent ſoul expreſs'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, theſe bold words expreſs'd:
Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour loſt? [boaſt,
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious
That propt alone by Priam's race ſhould ſtand
Troy's ſacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in juſt deriſion ends,
Remote they ſtand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far diſtant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wiſh of mortals) bleſt,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breaſt;
With thoſe I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if ſhe conquers, nothing wins from me;
Yet firſt in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle ſtands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars ſave.
Haſte, warrior, haſte! preſerve thy threaten'd ſtate;
Or one vaſt burſt of all-involving fate
Full o'er your towers ſhall fall, and ſweep away
Sons, fires, and wives, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
Rouſe all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
Theſe claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
With force inceſſant the brave Greeks oppoſe;
Such cares thy friends deſerve, and ſuch thy foes.
Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,
But juſt reproof with decent ſilence bears,
From his proud car the prince impetuous ſprings,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two ſhining ſpears are brandiſh'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they ſtand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condenſe their powers, and wait the growing war.
As when, on Ceres' ſacred floor the ſwain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Aſcends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The gray duſt, riſing with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So white with duſt the Grecian hoſt appears,
From trampling ſteeds, and thundering charioteers;
The duſky clouds from labour'd earth ariſe,
And roll in ſmoking volumes to the ſkies.
Mars hovers o'er them with his ſable ſhield,
And adds new honours to the darken'd field:
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd Maid retires,
Each Trojan boſom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his ſacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the ſhouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he ſtood, and vigorous from his wound:
Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pauſe of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce diſcord ſtorms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.

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Stern Diomed with either Ajax ſtood,
And great Ulyſſes, bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Embodied cloſe, the labouring Grecian train
The fierceſt ſhock of charging hoſts ſuſtain.
Unmov'd and ſilent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the ſkies their gloomy lines diſplay;
When now the north his boiſterous rage has ſpent,
And peaceful ſleeps the liquid element:
The low-hung vapours motionleſs and ſtill,
Reſt on the ſummits of the ſhaded hill;
Till the maſs ſcatters as the winds ariſe,
Diſpers'd and broken through the ruffled ſkies.
Nor was the general wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave aſſociates and yourſelves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire!
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
Theſe words he ſeconds with his flying lance,
To meet whoſe point was ſtrong Deïcoon's chance,
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremoſt in the field,
But now the monarch's lance tranſpierc'd his ſhield:
His ſhield too weak the furious dart to ſtay,
Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way:
The grizly wound diſmiſs'd his ſoul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.
The fierce Æneas, brandiſhing his blade,
In duſt Orſilochus and Crethon laid,
Whoſe ſire Diöcleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty ſeat:
Sprung from Alpheus plenteous ſtream! that yields
Increaſe of harveſts to the Pylian fields.
He got Orſilochus; Diöcleus he,
And theſe deſcended in the third degree,
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In ſable ſhips they left their native ſoil,
T' avenge Atrides: now untimely ſlain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood,
In deep receſſes of the gloomy wood,
Ruſh fearleſs to the plains, and uncontroul'd
Depopulate the ſtalls, and waſte the fold;
Till pierc'd at diſtance from their native den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Proſtrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs as tall and ſtraight as they.
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthleſs in his hate,
The Gods but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing; Neſtor's valiant ſon
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own:
Struck with the thought, ſhould Helen's lord be ſlain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met the threatening heroes ſtand;
The ſpears already tremble in their hand:
In ruſh'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan King.
Theſe ſeen, the Dardan backward turn'd his courſe
Brave as he was, and ſhun'd unequal force,
The breathleſs bodies to the Greeks they drew,
Then mix'd in combat, and their toils renew.
Firſt Pylæmenes, great in battle bled,
Who ſheath'd in braſs the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where ſublime he ſtood;
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
His flying courſer, ſunk to endleſs night:
A broken rock by Neſtor's ſon was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling ſtone.
From his numb'd hands the ivory-ſtudded reins,
Dropt in the duſt, are trail'd along the plains:
Mean while his temples feel a deadly wound:
He groans in death, and ponderous ſinks to ground;
Deep drove his helmet in the ſands, and there
The head ſtood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the courſer's feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty ſeat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.
Great Hector ſaw, and raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops purſue:
He fires his hoſt with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the ſkies.
Mars, ſtern deſtroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This ſwells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That ſhakes a ſpear that caſts a dreadful light,
Where Hector march'd, the God of battles ſhin'd,
Now ſtorm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.
Tydides paus'd amidſt his full career;
Then firſt the hero's manly breaſt knew fear.
As when ſome ſimple ſwain his cot forſakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a ſwelling brook his paſſage ſtay,
And foam impervious croſs the wanderer's way,
Confus'd he ſtops, a length of country paſt,
Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at laſt:
Amaz'd no leſs the great Tydides ſtands:
He ſtay'd, and, turning, thus addreſs'd his bands:
No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
Secure of favouring gods, he takes the field:
His ſtrokes they ſecond, and avert our ſpears:
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!
Retire then, warriors, but ſedate and ſlow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Truſt not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.
Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew;
And firſt two leaders valiant Hector ſlew:
His force Anchialus and Mneſthes found.
In every art of glorious war renown'd;
In the ſame car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united died.
Struck at the ſight the mighty Ajax glows
With thirſt of vengeance, and aſſaults the foes.
His maſſy ſpear with matchleſs fury ſent,
Through Amphius' belt and heavy belly went:
Amphius Apæſus' happy ſoil poſſeſs'd,
With herds abounding, and with treaſure bleſs'd;
But fate reſiſtleſs from his country led
The chief, to periſh at his people's head.
Shook with his fall, his brazen armour rung,
And fierce, to ſeize it, conquering Ajax ſprung;
Around his head an iron tempeſt rain'd;
A wood of ſpears his ample ſhield ſuſtain'd;

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Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he prest,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast:
He could no more; the showering darts deny'd
To spoil his glittering arms and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the field,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
Till, in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.
While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
Prepar'd for combat ere the lance he toss'd,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast:
What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain self; nor let their flattery move,
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.
How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,
How vast the difference of their deeds and thine!
Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul
No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With six small ships, and but a slender train,
He left the town a wide-deserted plain.
But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,
While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be;
But, wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
Pierc'd by my spear, to endless darkness go!
I make this present to the shades below.
The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd:
Thy sire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
Whose perjur'd monarch well deserv'd his fate;
Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war.
Nor so content, the generous chief defy'd,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boast,
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.
He said: both javelins at an instant flew;
Both struck, both wounded; but Sarpedon's flew:
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood.
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.
Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.
Borne from the conflict by the Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each busied in his several part,
Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd;
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But Heaven and Fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strow'd the plain,
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,
But Hector saw; and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief:
Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey;
If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.
He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy thigh.
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.
The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.
Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand;
Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
For manag'd steeds, and Techus press'd the ground:
Next Oenomaus, and Oenops' offspring dy'd;
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side;
Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,
Where lakes surround low Hyle's watery plain;
A prince and people studious of their gain.
The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And, touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue-ey'd Maid.
Oh sight accurs'd! shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaüs given
By Jove's great daughter and the Queen of Heaven,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall;
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall:
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!
She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car.
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heavens produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The bossy knaves of solid silver shone;
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.

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Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal courſers hold.
Herſelf, impatient, to the ready car
The courſers joins, and breathes revenge and war.
Pallas diſrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diverſify'd,
(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
Jove's cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt;
Deck'd in ſad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad ſhoulders hangs his horrid ſhield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of ſerpents hiſſing guards the gold:
Here all the terrors of grim War appear,
Here rages Force, here trembles Flight and Fear,
Here ſtorm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
The maſſy golden helm ſhe next aſſumes,
That dreadful nods, with four o'erſhading plumes;
So vaſt, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The Goddeſs thus the imperial car aſcends;
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
Swift at the ſcourge th' ethereal courſers fly,
While the ſmooth chariot cuts the liquid ſky.
Heaven's gates ſpontaneous open to the powers;
Heaven's golden gates, keps by the winged hours;
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The ſun's bright portals and the ſkies command,
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with eaſe away.
The ſounding hinges ring; on either ſide
The gloomy volumes pierc'd with light, divide.
The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient ſkies
Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads ariſe:
Where far apart the Thunderer ſills his throne;
O'er all the Gods ſuperior and alone.
There with her ſnowy hand the Queen reſtrains
The fiery ſteeds, and thus to Jove complains:
O Sire! can no reſentment touch thy ſoul?
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
What lawleſs rage on yon forbidden plain,
What raſh deſtruction! and what heroes ſlain!
Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the ſlaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious power! whoſe unrelenting mind,
No God can govern, and no juſtice bind.
Say, mighty father! ſhall we ſcourge his pride,
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?
To whom aſſenting thus the Thunderer ſaid:
Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
To tame the monſter-god Minerva knows,
And oft afflicts his brutal breaſt with woes.
He ſaid; Saturnia ardent to obey,
Laſh'd her white ſteeds along th' aërial way.
Swift down the ſteep of heaven the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded earth and ſtarry poles.
Far as a ſhepherd from ſome point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundleſs eye;
Through ſuch a ſpace of air, with thundering ſound,
At every leap th' immortal courſers bound:
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd thoſe banks divine
Where ſilver Simois and Scamander join.

There Juno ſtopp'd, (and her fair ſteeds unloos'd)
Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
For theſe, impregnate with celeſtial dew
On Simois' brink ambroſial herbage grew.
Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the ſailing doves, they glide along.
The beſt and braveſt of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides ſtand:
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
Heaven's empreſs mingles with the mortal crowd,
And ſhouts, in Stentor's ſounding voice, aloud:
Stentor the ſtrong, endued with brazen lungs,
Whoſe throat ſurpaſs the force of fifty tongues.
Inglorious Argives! to your race a ſhame,
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your timorous foes engag'd,
While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;
Now iſſuing fearleſs they poſſeſs the plain,
Now win the ſhores, and ſcarce the ſeas remain.
Her ſpeech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides ſtood th' Athenian maid;
The king beſide his panting ſteeds ſhe found,
O'erſpent with toil, repoſing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he ſat apart
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart);
Large drops of ſweat from all his limbs deſcend;
Beneath his ponderous ſhield his ſinews bend,
Whoſe ample belt, that o'er his ſhoulders lay,
He eas'd, and waſh'd the clotted gore away.
The Goddeſs leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beſide his courſers, thus her ſilence broke:
Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whoſe little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
Foremoſt he preſs'd in glorious toils to ſhare,
And ſcarce refrain'd when I forebade the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go
And feaſt, encircled by the Theban foe;
There brav'd, and vanquiſh'd, many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and ſuch force in fight.
Thou too no leſs haſt been my conſtant care:
Thy hands I arm'd, and ſent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters, or ſloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.
The chief thus anſwer'd mild: Immortal maid!
I own thy preſence, and confeſs thy aid.
Not fear, thou know'ſt, withholds me from the plains,
Nor ſloth hath ſeiz'd me, but thy word reſtrains
From warring Gods thou bad'ſt me turn my ſpear,
And Venus only found reſiſtance here.
Hence, Goddeſs! heedful of thy high commands,
Loth I give way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, theſe eyes beheld,
With ſlaughter red, and raging round the field.
Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear!
Not Mars himſelf, nor aught immortal, fear.
Full on the God impel thy foaming horſe:
Pallas commands, and Pallas leads thee force.
Raſh, furious, blind, from theſe to thoſe he flies,
And every ſide of wavering combat tries;
Large promiſe makes, and breaks the promiſe made;
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.
She ſaid, and to the ſteeds approaching near,
Drew from his ſeat the martial charioteer,
The vigorous power the trembling car aſcends,
Fierce for revenge, and Diomed attends.

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The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a Hero, and so great a God.
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:
But first to hide her heavenly visage, spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.
Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
The God, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydide flies.
Now, rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring Greek; the dreadful God of war!
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled:
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The javelin hiss'd; the Goddess urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heaven rebellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the perch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;
In such a cloud the God from combat driven,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heaven.
Wild with his pain he sought the bright abodes,
There sullen sat beneath the Sire of Gods,
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:
Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this darng day?
For mortal men celestial powers engage,
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.
All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:
'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending share
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,
Well may we deem the wonderous birth thy own.
Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Against th' Immortals lift his raging hand:
The heavenly Venus first his fury found,
Me next encountering, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I the God of fight,
From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
Else had'st thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.
Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of Thunders view'd, and stern bespoke:
To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?
Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power we use;
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly born.
Else sing'd with lightning had'st thou hence been thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.
Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.
As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and so soon, th' ætherial texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe dress
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
Glorious he sate, in majesty restor'd,
Fast by the throne of heaven's superior Lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes,
Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

The Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle; and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

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Now Heaven forſakes the fight: th' immortals
To human force and human ſkill, the field: [yield,
Dark ſhowers of javelins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd † ſtreams, that bound the deathful plain,
On either ſide run purple to the main.
Great Ajax firſt to conqueſt led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his ſaulchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thundering arm a deadly ſtroke impreſt
Where the black horſe-hair nodded o'er his creſt:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And ſeals in endleſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' ſon diſtain'd the ſands with blood,
Axylus, hoſpitable, rich, and good:
In fair Ariſbe's walls (his native place)
He held his ſeat; a friend to human race.
Faſt by the road his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
To ſtern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathleſs the good man fell, and by his ſide
His faithful ſervant, old Calesius, dy'd.
By great Euryalus was Dreſus ſlain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion ſprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's firſt-born by a foreign bed;
In ſecret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his ſtrong embrace.)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthleſs victor ſtripp'd their ſhining arms.
Aſtyalus by Polypœtes fell;
Ulyſſes' ſpear Pydytes ſent to hell;
By Teucer's ſhaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Neſtor's ſon laid ſtern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedaſus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where ſilver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was ſlain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
Unbleſt Aſtraſtus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan ſpear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong ſteeds precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamariſk's ſtrong trunk, and broke
The ſhatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;
Wide o'er the field, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he ſinks beſide the wheel:
Atrides o'er him ſhakes his vengeful ſteel;
The fallen chief in ſuppliant poſture preſs'd
The victor's knees; and thus his prayer addreſs'd:
Oh, ſpare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
When ſame ſhall tell, that, not in battle ſlain,
My hollow ſhips his captive ſon detain;
Such heaps of braſs ſhall in thy tent be told,
As ſteel well temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
He ſaid: compaſſion touch'd the hero's heart;
He ſtood, ſuſpended with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquiſh'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon ſwift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: Oh impotent of mind!
Shall theſe, ſhall theſe Atrides' mercy find!
Well haſt thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor ſex, nor age,
Shall ſave a Trojan from our boundleſs rage:
Ilion ſhall periſh whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breaſt, ſhall fall.
A dreadful leſſon of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch ſpoke; the words with warmth addreſt,
To rigid juſtice ſteel'd his brother's breaſt.
Fierce from his knees the hapleſs chief he thruſt;
The monarch's javelin ſtretch'd him in the duſt.
Then preſſing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the ſlain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Neſtor ſaw, and rouz'd the warriors' rage!
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No ſon of Mars deſcend, for ſervile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering hoſt, your future ſpoil!
Firſt gain the conqueſt, then reward the toil.
And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not ſage Helenus her ſtate redreſt,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his ſacred breaſt
Where Hector ſtood, with great Æneas join'd,
The ſeer reveal'd the counſels of his mind:
Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wiſe to conſult, and active to defend!
Here, at your gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' ſoft arms the cowards gain,
The ſport and inſult of the hoſtile train.
When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourſelves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous ſtand;
Preſt as we are, and ſore of former fight,
Theſe ſtraits demand our laſt remains of might.
Mean while, thou Hector to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the Gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' aſſembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the ſacred gates, and ſeek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmoſt tower.
The largeſt mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees he ſpread:
And twelve young heifers to her altar led:
If ſo the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert Tydides waſteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire,
Not thus Achilles taught our hoſts to dread,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus reſiſtleſs rul'd the ſtream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.
Hector obedient heard; and with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle riſe.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foes

† Scamander and Simois.

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Fierce in the front he ſhakes two dazling ſpears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midſt her triumphs fears;
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging from the vault of ſtars.
Then thus, aloud: Ye dauntleſs Dardans, hear!
And you whom diſtant nations ſend to war!
Be mindful of the ſtrength your fathers bore;
Be ſtill yourſelves, and Hector aſks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall;
Nor ſhall, I truſt, the matrons holy train
And reverend elders, ſeek the Gods in vain.
This ſaid, with ample ſtrides the hero paſt;
The ſhield's large orb behind his ſhoulder caſt,
His neck o'erſhading, to his ankle hung;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.
Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' ſon
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Obſerv'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:
What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aſpect ne'er beheld.
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'ſt appear,
And meet a lance the fierceſt heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckleſs ſires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heaven, celeſtial, thou deſcend;
Know, with Immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight.
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandiſh'd ſteel from Nyſſa's ſacred grove:
Their conſecrated ſpears lay ſcatter'd round,
With curling vines and twiſted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong fought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arm receiv'd the trembling God.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move,
(Th' immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe above)
Depriv'd of ſight by their avenging doom
Gheerleſs he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then ſunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurſt, and hated by the Gods!
I brave not heaven: but if the fruits of earth
Suſtain thy life, and human be thy birth;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.
What, or from whence I am, or who my ſire,
(Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' ſon inquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive and ſucceſſive riſe:
So generations in their courſe decay;
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.
But if thou ſtill perſiſt to ſearch my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the ſpacious earth.
A city ſtands on Argos' utmoſt bound,
(Argos the fair, for warlike ſteeds renown'd)
Æolian Siſyphus, with wiſdom bleſt,
In ancient time the happy walls poſſeſt,
Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his ſon;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the ſons of men in beauty ſhin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind.
Then mighty Prætus Argos' ſceptres ſway'd,
Whoſe hard command Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealouſy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engag'd.
For him Antæa burn'd with lawleſs flame,
And ſtrove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
In vain ſhe tempted the relentleſs youth,
Endued with wiſdom, ſacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his ſcorn the queen to Prætus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her inſulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, reſolving on his fate;
But hoſpitable laws reſtrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he ſent,
With tablets ſeal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, bleſt by every power who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' ſilver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feaſted, and nine bulls he ſlew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate ſhow'd:
The fatal tablets, till that inſtant ſeal'd,
The deathful ſecret to the king reveal'd,
Firſt, dire Chimæra's conqueſt was enjoin'd,
A mingled monſter, of no mortal kind;
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This peſt he ſlaughter'd (for he read the ſkies,
And truſted Heaven's informing prodigies)
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fierceſt of men) and thoſe the warrior ſlew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
And conquer'd ſtill, for heaven was on his ſide.
Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes
At his return, a treacherous ambuſh roſe,
With leyell'd ſpears along the winding ſhore;
There fell they breathleſs, and return'd no more.
At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confeſs'd the Gods, and God deſcended chief;
His daughter gave, the ſtranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign:
The Lycians grant a choſen ſpace of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harveſt crown'd,
There long the chief his happy lot poſſeſs'd,
With two brave ſons and one fair daughter bleſs'd
(Fair even in heavenly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace
But when at laſt, diſtracted in his mind,
Forſook by heaven, forſaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Alein field he choſe to ſtray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes conſum'd his waſted heart
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldeſt born by raging Mars was ſlain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus ſurviv'd; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I ſought the Trojan town,
By his inſtructions learn to win renown,
To ſtand the firſt in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty ſires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.
He ſpoke, and tranſport fill'd Tydides' heart
In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,

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Thus friendly, thus, the Lycian prince addreſt:
Welcome, my brave hereditary gueſt!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor ſtain the ſacred friendſhip of our race. [old;
Know, chief, our grandſires have been gueſts of
Oeneus the ſtrong, Bellerophon the bold:
Our ancient ſeat his honour'd preſence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he paſs'd.
The parting heroes mutual preſents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandſire's gift;
Oeneus a belt of matchleſs work beſtow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
This from his pledge I learn'd, which ſafely ſtor'd
Among my treaſures, ſtill adorns my board:
(For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
Beheld the ſons of Greece untimely fall.)
Miſdful of this, in friendſhip let us join;
If heaven our ſteps to foreign lands incline,
My gueſt in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
Enough of Trojans to this lance ſhall yield,
In the full harveſt of yon ample field,
Enough of Greeks ſhall dye thy ſpear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either hoſt,
We guard the friendſhip of the line we boaſt.
Thus having ſaid, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought reſign'd,
(Jove warm'd his boſom and enlarg'd his mind:)
For Diomed's braſs arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price);
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the ſhining purchaſe bought,
Mean time the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Great Hector, entered at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's conſecrated ſhades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all preſs'd with pious care
For huſbands, brothers, ſons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long proceſſion go,
And ſeek the Gods t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's ſtately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of ſtupendous frame;
O'er theſe a range of marble ſtructure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty ſons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of ſtate
Oppos'd to thoſe, where Priam's daughters ſate:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd ſpouſes
Of equal beauty, and of poliſh'd ſtone. [ſhone,
Hither great Hector paſs'd, nor paſs'd unſeen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
(With her Laodicè, whoſe beauteous face
Surpaſs'd the nymphs of Troy's illuſtrious race):
Long in a ſtrict embrace ſhe held her ſon,
And preſs'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
O Hector! ſay, what great occaſion calls [walls?
My ſon from fight, when Greece ſurrounds our
Com'ſt thou to ſupplicate th' Almighty Power,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to ſprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refreſh thy ſoul,
And draw new ſpirits from the generous bowl:
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.
Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd:)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abſtain, and ſpare the ſacred juice
To ſprinkle to the Gods, its better uſe.
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd,
To the pure ſkies theſe horrid hands to raiſe,
Or offer Heaven's great Sire polluted praiſe.
You with your matrons, go! a ſpotleſs train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largeſt mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert Tydides' waſteful ire, [tire,
Who mows whole troops, and make all Troy re-
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouze ſoft Paris to the war;
If yet, not loſt to all the ſenſe of ſhame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That peſt of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyſs might he deſcend,
Troy yet ſhould flouriſh, and my ſorrows end.
This heard, ſhe gave command; and ſummon'd
Each noble matron and illuſtrious dame. [came
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treaſur'd odours breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
There lay the veſtures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from ſoft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian ſhore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She choſe a veil that ſhone ſuperior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning ſtar.
Herſelf with this the long proceſſion leads;
The train majeſtically ſlow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmoſt tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's conſort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' prieſteſs, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with ſupplicating cries.
The prieſteſs then the ſhining veil diſplays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus ſhe prays:
Oh, awful Goddeſs! ever dreadful maid,
Troy's ſtrong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' ſpear, and let him fall
Prone on the duſt before the Trojan wall,
So twelve young heifers, guiltleſs of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful ſmoke.
But thou aton'd by penitence and prayer,
Ourſelves, our infants, and our city ſpare!
So pray'd the prieſteſs in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While theſe appear before the power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs. [ers,
Himſelf the manſion rais'd, from every part
Aſſembling architects of matchleſs art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace ſtands
The pompous ſtructure, and the town commands.
A ſpear the hero bore of wondrous ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,

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The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with the splendid show,
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.
Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high resenting spoke.
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us, both conspire;
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire,
For the great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.
Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, oh generous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
And mourn'd in secret, his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.
He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
Oh generous brother! if the guilty dame,
That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name!
Would Heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day that show'd me to the golden sun,
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air? [bear
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at last a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame?
Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long.
Example sad! and theme of future song.
The chief reply'd: This time forbids to rest:
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury prest,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, some God who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
Not to the court, (reply'd the attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir;
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade)
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream:
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, and helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire!
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;

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His radiant arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's Sylvan daughters bade their elms beſtow
A barren ſhade, and in his honour grow.
By the ſame arm my ſeven brave brothers fell;
In one ſad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and ſnowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapleſs heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hyppoplacia's Sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
Her pleaſing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppreſt by life-conſuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet, while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will periſh, if my Hector fall,
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!
That quarter moſt the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou from this tower defend th' important poſt;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful hoſt,
That paſs Tydides, Ajax, ſtrive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train,
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.
The chief reply'd: That poſt ſhall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renow'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!
The day when thou, imperial Troy! muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's ſpring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs ſhall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh nor ſee thee weep.
Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiſs'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
O thou! whoſe glory fills the æthereal throne,
And all ye deathleſs powers! protect my ſon!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from ſucceſsful toils
Of heroes ſlain, he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, this chief tranſcends his father's fame:
While, pleas'd, amidſt the general ſhouts of Troy,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy.
He ſpoke, and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubled pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by fear,
She mingled with a ſmile a tender tear.
The ſoften'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſued:
Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave;
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger, as the firſt in fame.
Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His towery helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His princeſs part with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That ſtream'd at every look: then, moving ſlow
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the ſoft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth iſſues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that caſt a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courſer thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he ſeeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevell'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;

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He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph ſprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the God of day,
The ſon of Priam, glorying in his might,
Ruſh'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now, the warriors paſſing on the way,
The graceful Paris firſt excus'd his ſtay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy power in war with juſtice none conteſt;
Known is thy courage, and thy ſtrength confeſt.
What pity ſloth ſhould ſeize a ſoul ſo brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's ſlave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans ſay,
And hopes, thy deeds ſhall wipe the ſtain away.
Haſte then, in all their glorious labours ſhare;
For much they ſuffer, for thy ſake in war.
Theſe ills ſhall ceaſe, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:
While the proud foe his fruſtrate triumphs mourns.
And Greece indignant through her ſeas returns,

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſingle Combat of Hector and Ajax.

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehenſions for the Greeks. Apollo, ſeeing her deſcend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate, they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a ſingle combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is caſt, and falls upon Ajax. Theſe heroes, after ſeveral attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor propoſes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not conſent, but offers to reſtore them her riches. Priam ſends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the laſt of which only is agreed by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, purſuant to the advice of Neſtor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and paliſades. Neptune teſtifies his jealouſy at this work, but is pacified by a promiſe from Jupiter. Both armies paſs the night in feaſting; but Jupiter diſheartens the Trojans with thunder, and other ſigns of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the ſlain; and one more in building the fortification before the ſhips. So that ſomewhat above three days is employed in this book. The ſcene lies wholly in the field.

So ſpoke the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Then ruſh'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing ſlaughter, both reſolv'd in arms,
As when to ſailors labouring through the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales ariſe,
The gales blow grateful, and the veſſel flies:
So welcome theſe to Troy's deſiring train;
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris firſt the work of death begun
On great Meneſtheus, Arëithous' ſon:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleaſing Arnè was his native place.
Then ſunk Eioneus to the ſhades below,
Beneath his ſteely caſque he felt the blow,
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand:
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' ſpear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his ſlack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold uſeleſs members on the ground.
When now Minerva ſaw her Argives ſlain,
From vaſt Olympus to the gleaming plain
Fierce ſhe deſcends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor ſhot leſs ſwift from Ilion's towery height;
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen ſhade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd Maid:
What cauſe, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progreſs from the realms above?
Once more impetuous doſt thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and huſh the ſtern debate;
This day, the buſineſs of the field ſuſpend;
War ſoon ſhall kindle, and great Ilion bend:
Since vengeful Goddeſſes confederate join
To raiſe her walls, though built by hands divine.
To whom the Progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the ſkies:
But who ſhall bid conflicting hoſts forbear,
What art ſhall calm the furious ſons of war?
To her the God! Great Hector's ſoul incite
To dare the boldeſt Greek to ſingle fight,
Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers ſhow
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.
At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;
Sage Helenus their ſecret counſels knew:
Hector, inſpir'd, he ſought: ſo him addreſt,
Thus told the dictates of his ſacred breaſt:
O ſon of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth perſuaſive, and a while engage
The warring nations to ſuſpend their rage;
Then dare the boldeſt of the hoſtile train
To mortal combat on the lifted plain.

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For not this day shall end thy glorious date,
The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
The squadrons part; th' expecting Trojans stand:
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian Maid and glorious God of day
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.
As when a general darkness veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain)
The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders settling wide around,
At length compos'd they sit, and shake the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke:
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some God commands:
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks appear;
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust:
If mine the glory to despoil the foe;
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow:
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say, "A valiant Greek lies there,
"By Hector slain, the mighty man of war."
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.
This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:
Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace!
How great the shame, when every age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then, resolve to earth, from whence ye grow,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!
Myself will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory. [prest,
These words scarce spoke, with generous ardour
His manly limbs in azure arms he dress:
That day, Atrides! a superior hand
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand,
But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd:
Whither, O Menelaüs! wouldst thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?
Griev'd though thou art, forbear the rash design;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand,
The mightiest warrior of th' Achaian name,
Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,
Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.
He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose.
Thus to the kings he spoke: What grief, what shame,
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name:
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn?
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old! [hear
Once with what joy the generous prince would
Of every chief who fought this glorious war;
Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire!
Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the spring which once it knew:
When, fierce in war, where Jardan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd,
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Proud, Areïthous' dreadful arms to wield;
Great Areïthous, known from shore to shore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,
Whose guileful javelin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,
Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd.
Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he crush'd our level bands,
And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
Till I, the youngest of the host appear'd,
And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.

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What then he was, Oh were you Neſtor now!
Not Hector's ſelf ſhould want an equal foe.
But, warriors, you, that youthful vigour boaſt,
The flower of Greece, th' examples of our hoſt,
Sprung from ſuch fathers, who ſuch numbers ſway,
Can you ſtand trembling, and deſert the day?
His warm reproofs the liſtening kings inflame;
And nine, the nobleſt of the Grecian name,
Up-ſtarted fierce: but far before the reſt
The king of men advanc'd his dauntleſs breaſt:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd:
Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there,
And Merion dreadful as the God of War:
With theſe Eurypylus and Thoas ſtand,
And wiſe Ulyſſes cles'd the daring band.
All theſe, alike inſpir'd with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian ſage:
Left thirſt of glory your brave ſouls divide;
What chief ſhall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heaven ſhall chooſe, be his the chance to raiſe
His country's fame, his own immortal praiſe.
The lots produc'd, each hero ſigns his own;
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown;
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like theſe aſcend from all the bands:
Grant, thou Almighty! in whoſe hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian ſtate.
This taſk let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove! [ſpir'd,
Old Neſtor ſhook the caſque. By heaven in-
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek deſir'd.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inſcription with rejoicing eyes,
Then caſts before him, and with tranſport cries:
Warriors, I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conqueſt of this chief of Troy.
Now, while my brighteſt arms my limbs inveſt,
To Saturn's ſon be all your vows addreſt:
But pray in ſecret, leſt the foes ſhould hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.
Said I in ſecret? No, your vows declare,
In ſuch a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread.
Ajax in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force on earth.
He ſaid. The troops, with elevated eyes,
Implore the God, whoſe thunder rends the ſkies:
O Father of mankind, ſuperior Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the higheſt heaven has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praiſe and conqueſt of this doubtful day:
Or if illuſtrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may ſhare.
Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright ſteel the giant-warrior ſhone:
He moves to combat with majeſtic pace;
So ſtalks in arms the grizly God of Thrace,
When Jove to puniſh faithleſs men prepares
And gives whole nations to the waſts of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendnous as a God;
Grimly he ſmil'd; earth trembled as he ſtrode:
His maſſy javelin, quivering in his hand,
He ſtood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through every Argive heart new tranſport ran;
All Troy ſtood trembling at the mighty man:
Ev'n Hector pans'd; and, with new doubt oppreſt,
Felt his great heart ſuſpended in his breaſt:
'Twas vain to ſeek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himſelf had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample ſhield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with ſeven thick folds o'ercaſt,
Of tough bull-hides; of ſolid braſs the laſt,
(The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd:)
This Ajax bore before his manly breaſt,
And, threatening, thus his adverſe chief addreſt:
Hector! approach my arm! and ſingly know
What ſtrength thou haſt, and what the Grecian foe.
Achilles ſhuns the fight; yet ſome there are,
Not void of ſoul, and not unſkill'd in war:
Let him, unactive on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boaſt,
And ſends thee one, a ſample of her hoſt.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—be ſudden, and begin the fight.
O ſon of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me as a boy or woman would'ſt thou fright,
Now to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'ſt a chief deſerving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidſt alarms:
I know to ſhift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and anſwer every call of war;
To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my ſounding ſhield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I ſteal no conqueſt from a noble foe.
He ſaid; and, riſing high above the field,
Whirl'd the long lance againſt the ſevenfold ſhield.
Full on the braſs deſcending from above
Through ſix bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the ſeventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Through Hector's ſhield the forceful javelin flew,
His corſlet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank deſcends.
The wary Trojan ſhrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, diſappoints the blow.
From their bor'd ſhields the chiefs their javelins drew,
Then cloſe impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point againſt the buckler bends:
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty ſpear;
It reach'd his neck, with matchleſs ſtrength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his ſhining ſhield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus: but, ſtooping down,
In his ſtrong hand up-heav'd a flinty ſtone,

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Black, craggy, vaſt: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boſs the ſtone deſcends;
The hollow braſs reſounded with the ſhock,
Then Ajax ſeiz'd the fragment of a rock,
Apply'd each nerve, and ſwinging round on high,
With force tempeſtuous let the ruin fly: [broke:
The huge ſtone thundering through his buckler
His ſlacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing ſtroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk ſupporting on the ſhatter'd ſhield:
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his ſinews, and reſtor'd to fight,
And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by heralds' voice the word was given,
The ſacred miniſters of earth and heaven:
Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And ſage Idæus on the part of Troy.
Between the ſwords their peaceful ſceptres rear'd;
And firſt Idæus' awful voice was heard:

Forbear, my ſons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either hoſt your matchleſs worth is known,
Each ſounds your praiſe, and war is all your own,
But now the night extends her awful ſhade;
The Goddeſs parts you: be the night obey'd.

To whom great Ajax his high ſoul expreſs'd:
O Sage! to Hector be theſe words addreſs'd;
"Let him who firſt provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the ſanction of the night;
If firſt he aſk it, I content obey,
And ceaſe the ſtrife when Hector ſhows the way."

Oh firſt of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heaven adorns, ſuperior to thy kind,
With ſtrength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we ſhall meet in glorious war,
Some future day ſhall lengthen out the ſtrife,
And let the Gods deciſe of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy ſhade,
And Heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I ſhall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies Heaven with vows for Hector's life.
But let us, on this memorable day, [ſay,
Exchange ſome gift; that Greece and Troy may
"Not hate, but glory, made theſe chiefs contend;
"And each brave foe was in his ſoul a friend."

With that, a ſword with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
The baldrick ſtudded, and the ſheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek beſtow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majeſtic grace they quit the plain;
This ſeeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their ſtate:
Eſcap'd great Ajax, they ſurvey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
Their preſent triumph, as their late deſpair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A ſteer for ſacrifice the king deſign'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they ſtrip the ſmoking hide,
The beaſt they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
The king himſelf (an honorary ſign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Neſtor, in each perſuaſive art approv'd,
The ſage whoſe counſels long had ſway'd the reſt,
In words like theſe his prudent thought expreſt:

How dear, O kings! this fatal day has coſt!
What Greeks are periſh'd! what a people loſt!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamandra's ſhore!
What crowds of heroes ſunk, to riſe no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy ſquadrons to new toils of fight;
Some ſpace at leaſt permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our ſlaughter'd friends bequeath.
From the red field their ſcatter'd bodies bear;
And nigh, the fleet a funeral ſtructure rear;
So decent urns their ſnowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their aſhes weep.
Here, where on one promiſcuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a general tomb be rais'd;
Next, to ſecure our camp, and naval powers,
Raiſe an embattled wall, with lofty towers;
From ſpace to ſpace be ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound,
So Greece to combat ſhall in ſafety go,
Nor fear the fierce incurſions of the foe.
'Twas thus the ſage his wholeſome counſel mov'd;
The ſceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.

Mean while, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council ſate;
A ſenate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor riſing, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis Heaven the counſel of my breaſt inſpires,
And I but move what every God requires:
Let Sparta's treaſure be this hour reſtor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the ſworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the juſt Gods provoke.
As this advice ye practiſe, or reject,
So hope ſucceſs, or dread the dire effect.

The ſenior ſpoke, and ſate. To whom reply'd
The graceful huſband of the Spartan bride;
Cold counſels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But found ungrateful in a warrior's ears:
Old man, if void of fallacy or art,
Thy words expreſs the purpoſe of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more ſound advice haſt given,
But wiſdom has its date, aſſign'd by Heaven.
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
Their treaſures I'll reſtore, but not the dame;
My treaſures too, for peace, I will reſign;
But be this bright poſſeſſion ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing diſcord to compoſe,
Slow from his ſeat the reverend Priam roſe:
His godlike aſpect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and theſe pacific words enſue:

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreſhment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new ſun reſtore the cheerful light:

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Then shall our herald to th' Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn
Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!
The monarch spoke: the warriors spoke with haste
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.
Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice; the host stood listening round:
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy and Troy's great monarch hear,
Pleas'd may ye hear (so Heaven succeed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh, had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!)
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth, to buy the peace.
But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce, to burn
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!
The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke:
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke:
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor even the Spartan dame.
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.
Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes corpse; I war not with the dead:
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain:
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.
To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move;
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage search the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead;
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And sadly flow to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose the dead;
The cold remains consume with equal care:
And, slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair. [light
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.
Then, to secure the camp and naval powers,
They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:
From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots, and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.
So toil'd the Greeks: mean while the Gods above
In shining circle round their father Jove,
Amaz'd beheld the wonderous works of man;
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began:
What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No God consulted, and no victim slain!
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends,
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures rais'd by labouring Gods,
Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep.
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
Th' Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make
The solid Earth's eternal basis shake:
What cause of fear from mortal works could move
The meanest subject of our realms above?
Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.
But yon proud work no future age shall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew,
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.
Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian train
The rolling sun descending to the main
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:
Black from the tents the savoury vapours flew.
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' stands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wine the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent.
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore)
The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:
Each, in exchange, proposition'd treasures gave:
Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave.
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade:
Humbled they stood; pale horror seiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder shook th' aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd:
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground;
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

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BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The second Battle, and the Diſtreſs of the Greeks.

Jupiter aſſembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains or Tartarus if they aſſiſt either ſide: Minerva only obtains of him that ſhe may direct the Greeks by her counſels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Neſtor alone continues in the field, in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whoſe exploits, and thoſe of Hector, are excellently deſcribed. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians: but are reſtrained by Iris, ſent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ſhips) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reimbarking and eſcaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and paſs the night under arms.

The time of ſeven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The ſcene here (except of the celeſtial machines) lies in the field toward the ſea-ſhore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops ariſe.
The Sire of Gods his awful ſilence broke,
The heavens attentive trembled as he ſpoke:
Celeſtial ſtates, immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree, which not all Heaven can move;
Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye Powers, approve!
What God but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the ſkies with ſhame he ſhall be driven,
Gath'd with diſhoneſt wounds, the ſcorn of heaven:
Or far, oh far from ſteep Olympus' thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarian gulf ſhall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread thoſe dire abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye Powers above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove;
Let down our golden everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:
Ye ſtrive in vain! If I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight!
For ſuch I reign, unbounded and above;
And ſuch are men and Gods, compar'd to Jove.
Th' Almighty ſpoke, nor durſt the Powers reply,
A reverend horror ſilenc'd all the ſky;
Trembling they ſtood before their Sovereign's look:
At length his beſt-belov'd, the Power of Wiſdom ſpoke:
Oh firſt and greateſt! God, by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our Father and our Lord!
But ah! permit to pity human ſtate;
If not to help, at leaſt lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant my counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Or all muſt periſh in the wrath of Jove,
The cloud-compelling God her ſuit approv'd,
And ſmil'd ſuperior on his beſt-belov'd,
Then call'd his courſers, and his chariot took;
The ſtedfaſt firmament beneath him ſhook:
Rapt by th' æthereal ſteeds the chariot roll'd;
Braſs were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heaven's undroſſy gold the God's array
Refulgent, flaſh'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he ſhines: his courſers fly
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry ſky.
But when to Ida's topmoſt height he came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
Where, o'er her pointed ſummits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd:
There, from his radiant car the ſacred Sire
Of Gods and men releas'd the ſteeds of fire:
Blue amblent miſts th' immortal ſteeds embrac'd:
High on the cloudy point his ſeat he plac'd;
Thence his broad eye the ſubject world ſurveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable ſeas.
Now had the Grecians ſnatch'd a ſhort repaſt,
And buckled on their ſhining arms with haſte.
Troy rouz'd as ſoon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on ſquadrons cloud the duſky plain:
Men, ſteeds, and chariots ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
And now with ſhouts the ſhocking armies clos'd:
To lances lances, ſhields to ſhields oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy legions drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
Triumphant ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams encreaſing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpread the ſacred light,

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Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But when the ſun the height of heaven aſcends;
The Sire of Gods his golden ſcales ſuſpends,
With equal hand: in theſe explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
Preſs'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low ſunk on earth, the Trojan ſtrikes the ſkies,
Then Jove from Ida's top his horror ſpreads;
The clouds burſt dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flaſh; the muttering thunder rolls;
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls.
Before his wrath the trembling hoſts retire;
The God in terrors, and the ſkies on fire,
Nor great Idomeneus that fight could bear,
Nor each ſtern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm ſuſtain'd;
Neſtor alone amidſt the ſtorm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his courſer in a mortal part:
Fix'd in the forehead where the ſpringing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it ſtung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguiſh, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and laſh the air.
Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed,
When dreadful Hector thundering thro' the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had ſtretch'd beneath his matchleſs hand
The hoary monarch of the Pylian band:
But Diomed beheld: from forth the crowd
He ruſh'd and on Ulyſſus call'd aloud.
Whither, oh whither does Ulyſſus run?
Oh flight unworthy great Laërtes' ſon!
Mix'd with the vulgar ſhall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, diſhoneſt wound?
Oh turn and ſave from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian ſage.
His fruitleſs words are loſt unheard in air,
Ulyſſes ſeeks the ſhips, and ſhelters there.
But bold Tydides to the reſcue goes,
A ſingle warrior 'midſt a hoſt of foes;
Before the courſers with a ſudden ſpring
He leap'd, and anxious thus beſpoke the king:
Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
Theſe younger champions will oppreſs thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigor glow;
Weak is thy ſervant, and thy courſers ſlow.
Then haſte, aſcend my ſeat, and from the car
Obſerve the ſteeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chaſe,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
Theſe late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein,
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train;
With theſe againſt yon Trojans will we go,
Nor ſhall great Hector want an equal foe;
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.
Thus ſaid the chief; and Neſtor, ſkill'd in war,
Approves his counſel, and aſcends the car:
The ſteeds he left, their truſty ſervants hold;
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold:
The reverend charioteer directs the courſe,
And ſtrains his aged arm to laſh the horſe.
Hector thy face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his ſpear.
The ſpear with erring haſte miſtook its way,
But plung'd in Eniopeus' boſom lay.
His opening hand in death forſakes the rein;
The ſteeds fly back: he falls, and ſpurns the plain.
Great Hector ſorrows for his ſervant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to preſs the field;
Till, to ſupply his place and rule the car,
Roſe Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horror cover'd all;
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall
Enclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful ſound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vaſt profound:
Full in Tydides face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with ſulphur blue;
The quivering ſteeds fell proſtrate at the fight;
And Neſtor's trembling hand confeſs'd his fright;
He dropp'd the reins; and, ſhook with ſacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:
O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averſe, the Sovereign of the ſkies
Affiſts great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other ſun may ſee the happier hour,
When Greece ſhall conquer by his heavenly power.
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to ſubmit to Jove.
O reverend prince! (Tydides thus replies)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But ah, what grief, ſhould haughty Hector boaſt,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coaſt!
Before that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warrior's ſhame.
To whom Gerenian Neſtor thus reply'd;
Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
Hector may vaunt, but who ſhall heed the boaſt?
Not thoſe who felt thy arm, the Dardan hoſt,
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes loſt;
Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the ſword
That laid in duſt her lov'd, lamented lord.
He ſaid, and haſty o'er the gaſping throng
Drives the ſwift ſteeds; the chariot ſmokes along.
The ſhouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
The ſtorm of hiſſing javelins pours behind.
Then, with a voice that ſhakes the ſolid ſkies,
Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies.
Go, mighty hero, grac'd above the reſt
In ſeats of council and the ſumptuous feaſt;
Now hope no more thoſe honours from thy train;
Go, leſs than woman, in the form of man!
To ſcale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
Thy once proud hopes, preſumptuous prince! are fled,
This arm ſhall reach thy heart, and ſtretch thee dead.
Now fears diſſuade him, and now hopes invite,
To ſtop his courſers, and to ſtand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's ſummits thunder'd from above:
Great Hector heard; he ſaw the flaſhing light,
(The ſign of conqueſt) and thus urg'd the fight:
Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Succeſs and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal ſhame.

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In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound;
And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.
Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand,
Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand;
Till, their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.
Furious he said; then, bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke:
Now, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chase,
And, thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
And all your master's well-spent care repay.
For this, high-fed in plenteous stalls ye stand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand;
For this my spouse, of great Aëtion's line,
So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine.
Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroul'd;
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold;
From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
These if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
This night; this glorious night, the fleet is ours.
That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul;
She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:
And thus to Neptune: Thou, whose force can make
The stedfast earth from her foundations shake,
See'st thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress,
Nor swells that heart in thy immortal breast?
Yet Ægæ, Helicè, thy power obey,
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay,
Would all the Deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine:
Sole should he fit, with scarce a God to friend,
And see his Trojans to the shades descend:
Such be the scene from his Idæan bower;
Ungrateful prospect to the sullen Power!
Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
What rage, what madness, furious Queen, is thine!
I war not with the Highest. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.
Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.
The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fir'd.
Swift as he mov'd he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.
High on the midmost bark the king appear'd;
There, from Ulysses' deck his voice was heard:
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
Oh Argives! shame of human race, he cry'd;
(The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd)
Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
Your haughty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?
Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames surround?
O mighty Jove! oh sire of the distress'd?
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?
With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!
To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore;
What altar smok'd not with our victims' gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand!
Give these at least t' escape from Hector's hand,
And save the relics of the Grecian land!
Thus pray'd the king; and Heaven's great Father heard
His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.
His eagle, sacred bird of Heaven! he sent,
A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)
High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd above,
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;
Then let the prey before his altar fall,
The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all.
Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.
Tydides first of all the Grecian force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.
Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his sire)
With flying coursers shun'd his dreadful ire:
Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress;
The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:
Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:
His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;
Th' Atridæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,
And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound:
Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
And last, young Teucer with his bended bow.
Secure behind the Telamonian shield
The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,
With every shaft some hostile victim slew,
Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:
The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,
Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead:
The god like Lycophon next press'd the plain,
With Chromius, Dætor, Opheleste slain:
Bold Hamopäon breathless sunk to ground;
The bloody pile great Menalippus crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,
A Trojan ghost attended every dart.
Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,
The vigorous offspring of a stolen embrace,

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Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,
And the brave ſon repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If heaven's high powers
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers;
Whatever treaſures Greece for me deſign,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or diſtinguiſh'd car,
With courſers dreadful in the ranks of war;
Or ſome fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompence the warrior's toils with love.
To this the chief: With praiſe the reſt inſpire,
Nor urge a ſoul already fill'd with fire.
What ſtrength I have, be now in battle try'd,
Till every ſhaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I beat my bow:
Eight forky arrows from his hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But ſure ſome God denies me to deſtroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.
He ſaid, and twang'd the ſtring. The weapon flies,
At Hector's breaſt, and ſings along the ſkies:
He miſs'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythion's heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirſty dart.
(Fair Caſtianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line).
As full blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiſs the plain:
So ſinks the youth: his beauteous head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breaſt.
Another ſhaft the raging archer drew:
That other ſhaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry or guiltleſs to the ground:
Thy breaſt, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipt its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his ſudden fall alarms
The ſteeds, that ſtartle at his ſounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathleſs on the ſanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and iſſues on the plain.
Dreadful he ſhouts: from earth a ſtone he took,
And ruſh'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already ſtrain'd the forceful yew:
The ſhaft already to his ſhoulder drew:
The feather in his hand, juſt wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow cheſt unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief diſcharg'd the craggy ſtone;
The bow-ſtring burſt beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numb'd hand diſmiſs'd the uſeleſs bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd his brother with a mighty ſhade;
Till great Alaſtor, and Meciſtheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the ſhore.
Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian Sire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breaſts with fire.
The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
Firſt of the foe, great Hector march'd along,
With terror cloth'd, and more than mortal ſtrong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chaſe,
With beating boſom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch, or faſtens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but ſtill they flew;
Thus following Hector ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew.
When flying they had paſs'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground;
Before the ſhips a deſperate ſtand they made,
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon ſhot a ſanguine flame
That wither'd all their hoſt: like Mars he ſtood;
Dire as the monſter, dreadful as the God!
Their ſtrong diſtreſs the wife of Jove ſurvey'd;
Then penſive thus, to wars triumphant maid:
Oh daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the ſable ſhield!
Now, in this moment of her laſt deſpair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confeſs our care,
Condemn'd to ſuffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of Heaven's relentleſs hate?
Gods! ſhall one raging hand thus level all!
What numbers fell! what numbers yet ſhall fall!
What power divine ſhall Hector's wrath aſſuage?
Still ſwells the ſlaughter, and ſtill grows the rage!
So ſpake th' imperial Regent of the ſkies.
To whom the Goddeſs with the azure eyes;
Long ſince had Hector ſtain'd theſe fields with gore,
Stretch'd by ſome Argive on his native ſhore;
But he above, the ſire of heaven, withſtands,
Mocks our attempts, and ſlights our juſt demands.
The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my ſervice and deſerv'd reward:
Sav'd I, for this, his favourite ſon diſtreſs'd?
By ſtern Euriſtheus with long labours preſs'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep diſmay;
I ſhot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wiſdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been croſs'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
Averſe to me of all his heaven of Gods,
At Thetis' ſuit the partial Thunderer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, reſenting ſon,
My hopes are fruſtrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd maid his beſt belov'd.
Haſte, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride;
Myſelf will arm, and thunder at thy ſide.
Then, Goddeſs! ſay, ſhall Hector glory then,
(That terror of the Greeks, that man of men)
When Juno's ſelf, and Pallas ſhall appear,
All dreadful in the crimſon walks of war!
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder ſhore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more, [gore?
Shall feaſt the fowls, and glut the dogs with
She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the ſteeds with care;
(Heaven's awful empreſs, Saturn's other heir)
Pallas, mean while, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her ſacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and ſpreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
His cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt.
The vigorous power the trembling car aſcends;
Shook by her arm, the maſſy javelin bends;

§ Hercules.

Sage, ponderous, strong! that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged hours,
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command;
Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the steep of heaven their course they take.
But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd, [guide.
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid: [car;
Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their
Against the highest who shall wage the war?
If fearless yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate.
Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheel shall lie,
Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
My lightning these rebellious shall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground.
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds imprest by burning thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's fire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,
She claims some title to transgress our will.
Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid
From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;
To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,
Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.
What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
Desist, obedient to his high command;
This is his word: and know, his word shall stand.
His lightning your rebellion shall confound,
And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky:
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds imprest by burning thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's fire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,
She claims some title to transgress his will.
But thee what desperate insolence has driven,
To lift thy lance against the King of heaven?
Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd:
O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
No more let beings of inferior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miserably slain,
They breathe or perish as the fates ordain.
But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find;
And, ever constant, ever rule mankind. [light.
She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.
The hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.
There tied, they rest in high celestial stalls;
The chariot propt against the chrystal walls.

The pensive Goddesses, abash'd, control'd,
Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.
And now the thunderer meditates his flight
From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height,
Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky.
'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal base:
There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.
He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal thunderer sat thron'd in gold;
High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.
Trembling afar th' offending powers appear'd,
Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd.
He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts:
Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who shall the sovereign of the skies controul?
Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.
Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror shake.
For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;
What power soe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more shall hold his place;
Cut off, and exil'd, from th' æthereal race.
Juno and Pallas, grieving, hear the doom,
But seast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:
What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!
Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;
'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,
With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;
Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may
Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove. [move,
The Goddess thus. And thus the God replies:
Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies:
The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall see th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,
Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.
Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain
That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)
Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.
For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,
Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;
Where curs'd Iapetus and Saturn dwell,
Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell;
No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there;
No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
And arm in vain; for what I will shall stand.
Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:

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The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks, rejoicing, bleſs the friendly ſhade.
The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial counſel near the navy walls;
Theſe to Scamander's banks apart he led,
Where, thinly ſcatter'd, lay the heaps of dead.
Th' aſſembled chiefs, deſcending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince ſurround.
A maſſy ſpear he bore of mighty ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was braſs, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:
The noble Hector on this lance reclin'd,
And, bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind:
Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conquering flame
Greece with her ſhips, and crown our toils with fame.
But darkneſs now, to ſave the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the night, and uſe her peaceful hours
Our ſteeds to forage, and refreſh our powers.
Straight from the town be ſheep and oxen ſought
And ſtrengthening bread, and generous wine be brought.
Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the ſky,
Let numerous fires the abſent ſun ſupply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raiſe,
Till the bright morn her purple beam diſplays;
Leſt, in the ſilence and the ſhades of night,
Greece on her ſable ſhips attempt her flight.
Not unmoleſted let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or ſafely cleave the main;
Some hoſtile wound let every dart beſtow,
Some laſting token of the Phrygian foe; [care,
Wounds, that long hence may aſk their ſpouſes'
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let ſacred heralds ſound the ſolemn call;
To bid the ſires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardleſs youths, our battlements ſurround.
Firm be the guard, while diſtant lie our powers,
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers:
Leſt, under cover of the midnight ſhade,
Th' inſidious foe the naked town invade.
Suffice, to night, theſe orders to obey;
A nobler charge ſhall rouze the dawning day.
The Gods, I truſt, ſhall give to Hector's hand,
From theſe deteſted foes to free the land,
Who plough'd, with fates averſe, the watery way;
For Trojan vultures a predeſtin'd prey.
Our common ſafety muſt be now the care;
But ſoon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage,
Then, then ſhall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whoſe fates are heavieſt in the ſcales of Jove:
To-morrow's light (oh haſte the glorious morn!)
Shall ſee his bloody ſpoils in triumph borne;
With this keen javelin ſhall his breaſt be gor'd,
And proſtrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death ſecure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worſhipp'd, like the ſun renown'd!
As the next dawn the laſt they ſhall enjoy,
Shall cruſh the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.
The leader ſpoke. From all his hoſt around
Shouts of applauſe along the ſhores reſound.
Each from the yoke the ſmoking ſteeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headſtalls to his chariot ſide.
Fat ſheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-ſuſtaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the ſhore;
The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful offering to th' immortal powers!
Whoſe wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his ſons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
The troops exulting ſat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground;
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver every mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies:
The conſcious ſwains, rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light:
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the diſtant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the ſpires.
A thouſand piles the duſky horrors gild,
And ſhout a ſhady luſtre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whoſe umber'd arms, by fits, thick flaſhes ſend;
Loud neigh the courſers o'er their heaps of corn;
And ardent warriors wait the riſing morn.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to Achilles.

Agamemnon, after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the Greeks to quit the ſiege, and return to their country. Diomed oppoſes this; and Neſtor ſeconds him, praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution; he orders the guard to be ſtrengthened, and a council ſummoned to deliberate what meaſures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon purſues this advice: and Neſtor farther prevails upon

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him to ſend ambaſſadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulyſſes and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches; but are rejected, with roughneſs, by Achilles, who, notwithſtanding, retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambaſſadors return unſucceſsfully to the camp; and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, which is the twenty-ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore, the ſtation of the Grecian ſhips.

Twas joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and ſadden'd every heart.
As, from its cloudy dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double tempeſt of the weſt and north
Swells o'er the ſea, from Thracia's frozen ſhore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are toſt;
Such various paſſions urge the troubled hoſt.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the reſt;
Superior ſorrows ſwell'd his royal breaſt;
Himſelf his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers;
But bid in whiſpers: theſe ſurround the chief,
In ſolemn ſadneſs, and majeſtic grief.
The king amidſt the mournful circle roſe;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So ſlow fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In ſable ſtreams ſoft trickling waters ſhed.
With more than vulgar grief he ſtood oppreſt,
Work, mix'd with ſighs, thus burſting from his breaſt;

Ye ſons of Greece! partake your leader's care;
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too juſtly we complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and enrich'd with ſpoils:
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.
So Jove decrees. Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And towers and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ;
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.

He ſaid; deep ſilence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! till Tydeus' warlike ſon
Rais'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun:

When kings adviſe us to renounce our fame,
Firſt let him ſpeak, who firſt has ſuffer'd ſhame.
If I oppoſe thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.
The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours ſpring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king.
They gave thee ſceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land;
The nobleſt power that might the world controul
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a general's voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to every Grecian breaſt?
Confiding in our want of worth he ſtands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main;
A nobler car the Grecians ſhall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece ſhall ſtay; or, if all Greece retire,
Myſelf will ſtay, till Troy or I expire:
Myſelf and Sthenelus will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds Tydides praiſe.
Wiſe Neſtor then his reverend figure rear'd;
He ſpoke; the hoſt in ſtill attention heard:
O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still firſt to act what you adviſe ſo well. [moves,
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy wiſdom
Applauding Greece, with common voice approves.
Kings thou canſt blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.
And yet thoſe years that ſince thy birth have run,
Would hardly ſtyle thee Neſtor's youngeſt ſon.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfiniſh'd in that generous mind;
Age bids me ſpeak; nor ſhall th' advice I bring
Diſtaſte the people, or offend the king:
Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war:
Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!
This night, refreſh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy ſway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
For happy counſels flow from ſober feaſts.
Wiſe, weighty counſels, aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a monarch as can chooſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light?
What eye beholds them, and can cloſe to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy muſt flame, or Greece muſt fall.

Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage: the reſt obey;
Swift through the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The generous Thraſymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Aſcalaphus, Ialmen, ſtood,
The double offſpring of the Warrior-God.
Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Merion, join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.

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Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands;
And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall;
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.
The king of men on public counsels bent,
Convened the princes in his ample tent;
Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.
Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd,
And, slowly rising, thus the council mov'd:
Monarch of nations! whose superior sway
Assembled states and lords of earth obey,
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.
O king! the counsels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
And ratify the best for public good.
Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once my present judgment, and my past:
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I first oppos'd, and faithful durst dissuade;
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the king: With justice hast thou shown
A prince's faults, and I with reason own.
That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself an host.
Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry Gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow:
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed).
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms:
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseis I resign,
And solemn swear those charms were never mine:
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
These, instant, shall be his; and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shall he live my son, our honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide my care.
Yet more,—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve;
I ask no presents, no reward for love:
Myself will give the dower; so vast a store
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess his sway,
Him Enopé, and Phære him obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil;
There shall he reign with power and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him as the worst of Gods.
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my sway.
The monarch thus. The reverend Nestor then:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And such as fits a generous king to make.
Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
(Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent;
Let Phœnix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.
Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands,
Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.
He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring.
The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the sands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:
Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most,
To deprecate the chief, and save the host.
Through the still night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,
They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of fierce Æacides.
And now, arriv'd where on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
Amus'd at ease the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebe came),
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame):

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With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
Full opposite he sate, and listen'd long,
In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles, starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
With like surprize arose Menœtius' son:
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun:
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.
He said: Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire:
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat, contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meen while Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;
Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The first fat offerings, to th' Immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:
Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords,
Our greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Nor easily by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Cause on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
Ambiguous no help but from thy saving hands:
Troy, and her aids, for ready vengeance call;
Their threatening tents already shade our wall:
Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
And point at every ship their vengeful flame!
For them the Father of the Gods declares,
Their omens his success, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
Heav'n and earth the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heavens! how my country's woes distract my mind,
Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! oh return, though late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting son, these accents were his last:
My child! with strength, with glory and success,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
Trust that to Heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
That young and old may in thy praise combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine———
This, now despis'd, advice thy father gave;
Ah, check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store:
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed).
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conquering arms.
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
These, instant, shall be thine; and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyself shall choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Crysothemis with golden hair;
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
He asks no presents, no reward for love:

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Himself will give the dower; so vast a store
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,
Thee Enopé, and Pheræ thee obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Anthe'a with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.
There, shalt thou reign with power and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a suppliant king,
But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,
If honour, and if interest, plead in vain;
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy suffering country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For know that chief, whose unresisted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands.

Then thus the Goddess-born: Ulysses, hear
A faithful speech, that knows not art, nor fear;
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain:
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus, in short, my fixt resolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks, can bend;
Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or fight not, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends:
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours sav'd;
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
Your mighty monarch these in peace possest;
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
Some present too to every prince was paid;
And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only must refund, of all his train;
See what preeminence our merits gain!
My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel, then of Greece to Troy?
What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?
Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face,
Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
Sure every wise and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.
Ye have my answer---what remains to do,
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not these (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought:
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles fury at the Scæan gate;
He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate.
But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the favouring Gods implore;
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
The third day hence, shall Pthia greet our sails,
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
Phthia to her Achilles shall restore
The wealth he left for this detested shore:
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that resum'd, the fair Lyrnessian slave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce, I decline,
Nor share his council, nor his battle join;
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No---let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
Not though he proffer'd all himself possest,
And all his rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great empress on th' Ægyptian plain,
(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars)
Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than dust in fields, or sand along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call;
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never shall be led
(An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;

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Like golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If heaven restore me to my realms with life,
The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife.
Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
Blest in kind love my years shall glide away,
Content with just hereditary sway;
There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
Lost herds and treasures, we by arms regain,
And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:
But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd;
Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown;
If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design;
Bid all your counsels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.
Go then—digest my message as ye may——
But here this night let reverend Phœnix stay:
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
But whether he remain, or sail with me,
His age be sacred, and his will be free.
The son of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
Attend the stern reply. Then Phœnix rose;
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,
With accent weak these tender words return'd:
Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind?
The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
He sent thee early to th' Achaian host;
Thy youth, as then in sage debates unskill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To shine in councils and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy side!
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
Not though the God, that breath'd my life, restore
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames!)
My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
I try'd what youth could do (at her desire)
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.
My sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.
Despair and grief distract my labouring mind!
Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd!
I thought (but some kind God that thought suppress)
To plunge the poinard in my father's breast:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates unseen of all;
And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend;
In Pthia's court at last my labours end.
Your sire receiv'd me, as his son cares'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd.
The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coast that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breast, a like affection show'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)
Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'st thou stand;
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:
The Gods (the only great, and only wise)
Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and sacrifice;
Offending man their high compassion wins,
And daily prayers atone for daily sins.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
Constant they follow, where injustice flies:
Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind, [behind.
While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow
Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble suit they make,
The sire revenges for the daughter's sake;
From Jove commission'd, fierce injustice then
Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
Oh, let not headlong passion bear the sway;
These reconciling Goddesses obey:
Due honours to the seed of Jove belong:
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong.

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Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king:
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
But since what honour asks, the general sends,
And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!
Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it those, to conquer these advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;
On Oeneus' field she sent a monstrous boar,
That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore:
This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast
(For rage invades the wisest and the best).
Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
"(She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
"And matchless Idas, more than man in war;
"The God of day ador'd the mother's charms:
"Against the God the father bent his arms:
"Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,
"From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
"And call'd Alcyone; a name to show
"The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.")
To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
On her own son to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round,
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land;
Besought the chief to save the sinking state:
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richest ground, [crown'd.
Half pasture green, and half with vineyards
His suppliant father, aged Oeneus, came;
His sisters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame
Althæa sues; his friends before him fall:
He stands relentless and rejects them all.
Mean while the victor's shouts ascend the skies;
The walls are scal'd; the rolling flames arise;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd:
The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
Th' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire:
Accept the presents; draw thy conquering sword;
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.
Thus he. The stern Achilles thus reply'd:
My second father, and my reverend guide:
Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I stay (if such his high behest)
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more molest me on Atrides' part;
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?
A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be;
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a generous part;
And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.
He ceas'd: then order'd for the sage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke:
Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
See what effect our low submissions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains:
Stern and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On just atonement, we remit the deed;
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives;
The price of blood discharg'd, the murderer lives:
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer every soul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms:
Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;
And know the men, of all the Grecian host,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.
Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd)
Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame:
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
Return then, heroes! and our answer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till, amidst yon sinking navy slain,
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.
This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And cast a large libation on the ground;

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Then to their veſſels, through the gloomy ſhades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulyſſes leads.
Mean time Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread:
There, till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
In ſlumber ſweet the reverend Phœnix lay.
But in his inner tent, an ampler ſpace,
Achilles ſlept; and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomede of the Leſbian race.
Laſt, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whoſe nightly joys the beauteous Iphis ſhar'd;
Achilles to his friend conſign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.
And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had ſent,
Paſs'd thro' the hoſts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then riſing all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands
Hail'd their return. Atrides firſt begun:
Say what ſucceſs? divine Laertes' ſon!
Achilles high reſolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?
Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
Fir'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns:
To ſave our army, and our fleets, to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes ſhall view, when morning paints the ſky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly.
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy:
For Jove o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
The ſacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phœnix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to tranſport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is ſacred, and his choice is free.
Ulyſſes ceas'd: the great Achaian hoſt,
With ſorrow ſeiz'd, in conſternation loſt,
Attend the ſtern reply. Tydides broke
The general ſilence, and undaunted ſpoke:
Why ſhould we gifts to proud Achilles ſend?
Or ſtrive with prayers his haughty ſoul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And prayers will burſt that ſwelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulſe of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him, or deſert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madneſs, or to Heaven commit:
What for ourſelves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repaſt refreſh our powers
(For ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and in blood,
And theſe are ow'd to generous wine and food);
But when the roſy meſſenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ſhips, let all our ſquadrons ſhine,
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides ſtand,
The firſt in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the liſtening heroes raiſe,
Then each to Heaven the due libations pays;
Till ſleep, deſcending o'er the tents, beſtows
The grateful bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulyſſes.

Upon the refuſal of Achilles to return to the army, the diſtreſs of Agamemnon is deſcribed in the moſt lively manner. He takes no reſt that night, but paſſes through the camp, awakening the leaders, and contriving all poſſible methods for the public ſafety. Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, and Diomed, are employed in raiſing the reſt of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to ſend ſcouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their poſture, and diſcover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterpriſe, and makes choice of Ulyſſes for his companion. In their paſſage they ſurpriſe Dolon, whom Hector had ſent on a like deſign to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the ſituation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rheſus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill Rheſus, with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The ſame night continues; the ſcene lies in the two camps.

All night the chiefs before their veſſels lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:
All but the king; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt.
As when, by lightnings, Jove's aetherial power
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty ſhower,
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By ſtrange ſtarts ſucceeds as one expires,
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.
So ſtarting frequent from Atrides' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the field, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the paſſing wind their muſic blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for the endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs in ſacrifice to Jove,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a double war.
A thouſand cares his labouring breaſt involves;
To ſeek ſage Neſtor now the chief reſolves,

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With him in wholeſome counſels, to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.
He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;
A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.
Mean while his brother, preſt with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,
Laments for Greece; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that taſk?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk;
Guideleſs, alone, through night's dark ſhade to go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe!

To whom the king: In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art:
For Jove averſe our humble prayer denies,
And bows his head to Hector's ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun.
What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddeſs born,
Yet ſuch his acts, as Greeks unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battle where their fathers fell.

Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourſelf to hoary Neſtor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty be his care;
(For Neſtor's influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon with Merion o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the Spartan: Theſe thy orders borne,
Say ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay (the king of men reply'd)
Elſe may we miſs to meet, without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.
Still, with your voice the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
Urge, by their father's fame, their future praiſe.
Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

This ſaid, each parted to his ſeveral cares;
The king to Neſtor's ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears:
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and ſaid:
What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep thus range the camp alone?
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell.

O ſon of Neleus (thus the king rejoin'd)
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands,
Th' unhappy general of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If aught of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At every gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
Elſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.

To him thus Neſtor: Truſt the Powers above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wiſe counſels of th' Eternal Mind!
Audacious Hector! if the Gods ordain
That great Achilles riſe and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!
Lo faithful Neſtor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raiſe:
Ulyſſes, Diomed, we chiefly need;
Meges for ſtrength, Oïleus fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd of nimbler feet,
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouſe the Spartan I myſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet muſt I tax his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in this martial care:
Him it behov'd to every chief to ſue,
Preventing every part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the king: With reverence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now.
My generous brother is of gentle kind;
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;
Through too much deference to our ſovereign way,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long ere the reſt, he roſe, and fought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our choſen council waits.

Then none (ſaid Neſtor) ſhall his rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.

With that the venerable warrior roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then, ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd through the ſleeping crowd,
Stopp'd at Ulyſſes' tent, and call'd aloud.

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Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright,
Thus leads you wandering in the ſilent night.
O prudent chief! (the Pylian ſage reply'd)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd:
Whatever means of ſafety can be ſought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight,
All, all depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All ſheath'd in arms: his brave companions round:
Each ſunk in ſleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his boſſy ſhield.
A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that, fix'd upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quivering light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Neſtor gently ſhakes
The ſlumbering chief, and in theſe words awakes:
Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.
But ſleep'ſt thou now? when from yon hill the foe [low!
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls be-
At this, ſoft ſlumber from his eye-lids fled:
The warrior ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid:
Wondrous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Though years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe,
Let younger Greeks our ſleeping warriors wake;
Ill ſits thy age theſe toils to undertake.
My friend (he anſwer'd) generous is thy care,
Theſe toils my ſubjects and my ſons might bear;
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire
To eaſe a ſovereign, and relieve a ſire.
But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle Greek, in this concluſive ſtrife,
Stands on the ſharpeſt edge of death or life:
Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age:
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouze the reſt:
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his country beſt.
This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ancles hung; [long.
Then ſeiz'd his ponderous lance, and ſtrode a-
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for ſpeed,
The warrior rouz'd, and to th' entrenchments led,
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their liſtening leaders keep,
And, couching cloſe, repel invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train,
When ſome gaunt lioneſs, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold: [hear;
Through breaking woods her ruſtling courſe they
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear
Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around,
Watch every ſide, and turn to every ſound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of ſurprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes,
Each ſtep of paſſing feet increas'd th' affright,
And hoſtile Troy was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accoſted through the gloomy ſhade:
'Tis well, my ſons! your nightly cares employ;
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece ſhall live—The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His ſon, and godlike Merion, march'd behind
(For theſe the princes to their council join'd);
The trenches paſt, th' aſſembled kings around
In ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where Hector ſtopp'd his rage before;
When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band:
(The plain beſide with mangled corpſe was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There ſat the mournful kings: when Neleus' ſon
The council opening, in theſe words begun:
Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?
Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?
Or, favour'd by the night, approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns, to hear?
If to beſiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more muſt be the ſeat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night,
What fame were his through all ſucceeding days,
While Phœbus ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe?
What gifts his grateful country would beſtow?
What muſt not Greece to her deliverer owe?
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;
At every rite his ſhare ſhould be increas'd,
And his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.
Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear
Tydides ſpoke—The man you ſeek, is here.
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let ſome other choſen warrior join,
To raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great diſcoveries made;
The wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
Each generous breaſt with emulation glows:
So brave a taſk each Ajax ſtrove to ſhare,
Bold Merion ſtrove, and Neſtor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
And great Ulyſſes wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the conteſt ends:
Thou firſt of warriors, and thou beſt of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.
Juſt be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth or office, no reſpect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.

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Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd):
My choice declares the impulse of my mind,
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
Blest in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of fire.

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame:
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,
The reddening orient shows the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with generous ardour prest,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest.
A two-edg'd faulchion Thrasymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms are worn;
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd:
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties;
The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.
Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
And dark through paths oblique their progress take.
Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:
This, though surrounding shades obscur'd their view,
By the shrill clang, and whistling wings, they knew.
As from the right the soar'd, Ulysses pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the Maid:

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
O thou! for ever present in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils, survey!
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;
And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his prayer:
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'st the fire, defend the son.
When on Æsopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban towers,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful show,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be present, Oh celestial Maid!
So still continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns.

The heroes pray'd; and Pallas from the skies
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Through the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
Through dust, through blood, o'er arms and hills of slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
On high designs the wakeful hours employ:
Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd:

What glorious man for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture, for a rich reward,
Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make, [take?
What watch they keep, and what resolves they
If now subdued they meditate their flight,
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well.

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy
(Five girls beside the reverend herald told)
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold,
Not blest by nature with the charms of face,
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
This high achievement, and explore the fleet:
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear to grant me the demanded prize:
Th' immortal coursers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war,
Encourag'd thus, no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know.
Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way,
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky:
Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whose thunder shakes the dark ærial hall:
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus Hector swore: the Gods were call'd in vain;
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:
Across his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shin'd.
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along),
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed:

O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet,
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet:
Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.

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But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their head
(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead: [Along
The path the spy unwary flew;
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows),
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.

Now Dolon listening heard them as they past;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,
Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw,
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind;
Or chace through woods obscure the trembling hind;
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey:
So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides stopp'd; a generous thought
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art remain;
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain.
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood;
A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head;
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.
To whom Ulysses made this wise reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the sight,
To roam the silent fields in dead of night? [thee
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
Through heaps of carnage to despoil the dead?
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:
If, now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize!
(Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies)
Far other riders those proud steeds demand,
And from the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,
Achilles, sprung from an immortal dame.

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to night?
Where stand his coursers? in what quarter sleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep:
Say, since their conquest, what their counsels are;
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's wall transfer the war.

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument,
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake:
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
(Enquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain?

To whom the spy: Their powers they thus dispose:
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
And Leleges, encamp along the coast.
Not distant far, lie higher on the land
The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,
And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall;
The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.
These Troy but lately to her succour won,
Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son:
I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow:
Rich silver plates his shining car infold;
His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,
Celestial Panoply, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; till you return reveal,
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell.

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live though all the truth be shown;
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore;
No---once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear;
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize:

Great Queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:
Thee first of all the heavenly host we praise;
O speed our labours, and direct our ways!
This said, the spoils with dropping gore deface'd,
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footsteps to the place again.
Through the still night they cross the devious fields
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,

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Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day. [band:
Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate
The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd:
Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the coursers, and the car behold!
Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie;
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.
Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms;
Where'er he pass'd a purple stream pursued
His thirsty faulchion, hot with hostile blood;
Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.
So the grim lion from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
Ulysses following, as his partner slew,
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white coursers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they found;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire:
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands:
Enough, my son; from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace;
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of Troy.
The voice divine confess the martial Maid;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.
Not unobserv'd they pass'd: the God of Light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight
Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succour blest,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast.
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the Power,
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning hour
(On Rhesus' side accustom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend).
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty space where late the coursers stood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wondering view the slaughters of the night.
Mean while the chiefs arriving at the shade
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The coursers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.
Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around:
Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods! of pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain!)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps, ev'n now pursued, they seek the shore;
Or, oh! perhaps those heroes are no more.
Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear, [fear:
And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their
With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the kings: and Nestor first demands:
Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say, whence these coursers? by what chance bestow'd?
The spoil of foes, or present of a God?
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But sure till now no coursers struck my sight
Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Blest as ye are, and favourites of the skies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And † her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not so (sage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
By Hector sent our forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.
Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn:
The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.

† Minerva.

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But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd
High on the painted ſtern Ulyſſes laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighbouring main:
Then in the poliſh'd bath; refreſh'd from toil,
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to Pallas the libations pour:
They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third Battle, and the Acts of Agamemnon.

Agamemnon, having armed himſelf, leads the Grecians to battle. Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the ſignals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who ſends Iris for that purpoſe) to decline the engagement, till the king ſhall be wounded, and retire from the field. He then makes a great ſlaughter of the enemy: Ulyſſes and Diomed put a ſtop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to deſert his companion, who is encompaſſed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmoſt danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax reſcue him. Hector comes againſt Ajax; but that hero alone oppoſes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time, Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Neſtor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ſhip) ſent Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Neſtor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of ſome former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon perſuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at leaſt permit him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus alſo wounded, and aſſiſts him in that diſtreſs.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the ſame day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, ſixteenth, ſeventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The ſcene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilus.

The ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonius' bed:
With new born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courſe of heaven with ſacred light:
When baleful Eris, ſent by Jove's command,
The torch of diſcord blazing in her hand.
Through the red ſkies her bloody ſign extends,
And, wrapt in tempeſts, o'er the fleet deſcends.
High on Ulyſſes' bark, her horrid ſtand
She took, and thunder'd through the ſeas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the ſound,
Whoſe ſhips, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury through the Grecian throng
With horror ſounds the loud Orthian ſong:
The navy ſhakes, and at the dire alarms
Each boſom boils, each warrior ſtarts to arms.
No more they ſigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy hoſt inſpires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himſelf firſt roſe, himſelf before the reſt
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dreſt.
And firſt he cas'd his manly legs around
In ſhining greaves, with ſilver buckles bound:
The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt,
The ſame which once king Cinyras poſſeſt:
(The fame of Greece and her aſſembled hoſt
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coaſt;
'Twas then, the friendſhip of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he ſent, nor ſent in vain).
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work inſold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glittering dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whoſe imitated ſcales, againſt the ſkies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a ſhowry cloud
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celeſtial dyes,
Plac'd as a ſign to man amid the ſkies).
A radiant baldrick, o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
Gold was the hilt, a ſilver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd,
That round the warrior caſt a dreadful ſhade;
Ten zones of braſs its ample brim ſurround,
And twice ten boſſes the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd the expreſſive ſhield:
Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along;
His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monſter ends.
Caſt o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe hair formidably grac'd:
And in his hands two ſteely javelins weilds,
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.
That inſtant Juno and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they claſh'd their arms in air,
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

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Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courſers to their chariots bound [wield
The ſquires reſtrain'd: the foot, with thoſe who
The lighter arms, ruſh forward to the field.
To ſecond theſe, in cloſe array combin'd,
The ſquadrons ſpread their ſable wings behind.
Now ſhouts and tumults wake the tardy ſun,
As with the light the warriors toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to ſurvey,
And all the ſlaughters that muſt ſtain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb, in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines poſſeſs'd the riſing ground:
There wiſe Polydamas and Hector ſtood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine,
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whoſe beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' etherial race;
Great Hector cover'd with his ſpacious ſhield,
Flies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red ſtar now ſhows his ſanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus through the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as lightning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick falls the heapy harveſt at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on every ſide,
None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man, they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large laughter at her ſanguine eyes:
Diſcord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But general murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Mean while apart, ſuperior and alone,
Th' eternal monarch on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſate;
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate;
On earth he turn'd his all-conſidering eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where Ilion's towers ariſe;
The ſea with ſhips, the fields with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.
Thus while the morning beams increaſing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure ſpread the glowing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,
When his tir'd arms refuſe the axe to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſylvan war;
But not till half the proſtrate foreſt lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulſive might
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Agamemnon then the ſlaughter led,
And ſlew Bienor at his people's head:
Whoſe ſquire Oïleus, with a ſudden ſpring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and ſtretch'd him on the ground.
Atrides ſpoil'd, and left him on the plain:
Vain was their youth, that glittering armour vain;
Now ſoil'd with duſt, and naked to the ſky,
Their ſnowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two ſons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love!
In the ſame car the brother warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other taſk, than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy ſheep!
Theſe on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant oſiers bound;
Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd;
But now to periſh by Atrides' ſword;
Pierc'd in the breaſt the baſe born Iſus bleeds:
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.
Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recalls,
The Trojans ſee the youths untimely die;
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.
So when a lion, raging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome gratly lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quivering fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift through ruſtling thickets burſts her way:
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe Antimachus were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted Helen ſtay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as theſe their ſafety fought,
And ſlew the children for the fathers fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:
O ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battle ſlain,
The Grecian ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd and perſuaſive gold.
Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply—
If from Antimachus ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed Ulyſſes' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace?
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.
This ſaid, Piſander from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away;
His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And, rolling, drew a bloody train along.
Then where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The kings example all his Greeks purſue.

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Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.
Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all;
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,
Whose squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low:
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors' lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of Heaven he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.
Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Through the mid field the routed urge their way;
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.
As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood,
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Mean while on every side, around the plain,
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train:
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successful haste:
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last:
Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew;
Hurl'd from their cars, the bravest chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove descending, shook th' Idæan hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightnings in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd Maid bespoke:
Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To godlike Hector this our word convey---
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands:
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.
He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds descends the various Maid.
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,
Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.
The Goddess then: O son of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear---
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abstain from fight; yet issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands.
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be prest,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.
She said, and vanish'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms: the Greeks their onset dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirit, to each breast returns:
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix'd on him their eye,
And learn from him to conquer, or to die.
Ye sacred Nine, celestial Muses! tell,
Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell!
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung;
Whom from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace, where snowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his generous breast,
When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.
But, call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's strand,
Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame before the ranks he springs,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;
The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air.
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his strength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart Atrides stands,
Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands,
At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with presents her embraces meet,
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
On whom his passion lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!

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Unwep', uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldeſt hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features now deform'd with blood,
Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow ſtrook.
The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And through his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart,
Surpris'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corpſe the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe,
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Tranſfix'd the warrior with the brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword, or ponderous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce Ilythiæ ſend
(The powers that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all-panting with the pain,
He mounts his car, and gives his ſquire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:
O friends! O Greeks! aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.
He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong:
The horſes fly! the chariot ſmokes along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.
No ſooner Hector ſaw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.
Behold the general flies! deſerts his powers!
Lo, Jove himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.
With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and every boſom warms;
As the bold hunter clears his hounds, to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear;
With voice and hand provoke their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremoſt with his lifted dart:
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps, [ſhowers,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say, Muſe! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Aſſæus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide,
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, ſunk to endleſs night:
Æſymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charg'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms,
The guſt continued, violent, and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the ſkies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge, and wide the bottom bares;
Thus raging Hector, with reſiſtleſs hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wiſe Ulyſſes call'd Tydides forth,
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ſhips in flame?
Haſte, let us join, and combat ſide by ſide.
The warrior thus: and thus the friend reply'd:
No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conqueſt crowns the Trojan train:
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.
He ſigh'd; but, ſighing, rais'd his vengeful ſteel,
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell;
Molion, the charioteer, purſued his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſword.
Theſe ſlain, they left them in eternal night,
Then plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight:
So two wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
Then ſwift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conqueſt in the middle plain
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece retir'd again.
The ſons of Merops ſhone amidſt the war;
Towering they rode in one reſulgent car;
In deep prophetic arts their father ſkill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They ruſh'd to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
Their breaſt no more the vital ſpirit warms;
The ſtern Tydides ſtrips their ſhining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulyſſes dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize;
Great Jove from Ide with ſlaughter fills his ſight,
And level hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agaſtrophus was ſlain,
The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian ſtrain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
His ſteeds too diſtant, and the foe too nigh;
Through broken orders, ſwifter than the wind
He fled, but flying left his life behind.
This Hector ſees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverſe the files, and to the reſcue flies;
Shouts, as he paſt, the cryſtal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.

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Great Diomed himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war:
Mark how this way yon bended ſquadrons yield!
The ſtorm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here ſtand his utmoſt force---The warrior ſaid;
Swift at the word his ponderous javelin fled;
Nor miſs'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Ras'd the ſmooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero ſtands:
But yet ſo ſtunn'd, that, ſtaggering on the plain,
His arm and knee his ſinking bulk ſuſtain;
O'er his dim ſight the miſty vapours riſe,
And a ſhort darkneſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Tydides followed to regain his lance;
While Hector roſe, recover'd from the trance:
Remounts his car, and herds amidſt the crowd:
The Greek purſues him, and exults aloud.
Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.
Thou ſhalt not long the death deferv'd withſtand,
If any God aſſiſt Tydides' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay,
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far
(The ſpouſe of Helen, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt,
The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful ſpring,
Leaps from his ambuſh, and inſults the king.
He bleeds! (he cries) ſome God has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame God had fixt it in his heart!
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide waſting hand,
Should breathe from ſlaughter, and in combat ſtand:
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lions fear.
He dauntleſs thus: Thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unſkill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the ſteel.
Where this but lights, ſome noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of ſires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves ſuch objects as diſtract the fair.
Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang ſucceeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.
Now on the field Ulyſſes ſtands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:
But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul:
What farther ſubterfuge, what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart:
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;
Theſe, in the warrior, their own fate encloſe:
And round him deep the ſteely circle grows,
So fares a boar, whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhouting huntſmen, and of clamorous hounds;
He grins his ivory tuſks; he foams with ire;
His ſanguine eye balls glare with living fire;
By theſe, by thoſe, on every part is ply'd;
And the red ſlaughter ſpreads on every ſide.
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder, firſt Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoön ſunk to hell;
Cherſidamas, beneath the navel thruſt,
Falls prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Charops, the ſon of Hippaſus, was near;
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wiſe:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began:
O great Ulyſſes, much enduring man!
Not deeper ſkill'd in every martial flight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight:
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great Hippaſian race,
Or thou beneath this lance ſhall preſs the field—
He ſaid, and forceful pierc'd his ſpacious ſhield:
Through the ſtrong braſs the ringing javelin thrown,
Plough'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the ſpear, though deep infix'd,
Stopt ſhort of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wiſe Ulyſſes knew,
Then furious thus (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew):
Unhappy man! whoſe death our hands ſhall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race.
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But, pierc'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go,
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!
He ſpoke; while Socus, ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight;
Between his ſhoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the grizly wound;
He falls; his armour rings againſt the ground.
Then thus Ulyſſes, gazing on the ſlain:
Fam'd ſon of Hippaſus! there preſs the plain;
There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by Fate,
Heaven owes Ulyſſes yet a longer date.
Ah, wretch! no father ſhall thy corpſe compoſe,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe;
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hovering vultures ſcream around their prey.
Me Greece ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn funerals and a laſting tomb.
Then, raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.

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The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſued,
And gladden'd Troy with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide:
O friend! Ulyſſes' ſhouts invade my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſt deſpair.
And feel a loſs, not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.
The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman, with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtils,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
Till, life's warm vapour iſſuing through the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes through the woodland ſhade,
The wolves, though hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warrior, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as Ajax heaves his tower-like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And, ſav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And firſt Doryclus, Priam's ſon, he ſlew.
On ſtrong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyſander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wintery rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs through the plain,
And deep Scamander ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There Neſtor and Idomeneus oppoſe
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariots height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The ſpouſe of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a diſtant wound:
In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her phyſician fear'd.
To Neſtor then Idomeneus begun:
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great Machaon to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
Old Neſtor mounts the ſeat: beſide him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now Gebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are ſlain
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!
I know him well, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glittering of the ſeven-fold ſhield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy ſteeds,
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.

Thus having ſpoke, the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds
Stung by the ſtroke, the couriers ſcour the fields
O'er heaps of carcaſes, and hills of ſhields.
The horſes' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,
And, daſhing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle ſable drops diſtils,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here Hector, plunging through the thickeſt fight
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the ſword, or ponderous ſtone
The ranks lie ſcatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he ſhuns through all the dire debate,
And fears that arm whoſe force he felt ſo late,
But partial Jove, eſpouſing Hector's part,
Shot heaven-bred horror through the Grecian heart;
Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's preſence grown,
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony ſhield he threw,
And, glaring round, with tardy ſteps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Befet with watchful dogs and ſhouting ſwains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls;
Long ſtands the ſhowering darts, and miſſile fires
Then ſourly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.
So turn'd ſtern Ajax, by whole hoſts repell'd.
While his ſwoln heart at every ſtep rebell'd.

As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength endues
In ſome wide field by troops of boys purſued,
Though round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backwards bears the yield
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly, [ban
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhowers:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quivering wood;
And many a javelin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vai
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts
Whoſe eager javelin launch'd againſt the foe,
Great Apiſaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.

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The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood,
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd:
What God, O Grecians! has your heart dismay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage;
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue, and your country save.
Thus urg'd the chief; a generous troop appears,
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears. [stand
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.
Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His coursers, steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,
The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore.
That hour Achilles, from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His fearful eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain,
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch his vengeful breast.
Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd son he sent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.
Why calls my friend? Thy lov'd injunctions lay;
Whate'er they will, Patroclus shall obey.
O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come, when yon despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought;
For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,
The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace.
The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
Through intermingled ships and tents he pass'd;
The chiefs descending from their car he found;
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
He pass'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arsinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave)
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new press'd, the sacred flower of wheat,
And wholesome garlic, crown'd the savoury treat.
Next her white hand a spacious goblet brings,
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings
From eldest times: the massy sculptur'd vase,
Glittering with golden studs, four handles grace;
And curling vines around each handle roll'd,
Support two turtle-doves emboss'd in gold.
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Prammian wine;
With goat's-milk cheese a flavorous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares:
Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.
Mean time Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor rising then, the hero led
To his high seat: the chief refus'd, and said:
'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.
To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds.
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds:
This to report my hasty course I bend:
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.
Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd)
Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing time
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppress'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And stretch'd the great Itymoneus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
All teeming females, and of generous breeds.
These, as my first essay of arms, I won:
Old Neleus glory'd in his conquering son.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair,
When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war;
For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,
My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.
(That large reprisal he might justly claim,
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,

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When Elis' monarch at the public course
Detain'd his chariot and victorious horse.)
The rest the people share'd; myself survey'd
The just partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
With many a courser, and with many a car;
The sons of Actor at their army's head [led.
(Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons
High on a rock fair Thryoëssa stands,
Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the streams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, descending in the shades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and swells with martial
Myself the foremost; but my fire deny'd, [pride;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms,
And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidst our chariots: for the Goddess led.
Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And, sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.
There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid:
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid;
A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain
To the blue monarch of the watery main.
In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day;
Bright scenes of arms, and works of war, appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled;
King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede:
(She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led:
Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe dispers'd, their braveft warrior kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.
Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,
Through wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose;
Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.
Ev'n there the hindmost of their rear I slay,
And the same arm that led, concludes the day,
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
As first of Gods; to Nestor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade
Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,
I and Ulysses touch'd at Pthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.
A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles sees us, to the feast invites:
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave:
Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave:"
Menœtius thus: "Though great Achilles shine
"In strength superior, and of race divine,
"Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
"Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."
Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court;
Words now forgot, though now of vast import.
Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey.
Some favouring God Achilles' heart may move;
Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
If aught from heaven withhold his saving arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.
This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent
Along the shore with hasty strides he went:
Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,
The public mart and courts of justice stand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods arise,
There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son,
Large painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart;
Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd:
Ah! hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native shore?
Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
Her force increasing as her toil renews.
Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet,
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
With healing balms the raging smart allay,
Such as sage Chiron, first of Pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.

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Of two fam'd ſurgeons, Podalirius ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft he lent.
To him the chief: What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the Pylian king's reply:
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd:
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away,
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptic juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to flow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian Wall.

The Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch, Polydamas adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counſel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault. But upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector oppoſes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the firſt breach in the wall: Hector alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriouſly purſue the Grecians even to their ſhips.

While thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and ſafety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with claſhing ſhields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With Gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe;
Their powers neglected, and no victim ſlain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk in vain.
Without the Gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This flood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While ſacred Troy the warring hoſts engag'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo ſhook the ſhore,
Then Ida's ſummits pour'd their watery ſtore;
Rheſus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the ſtony hills,
Æſopus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful ſource;
And gaſty Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and ſhields, and godlike heroes ſlain:
Theſe turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Deluged the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters ſaps the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.
Inceſſant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
And half the ſkies deſcend in fluicy ſhowers.
The God of Ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm;
The ſtrokes yet echoed of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the towers.
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcattering throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midſt the dogs and hunters daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hiſſing javelins rain and iron ſtorm:
His powers untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
And where he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds againſt them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompaſs'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches ſhows.
The panting ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
But ſnort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Juſt on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the ſkies reſound.
Eager they view'd the proſpect dark and deep,
Vaſt was the leap, and headlong hung the ſteep;
The bottom bare (a formidable ſhow!)
And briſtled thick with ſharpened ſtakes below.
The foot alone this ſtrong defence could force,
And try the paſs impervious to the horſe.
This ſaw Polydamas; who, wiſely brave,
Reſtrain'd great Hector, and his counſel gave:
Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
The ſtakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No paſs through thoſe, without a thouſand wounds,
No ſpace for combat in yon narrow bounds.

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Proud of the favours mighty Jove has ſhown,
On certain dangers we too raſhly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this inſtant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day deſtroy and bury all!
But ſhould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by out own troops confus'd,
In one promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd;
All Troy muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Nor ſhall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with ſpeed;
Back from the trenches let your ſteeds be led,
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Preceed on foot, and Hector lead the way:
So Greece ſhall ſtoop before our conquering power,
And this (if Jove conſent) her fatal hour.
This counſel pleas'd: the godlike Hector ſprung
Swift from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and iſſues on the plain.
By orders ſtrict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the courſers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
And all obey their ſeveral chiefs' commands.
The beſt and braveſt in the firſt conſpire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of theſe,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris ſhines,
And bold Alcathoüs, and Agenor joins.
The ſons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the ſeer;
In arms with theſe the mighty Aſius ſtood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Ariſba's yellow courſers bore,
The courſers fed on Selle's winding ſhore.
Antenor's ſons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the laſt band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Aſteropæus aid;
Next him, the braveſt at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.
Now with compacted ſhields, in cloſe array,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the Grecians gaſping at their feet.
While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
Th' advice of wiſe Polydamas obey'd;
Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and adviſ'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;
No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus ſhall boaſt thy fall.
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift through the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half-open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain.
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race deſcend;
This Polypœtes, great Perithoüs' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies:
Whoſe ſpreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;
High on the hill appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging Aſius, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, Acamus, in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoön cloſe the rear;
In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw Troy's ſable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.
So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On every ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare; [roll,
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls
Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling javelins ſung,
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers;
To ſave their fleet, their laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.
As when ſharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below:
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky ſhower;
Heavy and thick reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.
With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,
The frantic Aſius thus accuſes Heaven:
In Powers immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when waſps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
They ſtrike th' aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce theſe Greeks their laſt retreats defend.
Gods! ſhall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the Fates!
Theſe empty accents mingled with the wind;
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To godlike Hector, and his matchleſs might
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight,
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide; [try'd,

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Through the long walls the ſtony ſhowers were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms appear'd.
The ſpirit of a God my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep diſmay,
With unaſſiſting arms deplor'd the day.
Ev'n yet the dauntleſs Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.
Firſt Damaſus, by Polypœtes' ſteel
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warrior ſinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath,
Nor leſs Leonteus ſtrows the field with death:
Firſt through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſted ſword;
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The ſaulchion ſtruck, and fate purſued the ſtroke;
Iamenus, Oreſtes, Menon, bled;
And round him roſe a monument of dead.
Mean time, the braveſt of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector and Polydamas purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther bank now ſtood and gaz'd,
By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A ſignal omen ſtopp'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt.
Jove's bird on ſounding pinions beat the ſkies;
A bleeding ſerpent, of enormous ſize,
His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circle wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries:
Amidſt the hoſt the falling ſerpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its ſpires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt Polydamas the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to Hector ſpoke:
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and ſentiments ſincere!
True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that power which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ſhips to gain;
For ſure, to warn us Jove his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with fright.
Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle ſkies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize;
Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though theſe proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe;
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.

To him then Hector with diſdain return'd:
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue!
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
Or, if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure Heaven reſumes the little ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the favouring God,
Theſe ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wavering mind
By wandering birds, that flit with every wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high Heaven obey.
Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhouldſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs:
Though all our chiefs amid yon ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardice t' eſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a general grave,
But thou can'ſt live, for thou canſt be a ſlave.
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon through our ſoldiers' breaſts,
My javelin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in thy heart.
Furious he ſpoke, and, ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terror and diſmay,
And gives great Hector the predeſtin'd day.
Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
Cloſe to the works their rigid ſiege they laid.
In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruins fall.
Greece on her ramparts ſtands the fierce alarms;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching ſhield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
And rouze, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
The generous impulſe every Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praiſe.
Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endued with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge thoſe who ſtand; and thoſe who faint, excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conqueſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but ſally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lay trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
And now the ſtones deſcend in heavier ſhowers.

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As when high Jove his ſharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of ſtorms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A ſnowy inundation hides the plain;
He ſtills the winds, and bids the ſkies to ſleep;
Then pours the ſilent tempeſt, thick and deep:
And firſt the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the ſandy ſhore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are ſeen,
And one bright waſte hides all the works of men:
The circling ſeas alone, abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each ſide increas'd the ſtony rain,
And the white ruin riſes o'er the plain.
Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inſpir'd with martial flame
His matchleſs ſon, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample ſhield in air;
Within whoſe orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Ponderous with braſs, and bound with ductile gold:
And, while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majeſtic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
So, preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Deſcends a lion on the flocks below;
So ſtalks the lordly ſavage o'er the plain,
In ſullen majeſty, and ſtern diſdain:
In vain loud maſtiffs bay him from afar,
And ſhepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Reſolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then, caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke:
Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound?
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous Powers above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place:
That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſovereign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He ſaid; his words the liſtening chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouze the warrior's fire;
The troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field:
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war;
And ſaw where Teucer with th' Ajaces ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes through the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.
Then thus to Thoös;—Hence with ſpeed (he ſaid)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But, if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon; at leaſt, our towers defend.
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift as the word, the herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the duſty ſhore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid Thoös) Peleus' ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
At leaſt, let Telamon thoſe towers defend.
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
(Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war:
Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And, brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foes ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his ſeven-fold ſhield he ſtrode away.
With equal ſteps bold Teucer preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like ſome black tempeſt gathering round the towers;
The Greeks, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the ſkies.
Fierce Ajax firſt th' advancing hoſts invades,
And ſends the brave Epicles to the ſhades,
Sarpedon's friend; acroſs the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then, toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky;

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Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with generous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmäon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore;
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It shakes; the ponderous stones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance and severer fight;
Then, rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms:
O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast!
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain;
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all.
This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew:
Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As, on the confines of adjoining grounds, bounds;
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their
They tug, they sweat; but neither gain or yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obstinate to death they fight, they fall:
Nor these can keep, nor those can win, the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound;
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
Till, pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might
With Fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries:
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,
Raise scaling-engines, and ascend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A ponderous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise
Such men as live in these degenerate days;
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:
Then, thundering through the planks with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a God, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks

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who had retired to their veſſels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a cloſe phalanx, and put a ſtop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, loſing his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occaſions a converſation between thoſe two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus ſignalizes his courage above the reſt; he kills Othryoneus, Aſius, and Alcathous; Deïphobus and Æneas march againſt him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Piſander. The Trojans are repulſed in the left wing; Hector ſtill keeps his ground againſt the Ajaxes, till; being galled by the Locrian ſlingers and archers, Polydamas adviſes to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene is between the Grecian wall and the ſea-ſhore.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the ſea-beat coaſt
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering hoſt;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray,
To toil and ſtruggle through the well-fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Thoſe eyes that ſhed inſufferable light:
To where the Myſians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food;
Jove ſees delighted; and avoids the ſcene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either hoſt is given,
While his high law ſuſpends the powers of Heaven.
Mean time the * Monarch of the watery main
Obſerv'd the Thunderer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſate; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where Ida's miſty tops confus'dly riſe;
Below fair Ilion's glittering ſpires were ſeen,
The crouded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
There, from the cryſtal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he ſate; and mourn'd his Argives ſlain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;
Fierce as he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſt ſhakes! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.
From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant Ægæ ſhook.
Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Reſulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
He fits ſuperior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
Th' enormous monſters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in aukward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly:
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the ſurges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great Ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their feetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they ſtay,
The Father of the floods purſues his way;
Where, like a tempeſt darkening heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd as Hector ruſh'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The heavens re-echo, and the ſhores reply;
They vow deſtruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, riſing from the ſeas profound,
The God whoſe earthquakes rock the ſolid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas ſeen,
Such his loud voice, and ſuch his manly mien;
His ſhouts inceſſant every Greek inſpire,
But moſt the Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raiſe;
Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praiſe:
'Tis yours to ſave us, if you ceaſe to fear;
Flight, more than ſhameful, is deſtructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has ſtrength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her ſtrength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his ſire.
If yet ſome heavenly Power your grace excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and ſtring your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain:
Then with his ſceptre, that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly ſouls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry ſeen, impetuous at the flight
Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the power of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.
Th' inſpiring God, Oïleus' active ſon
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to Telamon:
Some God, my friend, ſome God in human form
Favouring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the Power appear:

* Neptune.

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I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God;
Ev'n now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns:
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune mean while the routed Greeks inspir'd,
Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour:
But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes:
Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace,
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill pursued,
A prey to every savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
The purchase infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
Must you be cowards if your king's unjust?
Prevent this evil, and your country save:
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death,
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the Grecian's fainting hearts inspire,
And listening armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round;
So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes,
The God of War had own'd a just surprize.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And, level'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain: [prov'd,
There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their faulchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array.
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms.
He said, and rouz'd the soul in every breast;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deiphobus; but, marching held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a foe:
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.
Mean while with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,

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The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bleſs'd in bright Medeſicaſte's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's raviſh'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the houſe of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear;
He groans beneath the Telamonian ſpear.
As from ſome far-ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And ſoils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then Teucer ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a ſhining javelin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhun'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
Repuls'd, he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line
(Stichius the brave, Meneſtheus the divine)
Deplor'd Amphimachus, ſad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
So theſe the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory viſage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierc'd with ſorrow for his § grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes deſtruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete:
His penſive brow the generous care expreſt
With which a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſt,
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his ſad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the ſurgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſued from his tent,
Fierce for the fight; to whom the God begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant ſon,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks ariſe,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies:
Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion loſt! [boaſt,
To whom the king: On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear with-holds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.

§ Amphimachus.

'Tis Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
That far, far diſtant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremoſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend
Or arms, or counſels, now perform thy beſt,
And what thou canſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
Thus he; and thus the God, whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake;
Ah! never may he ſee his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
Who ſeeks ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
Nor dares to combat on this ſignal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I ſhine,
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine:
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worſt; nor ev'n this ſuccour vain:
Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
But ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.
This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns:
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning burſting from the arm of Jove,
Which to paſe man the wrath of Heaven declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flaſh'd along.
Him near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!
O ſay, in every art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies) whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattled ſons of Crete to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;
Spears I have ſtore (and Trojan lances all)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.
Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, nor aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.
Nor vain (ſaid Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils,
But thoſe my ſhip contains; whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? if any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this Idomeneus: The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt,
No force, no firmneſs, the pale coward ſhows;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;

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A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part,
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye balls stare;
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair!
Not so the brave!—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.
In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain
(The wide destroyer of the race of man).
Terror, his best-lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless, they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.
Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen reply'd):
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' enfanguin'd ground:
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the gusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies;
Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breast-plates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous scene! that general horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won,
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of Heaven with secret disdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong; the fatal tye
Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd, they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd,
The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride.
The field he measur'd, with a larger stride.
Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Mean time, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side,

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As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit maſt for ſome great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then ſpreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So ſunk proud Aſius in that dreadful day,
And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,
Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Aſius' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.
Stabb'd at the ſight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made with force the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan ſaw; and, ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlope ſhield the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected in defenſive ſhade;
O'er his ſafe head the javelin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the ſpear the vigorous arm conſeſt,
And pierc'd obliquely king Hypſenor's breaſt:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Aſius lies: [play'd,
For thee though hell's black portals ſtand diſ-
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
Touch'd every Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd
Till ſad Meciſtheus and Alaſtor bore [friend;
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws:
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,
Or find ſome foe, whom heaven and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom,
He ſees Alcathoüs in the front aſpire:
Great Æſyetes was the hero's ſire:
His ſpouſe Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her huſband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and every work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliеſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapleſs hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet, bent to meet
His fate, he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as ſome column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.
Before the ponderous ſtroke his corſelet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound:
His labouring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound, [wound:
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the
Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.

Then Idomen, inſulting o'er the ſlain;
Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend.
Approaching now, thy boaſted might approve,
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was Minos' heir;
His firſt-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er ſpacious Crete and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me through the main:
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliar force; at length decreed
To call ſome herò to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas riſes to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remoteſt lines he ſought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperior poſts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſtics riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the briſtly honours riſe,
Fires ſtream in lightning from his ſanguine eyes;
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouze his mighty rage:
So ſtood Idomeneus, his javelin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offſpring of the God of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warrior ſent his voice around:
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtriſe,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.
He ſpoke; and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native lands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Ajenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train,
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:

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With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads,
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle roſe;
On every ſide the ſteely circle grows; [ring,
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins ſing.
Above the reſt two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan ſaw, and ſhunn'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhower of ſpears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumberous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd ſlow ſteps he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin caſt:
The javelin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierc'd Aſcalaphus, the brave and young:
The ſon of Mars fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deïphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car,
Rapt from the leſſening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſs'd, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth reſound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt;
His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for, cloſ'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield, emboſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger ſought;
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind;
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of Aſius, Adamas, drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where ſharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's ſtrong pangs diſtend his labouring
His bulk enormous on the field diſplays; [ſide,
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The ſpear, the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim ſhadows ſwam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in duſt was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And ſmote his temples, with an arm ſo ſtrong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for ſome luckier Greek it reſts a prize;
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That ſhook the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
And this ſtood adverſe with the bended bow:
Full on his breaſt the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmleſs bounded from the plated ſteel.
As on ſome ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, reſulting from the ground:
So from the ſteel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to diſtance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe, [bow;
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that graſp'd the
And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the ſand.
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The ſpear ſolicits, and the bandage bound;
A ſling's ſoft wool, ſnatch'd from a ſoldier's ſide,
At once the teſt and ligature ſupply'd.

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Behold! Piſander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! to enhance thy fame;
High-towering in the front, the warrior came.
Firſt the ſharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far diſtant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Piſander through Atrides' ſhield;
Piſander's ſpear fell ſhiver'd on the field.
Not ſo diſcourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conqueſt ſwell his haughty mind;
Dauntleſs he ruſhes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandiſh'd his far-beaming ſword.
His left arm high oppos'd the ſhining ſhield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Diſtinct with ſtuds; and brazen was the blade);
This on the helm diſcharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropt nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the creſt. Atrides wav'd his ſteel:
Deep through his front the weighty faulchion fell;
The craſhing bones before its force gave way;
In duſt and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore.
The fierce Atrides ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, ſaid:
Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princeſs rapt tranſcends a navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' aſſiſtance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man! ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt?
The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.
This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſs heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of Pylæmenes ſlew,
Harpalion had through Aſia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war;
Through filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.
Him, through the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And, driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;
(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In ſlow proceſſion bore from off the plain.
The penſive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the ſhore;
And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving ſight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd, and with fury ſwell'd;
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race;
With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in Corinth's ſtately town;
Polydus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or ſlow diſeaſe at home:
He climb'd his veſſel, prodigal of breath,
And choſe the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The ſoul came iſſuing at the narrow vent;
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop uſeleſs on the ground,
And everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field);
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With ſuch a tide ſuperior virtue ſway'd,
And he * that ſhakes the ſolid earth, gave aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the gates were forc'd and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval ſtation where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whoſe humble barrier ſcarce the foe divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horſe engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian ſtrength remains,
The proud Ionians with their ſweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery courſe.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Meneſtheus at their head.
Meges the ſtrong the Epeian bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon: and that (Oileus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtoll'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the ſhores of Troy.
Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughſhare thro' the fallow ſoil,

* Neptune.

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Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their ſour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd thro' the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' ſeven-fold ſhield;
Where'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave aſſociate grace:
In cloſe engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian ſquadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling;
Dextrous with theſe they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the diſtant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
The mingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcattering orders open to the ſhower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But ſage Polydames, diſcretely brave,
Addreſs'd great Hector, and this counſel gave:
Though great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have given,
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of Heaven.
To ſome the powers of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſic, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſidering mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round conſeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt:
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things.
Whether (the Gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
The counſel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms reſound.
To guard this poſt (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.

This ſaid; the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the ſeer,
Nor Aſius' ſon, nor Aſius ſelf appear.
For theſe were pierc'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Some cold in death, ſome groaning on the ground:
Some low in duſt (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall ſome breath'd their ſouls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Ill-fated Paris! ſlave to woman-kind,
As ſmooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deiphobus, where Aſius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid ſon?
The force of Helenus, diſpenſing fate;
And great Othryoneus, ſo fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance ſwallow all.
When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deſerv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedleſs, nor unknown to fame:
But ſince yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I ſcatter'd ſlaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you ſeek on yonder ſhore lie ſlain;
Of all thoſe heroes two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the ſeer:
Each now diſabled by a hoſtile ſpear.
Go then, ſucceſsful, where thy ſoul inſpires:
This heart and hand ſhall ſecond all thy fires;
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; ſtrength is of the Gods alone.
Theſe words the hero's angry mind aſſuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeſt rage.
Around Polydamas, diſtain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, ſtern Orthæus ſtood.
Palmus, with Polypætes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Aſcania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind ſprings,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blaſted fields the tempeſt ſweeps;
Then, gather'd, ſettles on the hoary deeps:
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battallions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector ſhin'd,
Like Mars commiſſion'd to confound mankind.

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Before him flaming, his enormous shield
Like the broad sun illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd:
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round,
The time shall come, when, chas'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.
As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side:
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd:
From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster; doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn,)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host: the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore Heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over reach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic circle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

But nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears th' encreasing cries attend:
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught, dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He said: and seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;
(That day, the son his father's buckler bore)
Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps;
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
To join the host, or to the general haste;
Debating long, he fixes on the last;
Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;

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The gleaming faulchions flash, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand:
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ships they moor:
Who landed first lay highest on the shore.)
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the general of the host addrest:
O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles rise?
Gerenian Nestor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aërial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought,
In such distress. If counsel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls excite:
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now Heaven, averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.
Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart.
Oh, were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whose sovereign sway
The bandied legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies, [prize.
Thou giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.
Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coast,
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal unfold.
Tydides cut him short, and thus began:
Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall;
With three bold sons was generous Prothoüs blest,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possest;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpast
The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.
From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend; and in the son, respect the sire:
Though sore of battle, though with wounds op-
Let each go forth, and animate the rest, [prest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new woundson wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.
He added not: the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Prest in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:
Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.

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So may he periſh, ſo may Jove diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame!
But heaven forſakes not thee: o'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverſe; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd, [round
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd a-
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warrior crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the ſhout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the labouring field;
Such was the voice, and ſuch the thundering ſound
Of him, whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground.
Each Argive boſom beats to meet the fight,
And griſly war appears a pleaſing ſight.
Mean time Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict ſhe ſurvey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's ſhady height
She ſees her Jove, and trembles at the ſight.
Jove to deceive, what methods ſhall ſhe try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length ſhe truſts her power; reſolv'd to prove
The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, cheat of love;
Againſt his wiſdom to oppoſe her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to dreſs, and beauty's pleaſing cares:
With ſkill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold:
Self-cloſ'd, behind her ſhut the valves of gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambroſial ſhowers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all th' aërial way;
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets
The ſenſe of Gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;
Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her neat a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n ſnow, and dazzling as the light.
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant with majeſtic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddeſs moves,
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.
How long (to Venus thus apart ſhe cried)
Shall human ſtrife celeſtial minds divide?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let Heaven's dread empreſs (Cytherea ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the Queen) thoſe conquering charms,
That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of Heaven with ſacred fires!
For lo, I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of Gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt,
Of upper heaven to Jove reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their rage?
She ſaid. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroidery grac'd,
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand, the Cyprian Goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid.
With ſmile ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The powerful ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Hemus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who ſpread'ſt thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obſequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour ſtill:
Shed thy ſoft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne, that ſhine
With gold, unfading, Somnus, ſhall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.
Imperial Dame (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other Gods I ſpread my eaſy chain:
The ſire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.
But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince, too venturous at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,
His conquering ſon, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan ſhore;
Great Jove awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky,

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But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable Dame.
Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven replies,
And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes)
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son? Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.
Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell;
That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.
The queen assents; and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the sable subtartarean Powers,
And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.
Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos smoky isle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil,
Through air unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Afar resound with a hundred rills);
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Bath'd are her mountains, and her forests nod;
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies;
Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of Night.
(Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymidis by the race of earth).
To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The God, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke:
Why comes my goddess from th' æthereal sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariots nigh?
Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years;
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepar'd my chariots to convey
O'er earth and seas, and through th' aërial way,
Wait under Ide: of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (said Jove) suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay.
Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love:
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame
Whence rose Perithoüs like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
Stream into life, when Perseus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Nor Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.
He spoke: the Goddess with the charming eyes
Glows with celestial red, and thus replies:
Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal sight;
Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky.
How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.
She ceas'd; and, smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.
Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddess threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocos made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length, with Love and Sleep's soft power oppress,
The panting Thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.
Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the God:
Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.
Thus having said, the Power of Slumber flew;
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost ranks of war,

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Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day, ſhall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector ſhall our preſence ſtay:
Myſelf, ye Greeks! myſelf will lead the way.
The troops aſſent; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range. [pain,
The kings, though wounded, and oppreſt with
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.
The ſtrong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield.
The weaker warrior takes a lighter ſhield.
Thus ſheath'd in ſhining braſs, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandiſh'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flaſhing through the frighted ſkies.
Clad in his might, th' Earth-ſhaking Power appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confeſs their fears.
Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a God:
And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
The ſeas ſtern Ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall
Around the ſhips; ſeas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;
Leſs loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour:
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driven,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heaven.
The firſt bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword.)
Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'ſcap'd not Ajax; his tempeſtuous hand
A ponderous ſtone upheaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps, laid looſe beneath the warrior's
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet) [feet,
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſheld the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders ſtand,
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great Hector proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crowded plain:
Greece ſees, in hope, Troy's great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly,
And thicker javelins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round:
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchiſes' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With covering ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear:
His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd ſide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eaſy tide,
With watery drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground,
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax firſt his javelin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point the ſon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidſt her flocks, on Satnio's ſilver ſhore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle roſe around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving javelin through his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand their flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Prompt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall,
Go, guide thy darkſome ſteps to Pluto's dreary hall! [breaſt!
He ſaid, and ſorrow touch'd each Argive
The ſoul of Ajax burn'd above the reſt,
As by his ſide the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing ſteel:
The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death;
But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head firſt tumbled to the plain.
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.
Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes
(The towering Ajax loud inſulting cries)

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Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.
He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall;
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most:
At the proud boaster he directs his course:
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear,
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain):
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miserable arms in vain!
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head:
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet striking through the bleeding eye,
The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:
Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such as the house of Promachus must know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, first embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?
Thou first, great Ajax, on th' enfanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor, fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the Ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks. He is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions: she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter; in particular, touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter: Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Mean while, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And, midst the war, the Monarch of the Main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno spoke:

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O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' Eternal will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conquering ſquadrons from the field.
Canſt thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withſtand
Our power immenſe, and brave th' Almighty hand?
Haſt thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt concave of the ſpangled ſky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.
For godlike Hercules theſe deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas toſt
The ſhipwreck'd hero on the Coan coaſt,
Him through a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to Argos, and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well-diſſembled love.
The Thunderer ſpoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd:
By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow [low;
Through the drear realms of gliding ghoſts be-
By the dread honours of thy ſacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity, ſway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy Juno better counſels given,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the Sire of Heaven.
Think'ſt thou with me? fair Empreſs of the Skies!
(Th' immortal Father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty Sea-god ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring boſom re-inſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece, chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain.
What youths he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies,
Then, nor till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe;
And lo! that inſtant godlike Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns: [turns,
Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe:
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.
The trembling Queen (th' almighty order giv
Swift from th' Idæan ſummit ſhot to heaven. [en)
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace:
So ſwift flew Juno to the bleſt abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of Gods.
There ſat the Powers in awful ſynod plac'd:
They bow'd, and made obeiſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen: the nectar ſtreams around.
Fair Themis firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious aſks what cares diſturb her ſoul?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddeſs thus replies:
Enough thou know'ſt the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feaſts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall:
But Jove ſhall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such ſtern decrees, ſuch threat'ned woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurpriſe,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.
The Goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place:
Black horror ſadden'd each celeſtial face.
To ſee the gathering grudge in every breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat ſtedfaſt care, and lowering diſcontent.
Thus ſhe proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with Jove:
Supreme he ſits; and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your vaſſal Godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majeſty of power controls, [poles.
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the
Submiſs, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and ſhow the way.
Behold Aſcalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offspring be thy own.
Stern Mars, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun:
Thus then, Immortals! thus ſhall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the ſlain;
Dares, though the thunder burſting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.
With that, he gives command to Fear and
To join his rapid courſers for the fight: [Flight
Then, grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the ſkies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heaven;
But Pallas, ſpringing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;

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Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide she said:
By what wild passion, furious! art thou toss't?
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain? [Mars,
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state.
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall,
Why should Heaven's law with foolish man compply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die? [pted
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne:
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide:
There in the Father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She said, and sat: the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game);
There sat th' Eternal; he, whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round:
Well-pleas'd the Thunderer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddess of the showery bow:
Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heaven?
Th' Almighty spoke: the Goddess wing'd her
To sacred Ilion from th' Idæan height. [flight
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls,
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddess calls:
Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all power is given?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven?
What means the haughty Sovereign of the Skies
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vassal God, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of Heaven.
And must I then (said she) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the King of Gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and Heaven.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When ministers are blest with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.
Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of Light:
Behold! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe; whose earthquakes rock the world;
Desists at length his rebel war to wage,
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;
Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime and well the vengeance spar'd;
Ev'n power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm;
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war;
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ships, and Hellespont again:
Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The Godhead said;
His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies;
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze;

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Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day:
Why ſits great Hector from the field ſo far?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight:
What bleſt Immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd Greece in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrors ſwim before my eye.
To him Apollo: Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thunderer ſends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus ſhall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious ſtill to thee and Troy.
Inſpire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.
Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;
With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock (not fated yet to die);
When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chaſers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conquering troops purſued,
And mark'd their progreſs through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.
Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the javelin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) theſe eyes invades?
Lo! Hector riſes from the Stygian ſhades!
We ſaw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What God reſtores him to the frighted field;
And, not content that half of Greece lie ſlain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm.
Thus point your arms; and when ſuch foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
The warrior ſpoke, the liſtening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing Trojans bear,
And Hector firſt came towering to the war.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him Jove's enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the ſhock, the clamours riſe
From different parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the life of generous warriors ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sat doubtful Conqueſt hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horrour ſeizes every Grecian breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage through the ſhady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter Hector leads;
Firſt great Arceſilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Meneſtheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iaſus, Æneas ſped;
This ſprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapleſs Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.
Mecyſtes next Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor ſlew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall;
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: For, by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder at this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.

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Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound, [mound:
Puſh'd at the bank; down ſunk th' enormous
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread foſſe (a late impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wondering crouds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the God.
Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore the infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;
Exhort their men with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Neſtor chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:
O Jove! if ever, on his native ſhore,
One Greek enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod;
Perform the promiſe of a gracious God!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the Grecian name.
Thus pray'd the ſage: th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament:
Preſumptuous Troy miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus, loudly roaring, and o'er-powering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the javelin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus ſat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the medicine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Though yet thy ſtate requires redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: what horrors ſtrike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome favouring God his ſoul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, though numerous, to repulſe, in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a ſhipwright with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the direct ing line:
The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
And every ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The ſon of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telemon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace:
Lo! where the ſon of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager javelin ſought the foe:
But Ajax ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax board,
A faithful ſervant to a foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies a lifeleſs load along the land.
With anguiſh Ajax views the piercing ſight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight;
Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to bend?
Impatient Teucer, haſtening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytius, Piſenor's ſon, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickeſt of th' embattled plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;

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Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe;
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd every blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cauſe,
At Hector's breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his preſent death withſtands;
Nor was ſuch glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;
Down dropt the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great Ajax cries,
Some God prevents our deſtin'd enterpriſe;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by,
(Thy arms no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield)
And quit that quiver for the ponderous ſhield;
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long ſucceſſes vain,
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ſhip to gain,
Aſks toil, and ſweat, and blood: their utmoſt might
Shall find its match---no more: 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulders ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warrior wields: and his great brother joins.
This Hector ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy:
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and ſuch is ours.
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, though ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!

This rouz'd the ſoul in every Trojan breaſt.
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addreſt:
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race
(To generous Argos what a dire diſgrace!
How long, on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far, in one deciſive ſtriſe,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.

The liſtening Grecians feel their leader's flame;
And every kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, ſunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' Epian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor, ſtooping, from the death withdrew,
(That valued life, O Phœbus, was thy care);
But Crœſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corpſe fell bleeding on the ſlippery ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus, ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for proweſs in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his founding ſhield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breaſt-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Seles' winding ſhore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed ſcale);
Which oft, in cities ſtorm'd, and battles won,
Had ſav'd the father, and now ſaves the ſon.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in duſt below,
Shorn from the creſt, the purple honours glow.
Mean time their fight the Spartan king ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by Meges' ſide, a ſudden aid,
Through Dolops' ſhoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its paſſage through the panting heart,
And iſſued at his breaſt. With thundering ſound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In ruſh the conquering Greeks to ſpoil the ſlain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero moſt, from Hicetaon ſprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians croſs'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppreſs'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no leſs than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector fingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead:
Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies;
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on---a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage,
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end,
Or Ilion from her towery height deſcend.

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Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
His generous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts;
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
And ſtop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
Warms the bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe:
Is there (he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?
Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed.
He ſaid; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth ruſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions caſt his view.
The troops of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
While the ſwift javelin hiſs'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
Thundering he falls; his falling arms reſound,
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
The victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize:
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
The diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
Obſerving Hector to the reſcue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
While, conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude reſound,
Timely he flies the yet-untaſted food,
And gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with ſhouts purſue,
While ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts flew;
But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the ſtern decrees of Jove:
The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the ſkies;
Then, nor till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
Theſe fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raiſes Hector to the work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightening, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his ſplendor round the chief had throwa,
And caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now, all on fire for fame his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle every prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tower,
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his power:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing thro' every ſhroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.
As when a lion ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes;
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The miniſter of ſtern Euryſtheus' ire,
Againſt Alcides, Corpreus was his ſire:
The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as generous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or ſhar'd his fate.
Chac'd from the foremoſt line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſperate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)

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Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.
O friends! be men: your generous breaſts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual ſhame?
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, ſhare:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.
He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw,
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize:
A ponderous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he ſwings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The godlike hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies:
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus Ajax ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd, threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then ſwift invades the ſhips, whoſe beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending ſhores:
So the ſtrong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the ſwans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, ſtooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce ſpirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the ſounding prores.
Thou wouldſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain!
Like ſtrength is felt from hope and from deſpair
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand;
The ſame which dead Proteſilaüs bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan ſhore:
For this in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their generous breaſts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and ſeek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, ſwords, and ſhorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Graſps the high ſtern, and gives this loud command:
Haſte, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finiſh'd! and the day deſir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with deſtruction of yon hoſtile fleet.
The coward counſels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full deſires,
Wakes all our force, and ſeconds all our fires.
He ſpoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (ſo thick the javelins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he ſtands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the laſt, his naval charge defends,
Now ſhakes his ſpear, now lifts, and now portends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing ſhouts inſpires,
Amidſt attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once ſons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the ſable ſhips, with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warrior at his ſtern lay dead;
Full twelve the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

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BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſixth Battle: the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels. Hector himſelf flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

So warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore.
Mean time Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faſter trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt-belov'd:
Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;
Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their childrens' praiſe.
Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim!
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care, [ſhare.
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would
A ſigh, that inſtant, from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke:
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the beſt!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon
And wiſe Ulyſſes, at the navy groan, [own.
More for their country's wounds than for their
Their pain, ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe.
May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs, [dreſs?
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope re-
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm,
A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.
If ſome dire oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply:
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt:
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage: [engage,
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me; I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:
I fix'd its date; the day I wiſh'd appears;
Now Hector to my ſhips his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the ſhouts invade my ears.

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Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the laſt age of yon deſerted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ſhips deſcends;
How the cloud blackens, how the ſtorm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my ſight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not the injurious king our friendſhip loſt,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her hoſt.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
Thoſe are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydides' ſon;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your ſlaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, iſſue to the plain:
Now ſave the ſhips, the riſing fires reſtrain,
And give the Greeks to viſit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who truſts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous maid he loſt.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder ſhould command the war;
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear:
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chaſe,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe God thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work; and leave the reſt to Fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
Such conference held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand [band.
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe ſucceeds to woe.
Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,
Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warrior ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.
Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhower;
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—the hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.
He cas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his faulchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, ſwift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore:
Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide
(Once great Action's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſtand,
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings;
When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.
High in the midſt the great Achilles ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Ilion's ſhores
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.
Firſt march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth,
Divine Spirchius! Jove-deſcending flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.

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Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Boreas, that espous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, sly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The God pursued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echecleus, blest in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.
Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.
The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the last.
Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,
"Stern son of Peleus! (thus ye us'd to say,
While, restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
"Oh! nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
"Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field;
"If that dire fury must for ever burn,
"What make we here? Return; ye chiefs, return!"
[no more.
Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close, and more close, the listening cohorts prest;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.
Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear,
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.
But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold
(The presents of the silver-footed dame).
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine,
But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and, fixing for a space
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the God implor'd:
O thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill
(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling rocks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze:)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield;
Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Press'd by his single force, let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again.
Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Mean while the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad high way,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
All rise in arms, and with a general cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamour, and so keen their arms;
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:
Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.
Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.
Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore
Unblest Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyrechmes, stood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood):

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His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her reſcued decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread,
Sudden the Thunderer, with a flaſhing ray, [day:
Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts, ſtrike the eyes;
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd æther flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
But ſtill the foremoſt bold Patroclus flew;
A. Ariëlycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs and in death the warrior lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſe on the ground:
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage;
But godlike Thraſimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er;
And vents his ſoul, effus'd with guſhing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.
Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan ſtood;
The thirſty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager ſwords they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The ſword broke ſhort; but his, Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel:
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils, pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks, neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breaſt his javelin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhower.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the clouds to blacken heaven with ſtorms,
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies:
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd
Chariots on chariots roll; the claſhing ſpokes
Shock; while the madding ſteeds break ſhort their yokes:
In vain they labour up the ſteepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with ſhouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and ſkies;
Thick drifts of duſt involve their rapid flight;
Clouds riſe on clouds, and heaven is ſnatch'd from ſight.
Th' affrighted ſteeds, their dying lords caſt down,
Scour o'er the fields, and ſtretch to reach the town:
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt die
Where horſe, and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown:
And bleeding heros under axles groan.
No ſtop, no check, the ſteeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew,
High-bounding o'er the foſſe: the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies, [war
Patroclus ſhakes his lance; but Fate denies.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their deſperate courſe,
Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhowers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe);
From their deep beds he bids the rivers riſe,
And opens all the flood-gates of the ſkies:

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Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.
First Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Struck-up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly;
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping daftard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Thus low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheus, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Wherever he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grovelling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
Oh thame to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He spoke; and, speaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus fights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountains height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
The desart echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What pathos in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?
Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these? O Sovereign of the Skies!
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And, when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.
She said; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill'd
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The God, his eyes averting from the plain
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground.
His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.
The towering chiefs to fiercer fights advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart;
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.

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So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
And the soul issued in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
To Phœbus then, ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart!
O hear me! God of every healing art!
Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' every vein,
I stand, unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To lead my Lycians, and support the fight.
Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart:
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:
With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector, he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts:
What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Those generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
O save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his cost revenge her heroes lost.
He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all.
Fir'd they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
And, rousing Ajax, rouz'd the listening bands:
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread
And send the living Lycians to the dead.
The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial squadrons close on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night;
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate enobling with a crowd of ghosts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus fall
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who, chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Peleus and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head
Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand
Oh generous Greek! when with full vigor thro
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain
With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain:

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Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd through the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' Achaians ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conquering ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the plain,
And crowd to ſpoil the dead: the Greeks oppoſe;
An iron circle round the carcaſe grows.
Then brave Laogonus reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by Merion to the ſhades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went:
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſued at the vent.
His ſpear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his covering ſhield,
And trembling ſtruck and rooted in the field;
There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,
My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the Dardan hoſt!
(Inſulted Merion thus retorts the boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; ſucceſs is ſtill from Heaven:
This inſtant ſends thee down to Pluto's coaſt;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.
O friend (Menœtius' ſon this anſwer gave)
With words to combat, ill beſits the brave;
Not empty boaſts the ſons of Troy repel,
Your ſwords muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council: but to dare
In glorious action, is the taſk of war:
This ſaid, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſound the ſtorm of blows.
As thro' the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on every ſide:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and ſo rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the ſandy ſhore,
His heavenly form defac'd with duſt and gore,
And ſtuck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed corſe the chiefs encloſe,
On every ſide the buſy combat grows;
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chas'd return again.
Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and, that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, or before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall,
(So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove:
Deſcend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the chryſtal flood:
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs celeſtial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.
Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to ſilver Simoïs' ſhore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
Mean while Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the God, whoſe counſels uncontrol'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance, preſs'd the plain;
When Heaven itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonoüs then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds:
Epiſtor, Melanippus, bite the ground:
The ſlaughter, Elaſus and Mulius crown'd:

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Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt, diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the ſacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo ſhook: [cloud,
He try'd the fourth; when burſting from the
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
Patroclus! ceaſe; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand:
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beſide him Phœbus ſtood,
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him: What a ſhameful ſight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war:
The God the Grecians' ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits through each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight; [breaſt.
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
The falling ruin cruſh'd Cebrion's head,
The lawleſs offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides;
While the proud victor thus his fall derides:
Good heavens! what active feats yon artiſt ſhows!
What ſkilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land!
Then, ruſhing forward on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the ſhades.
Stern Hector faſtens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan;
This way and that the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage. [ring;
Darts ſhower'd on darts, now round the carcaſe
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And, ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhowering darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.
Then, from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs, like Mars himſelf, he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops the middle way;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!
For lo! the God, in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtaggering blow behind.
The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore,
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for Fate purſues him, and the God.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick ſtrows the field:
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint: each nerve with horror
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands: [ſhakes.
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor, though diſarm'd, Patroclus' fury ſtood;
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the crowd.

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Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all Greece was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So, ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſert ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſovereign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, thoſe towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he ſaid)
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He ſpoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he ſped.

Supine and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the Powers divine!
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itſelf diſarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next, the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The Gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death.
Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh:
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coaſt,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghoſt!
Then Hector, pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale careaſe, thus addreſs'd the dead:
From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of Heaven?
Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing, as he lay,
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away,
And upwards caſt the corpſe: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove,
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh Battle, for the Body of Patroclus: the Acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horſes of Achilles deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death; then returns to the fight; where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and Meriones, aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ſhips.
The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The ſon of Panthus, ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend:
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd:
Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperior throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?

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Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Againſt our arm, which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to cheer his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed:
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſoothe a conſort's and a parent's woe;
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.
Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father; great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide through the neck appears the griſly wound,
Prone ſinks the warrior, and his arms reſound.
The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling ſwains retire,
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And ſee his jaws diſtill with ſmoking gore;
All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.
Mean while Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to diſpute the prize
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war:)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chaſe
Achilles' courſers, of ætherial race;
They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!

Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbrued
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?
Deſert the arms, the relicks of my friend?
Or, ſingly, Hector and his troops attend!
Sure where ſuch partial favour heaven beſtow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor heaven, ſhall give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, ſtill battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A ſable ſcene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And through the cloud the god like Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warrior ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had ſunk each heart with terror and diſmay.
To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like ſhield)
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.
Mean while great Ajax (his broad ſhield diſplay'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind he ſtood:
Thus, in the centre of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouzing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lowers.

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Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind!
Is this, O chief! a heroe's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy;
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycian's stake
Their lives for you? those Lycian's you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
(Such, as should burn in every soul, that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause;)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain.—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.
The Trojan chief with fir'd resentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:
Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon squadron let us hew the way,
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day:
If yet a Greek the fight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero can defend the dead.
Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.
He strode along the field, as thus he said
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head):
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he sate,
And conscious look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said:
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend!
In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away:
For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires:
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs fires;
The great Thesilocus like fury sound,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a violent foe to chase,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy;
And glean the relicks of exhausted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.
Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead!
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:

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Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corſe alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too muſt yield: the ſame ſad fate muſt fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempeſt direful Hector ſpreads,
And lo! it burſts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The braveſt Greeks: this hour demands them all.
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the diſtreſsful ſound:
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whoſe hand is given
The rule of men; whoſe glory is from Heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race! [far,
All whom this well-known voice ſhould reach ſo
All, whom I ſee not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And ſave Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oïlean Ajax firſt the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more ſlow with age,
And Merion, burning with a heroe's rage.
And long ſucceeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy, embodied, ruſh'd with ſhouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where ſome ſwoln river diſembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is ſtopp'd the ruſhing tide,
The boiling ocean works from ſide to ſide,
The river trembles to his utmoſt ſhore,
And diſtant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor leſs reſolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen ſhields in horrid circle ſtand:
Jove, pouring darkneſs o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' ſhining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hoſts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with ſuperior care.
Nor dooms his carcaſe to the birds of air.
The firſt attack the Grecians ſcarce ſuſtain;
Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans ſeize the ſlain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the ſwift rage of Ajax Telamon
(Ajax, to Peleus' ſon the ſecond name,
In graceful ſtature next, and next in fame);
With headlong force the foremoſt ranks he tore:
So through the thicket burſts the mountain-boar.
And rudely ſcatters, far to diſtance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The ſon of Lethus, brave Pelaſgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcaſe through the war;
The ſinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inſerted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed,
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
It cleft the helmets brazen cheeks in twain;
The ſhatter'd creſt and horſe-hair ſtrow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes guſhing through the ghaſtly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him ſpread
Now lies, a ſad companion of the dead:
Far from Lariſſa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth? in life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies:
The Grecian marking, as it cut the ſkies,
Shunn'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on,
Stretch'd in the duſt the great Iphytus' ſon,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldeſt warrior, and the nobleſt mind:
In little Panope, for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep tranſpiercing through the ſhoulder ſtood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields reſounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcy's, as ſlain Hippothoüs he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burſt before the ſtroke,
And through the wound the ruſhing entrails broke:
In ſtrong convulſions panting on the ſands
He lies, and graſps the duſt with dying hands.
Struck at the ſight, recede the Trojan train:
The ſhouting Argives ſtrip the heroes ſlain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and reſign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averſe, had turn'd the ſcale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He ſeem'd like aged Periphas to fight
(A herald in Anchiſes' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold).
Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To ſave your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the Powers to ſpare a ſinking ſtate,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when Fortune ſmiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and aſſiſts your wars,
Your ſhameful efforts 'gainſt yourſelves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
Æneas, through the form aſſum'd, deſcries
The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
Oh laſting ſhame! to our own fears a prey,
We ſeek our ramparts, and deſert the day!
A God (nor is he leſs) my boſom warms,
And tells me, Jove aſſerts the Trojan arms.
He ſpoke, and foremoſt to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hoſt purſue.
Then firſt, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, ſent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vigorous force addreſt,
Deſcends, and pants in Apiſaon's breaſt:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Aſteropeus! in place and fame.
Aſteropeus with grief beheld the ſlain,
And ruſh'd to combat, but he ruſh'd in vain:
Indiſſoluably firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, or buckler buckler ſpread,
And hemm'd with briſtled ſpears, the Grecian ſtood
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with inceſſant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Cloſe in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And ſtands the centre and the ſoul of all:

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Fix'd on the ſpot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A ſanguine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, riſe the hills of dead.
Greece in cloſe order, and collected might,
Yet ſuffers leaſt, and ſways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks, by turns.
In one thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' ætherial hoſt,
Seem'd as extinct: day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's ſplendors blotted from the ſkies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The reſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure ſpread,
No vapour reſted on the mountain's head;
The golden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray,
And all the broad expanſion flam'd with day.
Diſpers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
And here, and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkneſs o'er the carcaſe ſpread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Mean while the ſons of Neſtor in the rear
(Their fellows routed) toſs the diſtant ſpear,
And ſkirmiſh wide: ſo Neſtor gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
But round the corpſe the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs and feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills their eyes.
As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to ſide,
The brawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore:
So, tugging round the corpſe both armies ſtood;
The mangled body bath'd in ſweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilions equal ſtrength employ,
Now to the ſhips to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' ſelf, her breaſt when fury warms,
Nor he whoſe anger ſets the world in arms,
Could blame this ſcene: ſuch rage, ſuch horror reigned;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ſhips at diſtance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconſcious of Patroclus' fall,
In duſt extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wiſh'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heaven had deſtin'd to his friend;
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.
Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled;
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would ſay)
Who dares deſert this well-diſputed day!
Firſt may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for ſacrifice!
Firſt periſh all, ere haughty Troy ſhall boaſt
We loſt Patroclus, and our glory loſt!
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.
Mean time, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles ſtood;
Their god like maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human miſeries.
In vain Automedon now ſhakes the rein,
Now plies the laſh, and ſoothes and threats in vain!
Nor to the fight nor Helleſpont they go,
Reſtive they ſtood, and obſtinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ſtone, never to be mov'd,
On ſome good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as ſtands
A marble courſer by the ſculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the heroe's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,
Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke:
Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only, alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miſerable race! but ceaſe to mourn;
For not by you ſhall Priam's ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy through the ſtorm of war:
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.
He ſaid; and, breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd them to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;
Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon behold diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt:
What God provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickeſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heavenly ſteeds reſtrains,
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins:

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Patroclus while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his side:
Lo, to my fight, beyond our hope, restor'd
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight:
Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The son of Venus to the council yields!
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields:
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds:
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said)
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs Jove.
He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth, the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibration spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice!
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade!

So looks the lion o'er a mangled host,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid,
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow.
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies;
In such a form the Goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!
O chief, oh father! (Atreus' son replies)
O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread;
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be first of all the Powers addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er!)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore
(Bold son of air and heat!) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardor fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.
There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And ponderous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the God
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main):
Oh prince (he cried) oh foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies!
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unrevenge'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:

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At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece. The flight Peneleus led:
For, as the brave Boetonian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and, raging with the pain,
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen addrest
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corselet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields;
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam hurl'd the missive wood;
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Coeranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war;
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.
Nor Ajax less the will of Heaven descry'd,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:
Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.
Deserted of the God, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corpse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who trembled yet, scarce rescued from their fates,
And still hear Hector thundering at their gates.
Some hero too must be dispatch'd, to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In general darkness---Lord of earth and air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!
With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight;
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides hastes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds:
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train:
O guard these relicks, to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and, souring on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found;
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.
To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant, fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.
The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands,
(Though sore distrest) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain,
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigor must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (said Ajax); be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:

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Nor fear we armies, fighting ſide by ſide;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have ſtood. The hero ſaid;
High from the ground the warrior's heave the
A general clamour riſes at the fight: [dead.
Loud ſhout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer ruſh along the gloomy wood,
With rage inſatiate and with thirſt of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
But, if the ſavage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the foreſt fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick faulchions, and their javelins
ſhower:
But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forſake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corpſe they bear,
Behind them rages all the ſtorm of war;
Confuſion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, ſteeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Leſs fierce the winds with riſing flames conſpire,
To whelm ſome city under waves of fire;
Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountain with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unwieldy length;
Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtil,
Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
So theſe——Behind, the bulk of Ajax ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus, when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding
tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That ſhriek inceſſant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour
lay;
Such horror Jove impreſt! yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her ſea-nymphs to comfort him. The ſpeeches of the mother and ſon on this occaſion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to ſhew himſelf at the head of the entrenchments. The fight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas diſagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her ſon. The deſcription of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and laſtly, that noble one of the ſhield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night enſuing, take up this book. The ſcene is at Achilles's tent, on the ſea-ſhore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

Thus, like the rage of fire, the combat burns;
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.
Mean while, where Helleſpont's broad waters flow,
Stood Neſtor's ſon, the meſſenger of woe:
There ſat Achilles, ſhaded by his ſails,
On hoiſted yards extended to the gales;
Penſive he ſat; for all that Fate deſign'd
Roſe in ſad proſpect to his boding mind.
Thus to his ſoul he ſaid: Ah! what conſtrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which heaven ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The braveſt of the Myrmidonian band
Should loſe the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he?
In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears:
Sad tiding, ſon of Peleus! thou muſt hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling meſſenger!
Dead is Patroclus! For his corpſe they fight,
His naked corpſe; his arms are Hector's right.
A ſudden horror ſhot through all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;
Caſt on the ground, with furious hands he ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.

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The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and gathering round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground!
While Neſtor's ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.
Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
The mother Goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep,
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce (every watery name)
Nefea mild, and ſilver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodocé were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,
Thoa, Pheruſa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay;
Next Callianira, Callianaſſa, ſhow
Their ſiſter looks; Dexamene the ſlow,
And ſwift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Here now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apſeudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
Thete Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mera, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janaſſa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All theſe, and all that deep in ocean held
Their ſacred ſeats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breaſt with ſilent woe,
Till Thetis' ſorrows thus began to flow;
Hear me, and judge, ye ſiſters of the main!
How juſt a cauſe has Thetis to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal ſtate!
Sprung from my bed a god like hero came,
The braveſt far that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him: but the Fates ordain
He never, never, muſt return again.
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heaven to view,
So ſhort, alas! and fill'd with anguiſh too.
Hear how his ſorrows echo through the ſhore!
I cannot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore;
I go at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the ſilver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.
Th' immortal Mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Her mournful offſpring, to his ſighs reply'd;
Along the coaſt the mingled clamours ran,
And thus the Silver-footed Dame began:
Why mourns my ſon? thy late preferr'd requeſt
The God has granted, and the Greeks diſtreſt:
Why mourns my ſon? thy anguiſh let me ſhare;
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.

He deeply groaning—To this cureleſs grief
Not even the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—ſay, Goddeſs, can I boaſt
A pleaſure now? revenge itſelf is loſt;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain!
Loſt are thoſe arms the Gods themſelves beſtow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſued the pleaſures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch ſorrows paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon, alas! that wretched offſpring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows, ſhall create again.
'Tis not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoke upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'ſt.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand:
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill).
Let me— But oh! ye gracious Powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove!
Far, far too dear to every mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte:
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt.—I quell it; I reſign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend;
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The ſtroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd ſon,
To Juno's hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So ſhall Achilles fall? ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields,
Shall I not force ſome widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long diſhevel'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I ſhall give the fair thoſe mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence!—My arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know Achilles ſwells the tide.
My ſon (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)

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The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But canſt thou naked iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains;
Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet a while, thy generous ardour ſtay:
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The Goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train:
Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend;
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend:
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:
So tell our hoary ſire—This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the Gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urg'd to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus body bore
Safe through the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again;
With fiercer ſhouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires:
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various Goddeſs of the ſhowry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below;
To great Achilles at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame:
Riſe, ſon of Peleus! riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and Patroclus ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead,
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's diſgrace, thy own eternal ſhame!
Who ſends thee, Goddeſs! from the ætherial
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies: [ſkies?
I come, Pelides! from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empreſs of the realms above;
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky,
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' ſon,
And does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
Thy want of arms (ſaid Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke, and paſs'd in air. The hero roſe;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high curling to the ſhaded ſkies
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war)
Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the ſplendors riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forth march' the chief, and, diſtant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds the alarm of war,
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lay mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd:
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariot's cruſh'd:
While, ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.
A lofty bier the breathleſs warrior bears:
Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.
Mean time, unweary'd with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they ſtood: Polydamas at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years;

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The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wife in counsel, one in action brave):
In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp: too dangerous here our post,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while, engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day;
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, nor fear;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If Heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue,
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply;
Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend:
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.
Return? (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say,
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Maeonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the Gods incite;
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy we will pour our arms;
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger. I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
And live he glorious, whose'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.
The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to chuse
The worst advice, the better to refuse.
While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaughtering arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp'd his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his young:
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.
In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage.
When, to console Menoetius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor, designing man!
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike.
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.
He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd wound.
A massy caldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream:
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.
Mean while to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove:
At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
Rises in arms: such Grace thy Grecks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are these (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second Power above,
Heaven's Queen, and consort of the thundering

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Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Mean while the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen manſions shine.
There the lame architect the Goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That, plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Obſerv'd her entering? her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And, ſmiling, thus the watery Queen addreſs'd:
What, Goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainty of the bower.
High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen ſhe plac'd:
A footſtool at her feet; then, calling, ſaid,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.
Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky
(My awkward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She and Eurynome my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O Thetis! at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs, oblique he goes,
And ſtills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience given
Of works divine, (ſuch wonders are in heaven!)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penſive Thetis ſate;
There, plac'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the Silver-footed Dame:
Thee, welcome Goddeſs! what occaſion calls
(So long a ſtranger) to theſe honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)
Oh, Vulcan! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd, as mine?
Of all the Goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care!
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe)
Nor I, a Goddeſs, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian ſuffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppreſt
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain— he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almoſt conquers Troy.
Then, ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, till he ſhines no more!
To her the Artiſt-god: Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with theſe hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envy'd arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having ſaid, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd
Reſounding breath'd; at once the blaſt expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are roll'd,
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults ſound.
Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid ſhie
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmoſt verge a threefold circle bound;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe,
And godlike labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the maſter-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he deſign

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Th' unwearied ſun, the moon completely round;
The ſtarry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the ſky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still ſhines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here ſacred pomp and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and Hymeneal rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:
Through the fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow.
There, in the forum ſwarm a numerous train,
The ſubject of debate, a townſman ſlain:
One pleads the fine diſcharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witneſs is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people ſtand:
Th' appointed heralds ſtill the noiſy bands,
And form a ring, with ſceptres in their hands.
On ſeats of ſtone, within the ſacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the caſe;
Alternate, each th' atteſting ſceptre took,
And riſing, ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.
Two golden talents lay amidſt, in ſight,
The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a proſpect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Mean time the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
A ſecret ambuſh on the foe prepare: [band
Their wives, their children, and the watchful
Of trembling parents, on the turrets ſtand.
They march, by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: theſe the ſquadron led,
Auguſt, divine, ſuperior by the head!
A place for ambuſh fit, they found, and ſtood
Cover'd with ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
Two ſpies at diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
If ſheep or oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And ſteers ſlow moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.
In arms the glittering ſquadron riſing round,
Ruſh ſudden; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains!
The bellowing oxen the beſiegers hear; [war;
They riſe, take horſe, approach, and meet the
They fight, they fall, beſide the ſilver flood;
The waving ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
There tumult, there contention, ſtood confeſt;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breaſt;
One held a living foe, that freſhly bled [dead.
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a
Now here, now there, the carcaſes they tore:
Fate ſtalk'd amidſt them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.
A field deep-furrow'd, next, the God deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind;
The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every ſide:
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-ſhares cleave the
Behind, the riſing earth in ridges roll'd: [foil:
And ſable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
Another field roſe high with waving grain;
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train:
Here, ſtretch'd in ranks, the level'd ſwarths are
found, [ground.
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves here thicken up the
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrew the
lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſheaves of
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries, [corn.
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the womens' care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the ponderous harveſt of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And, curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin th' encloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that ſmiling
bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To theſe a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
Whoſe tender lay the fate of Linus ſings;
In meaſur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune ſoft the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain.
Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and ſeem to low in gold,
And ſpeed to meadows, on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent through the ruſhes roars:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardians ſtand,
And nine ſour dogs complete the ruſtic band.
Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd,
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withſtood:
They tore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) deſert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at diſtance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair foreſts, and a length of meads;
And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.
A figur'd dance ſucceeds: ſuch once was ſeen
In lofty Gnoſſus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in ſoft cymars of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt:
Of thoſe the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd;
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,

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That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around,
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll, [whole.
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forg'd; the cuirass that outshines the fires.
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay:
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseïs laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentation for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat. The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
Their sovereign's sorrows in their own expreſt.
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said:
Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd!
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn'd their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
Goddess! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relicks of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead?
That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire;
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty rage!
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear, [spear;
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the
These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:

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Oh monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
If, (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart:
Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends; let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?
I deem their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the king of men begun:
Hear me, ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I againſt the will of Heaven?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful Até driven;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The wrath of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
Long feſtering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, ſhe ſtalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himſelf, the Sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal ſon:
To Gods and Goddeſſes th' unruly joy
He ſhow'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:
From us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unſuſpicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddeſs from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce ſeven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She puſh'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (ſaid he) of Jove's immortal kind
"Is this day born: from Sthenelus he ſprings,
"And claims thy promiſe to be king of kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſate,
He ſnatch'd the Fury-Goddeſs of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures, are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.
O king of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
(Returns Achilles) all our hoſts obey!
To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we aſk is war.
While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who ſees my ſpear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal deſtruction round,
With emulation what I act ſurvey,
And learn from thence the buſineſs of the day.
The ſon of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wiſe:
Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppreſt,
At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:
Long and laborious muſt the combat be,
When by the Gods inſpir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by generous wine and food:
What boaſtful ſon of war, without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero through a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtrength
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will deſert the mind:
But built anew with ſtrength-conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war.
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten every band;
But let the preſents to Achilles made
In full aſſembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men ſhall riſe in public ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear (obſervant of the rite)
That, ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy ſovereign might
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;
'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with juſtice whom with power they wrong'd.
To him the monarch: Juſt is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wiſdom breathes in thee,

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Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And Heaven regard me as I juſtly ſwear!
Here then a while let Greece aſſembled ſtay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this ſhort delay:
Till from the fleet our preſents be convey'd,
And, Jove atteſting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youths the charge ſhall bear;
Theſe to ſelect, Ulyſſes, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives cloſe the rear:
Talthybius ſhall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
For this (the ſtern Æacides replies)
Some leſs important ſeaſon may ſuffice,
When the ſtern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguiſh'd burns my breaſt no more.
By Hector ſlain, their faces to the ſky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:
Thoſe call to war! and, might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant ſhould commence the fight:
Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my ſoul! no meaner care,
Intereſt, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Deſtruction be my feaſt, and mortal wounds,
And ſcenes of blood, and agonizing ſounds.
O firſt of Greeks (Ulyſſes thus rejoin'd)
The beſt and braveſt of the warrior-kind!
Thy praiſe it is in dreadful camps to ſhine,
But old experience and calm wiſdom, mine.
Then hear my counſel, and to reaſon yield,
The braveſt ſoon are ſatiate of the field;
Though vaſt the heaps that ſtrow the crimſon plain,
The bloody harveſt brings but little gain:
The ſcale of conqueſt ever wavering lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thouſands daily fall,
And endleſs were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave reſign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let generous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy deſcend.
And now the delegates Ulyſſes ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of Neſtor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creontian ſtrain,
And Melanippus, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;
A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds:
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds:
Seven captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth Briſeïs, like the blooming roſe,
Cloſ'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore:
The reſt in public view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! then Agamemnon roſe:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlaſs, ſheath'd beſide his ſword
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops; and offering meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes
The ſolemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.
Witneſs, thou firſt! thou greateſt Power above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurviving Jove!
And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, Heaven all its vengeance ſhed,
And level'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground;
The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not elſe Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite!
Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.
The ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black veſſels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles ſought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Thoſe in the tents the 'ſquires induſtrious ſpread:
The foaming courſers to the ſtalls they led;
To their new ſeats the female captives move:
Briſeïs, radiant as the Queen of Love,
Slow as ſhe paſt, beheld with ſad ſurvey,
Where, gaſh'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
Beat her ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief her humid eyes
Shining with tears ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries:
Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my diſtracted mind!
I left thee freſh in life, in beauty gay!
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!
The firſt-lov'd conſort of my virgin-bed
Before theſe eyes in fatal battle bled!
My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All trod the dark irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
The firſt, the deareſt partner of his love;

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That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land,
Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!
Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus fortunes, but their own:
The leaders press'd their chief on every side;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd:
If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear;
Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.
He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.
Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once staid Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquets but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) sink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives (a distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war),
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
My tender orphans with a parent's care.
From Scyros isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain;
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air,
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.
Sighing he said. His grief the heroes join'd;
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of Heaven survey'd;
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid:
Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war;
Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress,
Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast.
He spoke: and sudden, at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending Goddess from above.
So swift through aether the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods!)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
Now issued from the ships, the warrior-train,
And, like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:
So helms succeeding helms, to shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad-glittering breast-plates, spears with pointed rays,
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze;
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dress;
Arms, which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.
The silver cuishes first his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears,
Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The sweepy crest, hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.
The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes,
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Ponderous and huge: which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side);
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd,
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' etherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.
High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care;

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Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and dropp'd his head!
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.
Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day
(Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate, to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when Heaven ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish Troy! he said, and rush'd to fight.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

Jupiter, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the battle described, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter: but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

Thus round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While, near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was absent, not a rural Power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure Sister of the silver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) sat the Powers around.
Ev'n * he whose trident sways the watery reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:
What moves the God who heaven and earth commands,
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands.
Thus to convene the whole ætherial state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
Already met, the lowering hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)
This day, we call the council of the skies.
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celestial Powers! descend,
And, as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he rise?
Assist them, Gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He said, and fir'd their heavenly breasts with rage:
On adverse parts the warring gods engage.
Heaven's awful Queen; and he whose azure round
Girds the vast globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the sire;
And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire!
These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
The vessels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter loving Dame,
Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste Huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terror of the plain)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another God of War.

* Neptune.

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But when the Powers deſcending ſwell'd the fight,
Then tumult roſe; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Diſcord ſounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations ruſh to arms.
Now through the trembling ſhores Minerva calls,
And now ſhe thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terrors ſhrouds
In gloomy tempeſts, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmoſt towers;
Now ſhouts to Simoïs from her beauteous hill;
The mountain ſhook, the rapid ſtreams ſtood ſtill.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, ſtern Neptune ſhakes the ſolid ground;
The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their ſummits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toſs'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his hoary head,
Leap'd from his throne, left Neptune's arm ſhould lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.
Such war th' immortals wage: ſuch horrors rend [tend.
The world's vaſt concave, when the Gods con-
Firſt ſilver-ſhafted Phœbus took the plain
Againſt blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of Arms his giant bulk diſplay'd,
Oppoſ'd to Pallas, War's triumphant Maid.
Againſt Latona march'd the Son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, ſiſter of the Day
(Her golden arrows ſounding at her ſide)
Saturnia, Majeſty of Heaven, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan laſt in battle ſtands
The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;
Xanthus his name with thoſe of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the ſons of earth.
While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he ſought; in ſearch of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burſt like lightning through the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of Battles with his blood.
Æneas was the firſt who dar'd to ſtay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But ſwell'd his boſom with undaunted might,
Half-force'd, and half-perſuaded, to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect, ſeem'd the Power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the Goddeſs-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchiſes' ſtrain:
To meet Pelides, you perſuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrneſſus, Pedaſus, in aſhes lay;
But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day;
Elſe had I ſunk, oppreſt in fatal fight
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can ſuſtain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his power,
Though ſtrong in battle as a brazen tower.
To whom the Son of Jove: That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a Siſter of the Main;
An aged Sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Through the thick troops th' emboldened hero preſt: [vey'd,
His venturous act the white-arm'd Queen ſur-
And thus, aſſembling all the Powers, ſhe ſaid:
Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care;
Lo great Æneas ruſhing to the war;
Againſt Pelides he directs his courſe,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Reſtrain his bold career; at leaſt, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let ſome Power deſcend,
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line:
But, leſt ſome adverſe God now croſs his way,
Give him to know what Powers aſſiſt this day:
For how ſhall mortal ſtand the dire alarms,
When heaven's refulgent hoſt appear in arms?
Thus ſhe: and thus the God whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake:
Againſt the might of man, ſo feeble known,
Why ſhould celeſtial Powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the ſcene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' Armipotent, or God of light,
Obſtruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we ſwift deſcend:
Full ſoon, I doubt not, ſhall the conflict end;
And theſe, in ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.
Thus having ſaid, the Tyrant of the Sea,
Cerulean Neptune, roſe, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound
Of earth congeſted, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid).
What-time a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:
The adverſe powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver Simoïs ſhade.
In circle cloſe each heavenly party ſate:
Intent to form the future ſcheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heavens reply.
Mean while the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow ſound:

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Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
There, great Achilles: bold Æneas here.
With towering strides Æneas, first advanc'd,
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
Not so Pelides: furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who, viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone:
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The martial monarch may refuse the prize:
Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd some spacious track of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threatening fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
To this Anchises' son: Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddess born; half human, half divine,
Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies:
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
(A tale resounded through the spacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
(The city since of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs,
The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;
Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
These, lightly skimming when they swipt the plain,
Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew;
Such Erichthonius was; from him there came
The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus' Assaracus, and Ganymed;
The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom Heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air
To bear the cup of Jove (ætherial guest,
The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast).
The two remaining sons the line divide:
First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
From him Tithonius, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold);
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Assaracas sprung Capys, he
Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
He, source of power and might! with boundless sway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong
(So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Cease then---Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove, our might.
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-stretch'd arm Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful shield
That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms. [held
Through two strong plates the point its passage
But stoop'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:

There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing ere he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:
Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the ſlight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering ſpear:
A fate ſo near him chills his ſoul with fright;
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rouſing as the foe came on
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:
A maſs enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate ſons could raiſe.
But Ocean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the Powers around.
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas ſtands,
An inſtant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd: but Phœbus has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye ſee this righteous chief atone,
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his conſtant vows were paid:
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove reſign
The future Father of the Dardan line:
The firſt great anceſtor obtain'd his grace;
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race;
For Priam now, and Priam's faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing Mind;
On great Æneas ſhall devolve the reign,
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.
The great Earth-ſhaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
God as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The king of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Through all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at his maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the ſky,
Smooth-gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds:
Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heavenly form conteſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd:
What power, O prince, with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own.
With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers celeſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed—This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd,
O Greeks (he cries, and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not Mars himſelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatſoe'er Achilles can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire:
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.
He ſaid: nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty ſon.
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt Atheiſt-wretch all Heaven defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were ſteel, his hand were fire;
That fire, that ſteel, your Hector ſhould withſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to ſhun
The ſingle fight with Thetis' godlike ſon;
More ſafe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears obedient to the God of Light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On Troy's whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
Firſt falls Iphityon, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of Tmolus, crown'd with ſnow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:
With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the ſlain:
Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gyga boaſt thy birth;

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Thoſe beanteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more---Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.
Th' impatient ſteel, with full-deſcending ſway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way,
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This ſees Hippodamas, and, ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:
The lance arreſt him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helicé's high ſhores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of Priam's ſtooping age
(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt);
Of all his ſons, the deareſt and the laſt.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel:
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore,
Thus ſadly ſlain th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight;
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight:
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his javelin like a waving flame.
The ſon of Peleus ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that ſlew Achilles, in his friend!
No more ſhall Hector' and Pelides' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war---
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He ſpake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperior far;
But Heaven alone confers ſucceſs in war:
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death,
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great maſter lies.
Achilles cloſes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, preſent to his aid, Apollo ſhrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice ſtruck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impaſſive air he plung'd the dart:
The ſpear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
Wretch! thou haſt 'ſcap'd again, once more thy flight
Has ſav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou ſhalt not thy juſt fate withſtand,
If any power aſſiſt Achilles' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers ſlain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' enſanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And ſtopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir.
Gigantic chief! deep gaſh'd th' enormous blade,
And for the ſoul an ample paſſage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant ſons of an unhappy ſire;
Both in one inſtant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one inſtant to the nether world;
This difference only their ſad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.
Nor leſs unpitied young Alaſtor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form, an age, ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs faulchion ope'd his tender ſide;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his boſom till he pants no more.
Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous ſpear,
The warrior falls, tranſfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the ſword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous faulchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung;
He dropt his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head:
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And ſunk in duſt the corpſe extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The ſon of Pireus, an illuſtrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the ſpear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief deſcends:
The ſquire, who ſaw expiring on the ground
His proſtrate maſter, rein'd the ſteeds around:
His back ſcarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And ſtretch'd the ſervant o'er the dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling ſhrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the ſtubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the ſkies,
This way and that the ſpreading torrent roars;
So ſweeps the hero through the waſted ſhores:
Arround him wide, immenſe deſtruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the ſanguine ſhowers,
As, with autumnal harveſts cover'd o'er,
And thick beſtrown, lies Ceres' ſacred floor;
When round and round with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling ſteers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:

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So the fierce conquerors, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes souls.
Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore,
And thick the groaning axels dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Mean while Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and, while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

And now to Xanthus gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train,
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound:
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.
As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
The clustering legions rush into the flood:
So, plung'd in Xanthus, by Achilles' force,
Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
His bloody lance the hero casts aside
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide);
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his sword high-brandish'd o'er the waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound;
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So, the huge Dolphin tempesting the main,
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his passage stood,
The son of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel),
To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.
Ten days were past, since in his father's reign
He felt the sweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A sadder journey to the shades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and visor he had cast aside
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His useless lance and unavailing shield)
As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
And knock'd his faultering knees, the hero said:
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders strike my view?
Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue?
Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom so late I bound
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
That bar such numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;

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If earth at length this active prince can seize;
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;
And his soul shivering at th' approach of death,
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground;
And while, above, the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the dart,
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here;
Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I sprung from Priam and Laothoë fair
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd);
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
For, ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore;
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?"
Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born;
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he said: and, as the word he spoke,
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear:
While all his trembling frame confest his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand;
The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround
Thy bleated corpse, and suck thy gory wound:
There no fond mother shall thy funerals weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose every wave some watery monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name!
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid.
These boastful words provoke the raging God;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Mean while the hero springs in arms, to dare
The great Asteropeus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axis, stream divine!
(Fair Peribœa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round).
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the fire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.
O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!
Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield)
One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain;
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:

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Sends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
How dost thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son,
Ev'n Acheloüs might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.
He said, then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies, the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood. [slain)
All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest
Th' amaz'd Pœonians scour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thrasius, Astypylus, and Mnesius slew;
Mydon, Thersilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound:
O first of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchless, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
See! my chok'd streams no more their course can
keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn, then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.
In human form confess'd before his eyes,
The river thus, and thus the chief replies:
O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay:
Not till within her towers the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again:
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.
He said, and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the silver bow
The yellow flood began: O son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the sire above
Full and express? that Phœbus should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkness hide the face of all?
He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay
Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate
Then, rising in his rage above the shores, [way.
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A watery bulwark) screen the bands who fly.
Now burfting on his head with thundering sound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide;
His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide,
Sliddering and staggering. On the border stood
A spreading elm, that overhung the flood:
He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
Bridg'd the rough flood across: the hero stay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur
The God pursues, a huger billow throws, [rose;
And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace
(Swiftest and strongest of th' aërial race)
Far as a spear can fly; Achilles springs
At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on every side,
And winds his course before the following tide;
The waves flow after, wherese'er he wheels,
And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
So, when a peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers,
And feed with pregnant streams the plants and
flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
And marks the future current with his spade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,
And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
The first of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil:
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion
thrown)
Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:
Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No Power t' avert his miserable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the sport of Fate.
Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But most of Thetis, must her son complain;
By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
An unregarded carcase, to the sea.
Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
And thus in human form address the chief.

The Power of Ocean first: Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-eyed Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
Heap'd on the bounding billows dance the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave refounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.
Then thus to Simois: Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal, that controls a God:
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie,
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relicks grace,
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.
He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At every step, before Achilles stood
The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven: she saw dismay'd;
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.
Rise to the war: th' insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind.
These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corpses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim,
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!
The Power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil,
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,
Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;
The watery willows hiss before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive, the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said:
Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thee
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight— [might
I yield—Let Ilion fall, if Fate decree;
Ah, bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:
Ah, why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.
His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a God: th' obedient flame withdraws;
Again, the branching streams begin to spread
And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.
While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breast alarms
With horrid clangor shock'd th' ætherial arms
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries
And views contending Gods with careless eyes
The Power of Battles lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War;
What mov'd thy madness thus to disunite
Ætherial minds, and mix all Heaven in fight
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God?

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Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.
He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her sire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast:
This at the heavenly homicide she cast.
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound:
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate God reviles:
Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day,
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright Empress of the heavens survey'd,
And, scoffing, thus to War's victorious Maid:
Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles' and Loves' unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue.
Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);
On earth together lay the lovers spread;
And like these heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygians be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd—
Thus she; and Juno with a smile approv'd.
Mean time, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light:
What sloth hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the sound?
Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness, or superior age:
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We shar'd the length'd labours of a year?
Troy's wall I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands)
And your proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along Ilia's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain,
With vacance stern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands,
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infest the faithless race;
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind,
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that, now with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun; now wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the senior Power submiss retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades:
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow!
Now boast no more, in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking Power.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What insolence has driven
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?
What though, tremendous in the wood and chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the Powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow:
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scatterring arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
To her, Latona hastes with tender care,
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.
He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low,
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relicks of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to the blest abode,
Where all confus'd she sought the Sovereign God;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th' ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

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The Sire ſuperior ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own Imperial ſpouſe; [woe?
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire,
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driven
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky:
So rag'd Achilles; death and dire diſmay;
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his fight!
No ſtep, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face.
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending, on the guards he calls:
You, to whoſe care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes, with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and deſolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were
flung
The opening folds; the ſounding hinges rung.
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck ſlaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And, gladſome, ſee their laſt eſcape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain:
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtrides, that lengthen'd tow'rd the
town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But † he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave);
In aid of him, beſide the beech he ſate,
And, wrapt in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe.
(So, ere a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll);
He ſtops, and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul:
What! ſhall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road,
Yon line of ſlaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall.—
What if they paſs'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?

† Apollo.

So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my Trojan friends.
What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's ſole favour gives him all his fame.
He ſaid, and ſtood collected in his might:
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.
So from ſome deep-grown wood a panther ſtarts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;
Tho' ſtruck, tho' wounded ſcarce perceives the
pain;
And the barb'd javelin ſtings his breaſt in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield, (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful, as he ſtood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus beſpoke the foe:
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils, remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gore
Theſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.
He ſaid: with matchleſs force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
He ſtands impaſſive in the ætherial arms.
Then, fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo ſhrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.
Mean while the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes Agenor's habit, voice and ſhape,
Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe;
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd
ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift Scamander glides;
The God, now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore;
While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

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BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deïphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilions rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe their briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greek's embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly staid; chain'd down by Fate,
There fixt he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The Power confest in all his glory burns).
And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.
The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day:
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.
Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies:
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures, would I give!
(Their grandfire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne);
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!

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My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd;
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate
The last sad relick of my ruin'd state
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness! must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they perish'd; for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest, on the breast.
But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!
He said; and, acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:
Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah, do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe,
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou bleed,
Nor must thy corpse lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.
So they; while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolv'd he stands; and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood; and question'd thus his mighty mind:
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and shame th' ungenerous thought recall?
Shall proud Polydamus before the gate
Proclaim; his councils are obey'd too late;
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's slight!
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most, her worthless sons insult my ear;
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No—if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or, if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet, suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd,
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace?
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk;
War is our business; but to whom is given
To die or triumph, that determine Heaven!
Thus pondering, like a God the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendors shone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun:
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies:
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings.
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad
(A wider compass) smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might).
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife).
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when some hero's funerals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod or some lovely dame);

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The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectators' ſoul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke:
Unworthy ſight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's ſummits, and the towers of Troy:
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye Powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man.
Then Pallas thus: Shall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with ſtorms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.
Swift, at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
And ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
As through the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze purſues.
Thus, ſtep by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There ſwift Achilles compaſs'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
(Whoſe ſhowering arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppreſs the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in ſlumber ſeem with ſpeedy pace
One to purſue, and one to lead the chace,
Their ſinking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No leſs the labouring heroes pant and ſtrain;
While that but flies, and this purſues, in vain.
What God, O Muſe! aſſiſted Hector's force,
With Fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?
Phœbus it was; who, in his lateſt hour,
Endued his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with power:
And great Achilles, leſt ſome Greeks advance,
Should ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To ſwift Pelides, and triumphing cries:
Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe.
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Reſt here: myſelf will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deïphobus the martial Dame
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms, the ſame)
In ſhow and aid, by hapleſs Hector's ſide [ly'd:
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice be-
Too long, O Hector, have I borne the fight
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he: O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you, of all your numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own
Again the Goddeſs: Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, preſt me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the javelin fly:
Or let us ſtretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke:
Enough, O ſon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſued.
But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate.
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if, victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corpſe purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouſe then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy power.

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No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He ſpoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector ſhunn'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unſeen of Hector, who, elate with joy, [Troy.
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of
The life you boaſted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miſs'd. My fate depends on Heaven.
To thee, preſumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terror ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall Hector die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt;
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt try thou thy arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands: then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black Fate, approach! 'tis I muſt bleed,
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great Jove deſerts me, and the ſon of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quivering hare.
Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at every ſtep: (Vulcanian frame!)
And, as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er;
One place at length he ſpies, to let in Fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries:
At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was Achilles ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory laid.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, caſt to all the rage of hoſtile power,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt! relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And, giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew;
The Furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He ceas'd. The Fates ſuppreſt his labouring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghoſt:
Achilles, muſing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard replies:)
Die thou the firſt! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
I follow thee—He ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, caſt it on the ground,
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and ſuperior ſize:
While ſome, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts diſgrace.
"How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
"Sent lightning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate."
High o'er the ſlain the great Achilles ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;

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And thus aloud, while all the hoft attends:
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire deftroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Hafte, ye powers!
See, if already their deferted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The fouls of heroes, their great Hector ſlain?
But what is Troy, or glory what, to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd
Burn on through death, and animate my ſhade.
Mean while, ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpſe of Hector, and your Pæans ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himſelf and of the dead).
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted through the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.
Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And in his parents' ſight now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey:
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No leſs than if the rage of hoſtile fires,
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,
O'er the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend Ilion to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſperate courſe.
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force;
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls:
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk you none)
And bow before the murderer of my ſon.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at leaſt he may reſpect my age.
He has a father too, a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and miſery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this peſt of me and all my race);
How many valiant ſons, in early bloom,
Has that curſt hand ſent headlong to the tomb?
Thee, Hector! laſt: thy loſs (divinely brave)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.
Oh, had thy gentle ſpirit paſs'd in peace,
The ſon expiring in the fire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhower!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!
Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream'd around.
Amid'ſt her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princeſs, and a train in tears)
Ah, why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almoſt her God!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corpſe! inanimated clay!
But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no meſſenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the Scæan gate,
Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours;
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls:
Ah, follow me! (ſhe cry'd) what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear? 'Tis ſure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart;
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate,
(Ye Gods avert it!) threats the Trojan ſtate.
Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts Achilles; chac'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the crowd he ever ſcorn'd to wait,
And ſought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguiſh in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her ſteps purſue)
And mounts the walls, and ſends around her view.
Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day)
Around a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands,
To raiſe her, ſinking, with aſſiſtant hands,

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Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fates the same!
Why was my birth to great Action ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been!---O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost;
Thou, to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears!
Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feasts not here;"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk in soft down upon the nurse's breast,
Must---ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy,
But thou my Hector, ly'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead.
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast, he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.
In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

Thus, humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:
Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Release your smoking coursers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe. [flow,
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes
But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:

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All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghoſt
Hear, and rejoice, on Pluto's dreary coaſt;
Behold! Achilles' promiſe is complete;
The bloody Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
And twelve ſad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, inſtant, ſhall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy funeral pyre.
Gloomy he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the duſt. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the ſteeds unbound,
All to Achilles' ſable ſhip repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
Now from the well-fed ſwine black ſmokes aſpire,
The briſtly victims hiſſing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
Around the hero's proſtrate body flow'd,
In one promiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the penſive warrior went,
With ſteps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod vaſe ſurround;
To cleanſe his conquering hands from hoſtile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore:
No drop ſhall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The firſt and greateſt of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair:
Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſoothe my ſorrows while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,
And bid the foreſts fall (ſuch rites are paid
To heroes ſlumbering in eternal ſhade).
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagued ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and the thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand.
Along the graſs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chaſe around the Trojan wall;
Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
When, lo! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
Of ſad Patroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
In the ſame robe he living wore, he came;
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleeps Achilles (thus the phantom ſaid)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I ſeem'd his deareſt, tendereſt care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let me pale corpſe the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below;
Till then the ſpirit finds no reſting-place,
But here and there th' unbody'd ſpectres chace
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more:
When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known;
Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou, art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy Goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade;
But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.
He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and, ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with upliſted hands:
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!
This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews every mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band,
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clattering cars, and the ſhockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then, ruſhling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was given them) to the ſandy ſhore;

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There, on the ſpot which great Achilles ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars, in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and ſquires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe a melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corpſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſylvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood;
Then, ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eyes around the watery waſte:
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bowers
Thy altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles ſees his native plain:
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
Once more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow;
And now the ſun had ſet upon their woe,
But to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief:
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return;
While thoſe deputed to inter the ſlain
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on every ſide;
High on the top the manly corpſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan,
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtic at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their lord,
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry:

All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corpſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he threatening: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain;
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heavenly fragrance! ſhed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred Phœbus leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the fleſh entire,
Againſt the ſolar beam and Syrian fire.
Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the ſullen flames ariſe;
But faſt beſide, Achilles ſtood in prayer,
Invok'd the Gods, whoſe ſpirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations caſt,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blaſt:
He call'd th' aërial Powers, along the ſkies
To breathe and whiſper to the fires to riſe.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyrs open courts on high,
Sat all the bluſtering brethren of the ſky.
She ſhone amidſt them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the ſhow.
All from the banquet riſe, and each invites
The various Goddeſs to partake the rites:
Not ſo (the dame reply'd) I haſte to go
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs attend,
And Heaven is feaſting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the main.
But Peleus' ſon intreats, with ſacrifice,
The Weſtern Spirit, and the North, to riſe;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blaſt be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.
Swift as the word ſhe vaniſh'd from their view:
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;
Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thundering roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſt before.
To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deeps in watery mountains riſe;
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' ſoul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they cloſe the urn:
So ſtay'd Achilles, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more. [night,
'Twas when, emerging through the ſhades of
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day;

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Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling winds return'd;
Acroſs the Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
Exhauſted with his grief: mean while the crowd
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke:
Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
Firſt let us quench the yet remaining flame
With ſable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view ſelect:
(Apart, and eaſy to be known, they lie
Amidſt the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The reſt around the margin will be ſeen
Promiſcuous, ſteeds and immolated men).
Theſe, wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
There let them reſt, with decent honour laid,
Till I ſhall follow to th' infernal ſhade.
Mean time erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter Greece ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.
The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
And deep ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
Next, the white bones his ſad companions place,
With tears collected in the golden vaſe.
The ſacred relicks to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
And caſt the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
Of riſing earth, memorial of the dead.
The ſwarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidſt a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd them round: then from the ſhips proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,
Vaſes and tripods (for the funeral games)
Reſplendent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.
Firſt ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe:
A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample meaſures held the ſhining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the laſt.
Theſe in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, riſing, thus addreſt the train:
Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To brave the rulers of the racing ſteed;
Prizes which none beſide ourſelf could gain,
Should our immortal courſers take the plain
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to diſplay;
Nor ſuit with them the games of this ſad day:
Low is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand;
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed,
With equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd,
The ſteeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the king of kings;
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave)
To 'ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days,
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him Antilochus demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horſe.
Experienc'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears:
My ſon! though youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for ſwiftneſs known;
Compare thoſe rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe.
'Tis more by art, than force of numerous ſtrokes,
The dextrous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe who truſt in chariots and in horſe.
In vain; unſkilful, to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, though with inferior ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal, his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains:
Inclos'd with ſtones, conſpicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race);
Bear cloſe to this, and warily preceed,
A little bending to the left-hand ſteed:
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort, till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe;

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Left, through incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind;
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſate, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize. [poſe
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſ-
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe Achilles throws).
Young Neſtor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.
They ſtand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound; [fore;
Their hearts, their eyes, their voice, they ſend be-
And up the champain thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:
The ſmoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.
While, hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein, [plain.
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the
Now (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders toward the main.
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Tros bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their ſtretching ſhadow ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize:
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies, [vain
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders
His matchleſs horſes' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye, with anguiſh to ſurvey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
Nor more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;
His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth, and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, though diſtant, Menelaus ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds:
Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs, vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.
Thus he. The courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice ſurvey
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs to ſhun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmok'd along.
Cloſe up the venturous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.
Atrides, trembling, caſts his eye below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way! Take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The floundering courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt through frantic haſte to gain:
But thus upbraids his rival, as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign;—
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries,
Be ſwift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours—The ſteeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
Mean time the Grecians in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The monarch ſate: from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And ſaw the foremoſt ſteed with ſharpen'd eyes;
On whoſe broad front, a blaze of ſhining white,
Like the full moon, ſtood obvious to the ſight.
He ſaw; and, riſing, to the Greeks begun:
Are yonder horſe diſcern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief ſurvey,
And other ſteeds, than lately led the way?
Thoſe, though the ſwifteſt, by ſome God withheld,
Lie ſure diſabled in the middle field:
For, ſince the goal they doubled, round the plain
I ſearch to find them, but I ſearch in vain.

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Perchance the reins forſook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too ſhort, he tumbled on the ſtrand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courſers ſtray
With frantic fury from the deſtin'd way.
Riſe then ſome other, and inform my ſight
(For theſe dim eyes, perhaps, diſcern not right)
Yet ſure he ſeems (to judge by ſhape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oïleus raſhly thus replies)
Thy tongue too haſtily confers the prize;
Of thoſe who view the courſe, not ſharpeſt ey'd,
Nor youngeſt, yet the readieſt to decide.
Eumelus' ſteeds high-bounding in the chaſe,
Still, as at firſt, unrivall'd lead the race;
I well diſcern him as he ſhakes the rein,
And hear his ſhouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride:
To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us ſtake,
And be the king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the prize.
He ſaid: and Ajax, by mad paſſion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes: but Thetis' godlike ſon
Awful amidſt them roſe, and thus begun:
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, ſhould others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a ſtream of duſt the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields;
His bounding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:
His car amidſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud; no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courſers urg'd their rapid pace
So ſwift, it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides ſtands,
Quits his bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;
From the hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes:
Theſe to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.
Young Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-paſt Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And breathing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift Æthe her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſued, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferior ſkill.
Laſt came Admetus! thy unhappy ſon:
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun:
Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him the ſecond honours of the day.
The Greeks conſent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had received the prize,
But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign,
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?
Perhaps he ſought not Heaven by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul deſirous to beſtow)
Some gift muſt grace Eumelus; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore;
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And Greece ſhall praiſe thy generous thirſt to give.
But this my prize I never ſhall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.
Thus ſpake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er
(The ſame renown'd Aſteropæus wore)
Whoſe glittering margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid: Automedon at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs roſe;
The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands.
Not without cauſe incens'd at Neſtor's ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh, Antilochus, has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But ſhall not we ourſelves the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.
The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or aught thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine;
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.
So ſpoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.

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Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'erſpread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid:
Still may our ſouls, O generous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Raſh heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend!
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and, pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noëman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares:
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt, Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy priſtine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.
He ſaid, and plac'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy the venerable king reply'd:
Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprafium and the Pylian ſhore!
Victorious then in every ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all reſign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the ſand,
Surpaſt Iphyclus in the ſwift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the ſpear.
The ſons of Actor won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey
Prize after prize by Neſtor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Though once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou, my ſon! by generous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands preſent
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent);
Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well canſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day!
Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the full of days.
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large, and round.
Achilles, riſing, thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight:
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke,
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know,
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epëus choſe;
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Prize of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right; th' undoubted victor I?
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know;
Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound,
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.
The giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,
The great Meciſtheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the nobleſt trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And ſingly vanquiſh'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm'd with the hopes of conqueſt for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wriſt the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gauntlets now they fiercely cloſe,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful ſweat from all their members flows.
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's reſiſtleſs ſway
Down dropt he, nerveleſs, and extended lay.
As a large fiſh, when winds and waters roar,
By ſome huge billow daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
Lies panting: not leſs batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whoſe arms ſupport him reeling through the throng,
And dragging his diſabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his ſhoulder o'er;
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;

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Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Or twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet at distance fixt:
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintery wind and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumors rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.
He said; and, straining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle struck: the giant fell supine;
Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
Your noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain:
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have prov'd so well.
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.
And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd;
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train---
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.
The hero said, and, starting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpast
His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All start at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise:
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And present at his thought descends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas); where the slippery shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore
(The self-same place, beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire):
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address:
Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal I, a Goddess was my foe;
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.
Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore;
A burst of laughter echo'd through the shore.
Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest:
Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.
Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise
(A green old-age, unconscious of decays,
That prove the hero born in better days!).
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
For who can match Achilles! He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.
Th' effect succeeds the speech: Pelides cries,
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd:
Receive a talent of the purest gold.
The youth departs content. The host admires
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.

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Next theſe; a buckler, ſpear, and helm, he brings
Caſt on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in ſhort triumph bore.
Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,
Now grace the liſt before our army's ſight,
And, ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore;
The ſword Aſteropeus poſſeſt of old
(A Thracian blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of gold)
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's ſide:
Theſe arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, up-roſe great Tydeus' ſon,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
Lowering they meet, tremenduous to the ſight;
Each Argive boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge re-
A furious paſs the ſpear of Ajax made [new'd.
Through the broad ſhield, but at the corſelet ſtay'd:
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove,
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade ſhare the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
Yet ſtill the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
A maſs of iron (an enormous round)
Whoſe weight and ſize the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm diſmiſs in air:
The giant by Achilles ſlain, he ſtow'd
Among his ſpoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him whoſe might can hurl this bowel, ariſe;
Who fartheſt hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd
From hence: nor aſk the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
Stern Polypœtes ſtept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Up roſe great Ajax; up Epëus roſe.
Each ſtood in order: firſt Epëus threw;
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling
Leontes next a little ſpace ſurpaſt, [circle flew.
And third, the ſtrength of godlike Ajax caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely ſlung
From Polypœte's arm, the diſcuſs ſung:
Far as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
So paſt them all the rapid circle flies;
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies) [prize.
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty
Thoſe who in ſkilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſt amidſt the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound).
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon fluttering bird, ſhall bear
Theſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war:
The ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
He ſaid: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And ſkilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inſcrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
But flies unbleſt! No grateful ſacrifice.
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-maſt fell the parting ſtring,
And the free bird to heaven diſplays her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies, with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And, following with his eye the ſoaring dove,
Implores the God to ſpeed it through the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt;
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave Merion bears the prize.
To cloſe the funeral games Achilles laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
An ample charger of unſullied frame, [flame.
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dextrous ſkill directs the flying dart.
Here too Great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.
With joy Pelides ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the monarch, and reſpectful ſaid:
Thee firſt in virtue, as in power ſupreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glittering charger to Talthibius' hands.

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BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the body of Hector.

The Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus, the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen; with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand;
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought, [fought;
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they
All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There, as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,
But not deserted by the pitying Skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corpse his golden shield.
All Heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To Heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:
Unpitying Powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain!
And, can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire?
The last sad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughter's wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride;
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd.
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, insatiate, the commission given
By Fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo! how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet, by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial Skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own ætherial race
Springs from a Goddess by a man's embrace
(A Goddess by yourself to Peleus given,
A man divine, and chosen friend of Heaven).
To grace those nuptials from the bright abode
Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-God
(Well pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

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Then thus the Thunderer checks th' imperial Dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of Heaven inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the same.
But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay
(The only honours men to Gods can pay);
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feast.
Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corpse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure Queen: let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies.
Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps,
Between where Samos wide his forest spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads.
Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves resound);
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So pass'd the Goddess through the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her sacred cave:
There, plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
Then thus the Goddess of the painted bow,
Arise! O Thetis, from thy seats below:
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies,
Sad object as I am for heavenly sight?
Ah, may my sorrows ever shun the light!
Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
Which flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies,
There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they found,
And all the Gods in shining synod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
(Minerva, rising, gave the Mourner place);
Ev'n Juno fought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast;
Maternal sorrows; long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are past, since all the court above
In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will, thy son himself the corpse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father, Iris shall prepare,
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.
His word the silver-footed Queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,
She prest his hand, and tender thus begun:
How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow;
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe?
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
Soothes weary life, and softens human pain?
O snatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain:
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ransom given,
And we submit, since such the will of Heaven.
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
Haste, winged Goddess to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger, dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair,
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
(Sad scene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire,
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy:
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus, in whispers, greets his trembling ears:
Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,

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Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor shalt thou, death, nor shalt thou danger, dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay;
His pious sons the king's command obey.
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:
Unhappy consort of a king distrest!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpse of Hector, at yon navy, slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.
The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now, that aw'd mankind;
Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of steel)! the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fallen! To calm his rage,
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No—pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parents woe!
Doom'd, from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in unactive death?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night
(Reply'd, unmov'd, the venerable man).
'Tis Heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer, had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in your camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at last may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers, shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowel had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace).
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy:
Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall:
The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian Power, is gone;
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
O send me, Gods! ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!
He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relicks of his numerous line:
Inglorious sons, of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Nestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?
The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car;

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Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd:
The hoary herald help'd him, at his side.
While careful these the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the Power divine)
Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the monarch's hands:
Take this, and pour to Jove; that, ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heaven, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:
Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below,
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the ſtrong ſovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial ſpace.
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice.
'Tis juſt (ſaid Priam, to the Sire above)
To raiſe our hands; for who ſo good as Jove?
He ſpoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring
(Her ready hands the ewer and baſon held);
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine:
Oh firſt, and greateſt! Heaven's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To ſtern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, celeſtial augury!
Let the ſtrong ſovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial ſpace:
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial augury!
The ſwift-wing'd chacer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears;
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controls,
And through ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to Fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croſt the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man.
Then thus to Hermes: Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals, and attend their prayers;
Behold an object to thy charge conſign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the ſire; th' obſerving foe prevent,
And ſafe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight ſuſtains,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main:
Then graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, ſwift Hermes ſteers his airy way,
And ſtoops on Helleſpont's reſounding ſea.
A beauteous youth, majeſtic and divine,
He ſeem'd; fair offspring of ſome princely line!
Now twilight-veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the duſky fields in ſober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king
(Their chariots ſtopping at the ſilver ſpring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and ſteeds a ſhort repoſe.
Through the dim ſhade the herald firſt eſpies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
I mark ſome foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmoſt care:
For, much I fear, deſtruction hovers nigh:
Our ſtate aſks counſel. Is it beſt to fly?
Or, old and helpleſs, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched ſuppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted monarch ſhiver'd with deſpair;
Pale grew his face, and upright ſtood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A ſudden trembling ſhook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gently thus accoſts with kind demand:
Say whither, father! when each mortal ſight
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wander'ſt through the night?
Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, ſo numerous and ſo ſtrong?
What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view;
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?
For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide;
Thyſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread:
From me no harm ſhall touch thy reverend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in thoſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.
Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my ſon! (the godlike ſire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bleſt! for ſcarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide
(The ſacred meſſenger of Heaven reply'd);
But ſay, convey'ſt thou through the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand:
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land!
Or fly'ſt thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain;
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard and glory, ſlain?
The king, alarm'd: Say what, and whence thou art,
Who ſearch the ſorrows of a parent's heart,

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And know ſo well how godlike Hector dy'd?
Thus Priam ſpoke; and Hermes thus reply'd:
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this ſad ſubject you enquire too much.
Oft have theſe eyes that godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued:
I ſaw him when, like Jove, his flames he toſt
On thouſand ſhips, and wither'd half an hoſt:
I ſaw, but help'd not: ſtern Achilles' ire
Forbade aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I ſerve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ſhip convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my ſire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyſelf, and not unknown to fame:
Of ſeven his ſons, by whom the lot was caſt
To ſerve our prince, it fell on me, the laſt.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls:
Sleepleſs they ſit, impatient to engage,
And ſcarce their rulers check their martial rage.
If then thou art of ſtern Pelides' train
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My ſon's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs diſmember'd (on the naked plains)
Or yet unmangled reſt his cold remains?
O favour'd of the Skies! thus anſwer'd then
The Power that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent;
This the twelfth evening ſince he reſted there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is ſpread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undiſigur'd, or in limb or face,
All freſh he lies, with every living grace,
Majeſtical in death! No ſtains are found
O'er all the corpſe, and cloſ'd is every wound;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly care,
Some hand divine, preſerves him ever fair:
Or all the hoſt of heaven, to whom he led
A life ſo grateful, ſtill regard him dead.
Thus ſpoke to Priam the celeſtial guide!
And joyful thus the royal ſire reply'd:
Bleſt is the man who pays the Gods above
The conſtant tribute of reſpect and love;
Thoſe who inhabit the Olympian bower
My ſon forgot not, in exalted power;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the aſhes of the juſt, is kind.
But thou, oh generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's ſake;
And, while the favouring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.
To whom the latent God: O King forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, abſent from my prince's ſight,
Take gifts in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?
What from our maſter's intereſt thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
Reſpecting him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
And, as the crime, I dread the conſequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
O'er pathleſs foreſts, or the roaring main.
He ſaid, then took the chariot at the bound,
And ſnatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around!
Before th' inſpiring God, that urg'd them on,
The courſers fly, with ſpirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repaſting, while the bowls go round:
On theſe the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unſeen, through all the hoſtile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marſhy ſhore;
And, fenc'd with paliſades, a hall of ſtate,
(The work of ſoldiers) where the hero ſate.
Large was the door, whoſe well-compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length;
Scarce three ſtrong Greeks could lift its mighty weight;
But great Achilles ſingly cloſ'd the gate.
This Hermes (ſuch the power of Gods!) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide,
And thus reveal'd---Hear, prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The King of arts, the Meſſenger of Jove.
Farewell: to ſhun Achilles' ſight I fly;
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the Sky,
Nor ſtand conſeſt to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and preſer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,
His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car:
With ſolemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt:
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.
Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And, proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable ſight) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embrued
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conſcious of his crime,
Purſued for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurpriſe;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke:
Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;

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Think, from some powerful foe thou see'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain:
The beſt, the braveſt, of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteeen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was leſt, their loſs to recompenſe:
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel,
Unhappy, in his country's cauſe he fell!
For him, through hoſtile camps I bend my way,
For him, thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Though not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſovereign miſery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my childrens' murderer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!
Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.
Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon, deplore:
But great Achilles different paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs through the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles roſe;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man:
Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone
To paſs through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race!
Heaven ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not; man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods' ſevere decree:
They, only they, are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcaſt both of earth and heaven.
The happieſt, taſte not happineſs ſincere;
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than Peleus ſhone in wealth and power,
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour!
A realm, a Goddeſs to his wiſhes given;
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his lateſt day:
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway;
An only ſon; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Leſbos' bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide Helleſpont's unmeaſur'd main.
But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men ſurround thy walls!
What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the Stygian ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live, to ſuffer more!
To whom the king: Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obſequies.
Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes reſtore
His corpſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!
Move me no more! (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes);
Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield the Hector, I myſelf intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddeſs-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame);
Nor com'ſt thou but by Heaven: nor com'ſt alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe; leſt, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
The ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom moſt he honour'd ſince he loſt his friend);
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the numerous preſents beat
(Great Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; leſt th' unhappy ſire,
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouſe to ire
The ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age,
Nor Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corpſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade:

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If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Reſtoring Hector) Heaven's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.
He ſaid, and, entering, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him reverend Priam ſate:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun—
Lo! to thy prayer reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand refection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades;
Theſe by Apollo's ſilver bow were ſlain,
Thoſe Cynthia's arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chaſtis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the Goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to ſtone):
The Gods themſelves at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock (for ſuch was Heaven's high will)
Through deſerts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs ſprings,
The watery Fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus's ſhaggy brow,
She ſtands, her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known:
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.
He ſaid, and, riſing, choſe the victim ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the ſeparate morſels lays,
And, haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glittering caniſters they load,
Which round the board Automedon beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wondering hero eyes his royal gueſt:
No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His godlike aſpect and majeſtic ſize;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke:
Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For, ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed;
Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food my ſorrows and my ſighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: Now, father, ſleep, but ſleep not here;
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear;
Leſt any Argive (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The king of men the ranſom might defer;
But ſay with ſpeed, if aught of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector? For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaughtering arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion clos'd within her town;
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of Ide, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the funeral and the feaſt;
The next, to raiſe his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven!
This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy;
Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briſeïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald reſt,
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breaſt.
Now Gods and men the gifts of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Power deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when Hector is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy preſence here ſhould ſtern Atrides ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age, and offer all in vain.
Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence through the hoſtile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow ſtream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged Deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now ſhed Aurora round her ſaffron ray, [day;
Sprung through the gate of light, and gave the
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The ſage and king, majeſtically ſlow.
Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire;

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Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier)
A ſhower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of Troy!
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crowds, with vaſt delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
In thronging crowds they iſſue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown;
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At Scæan's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day:
But godlike Priam from the chariot roſe;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſic's ſolemn ſound:
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature ſpeaks at every pauſe of art.
Firſt to the corpſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,
And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in my bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with encreaſing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain)
Shall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
New hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er
(Thoſe wives muſt wait them) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too, my ſon! to barbarous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companions of thy mother's woe:
Driven hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord:
Or elſe ſome Greek, whoſe father preſt the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great Hector ſlain;
In Hector's blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou would'ſt have ſpoke, which, ſadly
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear; [dear,
Which never, never, could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan:
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next ſuſtains her part:
Oh thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by Heaven approv'd,
And by th' Immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious gheſt,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corpſe was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain);
Ungenerous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair, as Phœbus' ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below!
Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief, appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries:
Ah, deareſt friend! in whom the God's had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(O had I periſh'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the authoreſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train;
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I cauſ'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam!
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe:—
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.
He ſpoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town,
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſylvan ſtructure raiſe;
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn

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Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun).
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

We have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may, perhaps, be acceptable to the common reader, to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse; the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, Book xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan; but, being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deïphobus, his brother; and, at the taking of Troy, betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaüs, her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon, at his return, was barbarously murdered by Ægystus, at the instigation of Clytemnestra, his wife, who, in his absence, had dishonoured his bed with Ægystus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom. It is uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos, his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's Odysseys.

I must end these remarks by discharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as the one of them is since dead: the merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with several excellent observations, were sent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole essay upon Homer was written, upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But, instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it, (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: and one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March 25. 1720. A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐπαΐα---τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ και ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι, ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἂν κατεχέθην, εἰ ἠσθόμην ἐμαυτὸν εὐόδως προϊόντα.

M. Aurel. Anton. de seipso. l. i. § 14.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EPIC POEM,

AND OF

THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY:

EXTRACTED FROM BOSSU.

SECT. I.

OF THE NATURE OF EPIC POETRY.

THE fables of poets were originally employed in repreſenting the Divine Nature, according to the notion then conceived of it. This ſublime ſubject occaſioned the firſt poets to be called Divines, and Poetry the Language of the Gods. They divided the Divine Attributes into ſo many perſons; becauſe the infirmity of a human mind cannot ſufficiently conceive, or explain, ſo much power and action in a ſimplicity ſo great and indiviſible as that of God. And, perhaps, they were alſo jealous of the advantages they reaped from ſuch excellent and exalted learning, and of which they thought the vulgar part of mankind was not worthy.

They could not deſcribe the operations of this Almighty Cauſe, without ſpeaking at the ſame time of its effects: ſo that to Divinity, they added Phyſiology; and treated of both, without quitting the umbrages of their allegorical expreſſions.

But man being the chief and the moſt noble of all that God produced, and nothing being ſo proper, or more uſeful to poets than this ſubject; they added it to the former, and treated of the doctrine of morality after the ſame manner as they did that of divinity and philoſophy; and from morality thus treated, is formed that kind of poem and fable which we call Epic.

The poets did the ſame in morality, that the divines had done in divinity. But that infinite variety of the actions and operations of the divine nature, (to which our underſtanding bears ſo ſmall a proportion) did, as it were, force them upon dividing the ſingle idea of the Only One God into ſeveral perſons, under the different names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and the reſt.

And, on the other hand, the nature of moral philoſophy being ſuch, as never to treat of things in particular, but in general; the epic poets were obliged to unite in one ſingle idea, in one and the ſame perſon, and in an action which appeared ſingular, all that looked like it in different perſons and in various actions; which might be thus contained as ſo many ſpecies under their genus.

The preſence of the Deity, and the care ſuch an auguſt cauſe is to be ſuppoſed to take about any action, obliges the poet to repreſent this action as great, important, and managed by kings and princes. It obliges him likewiſe, to think and ſpeak in an elevated way above the vulgar, and in a ſtyle that may in ſome ſort keep up the character of the divine perſons he introduces. To this end ſerve the poetical and figurative expreſſion, and the majeſty of the heroic verſe.

But all this, being divine and ſurpriſing, may quite ruin all probability; therefore the poet ſhould take a particular care as to that point, ſince his chief aim is to inſtruct, and without probability any action is leſs likely to perſuade.

Laſtly, ſince precepts ought to be conciſe, to be the more eaſily conceived, and leſs oppreſs the memory; and ſince nothing can be more effectual to this end than propoſing one ſingle idea, and collecting all things ſo well together, as to be preſent to our minds all at once; therefore the poets have reduced all to one ſingle action, under one and the ſame deſign, and in a body whoſe members and parts ſhould be homogeneous.

What we have obſerved of the nature of the Epic Poem, gives us a juſt idea of it, and we may define it thus:

"The Epic Poem is a diſcourſe invented by "art, to form the manners, by ſuch inſtructions "as are diſguiſed under the allegories of ſome one "important action, which is related in verſe, after "a probable, diverting, and ſurpriſing manner."

SECT. II.

THE FABLE OF THE ILIAD.

IN every deſign which a man deliberately undertakes, the end he propoſes is the firſt thing in his mind, and that by which he governs the whole work, and all its parts: thus, ſince the end of the Epic Poem is to regulate the manners, it is with this firſt view the poet ought to begin.

But there is a great difference between the philoſophical and the poetical doctrine of Manners. The ſchoolmen content themſelves with treating of virtues and vices in general; the inſtructions they give are proper for all ſtates of people, and

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for all ages. But the poet has a nearer regard to his own country, and the neceſſities of his own nation. With this deſign he makes choice of ſome piece of morality, the moſt proper and juſt he can imagine; and in order to preſs this home, he makes leſs uſe of the force of reaſoning, than of the power of inſinuation; accommodating himſelf to the particular cuſtoms and inclinations of thoſe who are to be the ſubject, or the readers of his work.

Let us now ſee how Homer has acquitted himſelf in theſe reſpects.

He ſaw the Grecians, for whom he deſigned his Poem, were divided into as many ſtates as they had capital cities. Each was a body politic apart, and had its form of government independent from all the reſt. And yet theſe diſtinct ſtates were very often obliged to unite together in one body againſt their common enemies. Theſe were two very different ſorts of government, ſuch as could not be comprehended in one maxim of morality, and in one ſingle poem.

The poet, therefore, has made two diſtinct fables of them. The one is for Greece in general, united into one body, but compoſed of parts independent on each other; and the other for each particular ſtate, conſidered as they were in time of peace, without the former circumſtances and the neceſſity of being united.

As for the firſt ſort of government, in the union, or rather in the confederacy of many independent ſtates; experience has always made it appear, "That nothing ſo much cauſes ſucceſs as a due "ſubordination, and a right underſtanding among "the chief commanders. And on the other hand, "the inevitable ruin of ſuch confederacies pro-"ceeds from the heats, jealouſies, and ambition of "the different leaders, and the diſcontents of ſub-"mitting to a ſingle general." All ſorts of ſtates, and in particular the Grecians, had dearly experienced this truth. So that the moſt uſeful and neceſſary inſtruction that could be given them, was, to lay before their eyes the loſs which both the people and the princes muſt of neceſſity ſuffer, by the ambition, diſcord, and obſtinacy of the latter.

Homer then has taken for the foundation of his fable this great truth: that a miſunderſtanding between princes is the ruin of their own ſtates. "I ſing (ſays he) the anger of Achilles, ſo perni-"cious to the Grecians, and the cauſe of ſo many "heroes deaths, occaſioned by the diſcord and ſe-"paration of Agamemnon and that prince."

But that this truth may be completely and fully known, there is need of a ſecond to ſupport it. It is neceſſary in ſuch a deſign, not only to repreſent the confederate ſtates at firſt diſagreeing among themſelves, and from thence unfortunate; but to ſhow the ſame ſtates afterwards reconciled and united, and of conſequence victorious.

Let us now ſee how he has joined all theſe in one general action.

"Several princes independent on one another, "were united againſt a common enemy. The "perſon whom they had elected their general, "offers an affront to the moſt valiant of all the "confederates. This offended prince is ſo far "provoked, as to relinquiſh the union, and obſti-"nately refuſe to fight for the common cauſe. "This miſunderſtanding gives the enemy ſuch an "advantage, that the allies are very near quitting "their deſign with diſhonour. He himſelf who "made the ſeparation, is not exempt from ſhar-"ing the misfortune which he brought upon his "party. For having permitted his intimate friend "to ſuccour them in a great neceſſity, this friend "is killed by the enemy's general. Thus the "contending princes, being both made wiſer at "their own coſt, are reconciled, and unite again: "then this valiant prince not only obtains the "victory in the public cauſe, but revenges his pri-"vate wrongs, by killing with his own hands the "author of the death of his friend."

This is the firſt platform of the Poem, and the fiction which reduces into one important and univerſal action all the particulars upon which it turns.

In the next place, it muſt be rendered probable by the circumſtances of times, places, and perſons: ſome perſons muſt be found out, already known by hiſtory or otherwiſe, whom we may with probability make the actors and perſonages of this fable. Homer has made choice of the ſiege of Troy, and feign'd that this action happened there. To a phantom of his brain, whom he would paint valiant and choleric, he has given the name of Achilles; that of Agamemon to his general; that of Hector to the enemy's commander, and ſo to the reſt.

Beſides, he was obliged to accommodate himſelf to the manners, cuſtoms, and genius of the Greeks his auditors, the better to make them attend to the inſtruction of his poem: and to gain their approbation by praiſing them; ſo that they might the better forgive him the repreſentation of their own faults in ſome of his chief perſonages. He admirably diſcharges all theſe duties, by making theſe brave princes and thoſe victorious people all Grecians, and the fathers of thoſe he had a mind to commend.

But not being content, in a work of ſuch a length, to propoſe only the principal point of the moral, and to fill up the reſt with uſeleſs ornaments and foreign incidents, he extends this moral by all its neceſſary conſequences. As for inſtance, in the ſubject before us, it is not enough to know that a good underſtanding ought always to be maintained among confederates; it is likewiſe of equal importance, that, if there happens any diviſion, care muſt be taken to keep it ſecret from the enemy, that their ignorance of this advantage may prevent their making uſe of it. And in the ſecond place, when their concord is but counterfeit and only in appearance, one ſhould never preſs the enemy too cloſely; for this would diſcover the weakneſs which we ought to conceal from them.

The epiſode of Patroclus, moſt admirably furniſhes us with theſe two inſtructions. For when he appeared in the arms of Achilles, the Trojans, who took him for that prince now reconciled and united to the confederates, immediately gave ground, and quitted the advantages they had before over the Greeks. But Patroclus, who ſhould

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Though then the poet has made uſe of two parts in his poems, each of which might have ſerved for a fable, as we have obſerved: yet this multiplication cannot be called a vicious and irregular Polymythia, contrary to the neceſſary unity and ſimplicity of the fable; but it gives the fable another qualification, altogether neceſſary and regular, namely, its perfection, and finiſhing ſtroke.

SECT. V.

OF THE ACTION OF THE EPIC POEM.

THE action of a poem is the ſubject which the poet undertakes, propoſes, and builds upon. So that the moral and the inſtructions which are the end of the Epic poem are not the matter of it. Thoſe the poets leave in their allegorical and figurative obſcurity. They only give notice at the exordium, that they ſing ſome action: The Revenge of Achilles, the Return of Ulyſſes, &c.

Since, then, the action is the matter of a fable, it is evident, that whatever incidents are eſſential to the fable, or conſtitute a part of it, are neceſſary alſo to the action, and are parts of the epic matter, none of which ought to be omitted. Such, for inſtance, are the contention of Agamemnon and Achilles, the ſlaughter Hector makes in the Grecian army, the re-union of the Greek princes; and laſtly, the re-ſettlement and victory which was the conſequence of that re-union.

There are four qualifications in the epic action: the firſt is its unity, the ſecond its integrity, the third its importance, the fourth its duration.

The unity of the epic action, as well as the unity of the fable, does not conſiſt either in the unity of the hero, or in the unity of time: three things, I ſuppoſe, are neceſſary to it. The firſt is, to make uſe of no epiſode, but what ariſes from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is as it were a natural member of the body. The ſecond is, exactly to unite theſe epiſodes and theſe members with one another. And the third is, never to finiſh any epiſode ſo as it may ſeem to be an entire action; but to let each epiſode ſtill appear in its own particular nature, as the member of a body, and as a part of itſelf not complete.

OF THE BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END OF THE ACTION.

Ariſtotle not only ſays, that the epic action ſhould be one, but adds, that it ſhould be entire, perfect, and complete; and for this purpoſe, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Theſe three parts of a whole are too generally and univerſally denoted by the words, beginning, middle, and end; we may interpret them more preciſely, and ſay, That the cauſes and deſigns of an action, are the beginning: that the effects of theſe cauſes, and the difficulties that are met with in the execution of theſe deſigns, are the middle; and that the unraveling and reſolution of theſe difficulties are the end.

THE ACTION OF THE ILIAD.

Homer's deſign in the Iliad, is to relate the anger and revenge of Achilles. The beginning of this action is the change of Achilles from a calm to a paſſionate temper. The middle is the effects of his paſſion, and all the illuſtrious deaths it is the cauſe of. The end of this fame action in the return of Achilles to his calmneſs of temper again. All was quiet in the Grecian camp, when Agamemnon their general, provokes Apollo againſt them, whom he was willing to appeaſe afterwards at the coſt and prejudice of Achilles who had no part in his fault. This, then, is an exact beginning: it ſuppoſes nothing before, and requires after it the effects of this anger. Achilles revenges himſelf, and that is an exact middle; it ſuppoſes before it the anger of Achilles, this revenge is the effect of it. Then this middle requires after it the effects of this revenge, which is the ſatisfaction of Achilles: for the revenge has not been complete, unleſs Achilles had been ſatisfied. By this means the poet makes his hero after he was glutted by the miſchief he had done to Agamemnon, by the death of Hector, and the honour he did his friend, by inſulting over his murderer; he makes him, I ſay, to be moved by the tears and misfortunes of king Priam. We ſee him as calm at the end of the poem, during the funeral of Hector, as he was at the beginning of the poem, whilſt the plague raged among the Grecians. This end is juſt; ſince the calmneſs of temper Achilles re-enjoyed, is only an effect of the revenge which ought to have preceded, and after this nobody expects any more of his anger. Thus has Homer been very exact in the beginning, middle, and end of the action he made choice of for the ſubject of his Iliad.

THE ACTION OF THE ODYSSEY.

His deſign in the Odyſſey was to deſcribe the return of Ulyſſes from the ſiege of Troy, and his arrival at Ithaca. He opens this poem with the complaints of Minerva againſt Neptune, who oppoſed the return of this hero, and againſt Calypſo who detained him in an iſland from Ithaca. Is this a beginning? No; doubtleſs, the reader would know why Neptune is diſpleaſed with Ulyſſes, and how this prince came to be with Calypſo? He would know how he came from Troy thither? The poet anſwers his demands out of the mouth of Ulyſſes himſelf, who relates theſe things and begins the action by the recital of his travels from the city of Troy. It ſignifies little whether the beginning of the action be the beginning of the poem. The beginning of this action is that which happens to Ulyſſes, when, upon his leaving Troy, he bends his courſe for Ithaca. The middle comprehends all the misfortunes he endured and all the diſorders of his own government. The end is the re-inſtating of this hero in the peaceable poſſeſſion of his kingdom, where he was acknowledged by his ſon, his wife, his father, and ſeveral others. The poet was ſenſible he ſhould have ended ill, had he gone no farther than the death of theſe princes, who were the rivals and enemies of Ulyſſes, becauſe the reader might have looked for ſome revenge, which the ſubjects of theſe princes might have taken on him who had killed their ſovereigns: but this danger over, the people vanquiſhed and quieted, there was

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thing more to be expected. The poem and the action have all their parts, and no more.

But the order of the Odyſſey differs from that of the Iliad, in that the poem does not begin with the beginning of the action.

OF THE CAUSES AND BEGINNING OF THE ACTION.

The cauſes of the action are alſo what the poet is obliged to give an account of. There are three ſorts of cauſes, the humours, the intereſts, and the deſigns of men; and theſe different cauſes of an action are likewiſe often the cauſes of one another, every man taking up thoſe intereſts in which his humour engages him, and forming thoſe deſigns to which his humour and intereſt incline him. Of all theſe the poet ought to inform his readers, and render them conſpicuous in his principal perſonages.

Homer has ingeniouſly begun his Odyſſey with the tranſactions at Ithaca, during the abſence of Ulyſſes. If he had begun with the travels of his hero, he would ſcarce have ſpoken of any one elſe, and a man might have read a great deal of the poem, without conceiving the leaſt idea of Telemachus, Penelope, or her ſuitors, who had ſo great a ſhare in the action; but in the beginning he has pitched upon, beſides theſe perſonages whom he diſcovers, he repreſents Ulyſſes in his *full length*, and from the very firſt opening one ſees the intereſt which the Gods take in the action.

The *ſkill* and care of the ſame poet may be ſeen likewiſe in inducing his perſonages in the Firſt Book of his Iliad, where he diſcovers the humours, the intereſts, and the deſigns of Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Ulyſſes, and ſeveral others, and even of the Deities. And in his ſecond he makes a review of the Grecian and Trojan armies; which is full evidence, that all we have here ſaid is very neceſſary.

OF THE MIDDLE OR INTRIGUE OF THE ACTION.

As theſe cauſes are the beginning of the action, the oppoſite deſigns againſt that of the hero are the middle of it, and form that difficulty or intrigue, which makes up the greateſt part of the poem; the ſolution or unravelling commences when the reader begins to ſee that difficulty removed, and the doubts cleared up. Homer has divided each of his poems into two parts; and has put a particular intrigue, and the ſolution of it, into each part.

The firſt part of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, who is for revenging himſelf upon Agamemnon by the means of Hector and the Trojans. The intrigue comprehends the three days fight which happened in the abſence of Achilles: and it conſiſts on one ſide in the reſiſtance of Agamemnon and the Grecians: and on the other in the revengeful and inexorable humour of Achilles, which would not ſuffer him to be reconciled. The loſs of the Grecians, and the deſpair of Agamemnon, prepare for a ſolution by the ſatisfaction which the incenſed hero received from it. The death of Patroclus joined to the offers of Agamemnon, which of itſelf had proved ineffectual, remove this difficulty, and make the unravelling of the firſt part.

This death is likewiſe the beginning of the ſecond part; ſince it puts Achilles upon the deſign of revenging himſelf on Hector. But the deſign of Hector is oppoſite to that of Achilles: this Trojan is valiant, and reſolved to ſtand on his own defence. This valour and reſolution of Hector are on his part the cauſe of the intrigue. All the endeavours Achilles uſed to meet with Hector, and be the death of him; and the contrary endeavours of the Trojan to keep out of his reach and defend himſelf, are the intrigue; which comprehends the battle of the laſt day. The unravelling begins at the death of Hector; and beſides that, it contains the inſulting of Achilles over his body, the honours he paid to Patroclus, and the entreaties of king Priam. The regrets of this king and the other Trojans, in the ſorrowful obſequies they paid to Hector's body, and the unravelling; they juſtify the ſatisfaction of Achilles, and demonſtrate his tranquillity.

The firſt part of the Odyſſey is the return of Ulyſſes into Ithaca. Neptune oppoſes it by raiſing tempeſts, and this makes the intrigue. The unravelling is the arrival of Ulyſſes upon his own iſland, where Neptune could offer him no farther injury. The ſecond part is the re-inſtating this hero in his own government. The princes, that are his rivals, oppoſe him, and this is a freſh intrigue: the ſolution of it begins at their deaths, and is completed as ſoon as the Ithacans were appeaſed.

Theſe two parts in the Odyſſey have not one common intrigue. The anger of Achilles forms both the intrigues in the Iliad; and it is ſo far the matter of this Epopea, that the very beginning and end of this poem depend on the beginning and end of this anger. But let the deſire Achilles had to revenge himſelf, and the deſire Ulyſſes had to return to his own country, be never ſo near allied, yet we cannot place them under one and the ſame notion: for that deſire of Ulyſſes is not a paſſion that begins and ends in the poem with the action: it is a natural habit: nor does the poet propoſe it for his ſubject, as he does the anger of Achilles.

We have already obſerved what is meant by the intrigue, and the unravelling thereof; let us now ſay ſomething of the manner of forming both. Theſe two ſhould ariſe naturally out of the very eſſence and ſubject of the poem, and are to be deduced from thence. Their conduct is ſo exact and natural, that it ſeems as if their action had preſented them with whatever they inſerted, without putting themſelves to the trouble of a farther inquiry.

What is more uſual and natural to warriors, than anger, heat, paſſion, and impatience of bearing the leaſt affront or diſreſpect? This is what forms the intrigue of the Iliad: and every thing we read there is nothing elſe but the effect of this humour and theſe paſſions.

What more natural and uſual obſtacle to thoſe who take voyages, than the ſea, the winds, and the ſtorms? Homer makes this the intrigue of the firſt part of the Odyſſey: and for the ſecond,

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he makes uſe of almoſt the infallible effect of the long abſence of a maſter, whoſe return is quite deſpaired of, viz. the inſolence of his ſervants and neighbours, the danger of his ſon and wife, and the ſequeſtration of his eſtate. Beſides, an abſence of almoſt twenty years, and the inſupportable fatigues joined to the age of which Ulyſſes then was, might induce him to believe that he ſhould not be owned by thoſe who thought him dead, and whoſe intereſt it was to have him really ſo. Therefore, if he had preſently declared who he was, and had called himſelf Ulyſſes, they would eaſily have deſtroyed him as an impoſtor, before he had an opportunity to make himſelf known.

There could be nothing more natural nor more neceſſary than this ingenious diſguiſe, to which the advantages his enemies had taken of his abſence had reduced him, and to which his long misfortunes had inured him. This allowed him an opportunity, without hazarding any thing, of taking the beſt meaſures he could, againſt thoſe perſons who could not ſo much as miſtruſt any harm from him. This way was afforded him, by the very nature of his action, to execute his deſigns, and overcome the obſtacles it caſt before him. And it is this conteſt between the prudence and the diſſimulation of a ſingle man on one hand, and the ungovernable inſolence of ſo many rivals on the other, which conſtitutes the intrigue of the ſecond part of the Odyſſey.

OF THE END OR UNRAVELLING OF THE ACTION.

If the plot or intrigue muſt be natural, and ſuch as ſprings from the very ſubject, as has been already urged; then the winding-up of the plot, by a more ſure claim, muſt have this qualification, and be a probable conſequence of all that went before. As this is what the readers regard more than the reſt, ſo ſhould the poet be more exact in it. This is the end of the poem, and the laſt impreſſion that is to be ſtamped upon them.

We ſhall find this in the Odyſſey. Ulyſſes by a tempeſt is caſt upon the iſland of the Phæacians, to whom he diſcovers himſelf, and deſires they would favour his return to his own country, which was not very far diſtant. One cannot ſee any reaſon why the king of this iſland ſhould refuſe ſuch a reaſonable requeſt, to a hero whom he ſeemed to have in great eſteem. The Phæacians indeed had heard him tell the ſtory of his adventures; and in this fabulous recital conſiſted all the advantage that he could derive from his preſence; for the art of war which they admired in him, his undauntedneſs under dangers, his indefatigable patience, and other virtues, were ſuch as theſe iſlanders were not uſed to. All their talent lay in ſinging and dancing, and whatſoever was charming in a quiet life. And here we ſee how dextrouſly Homer prepares the incidents he makes uſe of. Theſe people could do no leſs, for the account with which Ulyſſes had ſo much entertained them, than afford him a ſhip and a ſafe convoy, which was of little expence or trouble to them.

When he arrived, his long abſence, and the travels which had diſfigured him, made him altogether unknown; and the danger he would have incurred, had he diſcovered himſelf too ſoon, forced him to a diſguiſe: Laſtly, This diſguiſe gave him an opportunity of ſurpriſing thoſe young ſuitors, who for ſeveral years together had been accuſtomed to nothing but to ſleep well, and fare daintily.

It was from theſe examples that Ariſtotle drew this rule, that "Whatever concludes the "poem, ſhould ſo ſpring from the very conſtitu- "tion of the fable, as if it were a neceſſary, or "at leaſt a probable, conſequence."

SECT. VI.

THE TIME OF THE ACTION.

The time of the epic action is not fixed, like that of the dramatic poem; it is much longer: for an uninterrupted duration is much more neceſſary in an action which one ſees and is preſent at, than in one which we only read or hear repeated. Beſides, tragedy is fuller of paſſion, and conſequently of ſuch a violence as cannot admit of ſo long a duration.

The Iliad containing an action of anger and violence, the poet allows it but a ſhort time, about forty days. The deſign of the Odyſſey required another conduct; the character of the hero is prudence and long-ſuffering; therefore the time of its duration is much longer, above eight years.

THE PASSIONS OF THE EPIC POEM.

The paſſions of tragedy are different from thoſe of the epic poem. In the former, terror and pity have the chief place; the paſſion that ſeems moſt peculiar to epic poetry, is admiration.

Beſides this admiration, which in general diſtinguiſhes the Epic Poem from the Dramatic; each epic poem has likewiſe ſome peculiar paſſion, which diſtinguiſhes it in particular from other epic poems, and conſtitutes a kind of ſingular and individual difference between theſe poems of the ſame ſpecies. Theſe ſingular paſſions correſpond to the character of the hero. Anger and terror reign throughout the Iliad, becauſe Achilles is angry, and the moſt terrible of all men. The Æneid has all ſoft and tender paſſions, becauſe that is the character of Æneas. The prudence, wiſdom, and conſtancy of Ulyſſes do not allow him either of theſe extremes; therefore the poet does not permit one of them to be predominant in the Odyſſey. He confines himſelf to admiration only, which he carries to an higher pitch than in the Iliad: and it is upon this account that he introduces a great many more machines, in the Odyſſey, into the body of the action, than are to be ſeen in the actions of the other two poems.

THE MANNERS.

The manners of the Epic Poem ought to be poetically good, but it is not neceſſary they be always morally ſo. They are poetically good, when one may diſcover the virtue or vice, the

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good or ill inclinations of every one who ſpeaks or acts: they are poetically bad, when perſons are made to ſpeak or act out of character, or inconſiſtantly, or unequally. The manners of Æneas and of Mezentius are equally good, conſidered poetically, becauſe they equally demonſtrate the piety of the one, and the impiety of the other.

CHARACTER OF THE HERO.

It is requiſite to make the ſame diſtinction between a hero in morality, and a hero in poetry, as between moral and poetical goodneſs. Achilles had as much right to the latter, as Æneas. Ariſtotle ſays, That the hero of a poem ſhould be neither good nor bad; neither advanced above the reſt of mankind by his virtues, or ſunk beneath them by his vices; that he may be the proper and fuller example to others, both what to imitate and what to decline.

The other qualifications of the manners are, that they be ſuitable to the cauſes which either raiſe or diſcover them in the perſons; that they have an exact reſemblance to what hiſtory, or fable, have delivered of thoſe perſons, to whom they are aſcribed; and that there be an equality in them, ſo that no man is made to act, or ſpeak, out of his character.

UNITY OF THE CHARACTER.

But this equality is not ſufficient for the unity of the character; it is further neceſſary, that the ſame ſpirit appear in all ſorts of encounters. Thus Æneas acting with great piety and mildneſs in the firſt part of the Æneid, which requires no other character; and afterwards appearing illuſtrious in heroic valour, in the wars of the ſecond part; but there, without any appearance either of a hard or a ſoft diſpoſition, would, doubtleſs, be far from offending againſt the equality of the manners: but yet there would be no ſimplicity or unity in the character. So that, beſides the qualities that claim their particular place upon different occaſions, there muſt be one appearing throughout, which commands over all the reſt; and without this, we may affirm, it is no character.

One may indeed make a hero as valiant as Achilles, as pious as Æneas, and as prudent as Ulyſſes. But it is a mere chimera, to imagine a hero that has the valour of Achilles, the piety of Æneas, and the prudence of Ulyſſes, at one and the ſame time. This viſion might happen to an author, who would ſuit the character of a hero to whatever each part of the action might naturally require, without regarding the eſſence of the fable, or the unity of the character in the ſame perſon upon all ſorts of occaſions: this hero would be the mildeſt, beſt-natured prince in the world, and alſo the moſt choleric, hard-hearted, and implacable creature imaginable; he would be extremely tender like Æneas, extremely violent like Achilles, and yet have the indifference of Ulyſſes, that is incapable of the two extremes. Would it not be in vain for the poet to call this perſon by the ſame name throughout?

Let us reflect on the effects it would produce in ſeveral poems, whoſe authors were of opinion, that the chief character of a hero is that of an accompliſhed man. They would be all alike: all valiant in battle, prudent in council, pious in the acts of religion, courteous, civil, magnificent; and, laſtly, endued with all the prodigious virtues any poet could invent. All this would be independent from the action and the ſubject of the poem; and upon ſeeing each hero ſeparated from the reſt of the work: we ſhould not eaſily gueſs, to what action, and to what poem, the hero belonged. So that we ſhould ſee, that none of thoſe would have a character; ſince the character is that which makes a perſon diſcernible, and which diſtinguiſhes him from all others.

This commanding quality in Achilles, is his anger; in Ulyſſes the art of diſſimulation; in Æneas, meekneſs. Each of theſe may be ſtiled, by way of eminence, the character in theſe heroes.

But theſe characters cannot be alone. It is abſolutely neceſſary that ſome other ſhould give them a luſtre, and embelliſh them as far as they are capable: either by hiding the defects that are in each, by ſome noble and ſhining qualities; as the poet has done the anger of Achilles, by ſhading it with extraordinary valour: or by making them entirely of the nature of a true and ſolid virtue, as is to be obſerved in the two others. The diſſimulation of Ulyſſes is a part of his prudence; and the meekneſs of Æneas is wholly employed in ſubmitting his will to the Gods. For the making up of this union, our poets have joined together ſuch qualities as are by nature the moſt compatible; valour with anger, meekneſs with piety, and prudence with diſſimulation. This laſt union was neceſſary for the goodneſs of Ulyſſes; for, without that, his diſſimulation might have degenerated into wickedneſs and double-dealing.

SECT. VII.

OF THE MACHINERY.

We now come to the machines of the Epic Poem. The chief paſſion which it aims to excite being admiration, nothing is ſo conducive to that as the marvellous; and the importance and dignity of the action is by nothing ſo greatly elevated as by the care and interpoſition of Heaven.

Theſe machines are of three ſorts. Some are theological, and were invented to explain the nature of the Gods. Others are phyſical, and repreſent the things of nature. The laſt are moral, and are images of virtues and vices.

Homer and the ancients have given to their deities the manners, paſſions, and vices of men. The poems are wholly allegorical; and in this view it is eaſier to defend Homer than to blame him. We cannot accuſe him for making mention of many Gods, for his beſtowing paſſions upon them, or even introducing them fighting againſt men. The Scripture uſes the like figures and expreſſions.

If it be allowable to ſpeak thus of the Gods in theology, much more in the fictions of natural philoſophy; where, if a poet deſcribes the deities, he muſt give them ſuch manners, ſpeeches, and ac-

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tions, as are conformable to the nature of the things they repreſent under thoſe divinities. The caſe is the ſame in the morals of the deities: Minerva is wiſe, becauſe ſhe repreſents prudence; Venus is both good or bad, becauſe the paſſion of love is capable of theſe contrary qualities.

Since among the Gods of a poem ſome are good, ſome bad, and ſome indifferently either; and ſince of our paſſions we make ſo many allegorical deities, we may attribute to the Gods all that is done in the poem, whether good or evil. But theſe deities do not act conſtantly in one and the ſame manner.

Sometimes they act inviſibly, and by mere inſpiration, which has nothing in it extraordinary or miraculous, being no more than what we ſay every day, "That ſome God has aſſiſted us, or "ſome dæmon has inſtigated us."

At other times thy appear viſibly, and manifeſt themſelves to men, in a manner altogether miraculous and preternatural.

The third way has ſomething of both the others; it is in truth a miracle, but is not commonly ſo accounted: this includes dreams, oracles, &c.

All theſe ways muſt be probable; for however neceſſary the marvellous is to the Epic Action, as nothing is ſo conducive to admiration; yet we can, on the other hand, admire nothing, that we think impoſſible. Though the probability of theſe machines be of a very large extent, (ſince it is founded upon Divine Power) it is not without limitations. There are numerous inſtances of allowable and probable machines in the Epic Poem, where the Gods are no leſs actors than the men. But the leſs credible ſort, ſuch as metamorphoſes, &c. are far more rare.

This ſuggeſts a reflection on the method of rendering thoſe machines probable, which in their own nature are hardly ſo. Thoſe, which require only divine probability, ſhould be ſo diſengaged from the action, that one might ſubtract them from it, without deſtroying the action. But thoſe, which are eſſential and neceſſary, ſhould be grounded upon human probability, and not on the ſole power of God. Thus the epiſodes of Circe, the Syrens, Polyphemus, &c. are neceſſary to the action of the Odyſſey, and yet not humanly probable: yet Homer has artificially reduced them to human probability, by the ſimplicity and ignorance of the Phæacians, before whom he cauſes thoſe recitals to be made.

The next queſtion is, Where, and on what occaſions, machines may be uſed? It is certain Homer and Virgil make uſe of them every where, and ſcarce ſuffer any action to be performed without them. Petronius makes this a precept: "Per-"ambages, deorumque miniſteria, &c." The Gods are mentioned in the very propoſition of their works, the invocation is addreſt to them, and the whole narration is full of them. The Gods are the cauſes of the action, they form the intrigue, and bring about the ſolution. The precept of Ariſtotle and Horace, that the unravelling of the plot ſhould not proceed from a miracle, or the appearance of a God, has place only in Dramatic Poetry, not in the Epic. For it is plain that both in the ſolution of the Iliad and Odyſſey the Gods are concerned: in the former, the deities meet to appeaſe the anger of Achilles: Iris and Mercury are ſent to that purpoſe, and Minerva eminently aſſiſts Achilles in the deciſive combat with Hector. In the Odyſſey, the ſame Goddeſs fights cloſe by Ulyſſes againſt the ſuitors, and concludes that peace betwixt him and the Ithacenſians, which completes the poem.

We may therefore determine, that a machine is not an invention to extricate the poet out of any difficulty which embarraſſes him: but that the preſence of a Divinity, and ſome action ſurpriſing and extraordinary, and inſerted into almoſt all the parts of the work, in order to render it more majeſtic and more admirable. But this mixture ought to be ſo made, that the machine might be retrenched, without taking any thing from the action: at the ſame time that it gives the readers a leſſon of piety and virtue; and teaches them, that the moſt brave and the moſt wiſe can do nothing, and attain nothing great and glorious, without the aſſiſtance of heaven. Thus the machinery crowns the whole work, and renders it at once marvellous, probable, and moral.

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POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minerva's Deſcent to Ithaca.

The poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulyſſes in his dominions. He had now remained ſeven years in the iſland of Calypſo, when the Gods aſſembled in council propoſed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpoſe it is concluded to ſend Mercury to Calypſo, and Pallas immediately deſcends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the ſhape of Mentes, king of the Taphians; in which ſhe adviſes him to take a journey in queſt of his father Ulyſſes, to Pylos and Sparta, where Neſtor and Menelaus yet reigned: then, after having viſibly diſplayed her divinity, diſappears. The ſuitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius ſings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a ſtop to the ſong. Some words ariſe between the ſuitors and Telemachus, who ſummons the council to meet the day following.

Tell me, for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muſe! reſound,
Who, when his arms had wrought the deſtin'd fall
Of ſacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall,
Wandering from clime to clime, obſervant ſtray'd,
Their manners noted, and their ſtates ſurvey'd,
On ſtormy ſeas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal ſhore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unbleſs'd!) to touch that natal ſhore.
Oh, ſnatch ſome portion of theſe acts from Fate,
Celeſtial Muſe! and to our world relate.
Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the war of ten long years ſurviv'd,
And 'ſcap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulyſſes, ſole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coaſt,
Deplor'd his abſent queen, and empire loſt.
Calypſo in her caves conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years diſcloſe
The day predeſtin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hoſtile power reſtrain,
All but the ruthleſs monarch of the main.
But now the God, remote, a heavenly gueſt,
In Æthiopia grac'd the general feaſt
(A race divided, whom with ſloping rays
The riſing and deſcending ſun ſurveys);
There on the world's extremeſt verge rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Diſtant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
Th' aſſembly thus the Sire ſupreme addreſt,
Ægyſthus' fate revolving in his breaſt,
Whom young Oreſtes to the dreary coaſt
Of Pluto ſent, a blood-polluted ghoſt.

Perverſe mankind! whoſe wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on abſolute decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt tranſlate,
And follies are miſcall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his luſt Ægyſthus gave the rein,
Did fate, or we, th' adulterous act conſtrain?
Did Fate, or we, when great Atrides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I ſent, while yet his ſoul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Oreſtes, grown
To manly years, ſhould re-aſſert the throne.
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontrol'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heaven foretold.
Here paus'd the God; and penſive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes:
O thou! from whom the whole creation ſprings,
The ſource of power on earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breaſt,
For brave Ulyſſes, ſtill by Fate oppreſt.
Amidſt an iſle, around whoſe rocky ſhore
The foreſts murmur, and the ſurges roar,
The blameleſs hero from his wiſh'd-for home
A goddeſs guards in her inchanted dome:
(Atlas her ſire, to whoſe far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the ſtarry vault, and prop the ſpheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who ſoothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Succeſsleſs all her ſoft careſſes prove,
To baniſh from his breaſt his country's love;
To ſee the ſmoke from his lov'd palace riſe,
While the dear iſle in diſtant proſpect lies,
With what contentment would he cloſe his eyes?
And will Omnipotence neglect to ſave
The ſuffering virtue of the wiſe and brave?

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Muſt he, whoſe altars on the Phrygian ſhore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
Be doom'd the worſt of human ills to prove,
Unbleſs'd abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?
Daughter! what words have paſs'd thy lips unweigh'd?
(Reply'd the Thunderer to the martial maid)
Deem not unjuſtly by my doom oppreſt
Of human race the wiſeſt and the beſt.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-ſon,
Whoſe viſual orb Ulyſſes robb'd of light!
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoöſa bore (the bright increaſe
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the ſounds and ſeas:
Whom Neptune ey'd with [illegible] of beauty bleſt,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compreſt.
For this, the God conſtrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeleſs exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt---but ceaſe to mourn!
Let all combine t' achieve his wiſh'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath ſhall now refrain,
Or thwart the ſynod of the Gods in vain.
Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bower reſide
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantic * iſle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypſo's court,
The ſanction of th' aſſembled powers report:
That wiſe Ulyſſes to his native land
Muſt ſpeed, obedient to their high command.
Mean time Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of ſea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine to form his green unpractis'd years,
In ſage debates; ſurrounded with his peers,
To ſave the ſtate; and timely to reſtrain
The bold intruſion of the ſuitor-train:
Who crowd his palace, and with lawleſs power
His herds and flocks in feaſtful rites devour.
To diſtant Sparta, and the ſpacious waſte
Of ſandy Pyle, the royal youth ſhall haſte.
There, warm with filial love, the cauſe inquire
That from his realm retards his god-like ſire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promiſe of a great, immortal name.
She ſaid: the ſandals of celeſtial mould,
Pledg'd with ambroſial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with theſe ſublime ſhe ſails
Th' æthérial ſpace, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to ſpar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vaſt; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight ſhe bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca deſcends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave diſguiſe
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land);
A glittering ſpear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and miſ-rule ſurvey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad ſpoils of luxury) the ſuitors ſate.
With rival art, and ardour in their mein,
At cheſs they vie, to captivate the queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh
A menial train the flowing bowl ſupply:
Others, apart, the ſpacious hall prepare,
And form the coſtly feaſt with buſy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celeſtial ſweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle ſhines: but hope and fear
(Painful viciſſitude!) his boſom tear.
Now, imag'd in his mind, he ſees reſtor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppreſſors fly the vengeful ſword.
While his fond ſoul theſe fancied triumphs ſwell'd;
The ſtranger gueſt, the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a viſitant ſo long ſhould wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Inſtant he flew with hoſpitable haſte,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd
Stranger! whoe'er thou art, ſecurely reſt,
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly gueſt:
Approach the dome, the ſocial banquet ſhare,
And then the purpoſe of thy ſoul declare.
Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown Celeſtial leads.
The ſpear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Againſt a column, fair with ſculpture grac'd;
Where ſeemly rang'd in peaceful order ſtood
Ulyſſes' arms, now long diſus'd to blood.
He led the Goddeſs to the ſovereign ſeat,
Her feet ſupported with a ſtool of ſtate
(A purple carpet ſpread the pavement wide);
Then drew his ſeat, familiar to her ſide;
Far from the ſuitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With inſolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free gueſt, unnotic'd, might relate,
If haply conſcious, of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obſequious brings,
Repleniſh from the cool, tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious water the bright vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver, of capacious ſize:
They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
They heap the glittering canniſters with bread
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Delicious wines th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave luſtre to the purple draught.
Luſt'd with the vapour of the fragrant feaſt,
In ruſh'd the ſuitors with voracious haſte:
Marſhall'd in order due, to each a ſewer
Preſents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxuriant then they feaſt. Obſervant round
Gay ſtripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance
And form to meaſur'd airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was conſign'd the chorded lyre,
Whoſe hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
Phemius, whoſe voice divine could ſweeteſt
High ſtrains, reſponſive to the vocal ſtring.
Mean while, in whiſpers to his heavenly
His indignation thus the prince expreſt:
Indulge my riſing grief; whilſt theſe (my
With ſong and dance the pompous revel end
Light is the dance, and doubly ſweet the
When for the dear delight another pays,
His treaſur'd ſtores theſe cormorants con
Whoſe bones, defrauded of a regal tomb

* Ogygia.

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And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But, ah, I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled!
And hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's social train?
All who deserv'd his choice he made his own,
And, curious much to know, he far was known.
My birth I boast (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:
A duteous people, and industrious isle,
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.
Freighted with iron from my native land,
I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
To gain by commerce for the labour'd mass,
A just proportion of refulgent brass.
Far from your capital my ship resides
At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.
Thence to revisit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary guest I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unspotted, and its early date;
Who, prest with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural shade prefers,
Where, sole of all his train, a matron sage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble steps from marshalling his vines
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.
With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulysses' safe return, I came;
But still the frown of some celestial Power
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair;
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep surrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd breast,
To me, no seer, th' inspiring Gods suggest;
Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the sky,
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,
And soon restore him to his regal seat.
But, generous youth! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides to Troy;
But, parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.
To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth assenting faith relies;
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulysses' son: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the storms which tost the great!
Happier the son, whose hoary sire is blest
With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!
To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine:
Oh true descendant of a sceptre'd line!
The Gods a glorious fate from anguish free
To chaste Penelope's increase decree.
But say, yon joyful troop so gaily drest,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feast!
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unseemly flown with insolence and wine;
Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye?
Magnificence of old (the prince replied)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now (so heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter constraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,
Had fall'n surrounded with his warlike train;
Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,
New to his friends' embrace, had breath'd his last! [raise
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would
Historic marbles, to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honour grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:
Vanish'd at once! unheard-of and unknown!
And I his heir in misery alone.
Nor for a dear, lost father only flow
The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe:
To tempt the spouseless queen with amorous wiles,
Resort the nobles from the neighbouring isles;
From Samos, circled with the Ionian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign:
Ev'n with presumptuous hope her bed t' ascend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expence devour,
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.
With tender pity touch'd, the Goddess cried:
Soon may kind heaven a sure relief provide!
Soon may your fire discharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue!
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd
(For so of old my father's court he grac'd,
When social mirth unbent his serious soul,
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl);

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He then from Epyré, the fair domain
Of Ilus, ſprung from Jaſon's royal ſtrain,
Meaſur'd a length of ſeas, a toilſome length, in vain.
For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Obſervant of the Gods, and ſternly juſt,
Thus refus'd t' impart the baneful truſt:
With friendlier zeal my father's ſoul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon deſir'd.
Appear'd he now with ſuch heroic port,
As then conſpicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon ſhould yon boaſters ceaſe their haughty ſtrife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wish'd return the care reſign,
Be future vengeance to the pow[illegible] divine.
My ſentence hear: with ſtern [illegible]aſte avow'd,
To their own diſtricts drive the ſuitor-crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple eaſt,
Convoke the peerage, and the Gods atteſt;
The ſorrows of your inmoſt ſoul relate,
And form ſure plans to ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Should ſecond love a pleaſing flame inſpire,
And the chaſte queen connubial rites require;
Diſmiſs'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Inſtant, to foreign realms prepare to ſail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the meſſenger of Jove)
Propitious to the ſearch. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean firſt to ſandy Pyle;
Of Neſtor, hoary ſage, his doom demand:
Thence ſpeed your voyage to the Spartan ſtrand;
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coaſt
Arriv'd the laſt of all the victor hoſt.
If yet Ulyſſes views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year.
But if his ſoul hath wing'd the deſtin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep diſaſtrous night:
Homeward with pious ſpeed repaſs the main,
To the pale ſhade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaſte queen ſelect an equal lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the ſuitor-train deſtroy,
And, ſtarting into manhood, ſcorn the boy.
Haſt thou not heard how young Oreſtes fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praiſe acquir'd?
His virgin-ſword Ægyſthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O greatly bleſs'd with every blooming grace!
With equal ſteps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And ſhine eternal in the ſphere of Fame.
But my aſſociates now my ſtay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarſe-reſounding ſhore.
Thou, heedful of advice, ſecure proceed:
My praiſe the precept is, be thine the deed.
The counſel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So father's ſpeak (perſuaſive ſpeech and mild)
Their ſage experience to the favourite child.
But, ſince to part, for ſweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.
Deter the promis'd boon, (the Goddeſs cries,
Celeſtial azure brightening in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temeſé return'd, your royal court
I ſhall reviſit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendſhip, leave.
Abrupt, with eagle-ſpeed ſhe cut the ſky;
Inſtant inviſible to mortal eye.
Then firſt he recogniz'd th' æthereal gueſt;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breaſt:
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate;
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length, compos'd, he join'd the ſuitor-throng;
Huſh'd in attention to the warbled ſong.
His tender theme the charming lyriſt choſe,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes,
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
The ſhrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the ſilver ſounds.
With grief renew'd the weeping fair deſcends;
Their ſovereign's ſtep a virgin train attends:
A veil, of richeſt texture wrought, ſhe wears,
And ſilent to the joyous hall repairs.
There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minſtrel's tuneful hand:
Phemius! let acts of Gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with ſilent joy.
But, oh! forbear that dear diſaſtrous name,
To ſorrow ſacred, and ſecure of fame:
My bleeding boſom ſickens at the ſound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound.
Why, deareſt object of my dutcous love,
(Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's æthereal rays (reſiſtleſs fire)
The chanter's ſoul and raptur'd ſong inſpire:
Inſtinct divine! nor blame ſevere his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice;
For novel lays attract our raviſh'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the ſadly pleaſing ſtrain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a periſh'd lord, alone.
What Greeks now wandering in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulyſſes ſhar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years the queen admires
His ſage reply, and with her train retires.
Then ſwelling ſorrows burſt their former bounds,
With echoing grief afreſh the dome reſounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In ſlumber cloſ'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Mean time, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating boſom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus aſſum'd the man.

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What (he cry'd) your female discord end,
Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend;
Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane
With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.
Pacific now prolong the jovial feast;
But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,
I, to the peers assembled, shall propose
The firm resolve, I here in few disclose:
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your several states with speed resort;
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
By him, and all th' immortal thrones above,
(A sacred oath) each proud oppressor, slain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain.
  Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young, [tongue.
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the
Silence at length the gay Antinous broke,
Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke:
What God to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of state!
  Those toils (Telemachus serene replies)
Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the wise.
Fast by the throne obsequious Fame resides,
And wealth inceasant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinous rage, if strong desire
Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire:
Elect by Jove his delegate of sway,
With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of night,
Should factious power dispute my lineal right,
Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
To your pretence their title would precede.
At least, the sceptre lost, I still should reign
Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train.
  To this Eurymachus: To heaven alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
Undoubted, all your filial claim confess:
Your private right should impious power invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
But say, that stranger guest who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage
His grave demeanour and majestic grace [shew.
Speak him descended of no vulgar race:
Did he some loan of ancient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your sceptre'd sire?
  Oh, son of Polybus! the prince replies,
No more my sire will glad these longing eyes:
The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with incircling seas,
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name of old
High in Ulysses' social list inroll'd.
  Thus he, though conscious of th' etherial guest,
Answer'd evasive of the sly request.
Mean time the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the star of eve with golden light
Adorn'd the matron-brow of sable night;
The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,
And to their several domes to rest resort.
A towering structure to the palace join'd;
To this his steps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the sage Euryclea bears;
(Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In rosy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,
With dear esteem: too wise, with jealous strife
To taint the joys of sweet connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her service ends,
A child she nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
  Whilst to his couch the prince himself addrest,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest:
The purple vest with decent care dispos'd,
The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclos'd;
The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in silent shade,
Pensive, the rules the Goddess gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Council of Ithaca.

Telemachus, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an Augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulysses), helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses in Ithaca.

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Now reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Roſe anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his ſide,
Embroider'd ſandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd majeſtic as a God.
Then by his heralds, reſtleſs of delay,
To council calls his peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in ſolemn form th' aſſembly ſate,
From his high dome himſelf deſcends in ſtate.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin ſhin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.
His father's throne he fill'd: while diſtant ſtood
The hoary peers, and aged wiſdom bow'd.
'Twas ſilence all. At laſt Ægyptius ſpoke;
Ægyptius, by his age and ſorrows broke:
A length of days his ſoul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldeſt † hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulyſſes taught the path to fame;
But (hapleſs youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his ſpouting gore.
Three ſons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aſpires;
The reſt with dutcous love his griefs aſſuage,
And eaſe the fire of half the cares of age.
Yet ſtill his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And, as he ſtood, he ſpoke and wept by turns:
Since great Ulyſſes fought the Phrygian plains,
Within theſe walls inglorious ſilence reigns.
Say then, ye peers, by whoſe commands we meet!
Why here once more in ſolemn council ſit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cauſe diſcloſe:
Arrives ſome meſſage of invading foes?
Or ſay, does high neceſſity of ſtate
Inſpire ſome patriot, and demand debate?
The preſent ſynod ſpeaks its author wiſe;
Aſſiſt him, Jove, thou regent of the ſkies!
He ſpoke. Telemachus with tranſport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majeſtic roſe
(His royal hand, th' imperial ſceptre ſway'd);
Then thus, addreſſing to Egyptius, ſaid:
Reverend old man! lo here conſeſt he ſtands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No ſtory I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the bleſt land, and joys inceſſant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my loſt ſire continual ſorrows ſpring,
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more; our houſe from its foundation bows,
Our foes are powerful, and your ſons the foes;
Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come;
Why ſeek they not the rich Icarian dome!
If ſhe muſt wed, from other hands require
The dowry: is Telemachus her ſire?
Yet through my court the noiſe of revel rings,
And waſte the wiſe frugality of kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury ſuffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours ſupplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot ſtill they grow,
Nor in the helpleſs orphan dread a foe.

† Antiphus.

But come it will, the time when manhood grant
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! inſufferable wrong
Cries to the Gods, and vengeance ſleeps too long.
Riſe then, ye Peers! with virtuous anger riſe!
Your fame revere, but moſt th' avenging ſkies.
By all the deathleſs powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thundering Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies;
Succeſs; and humbles, or confirms the wiſe)
Riſe in my aid! ſuffice the tears that flow
For my loſt ſire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the ſword to ſtrengthen ill,
Or, having power to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath aſſuage,
And bid the voice of lawleſs riot rage.
If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the ſpoilers, and our wealth conſume.
Then might we hope redreſs from juſter laws,
And raiſe all Ithaca to aid our cauſe:
But while your ſons commit th' unpuniſh'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too ſtrong.
While thus he ſpoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And daſh'd the imperial ſceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The ſynod griev'd, and gave a pitying ſigh.
Then ſilent ſate—at length Antinoüs burns:
With haughty rage, and ſternly thus returns:
O inſolence of youth! whoſe tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice diſplays thy mother's ſhame.
Eluſive of the bridal day, ſhe gives
Fond hope to all, and all with hopes deceives.
Did not the ſun, through heaven's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While ſhe, laborious in deluſion ſpread
The ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:
Where as to life the wonderous figures riſe,
Thus ſpoke th' inventive queen, with artful ſighs:
"Though cold in death Ulyſſes breathes no more,
"Ceaſe yet a while, to urge the bridal hour;
"Ceaſe, till to great Laërtes I bequeath
"A taſk of grief, his orments of death;
"Left when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
"The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
"When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
"Shall want in death a ſhroud to grace his ſhade."
Thus ſhe: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in Virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but, ſtudious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the ſun his annual journey made,
The conſcious lamp the midnight fraud ſurvey'd;
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.
We ſaw, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Then urg'd, ſhe perfects her illuſtrious toils;
A wonderous monument of female wiles!
But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear
(I ſpeak aloud, that every Greek may hear):
Diſmiſs the queen: and if her ſire approves,
Let him eſpouſe her to the peer ſhe loves:

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Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her soul is blest,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast,
In wonderous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd;
Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boast of Fame)
Yet, thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree,
She shines with fatal excellence to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
Till righteous heaven reclaim her stubborn breast.
What tho' from pole to pole resounds her name,
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
For, till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.
While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
Ev'n nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dower?
How from my father should I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curse my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise?
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.
If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowls shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th' immortal host above,
(A sacred oath) if heaven the power supply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.
With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind,
Above th' assembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And, shrieking loud, denounce approaching Fate,
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they rend, [scend:
And from their plumes huge drops of blood de-
Then, sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full tow'rd the east, and mount into the sky.
The wondering rivals gaze with cares oppress,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
Till, big with knowledge of approaching woes,
The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose:
Prescient he view'd th' aërial tracks, and drew
A sure presage from every wing that flew.
Ye sons (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.
Why cease we then the wrath of heaven to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye Great! the way.
For, lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate;
I speak from science, and the voice is fate.
When great Ulysses sought the Phrygian shores
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven seal'd my words, and you those deeds behold.
I see (I cry'd) his woes, a countless train; [hold.
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams:
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!
To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wise dreams, and fables of the sky.
Go prophecy at home; thy sons advise: [skies,
Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulysses lies: oh, wert thou laid as low!
Then would that busy head no broils suggest,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.
From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And interest, not the God, thy voice inspires.
His guideless youth, if thy experienc'd age
Misled fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deserv'd thy malice shall repress,
And but augment the wrongs thou wouldst re- [dress.
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Till she retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, O Prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler suit we cease;
For wealth and beauty less than virtue please.
To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in silence let them dwell.
But Heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:
To Heaven, and all the Greeks, redress belongs.
Yet this I ask, (nor be it ask'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And seek my royal sire from shore to shore:
If, or to Fame his doubtful Fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty shades; I measure back the main
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed.
He ceas'd; and while the peers abash'd attend,
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he fought the scenes of war,
" My friend, (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;
" Years roll'd on years my godlike sire decay,
" Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."]
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around, [frown'd:
That flash'd with rage; and as he spoke, he

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O never, never more! let king be juſt,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his truſt!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppreſs, deſtroy, and be the ſcourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So ſoon forgot, was juſt and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I ſhare;
Yet now the rivals are my ſmalleſt care:
They, for the mighty miſchiefs they deviſe,
Ere long ſhall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
But againſt you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my ſoul is mov'd with juſt diſdain!
Dumb ye all ſtand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.
While yet he ſpoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'ſt thou to riſe in arms, the Greeks, adviſe?
Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, ariſe!
Yet would your powers in vain our ſtrength oppoſe!
The valiant few o'ermatch an hoſt of foes.
Should great Ulyſſes ſtern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Though to his breaſt his ſpouſe with tranſport flies,
Torn from her breaſt, that hour, Ulyſſes dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the veſſel, Mentor! be thy care,
And, Halitherſes! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the ſon attend.
But yet, I truſt, the boaſter means to ſtay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way.
Then, with a ruſhing ſound, th' aſſembly bend,
Diverſe their ſteps: the rival rout aſcend
The royal dome; while ſad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and ſorrowing treads the ſhores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he ſhed,
The royal ſuppliant to Minerva pray'd:
O Goddeſs! who deſcending from the ſkies
Vouchſaf'd thy preſence to my wondering eyes,
By whoſe commands the raging deeps I trace,
And ſeek my ſire thro' ſtorms and rolling ſeas!
Hear from thy heavens above, oh, warrior-maid!
Deſcend once more propitious to my aid.
Without thy preſence, vain is thy command:
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withſtand.
Indulgent to his prayer the Goddeſs took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor ſpoke:
O prince, in early youth divinely wiſe,
Born, the Ulyſſes of thy age to riſe!
If to the ſon the father's worth deſcends,
O'er the wide waves ſucceſs thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death he ſtood prepar'd;
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wiſe ſons deſcendents of the wiſe,
And did not heroes from brave heroes riſe:
Vain were my hopes: few ſons attain the praiſe
Of their great ſires, and moſt their ſires diſgrace.
But ſince thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy ſoul inſpires:
Go, and ſucceed! the rivals aims deſpiſe;
For never, never, wicked man was wiſe.
Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall;
Death haſtes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with ſpeed we plough the watery way,
My power ſhall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged veſſel ſtudious I prepare,
Through ſeas and realms companions of thy care.
Thou to the court aſcend: and to the ſhores
(When night advances) bear the naval ſtores;
Bread, that decaying man with ſtrength ſupplies,
And generous wine, which thoughtful ſorrow flies
Mean while the mariners, by my command,
Shall ſpeed aboard, a valiant choſen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by veſſel veſſel rides;
The beſt I chooſe to waft thee o'er the tides.
She ſpoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And, as he moves, with royal anguiſh mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawleſs train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay ſlain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous preſt,
And, thus deriding, with a ſmile addreſt:
Grieve not, oh, daring prince! that noble heart:
Ill ſuits gay youth the ſtern heroic part;
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy ſoul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to eaſe thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the ſwelling tides.
In this, returns the prince, for mirth a time?
When lawleſs gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
The luſcious wines, diſhonour'd loſe their taſte;
The ſong is noiſe, and impious is the feaſt.
Suffice it to have ſpent with ſwift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wiſe inſtructions of the ſage,
And manly thoughts inſpir'd by manly age,
Teach me to ſeek redreſs for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your veſſels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I paſs the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow;
And where on earth I live, I live your foe.
He ſpoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to ſtay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and ſtrode away.
Mean time, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feaſt,
Deriſive taunts were ſpread from gueſt to gueſt,
And each in jovial mood his mate addreſt:
Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the ſtern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand ſupplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyré with poiſons fraught.
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?
Or, who can ſay (his gameſome mate replies)
But, while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his ſire, may ſink depriv'd of breath,
And puniſh us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To ſeize his treaſures, and divide his ſtate,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal day!
Mean time the lofty rooms the prince ſurveys,
Where lay the treaſures of th' Ithacian race:
Here ruddy braſs and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There poliſh'd cheſts embroider'd veſtures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There caſks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome
(Pure flavorous wine, by Gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feaſts of heaven).
Untouch'd they ſtood, till, his long labours o'er,
The great Ulyſſes reach'd his native ſhore.

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A double ſtrength of bars ſecur'd the gates:
Paſt by the door the wife Eurycles waits;
Eurycles, who, great Ops! thy lineage ſhar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the prince: O thou, whoſe guardian care [air:
Nurs'd the moſt wretched king that breathes the
Untouch'd and ſacred may theſe veſſels ſtand,
Till great Ulyſſes views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd;
Next theſe in worth, and firm thoſe urns be ſeal'd;
And twice ten meaſures of the choiceſt flour
Prepar'd, ere yet deſcends the evening hour.
For when the favouring ſhades of night ariſe,
And peaceful ſlumbers cloſe my mother's eyes,
Me from our coaſts ſhall ſpreading ſails convey,
To ſeek Ulyſſes through the watery way.
While yet he ſpoke, ſhe fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my ſon? ſhe cry'd,
To realms, that rocks and roaring ſeas divide?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all muſt periſh, and by fraud you die! [main;
Then ſtay, my child! ſtorms beat, and rolls the
Oh, beat thoſe ſtorms, and roll the ſeas in vain!
Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driven: [ven.
Heaven calls me forth! theſe counſels are of Hea-
But, by the powers that hate the perjur'd, ſwear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
Till twice ſix times deſcends the lamp of day:
Leſt the ſad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief deſtroy what time a while would ſpare.
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Atteſts th' all-ſeeing Sovereign of the ſkies.
Then ſtudious ſhe prepares the choiceſt flour,
The ſtrength of wheat, and wines an ample ſtore.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial Goddeſs with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and ſize,
With ſpeed divine from ſtreet to ſtreet ſhe flies,
She bids the mariners prepar'd, to ſtand,
When night deſcends, embody'd on the ſtrand.
Then to Noëmon ſwift ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
And aſks a bark: the chief a bark ſupplies.
And now, declining with his ſloping wheels,
Down ſunk the ſun behind the weſtern hills.
The Goddeſs ſhov'd the veſſels from the ſhores,
And ſtow'd within its womb the naval ſtores.
Full in the openings of the ſpacious main
It rides; and now deſcends the ſailor-train.
Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
With rapid ſtep the Goddeſs urg'd her way!
There every eye with ſlumberous chains ſhe bound,
And daſh'd the flowing goblet to the ground,
Drowſy they roſe, with heavy fumes oppreſt,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to reſt.
Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid.
Lo! on the ſeas, prepar'd the veſſel ſtands,
Th' impatient mariner thy ſpeed demands.
Swift as ſhe ſpoke, with rapid pace ſhe leads;
The footſteps of the Deity he treads.
Swift to the ſhore they move: along the ſtrand
The ready veſſel rides, the ſailors ready ſtand.
He bids them bring their ſtores; th' attending train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The Prince and Goddeſs to the ſtern aſcend;
To the ſtrong ſtroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the weſt ſhe bids freſh breezes blow;
The ſable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives; th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command:
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the ſpreading ſails
Bow the tall maſt, and ſwell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting ſurge divides,
And to the ſtern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ſhip their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the powers divine: [wine
Imploring all the Gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they ſtem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Interview of Telemachus and Neſtor.

Telemachus, guided by Pallas in the ſhape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Neſtor and his ſons are ſacrificing on the ſea-ſhore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occaſion of his coming; and Neſtor relates what paſt in their return from Troy, how their fleets were ſeparated, and he never ſince heard of Ulyſſes. They diſcourſe concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Oreſtes, and the injuries of the ſuitors. Neſtor adviſes him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The ſacrifice ended with the night, Minerva vaniſhes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they ſacrifice a bullock to Minerva; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Piſiſtratus.

The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore of Pylos.

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The sacred sun, above the waters rais'd,
Through heaven's eternal brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood,
Each held five hundred (a deputed train),
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
They take the entrails, and the altars load
With smoking thighs, an offering to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already prest the shore;
Not first, the Power of Wisdom march'd before,
And, ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:

Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expel;
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,
We pass'd the wide, immeasurable main.
Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,
With reverend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies.

Oh, tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty reply'd)
How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years.

To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoin'd:
Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind;
And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend.

She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where sate, encompast with his sons, the sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first, to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sate with youthful Thrasymed.
To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent Goddess in these words addrest:
Whoe'er thou art, whom Fortune brings to keep
The rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
The first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
Thee due libation and the solemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the Powers divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!

He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,
To see the preference due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of Ocean's king she then implores the grace:
Oh, thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desir'd success.

Thus she; and, having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And, now the victims dress,
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began:

Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to ask you, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Relate (if business, or the thirst of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:
Where savage pirates seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own.

Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddess given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise
And fam'd among the sons of men, replies:
Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?
(Oh, grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'erarching shades and pendent woods;
Us to these shores our filial duty draws,
A private sorrow, not a public cause.
My sire I seek, where-e'er the voice of Fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulysses; fam'd from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall,
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, oppress with tender fears,
Lo! at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:
And, oh! whate'er heaven destin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery smooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to suffer and to die.
Oh then, if ever through the ten years war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word:
Far as thy mind through backward time can see,
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'Tis sacred Truth I ask, and ask of thee.

To him experient'd Nestor thus rejoin'd:
O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind?
Shall I the long laborious scene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
Dauntless we rov'd, Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where mix'd in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:

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There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wife Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my ſon—ah, once my beſt delight,
Once ſwift of foot, and terrible in fight;
In whom ſtern courage with ſoft virtue join'd,
A faultleſs body, and a blameleſs mind:
Antilochus—what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious ſeries of our fate?
Not added years on years my taſk could cloſe,
The long hiſtorian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native iſlands might'ſt thou ſail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years on that deteſted ſhore,
What ſtratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
Still labouring on, till ſcarce at laſt we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conqueſt crown'd.
Far o'er the reſt thy mighty father ſhin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the ſon of that illuſtrious ſire?
With joy I graſp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words ſo wiſe,
Who finds thee younger muſt conſult his eyes.
Thy ſire and I were one; nor vary'd ought
In public ſentence, or in private thought;
Alike to council or th' aſſembly came,
With equal ſouls, and ſentiments the ſame.
But when, (by Wiſdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ſhips the conquering Greeks return'd;
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
Some he deſtroy'd, ſome ſcatter'd as the duſt,
(Nor all were prudent, and not all were juſt).
Then Diſcord, ſent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The brother-kings inſpir'd with fell debate;
Who call'd to council all th' Achaian ſtate,
But call'd untimely (not the ſacred rite
Obſerv'd, nor heedful of the ſetting light,
Nor herald ſworn the ſeſſion to proclaim).
Sour with debauch a reeling tribe they came.
To theſe the cauſe of meeting they explain,
And Menelaüs moves to croſs the main;
Nor ſo the king of men: he will'd to ſtay:
There ſacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to Fate!
The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
With fireful taunts each other they oppoſe,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks aroſe.
Now different counſels every breaſt divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverſe ſide:
Th' unquiet night ſtrange projects entertain'd
(So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).
We with the riſing morn our ſhips unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our ſtores aboard;
But half the people with reſpect obey'd
The king of men, and at his bidding ſtay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our courſe we keep
(For God had ſmooth'd the waters of the deep);
For Tenedos we ſpread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the Powers:
To bleſs our ſafe return we join in prayer;
But angry Jove diſpers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new diſcord. Then (ſo Heaven decreed)
Ulyſſes firſt and Neſtor diſagreed:
Wiſe as he was, by various counſels ſway'd,
He there, though late, to pleaſe the monarch,
But I, determin'd, ſtem the foamy floods, [ſtay'd.
Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haſte;
And Menelaüs came, but came the laſt.
He join'd our veſſels in the Leſbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watery way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The ſafer road) beſide the Pſyrian iſle;
Or the ſtraight courſe to rocky Chios plough,
And anchor under Mima's ſhaggy brow?
We ſought direction of the Power divine:
The God propitious gave the guiding ſign;
Through the mild ſeas he bid our navy ſteer,
And in Euboea ſhun the woes we fear.
The whiſtling winds already wak'd the ſky;
Before the whiſtling winds the veſſels fly,
With rapid ſwiftneſs cut the liquid way,
And reach Gereſtus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune ſlain,
High-flaming pleaſe the monarch of the main.
The fourth day ſhone, when all their labours o'er,
Tydides' veſſels touch'd the wiſh'd-for ſhore.
But I to Pylos ſcud before the gales,
The Gods ſtill breathing on my ſwelling ſails;
Separate from all, I ſafely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I ſate,
And aſk'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike ſon's command.
Thoſe, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And thoſe whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, ſecurely croſt the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coaſt,
And how his life by fraud and force he loſt,
And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands ſo diſtant from that ſcene of death
But trembling heard the fame; and, heard, admire
How well the ſon appeas'd the ſlaughter'd ſire!
Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjuſtly bleed,
Heaven gives poſterity, t' avenge the deed.
So fell Ægyſthus; and may'ſt thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy ſire deſcend)
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Oreſtes was before!
The prudent youth reply'd: O thou the grace
And laſting glory of the Grecian race!
Juſt was the vengeance, and to lateſt days
Shall long poſterity reſound the praiſe.
Some God this arm with equal proweſs bleſs!
And the proud ſuitors ſhall its force confeſs:
Injurious men! who while my ſoul is ſore
Of freſh affronts, are meditating more.
But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
Nor ſhall my father repoſſeſs the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the ſad ſon's to ſuffer and to mourn?
Thus he; and Neſtor took the word: My ſon,
Is it then true, as diſtant rumours run,
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with inſults and alarms?

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Say, is the fault through tame ſubmiſſion thine?
Or, leagued againſt thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by ſome oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted ſtate;
When great Ulyſſes ſhall ſuppreſs theſe harms,
Ulyſſes ſingly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy ſon will, as the father, aid,
(Whoſe fame and ſafety was her conſtant care
In every danger and in every war:
Never on man did heavenly favour ſhine
With rays ſo ſtrong, diſtinguiſh'd, and divine,
As thoſe with which Minerva mark'd thy ſire)
So might ſhe love thee, ſo thy ſoul inſpire!
Soon ſhould their hopes in humble duſt be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.
Ah! no ſuch hope (the prince with ſighs replies)
Can touch my breaſt; that bleſſing Heaven denies.
Ev'n by celeſtial favour were it given,
Fortune or Fate will croſs the will of Heaven.
What words are theſe, and what imprudence thine?
(Thus interpos'd the martial Maid divine)
Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
With eaſe can ſave each object of his love;
Wide as his will extends his boundleſs grace:
Nor loſt in time, nor circumſcrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who, many ſorrows paſt,
Long labouring gains his natal ſhore at laſt;
Than who, too ſpeedy, haſtes to end his life
By ſome ſtern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miſs,
And all is poſſible to Heaven, but this.
The beſt, the deareſt favourite of the ſky
Muſt taſte that cup, for man is born to die.
Thus check'd, reply'd Ulyſſes' prudent heir:
Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more muſt draw his country's breath,
Already ſnatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death!
Paſs we to other ſubjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable ſage
(Who thrice has ſeen the periſhable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages ſhin'd
Like Gods majeſtic, and like Gods in mind).
For much he knows, and juſt concluſions draws,
From various precedents, and various laws.
O ſon of Neleus! awful Neſtor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?
By what ſtrange fraud Ægyſthus wrought, relate,
(By force he could not) ſuch a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps ſome foreign ſhore to tread;
Or ſure Ægyſthus had not dar'd the deed.
To whom the full of days: Illuſtrious youth!
Attend (though partly thou haſt gueſt) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
Nor earth had hid his carcaſe from the ſkies,
Nor Grecian virgins ſhriek'd his obſequies.
But fowls obſcene diſmember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, ſtretch'd at eaſe in Argos' calm receſs,
(Whoſe ſtately ſteeds luxuriant paſtures bleſs)
With flattery's inſinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poiſon'd all her heart.
At firſt, with worthy ſhame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawleſs ſuit deny'd.
For virtue's image yet poſſeſt her mind,
Taught by a maſter of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting from the Trojan war,
Conſign'd the youthful conſort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preſerv'd her long
In honour's limits; ſuch the power of ſong.
But when the Gods theſe objects of their hate
Dragg'd to deſtruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they baniſh'd from his native ſoil,
And left all helpleſs in a deſert iſle:
There he, the ſweeteſt of the ſacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but ſung in vain.
Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to luſt a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple ſtalk'd th' adulterous ſpouſe,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
Mean time from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, through the curling ſea.
But when to Sunium's ſacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
(Phrontes, of all the ſons of men admir'd
To ſteer the bounding bark with ſteady toil,
When the ſtorm thickens, and the billows boil):
While yet he exercis'd the ſteerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Even with the rudder in his hand he fell.
To pay whoſe honours to the ſhades of hell,
We check'd our haſte, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now, the rites diſcharg'd, our courſe we keep
Far on the gloomy boſom of the deep:
Soon as Malæa's miſty tops ariſe,
Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the ſkies,
And the winds whiſtle, and the ſurges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obſcure the pole.
The tempeſt ſcatters and divides our fleet:
Part the ſtorm urges on the coaſt of Crete,
Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The ſtreams of Jardan iſſue to the main.
There ſtands a rock, high eminent and ſteep,
Whoſe ſhaggy brow o'erhangs the ſhady deep,
And views Gortyna on the weſtern ſide;
On this rough Auſter drove th' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
Thus ſav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæſtan ſhores,
With ſhatter'd veſſels, and diſabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters toſs,
Far from their fellows on th' Ægyptian coaſt.
There wander'd Menelaus through foreign ſhores,
Amaſſing gold, and gathering naval ſtores;
While curſt Ægyſthus the deteſted deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ ſway'd,
And his ſtern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens, to his realm reſtor'd,
Oreſtes brandiſh'd the revenging ſword,

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Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile aſſaſſin, and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs ceaſe,
Return'd Atrides to the coaſt of Greece.
And ſafe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and ponderous treaſure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my ſon, beware! nor idly ſtand
Too long a ſtranger to thy native land;
Left heedleſs abſence wear thy wealth away,
While lawleſs feaſters in thy palace ſway;
Perhaps may ſeize thy realm, and ſhare the ſpoil;
And thou return with diſappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled iſle.
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And ſeek Atrides on the Spartan ſhore.
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has ſurvey'd;
And meaſur'd tracts unknown to other ſhips
Amid the monſtrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded ſky,
Which ſcarce the ſea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ſhip and ſailors but for orders ſtay;
Or, if by land thou chooſe thy courſe to bend,
My ſteeds, my chariots, and my ſons attend:
Thee to Atrides they ſhall ſafe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And ſure he will; for Menelaus is wiſe.

Thus while he ſpeaks, the ruddy ſun deſcends,
And twilight grey her evening ſhade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd Maid: O full of days!
Wiſe are thy words, and juſt are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the Powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And ſoft approach the balmy hours of ſleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feaſt,
Timeleſs, indecent, but retire to reſt.

So ſpake Jove's daughter, the celeſtial Maid.
The ſober train attended and obey'd.
The ſacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows:
While to the final ſacrifice they roſe.
The tongues they caſt upon the fragrant flame,
And poor, above, the conſecrated ſtream.
And now, their thirſt by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian Maid.
Propoſe departure from the finiſh'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to paſs the night:
But this the hoſpitable ſage deny'd.
Forbid it Jove! and all the Gods! he cry'd,
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd ſon to ſend
Of ſuch a hero, and of ſuch a friend!
Me, as ſome needy peaſant, would ye leave,
Whom Heaven denies the bleſſing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boaſt imperial ſway,
When beds of royal ſtate invite your ſtay?
No—long as life this mortal ſhall inſpire,
Or as my children imitate their ſire,
Here ſhall the wandering ſtranger find his home,
And hoſpitable rites adorn the dome.

Well haſt thou ſpoke, (the blue-ey'd Maid replies)
Belov'd old man! benevolent as wiſe.
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus perſuade:
He to thy palace ſhall thy ſteps purſue;
I to the ſhip to give the orders due,
Preſcribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone ſuſtain their naval cares,
Who boaſt experience from theſe ſilver hairs;
All youths the reſt, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the veſſel ſhall I paſs the night;
And ſoon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy gueſt, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy ſtrong courſers ſwift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy ſon companion of his way.

Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And ſoars an eagle through the liquid ſkies.
Viſion divine! the throng'd ſpectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and ſtill amaze.
But chief the reverend ſage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and ſpoke:

Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the ſkies,
Diſtinguiſh'd care of guardian Deities!
Whoſe early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For, lo! none other of the court above
Than ſhe, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herſelf, the war-triumphant maid,
Confeſt is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddeſs! ſo propitious ſhine
On me, my conſort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name ſhall ſmoke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whoſe budding honours ductile gold adorns.

Submiſſive thus the hoary ſire preferr'd
His holy vow: the favouring Goddeſs heard.
Then, ſlowly riſing, o'er the ſandy ſpace
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long proceſſion) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His ſons and grandſons the wide circle grac'd.
To theſe the hoſpitable ſage, in ſign
Of ſocial welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mellowing caſk reſtor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and roſy-bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And ſprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And ſlept beneath the pompous colonade;
Faſt by his ſide Piſiſtratus lay ſpread,
(In age is equal) on a ſplendid bed:
But in an inner court, ſecurely clos'd,
The reverend Neſtor and his queen repos'd.

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early roſe, walk'd forth, and ſate
On poliſh'd ſtone before his palace-gate:
With unguents ſmooth the lucid marble ſhone,
Where ancient Neleus ſate, a ruſtic throne;
But he deſcending to th' infernal ſhade,
Sage Neſtor fill'd it, and the ſceptre ſway'd.

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His ſons around him mild obeiſance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
Firſt Echephron and Stratius quit their bed:
Then Perſeus, Aretus, and Thraſymed;
The laſt Piſiſtratus aroſe from reſt:
They came, and near him plac'd the ſtranger.
To theſe the ſenior thus declar'd his will: [gueſt.
My ſons! the dictates of your ſire fulfil.
To Pallas, firſt of Gods, prepare the feaſt,
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal
Let one, diſpatchful, bid ſome ſwain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the graſſy mead;
One ſeek the harbour where the veſſels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! aſhore
(Leave only two the galley to attend);
Another to Laerceus muſt we ſend,
Artiſt divine, whoſe ſkilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfuſile gold.
The reſt may here the pious duty ſhare,
And bid the handmaids for the feaſt prepare,
The ſeats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living ſpring.
He ſaid, and buſy each his care beſtow'd:
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacenſian crew,
The dextrous ſmith the tools already drew:
His ponderous hammer, and his anvil ſound,
And the ſtrong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva abſent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the ſight.
With reverend hand the king preſents the gold,
Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd,
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And caniſters of conſecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The axe was held by warlike Thraſymed,
In act to ſtrike: before him Perſeus ſtood,
The vaſe extending to receive the blood.
The king himſelf initiates to the Power;
Scatters with quivering hand the ſacred flour,
And the ſtream ſprinkles: from the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
And ſacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thraſymed diſcharg'd the ſpeeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down ſunk the heavy beaſt: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a ſhrilling ſound.
Nor ſcorn'd the queen the holy choir to join
(The firſt-born ſhe, of old Clymenus'-line;
In youth by Neſtor lov'd, of ſpotleſs fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).
From earth they rear him, ſtruggling now with death;
And Neſtor's youngeſt ſtops the vents of breath.
The ſoul for ever flies: on all ſides round
Streams the black blood, and ſmokes upon the ground.
The beaſt they then divide, and diſunite
The ribs and limbs, obſervant of the rite:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
The ſacred ſage before his altar ſtands,
Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aſpire:
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire,
The thighs now ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, tranſfix, and broil the reſt.
While theſe officious tend the rites divine,
The laſt fair branch of the Neſtorean line,
Sweet Polycaſte, took the pleaſing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery veſt he threw,
And iſſued, like a God, to mortal view.
His former ſeat beſide the king he found
(His people's father with his peers around);
All plac'd at eaſe the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirſt and hunger now ſuppreſt,
The monarch turns him to his royal gueſt;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The ſmooth-hair'd horſes, and the rapid car.
Obſervant of his word; the word ſcarce ſpoke,
The ſons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And preſents, ſuch as ſuit the ſtate of kings.
The glittering ſeat Telemachus aſcends;
His faithful guide Piſiſtratus attends;
With haſty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He laſh'd the courſers, and the courſers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and ſmok'd along the field.
The towers of Pylos ſink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till cloſe of day:
Then ſunk the ſun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now, Diocleus' ſtately ſeat
(Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat.
His houſe affords the hoſpitable rite,
And pleas'd they ſleep (the bleſſing of the night).
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the ſounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd:
Then ſlowly ſunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the ſhaded landſcape ruſh'd the night.

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BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conference with Menelaus.

Telemachus with Pisistratus arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso. In the mean time the suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprised of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Ipthima.

And now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,
Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where sate Atrides 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bless his sons and daughters nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,
Hermione, the fairest of the kind,
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy;
Espous'd before the final doom of Troy:
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.
Mean while at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a stol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his handmaid bore:
To Helen's bed the Gods alone assign
Hermione, t' extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.
While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound:
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
[illegible], attemper'd to the vocal strings;
[illegible], warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
Twas then, that, issuing through the palace gate,
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state:
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,
And sent beside him great Ulysses' son:
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
And, speeding, thus addrest the royal ear:
Two youths approach, whose semblant features prove
Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or must they bend
Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend?
Insensate! (with a sigh the king replies)
Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wise:
But sure relentless folly steels thy breast,
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest;
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft reliev'd my woe:
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
Till paying Jove my native realm restor'd---
Straight be the coursers from the car releast,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast.
The seneschal rebuk'd in haste withdrew;
With equal haste a menial train pursue:
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharg'd;
Part in a portico, profusely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of state,
Where circled with his peers Atrides sate:
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the chrystal springs;
High on a massy vase of silver mold,
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet rose.
When thus the king with hospitable port:---
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare:
Say from what scepter'd ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace.
Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
The royal portion of the choicest chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Suffic'd, soft-whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun:
View'st thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd most!
These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost!
Above, beneath, around the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines:
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.
The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd:
Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest!
With all my affluence, when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchase dearly paid.
For eight slow-circling years by tempest tost,
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coast

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(Sidon the capital), I ſtretch'd my toil
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Æthiopia's utmoſt bound explore,
And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian ſhore:
Then warp my voyage on the ſouthern gales,
O'er the warm Libyan wave to ſpread my ſails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offſpring bear;
And two fair creſcents of tranſlucent horn
The brows of all their young increaſe adorn:
The ſhepherd ſwains, with pure abundance bleſt,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feaſt;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every ſeaſon fills the foaming pail.
Whilſt, heaping unwiſh'd wealth I diſtant roam;
The beſt of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitreſs wife,
Ends the ſad evening of a ſtormy life:
Whence with inceſſant grief my ſoul annoy'd,
Theſe riches are poſſeſs'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How favouring Heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a ſack'd palace, and barbaric ſpoils.
Oh! had the Gods ſo large a boon deny'd,
And life, the juſt equivalent, ſupply'd
To thoſe brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cauſe expir'd!
Still in ſhort intervals of pleaſing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But, oh! Ulyſſes—deeper than the reſt
That ſad idea wounds my anxious breaſt!
My heart bleeds freſh with agonizing pain;
The bowl and-taſteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor ſleep's ſoft power can cloſe my ſtreaming eyes,
When imag'd to my ſoul his ſorrows riſe.
No peril in my cauſe he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equal'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to ſuffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on ſome friendleſs coaſt,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a penſive ghoſt,
No fame reveals; but, doubtful of his doom,
His good old ſire with ſorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling ſteps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaſte partner of his bed and throne
Waſtes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
While thus pathetic to the prince he ſpoke,
From the brave youth the ſtreaming paſſion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repreſt,
His face he ſhrouded with his purple veſt:
The conſcious monarch pierc'd the coy diſguiſe,
And view'd his filial love with vaſt ſurprize:
Dubious to preſs the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.
In this ſuſpenſe bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The ſilver-ſhafted Goddeſs of the chace!
The ſeat of majeſty Adraſte brings,
With art illuſtrious, for the pomp of kings;
To ſpread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of ſofteſt woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A ſilver caniſter, divinely wrought,
In her ſoft hands the beauteous Phylo brought;
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vaſe
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whoſe ſovereign ſway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Atrides came, careſt
With vaſt munificence th' imperial gueſt:
Two lavers from the richeſt ore refin'd,
With ſilver tripods, the kind hoſt aſſign'd;
And bounteous from the royal treaſure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, conſort of his high command,
A golden diſtaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vaſe, with living ſculpture wrought,
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought:
The ſilken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The ſovereign ſeat then Jove-born Helen preſs'd,
And pleaſing thus her ſcepter'd lord addreſs'd:
Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd,
Hear me the bodings of my breaſt unfold.
With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The feature of the Ulyſſean race:
Diffus'd o'er each reſembling line appear,
In juſt ſimilitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy,
Who bleſt Ulyſſes with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combin'd their ſocial arms,
T' avenge the ſtain of my ill-fated charms!
Juſt is thy thought, the king aſſenting cries,
Methinks Ulyſſes ſtrikes my wondering eyes:
Full ſhines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his ſhape, the ſame:
Such quick regards his ſparkling eyes beſtow:
Such wavy ringlets o'er his ſhoulders flow!
And when he heard the long diſaſtrous ſtore
Of cares, which in my cauſe Ulyſſes bore;
Diſmay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above reſtraint the tide of ſorrow roſe:
Cautious to let the guſhing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.
See there conſeſt, Piſiſtratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wiſe!
Of that heroic ſire the youth is ſprung,
But modeſt awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue;
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.
With him at Neſtor's high command I came,
Whoſe age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverſe deſtiny conſtrain'd to ſue
For counſel and redreſs, he ſues to you.
Whatever ill the friendleſs orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still muſt the wrong'd Telemachus ſuſtain,
If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.
Is Sparta bleſt, and theſe deſiring eyes
View my friend's ſon? (the king exulting cries)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whoſe ſword was ſacred to the man he lov'd:
Mirror of conſtant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,

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No Greek an equal ſpace had e'er poſſeſt,
Of dear affection in my grateful breaſt.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we ſhar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;
Argos the ſeat of ſovereign rule I choſe;
Fair in the plan the future palace roſe,
Where my Ulyſſes and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vaſſals had reſign'd a ſoil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had ſtrove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone diſſolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious Power the bliſsful ſcene deſtroys;
Vaniſh'd are all the viſionary joys:
The ſoul of friendſhip to my hope is loſt,
Fated to wander from this natal coaſt!

He ceas'd; a guſt of grief began to riſe,
Faſt ſtreams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;
Left for the ſire the filial ſorrows flow;
The weeping monarch ſwells the mighty woe:
Thy cheeks, Piſiſtratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial † brother: on the Phyrgian plain
Extended pale, by ſwarthy Memnon ſlain!
But ſilence from the ſon of Neſtor broke,
And, melting with fraternal pity, ſpoke:

Frequent, O king, was Neſtor wont to raiſe
And charm attention with thy copious praiſe:
To crown thy various gifts, the ſage aſſign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that ſuperior attribute control
This unavailing impotence of ſoul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief reſound,
Now for the feaſt the friendly bowl is crown'd;
But when, from dewy ſhade emerging bright,
Aurora ſtreaks the ſky with orient light,
Let each deplore his deed: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can beſtow:
O'er the cogenial duſt injoin'd to ſhear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then, mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghoſt a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of Fame:
With ſtrength and ſpeed ſuperior form'd in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early ſnatch'd by Fate, ere known to me!
I boaſt a witneſs of his worth in thee.

Young and mature! (the monarch thus rejoins,)
In thee renew'd the ſoul of Neſtor ſhines:
Form'd by the care of that conſummate ſage,
In early bloom an oracle of age.
Whene'er his influence Jove vouchſafes to ſhower
To bleſs the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great ſire tranſmiſſive to the race,
The boon devolving gives diſtinguiſh'd grace.
Such, happy Neſtor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee, full of years, thy offſpring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary ſtate.
But now let each becalm his troubled breaſt,
Waſh, and partake ſerene the friendly feaſt.
To move thy ſuit, Telemachus, delay,
Till Heaven's revolving lamp reſtores the day.

† Antilochus.

He ſaid, Aſphalion ſwift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful ſprings:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen guſt the ſavoury viands ſhare.
Mean time, with genial joy to warm the ſoul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl:
Temper'd with drugs of ſovereign uſe, t' aſſuage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful ſluices of Deſpair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
All ſenſe of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling ſon, opprels'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathleſs at his feet, a mangled corſe;
From morn to eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful ſcene.
Theſe drugs, ſo friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who ſway'd the ſceptre, where prolific Nile
With various ſimples clothes the fatten'd ſoil.
With wholeſome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon ſprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd t' inſpire the feaſt,
The circle thus the beauteous queen addreſt:

Thron'd in omnipotence, ſupremeſt Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm ſanction of his ſovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feaſtful mirth be this white hour aſſign'd,
And ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Myſelf, aſſiſting in the ſocial joy,
Will tell Ulyſſes' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witneſs of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who ſaw) his wonders in the war.
Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own rabne
In the vile habit of a village-ſlave, [gave,
The foe deceiv'd, he paſs'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hoſtile train.
In this attire ſecure from ſearching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark diſguiſe
The chief I challeng'd; he, whoſe practis'd wit
Knew all the ſerpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my ſearch: but when his form I view'd
Freſh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dreſs'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confeſs'd.
A previous pledge of ſacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his ſtay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war againſt the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the ſecrets of the ſtate,
He learn'd what beſt might urge the Dardan fate:
And, ſafe returning to the Grecian hoſt,
Sent many a ſhade to Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Loud grief reſounded through the towers of Troy,
But my pleas'd boſom glow'd with ſecret joy:
For then, with dire remorſe and conſcious ſhame,
I view'd th' effects of that diſaſtrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Conſtrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterneſs of ſoul deplor'd
My abſent daughter, and my dearer lord.

Admir'd among the firſt of human race,
For every gift of mind, and manly grace.
Right well, reply'd the king, your ſpeech diſplays
The matchleſs merit of the chief you praiſe:
Heroes in various climes myſelf have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:
But Ithacus, unrival'd in his claim,
May boaſt a title to the loudeſt fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid ſtorm,
Wiſe to reſolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vaſt fabric of the ſteed we rear'd!
Some Dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deïphobus to come,
T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around th' inſidious pile:
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their ſpouſes ſpoke:
The pleaſing ſounds each latent warrior warm'd
But moſt Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the ſteed we both impatient preſs,
Threatening to anſwer from the dark receſs.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd:
And the vain ardours of our love reſtrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to control,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning ſoul:
Ulyſſes ſtraight, with indignation fir'd,
(For ſo the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs dy'd.
Mean time Minerva, from the fraudful horſe,
Back to the court of Priam bent your courſe.
Inclement Fate! Telemachus replies.
Frail is the boaſted attribute of wiſe:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar hoſt,
Is in the common maſs of matter loſt!
But now let ſleep the painful waſte repair
Of ſad reflection, and corroding care.
He ceas'd; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of ſtate;
Beneath an ample portico, they ſpread
The downy fleece to form the ſlumberous bed;
And o'er ſoft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapeſtry, ſtiff with inwoven gold:
Then, through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy reſt
Th' obſequious herald guides each princely gueſt:
While to his regal bower the king aſcends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple dreſt,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roſeate eaſt,
The monarch roſe; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his veſt he threw:
The glittering zone athwart his ſhoulder caſt,
A ſtarry faulchion low-depending grac'd;
Claſp'd on his feet th' embroider'd ſandals ſhine;
And forth he moves, majeſtic and divine:
Inſtant to young Telemachus he preſs'd,
And thus benevolent his ſpeech addreſs'd:
Say, royal youth, ſincere of ſoul, report
What cauſe hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domeſtic cares conſtrain
This toilſome voyage o'er the ſurgy main?
O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A ſuppliant to your royal court I come.
Our ſovereign ſeat a lewd uſurping race
With lawleſs riot and miſrule diſgrace;
To pamper'd inſolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choiceſt of the ſtall:
For wild ambition wings their bold deſire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aſpire.
But proſtrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful ſeries of my father's fate:
Each known diſaſter of the man diſcloſe,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with ſtoried grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulyſſes, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils atteſt,
To the fire's merit give the ſon's requeſt.
Deep from his inmoſt ſoul Atrides ſigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:
Heavens! would a ſoft, inglorious daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery lawns:
Mean time return'd, with dire remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch ſavage reads the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulyſſes ſoon ſhall re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove, ſupreme, whom Gods and men revere!
And thou * to whom 'tis given to gild the ſphere
With power cogenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial Maid!
Such to our wiſh the warrior ſoon reſtore,
As when contending on the Leſbian ſhore
His proweſs Philomelidus confeſs'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love preſumptuous ſhall with life atone.
With patient ear, O royal youth! attend
The ſtoried labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth ſevere ſhall dictate to my tongue:
Learn what I heard the ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eye can pierce the dark receſs of Fate.
Long on th' Ægyptian coaſt by calms confin'd
Heaven to my fleet refus'd a proſperous wind:
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim ſlain!
For this the Gods each favouring gale reſtrain;
Jealous, to ſee their high beheſts obey'd;
Severe, if men th' eternal rights invade.
High o'er a gulfy ſea, the Pharian iſle
Fronts the deep roar of diſemboguing Nile:
Her diſtance from the ſhore, the courſe begun
At dawn, and ending with the ſetting ſun,
A galley meaſures; when the ſtiffer gales
Riſe on the poop, and fully ſtretch the ſails.
There, anchor'd veſſels ſafe in harbour lie,
Whilſt limpid ſprings the failing caſk ſupply.
And now the twentieth ſun, deſcending lave
His glowing axle in the weſtern waves;
Still with expanded ſails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhauſted ſtores,
When, lo! a bright cœrulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to diſpel my fears;

* Apollo;

Proteus her sire divine. With pity press'd,
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;
What-time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates
Roam the wild isle in search of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease th' afflictive fierce desires of food.
Whoe'er thou art (the azure Goddess cries)
Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise:
Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?
Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply;
Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,
A Goddess sure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks the descendant of ætherial race:
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heavenly power averse my stay constrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew
(For what's sequester'd from celestial view?)
What power becalms th' innavigable seas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?
I cease'd, when affable the Goddess cry'd;
Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:
Th' oraculous seer frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast:
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.
Watch with insidious care his known abode;
There fast in chains constrain the various God:
Who bound, obedient to superior force,
Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course.
If, studious of your realms, you then demand
Their state, since last you left your natal land;
Instant the God obsequious will disclose
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.
She ceas'd, and suppliant thus I made reply:
O Goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely;
Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful seer?
For perilous th' assay, unheard the toil,
T' elude the prescience of a God by guile.
Thus to the Goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she: Obedient to my rule, attend:
When through the zone of heaven the mounted sun
Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the consecrated train
Of * her, whose azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd exhales
An oily stream, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that recess, commodious for surprise,
When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,
With me repair; and from thy warrior band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil:
For strong the God, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys
The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;
Their number summ'd, repos'd in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian God surround:

* Amphitrite.

So with his battering flocks the careful swain
Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.
With powers united, obstinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape:
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain passive form constrain his flight.
But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;
The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And soothe the vanquish'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd, implore the seer to say
What godhead interdicts the watery way:
Who straight, propitious, in prophetic strain
Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.
She ceas'd, and, bounding from the shelfy shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves resounding roar.
High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I speed:
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies,
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,
Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn,
In saffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her rosy steps, before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,
With three associates of undaunted mind.
Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed strand
For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand:
Then, from her azure car, the finny spoils
Of four vast Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath the finny spoils, extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
New from the corse the scaly frauds diffuse
Unsavory stench of oil, and brackish ooze;
But the bright sea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restor'd.
Thus till the sun had travell'd half the skies,
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:
When, thronging thick to bask in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair:
Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep;
Then Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit
(In order told, we make the sum complete).
Pleas'd with the false review, secure he lies
And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.
Rushing impetuous forth, we straight prepare
A furious onset with the sound of war,
And shouting seize the God: our force t' evade,
His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
A lion now he curls a surgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain;
Then, arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obscener shape the God belies:
On spiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:
And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with superior power compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd:

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Say, son of Atreus, say what God inspir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd?
I thus; O thou whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! say,
What Godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appease,
To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas?
To Jove (with stern regard the chief replies)
And all th' offended synod of the skies,
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolv'd, a prosperous voyage gain.
To the firm sanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a safe return accord.
He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A shelfy tract and long!) O seer, I cry,
To the stern sanction of th' offended sky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay,
Sustain those peers, the reliques of our host,
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep?
Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore?
Press not too far, reply'd the God; but cease
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the rest, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were crown'd,
Fell by disastrous fate; by tempests tost,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast.
By Neptune rescued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, safe Oilean Ajax sate, [floods,
His ship o'erwhelm'd; but, frowning on the
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;
To his own prowess all the glory gave,
The Power defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save.
This heard the raging Ruler of the main;
His spear, indignant, for such high disdain,
He launch'd; dividing with his forky mace
Th' aërial summit from the marble base;
The rock rush'd sea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyss the boaster bore.
By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vast,
Secure of storms, your royal brother past:
Till coasting nigh the cape, where Malea shrouds
Her spiny cliffs amid surrounding clouds;
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore
Across the deep his labouring vessel bore.
In an ill fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd;
But, when his hoary honours bow'd to Fate,
Ægysthus govern'd in paternal state.
The surges now subside, the tempest ends;
From his tall ship the King of Men descends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil,
Far from his own domain salutes the soil:
With rapture oft the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the distant strand
A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand,
To bribe whose vigilance, Ægysthus told
A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now, admonish'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprize:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:
Vain shows of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of courfers and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads! the royal guest,
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudful feast.
The troop, forth issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the king oppress!
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Ægysthus sole survives to boast the deed.
He said; chill horrors shook my shivering soul,
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll;
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the sun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, superior to the rage of woe,
I stood restor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began:—
Forget the brother, and resume the man:
To Fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
That care be Fate's, a speedy passage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,
And swift prevent the meditated blow;
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast.
He said: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addrest
The prescient Godhead to reveal the rest.
The doom decreed of those disastrous two
I've heard with pain, but, oh! the tale pursue;
What third brave son of Mars the Fates constrain
To roam the howling desart of the main:
Or, in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes.
That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes survives;
Laertes' son: girt with circumfluous tides,
He still calamitous constraint abides.

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Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
Th' enamour'd Goddess, or elude her love:
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.
But oh, belov'd by Heaven! reserv'd to thee
A happier lot the smiling Fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow:
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford
To thee the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's lord.

He ceas'd, and, plunging in the vast profound,
Beneath the God the whirling billows bound.
Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the shore I sought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
Till night with silent shade invests the pole;
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.---
Soon as the morn reveals the roseate east,
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then, steering backward from the Pharian Isle,
We gain the stream of Jove-descending Nile:
There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
These rites to piety and grief discharg'd,
The friendly Gods a springing gale enlarg'd:
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!

Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate:
And now, young prince, indulge my fond request;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
Till, from his eastern goal, the joyous sun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Mean time my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three sprightly coursers, and a polish'd car:
With these, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the Gods) shall prove
A pledge and monument of sacred love.

My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
Damps the warm wishes of my raptur'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
Charm'd by your speech, so graceful and humane,
Lost in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my listening soul.
But now to Pyle permit my destin'd way,
My lov'd associates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the present of the promis'd vase;
The coursers, for the champain sports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browze,
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed
The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:
To sea-surrounding realms the Gods assign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.

His hand the king with tender passion press'd,
And, smiling, thus the royal youth address'd:
O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung,
Selected from my stores, of matchless price
An urn shall recompence your prudent choice:
Not mean the massy mould of silver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd;
A pledge the sceptered power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.

Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feast prepare:
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial-triumph ring.

Mean while, in Ithaca, the suitor-powers
In active game divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with mosaic art,
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart.
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
Antinous sate spectator of the sport;
With great Eurymachus, of worth confest,
And high descent, superior to the rest;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus address't:

My ship equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requested for his speed; but, courteous, say
When steers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I should sail with utmost speed,
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.

Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
A sudden horror seiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle?
Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domestic train?
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,
Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force?

With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cry'd) the vessel was resign'd.
Who, in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or some celestial in his reverend form,
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
Pilots the course: for when the glimmering ray
Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd---
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.

Confounded and appall'd, th' unfinish'd game
The suitors quit, and all to council came.
Antinous first th' assembled peers address't,
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breast.

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O ſhame to manhood! ſhall one daring boy
The ſcheme of all our happineſs deſtroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, ſeducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The ponderous engine rais'd to cruſh us all,
Recoiling, on his head is ſure to fall.
Inſtant prepare me, on the neighbouring ſtrand,
With twenty choſen mates a veſſel mann'd;
For ambuſh cloſe beneath the Samian ſhore
His ſhip returning ſhall my ſpies explore:
He ſoon his raſhneſs ſhall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.
With vaſt applauſe the ſentence all approve;
Then riſe, and to the feaſtful hall remove;
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the conſult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron ſtands,
And thus the meſſage of his haſte demands;
What will the ſuitors? muſt my ſervant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form ſome exquiſite repaſt?
Heaven grant this feſtival may prove their laſt!
Or, if they ſtill muſt live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Forbear, ye ſons of Inſolence! forbear,
In riot to conſume a wretched heir.
In the young ſoul illuſtrious thought to raiſe,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulyſſes' praiſe?
Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
Gentle of ſpeech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions veſt the power:
Ulyſſes let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But abſent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His ſtores ye ravage, and uſurp his ſtate.
He thus: O were the woes you ſpeak the worſt!
They form a deed more odious and accurſt;
More dreadful than your boding ſoul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire deſigns!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to periſh in a deathful ſnare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-ſailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to ſpeak! in ambuſh is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!
Sudden ſhe ſunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital ſtreams a chilling horror froze:
The big round tear ſtands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With ſighs, ſhe thus expreſs'd her anxious love:
Why raſhly would my ſon his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the ſafer ſhore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?
'Tis not, reply'd the ſage, to Medon given
To know, if ſome inhabitant of Heaven
In his young breaſt the daring thought inſpir'd;
Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his abſent father's doom.
The ſage retir'd: unable to control
The mighty griefs that ſwell her labouring ſoul,
Rolling convulſive on the floor, is ſeen
The piteous object of a proſtrate queen.
Words, to her dumb complaint a pauſe ſupplies,
And breath, to waſte in unavailing cries.
Around their ſovereign wept the menial fair,
To whom ſhe thus addreſs'd her deep deſpair:
Behold a wretch whom all the Gods conſpire
To woe! Did ever ſorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my deareſt lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
Now from my fond embrace, by tempeſts torn,
Our other column of the ſtate is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor ſought conſent!—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent!
Ill ſuits it with your ſhows of duteous zeal
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Though at the ſolemn midnight hour he roſe,
Why did you fear to trouble my repoſe?
He either had obey'd my fond deſire,
Or ſeen his mother, pierc'd with grief, expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful ſlave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To tend the fruit-groves: with inceſſant ſpeed
He ſhall this violence of death decreed
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage.
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to ſave his race appeal.
Then Euryclea thus: My deareſt dread!
Though to the ſword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conſcious of th' unpleaſing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the veſſel ſtor'd:
A ſolemn oath, impos'd, the ſecret ſeal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd.
Dreading th' affect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the ‖ martial Maid,
And reſt aſſianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of ſtate the miſeries of age:
'Tis impious to ſurmiſe, the Powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-deſcended line:
Long ſhall the race of juſt Arceſius reign,
And iſles remote enlarge his old domain.
The queen her ſpeech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes reſtrain the ſilver-ſtreaming tears:
She bathes, and, rob'd, the ſacred doom aſcends:
Her pious ſpeed a female train attends:
The ſalted cakes in caniſters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid:
Daughter divine of Jove, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreaded ſhield
If e'er Ulyſſes to thy fane preferr'd
The beſt and choiceſt of his flock and herd;
Hear, Goddeſs, hear, by thoſe oblations won;
And for the pious ſire preſerve the ſon:
His wiſh'd return with happy power befriend,
And on the ſuitors let thy wrath deſcend.
She ceas'd; ſhrill extacies of joy declare
The favouring Goddeſs preſent to the prayer:
The ſuitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A ſignal of her hymeneal choice:
Whilſt one moſt jovial thus accoſts the board;
"Too late the queen ſelects a ſecond lord:

‖ Minerva,

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"In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
"When o'er her ſon diſaſtrous death impends."
Thus he, unſkill'd of what the Fates provide!
But with ſevere rebuke Antinous cry'd:
These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain:
Abſtain not with diſcourſe the menial train;
The great event with ſilent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counſel muſt commend.
His ſpeech thus ended ſhort, he frowning roſe,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour choſe:
Down to the ſtrand he ſpeeds with haughty ſtrides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the veſſel rides,
Replete with male and military ſtore,
In all her tackle trim to quit the ſhore.
The deſperate crew aſcend, unfurl the ſails
(The ſea-ward prow invites the tardy gales);
Then take repaſt, till Heſperus diſplay'd
His golden circlet in the weſtern ſhade.
Mean time the queen, without reflection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of ſtate withdrew;
In her ſad breaſt the prince's fortunes roll,
And hope and doubt alternate ſeize her ſoul.
So when the woodman's toil her cave ſurrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove reſounds;
With grief and rage the mother-lion ſtung,
Fearleſs herſelf, yet trembles for her young.
While penſive in the ſilent ſlumberous ſhade,
Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade;
Minerva, life-like, on imbodied air
Impreſs'd the form of Iphthima the fair
(Icarius' daughter ſhe, whoſe blooming charms
Adorn'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
A ſcepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Theſſaly, wide ſtretch'd his ample reign):
As Pallas will'd, along the ſable ſkies,
To calm the queen, the phantom-ſiſter flies.
Swift on the regal dome deſcending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Cloſe to her head the pleaſing viſion ſtands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.
O why, Penelope, this cauſeleſs fear,
To render ſleep's ſoft bleſſing unſincere?
Alike devote to ſorrow's dire extreme
The day-reflection, and the midnight dream!
Thy ſon the Gods propitious will reſtore,
And bid thee ceaſe his abſence to deplore.
To whom the queen (whilſt yet her penſive mind
Was in the ſilent gates of ſleep confin'd)
O ſiſter, to my ſoul for ever dear,
Who this firſt viſit to reprove my fear?
How in a realm ſo diſtant ſhould you know
From what deep ſource my deathleſs ſorrows flow?
To all my hope my royal lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
And, with conſummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours and his crown,
My darling ſon is fled! an eaſy prey
To the fierce ſtorms, or men more fierce than they:
Who, in a league of blood aſſociates ſworn,
Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.
Courage reſume, the ſhadowy form reply'd,
In the protecting care of heaven confide:
On him attends the blue-ey'd martial Maid;
What earthly can implore a ſurer aid?
Me now the guardian Goddeſs deigns to ſend,
To bid thee patient his return attend.
The queen replies: If in the bleſt abodes
A Goddeſs, thou haſt commerce with the Gods;
Say, breathes my lord the bliſsful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?
Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
I ſpeak not all the counſel of the ſkies:
Nor muſt indulge with vain diſcourſe, or long,
The windy ſatisfaction of the tongue.
Swift through the valves the viſionary fair
Repaſs'd, and viewleſs mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes:
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The viſion, manifeſt of future fate,
Makes her with hope her ſon's arrival wait.
Mean time the ſuitors plough the watery plain,
Telemachus in thought already ſlain!
When ſight of leſſening Ithaca was loſt,
Their ſail directed for the Samian coaſt,
A ſmall but verdant iſle appear'd in view,
And Aſteris th' advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling ſtorms:
That ſafe receſs they gain with happy ſpeed,
And in cloſe ambuſh wait the murderous deed.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulyſſes from Calypſo.

Pallas in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulyſſes in the iſland of Calypſo; whereupon Mercury is ſent to command his removal. The ſeat of Calypſo deſcribed. She conſents with much difficulty; and Ulyſſes builds a veſſel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempeſt, in which he is ſhipwrecked, and in the laſt danger of death: till Leucothea, a Sea Goddeſs, aſſiſts him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets aſhore on Phæacia.

The ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with ſacred light,
Then met th' eternal ſynod of the ſky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, ſublime in majeſty,
Pallas, to theſe, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wiſe Ulyſſes, and his toils relates:

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Her Hero's danger touch'd the pitying Power,
The nymph's ſeducements, and the magic bower.
Thus ſhe began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the bliſsful ſeats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy ſway,
Or bleſs a people willing to obey,
But cruſh the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the ſcourge of God:
If from your thoughts Ulyſſes you remove,
Who rul'd his ſubjects with a father's love.
Sole in an iſle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, baniſh'd from his native reign,
Unbleſt he ſighs, detain'd by lawleſs charms,
And preſs'd unwilling in Calypſo's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way.
And now fierce traitors, ſtudious to deſtroy
His only ſon, their ambuſh'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To ſacred Pylos and to Sparta came.
What words are theſe, (reply'd the Power who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens Heaven with ſtorms)
Is not already in thy ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wiſdom do? Thou may'ſt reſtore
The ſon in ſafety to his native ſhore;
While the fell foes, who late in ambuſh lay,
With fraud defeated, meaſure back their way.
Then thus to Hermes the command was given;
Hermes, thou choſen meſſenger of heaven!
Go, to the nymph be theſe our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree, Ulyſſes ſhall return:
The patient man ſhall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods:
In twice ten days ſhall fertile Sheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whoſe haughty line
Is mix'd with Gods, half human, half divine,
The chief ſhall honour as ſome heavenly gueſt,
And ſwift tranſport him to his place of reſt.
His veſſels loaded with a plenteous ſtore
Of braſs, of veſtures, and reſplendent ore
(A richer prize than if his joyful iſle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble ſpoil).
His friends, his country, he ſhall ſee, though late;
Such is our ſovereign will, and ſuch is fate.
He ſpoke. The God who mounts the winged winds
Faſt to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight ſuſtain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main.
He graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye:
Then ſhoots from heaven to high Pieria's ſteep,
And ſtoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watery fowl, that ſeek their fiſhy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now ſailing ſmooth the level ſurface ſweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the diſtant iſland roſe in view:
Then, ſwift aſcending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd);
She ſate, and ſung: the rocks reſound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a riſing blaze:
Cedar and frankincenſe, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the iſle;
While ſhe with work and ſong the time divides,
And through the loom the golden ſhuttle guides.
Without the grot a various ſylvan ſcene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypreſs form'd a fragrant ſhade;
On whoſe high branches, waving with the ſtorm,
The birds of broadeſt wing their manſion form,
The chough, the ſea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And ſcream aloft, and ſkim the deeps below.
Depending vines the ſhelving caverns ſcreen,
With purple cluſters bluſhing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts diſtil;
And every fountain pours a ſeveral rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A ſcene, where if a God ſhould caſt his ſight,
A God might gaze; and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the meſſenger of heaven: he ſtay'd
Entranc'd, and all the bliſsful haunt ſurvey'd.
Him, entering in the cave, Calypſo knew;
For Powers celeſtial to each other's view
Stand ſtill confeſt, though diſtant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or ſea, or ſky.
But ſad Ulyſſes, by himſelf apart,
Pour'd the big ſorrows of his ſwelling heart;
All on the lonely ſhore he ſate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the reſtleſs deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coaſt he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Now graceful ſeated on her ſhining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
God of the golden wand! on what beheſt
Arriv'ſt thou here, an unexpected gueſt?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine with joy and duty to obey.
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainties of my bower.
Thus having ſpoke, the nymph the table ſpread
(Ambroſial cates, with nectar roſy-red);
Hermes the hoſpitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, ſpoke:
What mov'd this journey from my native ſky,
A Goddeſs aſks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,
Unwilling, have I trod this pleaſing land;
For who, ſelf-mov'd, with weary wing would ſweep
Such length of ocean and unmeaſur'd deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or ſacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will ſubmiſſion we muſt pay;
What power ſo great, to dare to diſobey?
A man, he ſays, a man reſides with thee,
Of all his kind moſt worn with miſery:
The Greeks (whoſe arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force in Ilion, in the tenth deſtroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckleſs hour,
With conqueſt proud, incens'd Minerva's power:

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Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd,
With ſtorms purſued them through the liquid world.
There all his veſſels ſunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Sav'd from the jaws of death by Heaven's decree,
The tempeſt drove him to theſe ſhores and thee.
Him Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to diſmiſs; ſo deſtiny commands:
Impatient Fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country and his friends.
Ev'n to her inmoſt ſoul the Goddeſs ſhook;
Then thus her anguiſh and her paſſion broke:
Ungracious Gods! with ſpite and envy curſt!
Still to your own æthereal race the worſt!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only ſweet of life, deſtroy.
Did ever Goddeſs by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora ſought Orion's love,
Her joys diſturb'd your bliſsful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapleſs hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw ſtately Ceres to her paſſion yield,
Scarce could Iäſion taſte her heavenly charms,
But Jove's ſwift lightning ſcorch'd him in her arms.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty Powers!
Am I the envy of your bliſsful bowers?
A man, an outcaſt to the ſtorm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to ſave;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And ſunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean toſt,
The ſport of winds, and driven from every coaſt,
Hither this man of miſeries I led,
Receiv'd the friendleſs, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd) to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
'Tis paſt—and Jove decrees he ſhall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but ſlaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he muſt, if He ordain,
Try all thoſe dangers, all thoſe deeps, again):
But never, never ſhall Calypſo ſend
To toils like theſe, her huſband and her friend.
What ſhips have I, what ſailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the ſafeſt means to go:
That laſt advice is all I can beſtow.
To her, the Power who bears the charming rod:
Diſmiſs the man, nor irritate the God;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what ſo dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having ſaid, he cut the cleaving ſky,
And in a moment vaniſh'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To ſeek Ulyſſes, pac'd along the ſand.
Him penſive on the lonely beach ſhe found,
With ſtreaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native ſhore:
For now the ſoft enchantreſs pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and conſtrain'd by charms,
Abſent he lay in her deſiring arms,
In ſlumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and ſhores conſum'd the tedious day;
There ſate all deſolate, and ſigh'd alone,
With echoing ſorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the reſtleſs main,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Here, on his muſing mood the Goddeſs preſt,
Approaching ſoft; and thus the chief addreſt:
Unhappy man! to waſting woes a prey,
No more in ſorrows languiſh life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the riſing ſhip,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To ſtore the veſſel, let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and roſy wine,
And life-ſuſtaining bread, and fair array,
And proſperous gales to waft thee on the way.
Theſe, if the Gods with my deſires comply,
(The Gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better ſkill'd in dark events to come)
In peace ſhall land thee at thy native home.
With ſighs, Ulyſſes heard the words ſhe ſpoke,
Then thus his melancholy ſilence broke:
Some other motive, Goddeſs! ſways thy mind,
(Some cloſe deſign, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a ſlight raft to paſs the ſwelling ſea,
Huge, horrid, vaſt! where ſcarce in ſafety ſails
The beſt-built ſhip, though Jove inſpire the gales.
The bold propoſal how ſhall I fulfil,
Dark as I am, unconſcious of thy will?
Swear then thou mean'ſt not what my ſoul forebodes;
Swear by the ſolemn oath that binds the Gods.
Him, while he ſpoke, with ſmiles Calypſo ey'd,
And gently graſp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:
This ſhows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe!
But hear, O earth! and hear ye ſacred ſkies!
And thou, O Styx! whoſe formidable floods
Glide through the ſhades, and bind th' atteſting Gods!
No form'd deſign, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſuaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practice, were my fate the ſame.
Heaven has not curſt me with a heart of ſteel,
But given the ſenſe, to pity and to feel.
Thus having ſaid, the Goddeſs march'd before;
He trod her footſteps in the ſandy ſhore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their ſtate;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had ſate.
For him the nymph a rich repaſt ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man ſuſtains;
Before herſelf were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambroſial banquet, and celeſtial wine.
Their hunger ſatiate, and their thirſt repreſt,
Thus ſpoke Calypſo to her godlike gueſt:
Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began)
O ſprung from Gods! in wiſdom more than man;
Is then thy home the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'ſt thou be,
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulyſſes! wert thou given to know
What Fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

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Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe,
And ev'n theſe ſlighted charms might learn to pleaſe.
A willing Goddeſs and immortal life
Might baniſh from thy mind an abſent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Leſs ſoft my feature, leſs auguſt my frame?
Or ſhall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?
Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Againſt Ulyſſes ſhall thy anger riſe?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddeſs! as thou art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a human heart.
Though well I ſee thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the ſhort date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while abſent thus I roam,
I languiſh to return and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods ſhall deſtine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to maſter with a conſtant mind;
Enur'd to perils, to the worſt reſign'd.
By ſeas, by wars, ſo many dangers run,
Still I can ſuffer: their high will be done!
Thus while he ſpoke, the beamy ſun deſcends
And riſing night her friendly ſhade extends.
To the cloſe grot the lonely pair remove,
And ſlept delighted with the gifts of love.
When roſy morning call'd them from their reſt,
Ulyſſes rob'd him in the cloak and veſt.
The nymph's fair head a veil tranſparent grac'd,
Her ſwelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In ſnowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth iſſuing thus, ſhe gave him firſt to wield
A weighty axe with trueſt temper ſteel'd,
And double edg'd; the handle ſmooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's eaſy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with ſweepy ſway:
Then to the neighbouring foreſt led the way.
On the lone iſland's utmoſt verge there ſtood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the ſkies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heavenly fire
(Already dry'd). Theſe pointing out to view,
The nymph juſt ſhow'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the foreſt groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are ſtrow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles theſe diſpos'd to join, [line.
He ſmooth'd and ſquar'd them, by the rule and
(The wimbles for the work Calypſo found)
With thoſe he pierc'd them, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a ſhipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the ſtorms,
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it ſtrong
From ſpace to ſpace, and nail'd the planks along;
Theſe form'd the ſides: the deck he faſhion'd laſt;
Then o'er the veſſel rais'd the taper maſt,
With croſſing ſail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding oſiers ſenc'd, to break the force
Of ſurging waves, and ſteer the ſteady courſe),
Thy loom, Calypſo! for the future ſails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With ſtays and cordage laſt he rigg'd the ſhip,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were paſt, and now the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her ſacred ſeat
The nymph diſmiſs'd him, (odorous garments given) [Heaven:
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of
Then fill'd two goat-ſkins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with ſable wine:
Of every kind, proviſions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands ſtor'd.
The Goddeſs, laſt, a gentle breeze ſupplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the ſkies.
And now, rejoicing in the proſperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulyſſes ſpreads his ſails;
Plac'd at the helm he ſate, and mark'd the ſkies,
Nor clos'd in ſleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the ſky
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:
Who ſhines exalted on th' ætherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left thoſe radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he ſail'd the deep.
Full ſeventeen nights he cut the foamy way:
The diſtant land appear'd the following day:
Then ſwell'd to ſight Phæacia's duſky coaſt,
And woody mountains, half in vapours loſt:
That lay before him, indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad ſhield amid the watery waſte.
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aërial brow,
The King of Ocean ſaw, and ſeeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd;)
The raging monarch ſhook his azure head,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſaid:
Heavens! how uncertain are the Powers on high?
Is then revers'd the ſentence of the ſky,
In one man's favour; while a diſtant gueſt
I ſhar'd ſecure the Æthiopian feaſt?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this ſceptre yet commands the main.
He ſpoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd
Rolls clouds on clouds, and ſtirs the watery world
At once the face of earth the ſea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouſes all the ſtorms.
Down ruſh'd the night: eaſt, weſt, together roar
And ſouth, and north, roll mountains to the ſhore
Then ſhook the hero, to deſpair reſign'd,
And queſtion'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:
Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my deſtin'd end?
Too well, alas! the Iſland Goddeſs knew,
On the black ſea what perils ſhould enſue.
New horrors now this deſtin'd head encloſe;
Unfill'd is yet the meaſure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are crown'd
What raging winds! what roaring waters round
'Tis Jove himſelf the ſwelling tempeſts rears;
Death, preſent death, on every ſide appears.

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Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
Fell, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall;
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall
(Such as was that, when showers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead);
All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men.
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead!
A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne:
While by the howling tempest rent in twain
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long press'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave:
At length, emerging from his nostrils wide
And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide,
Ev'n then not mindless of his last retreat,
He seiz'd the raft, and leapt into his seat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blast;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and so its texture held:
And now the south, and now the north, bear
And now the east the foamy floods obey, [sway,
And now the west-wind whirls it o'er the sea.
The wandering chief, with toils on toils oppreſt,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
But now an azure sister of the main).
Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the Goddess stood:
Then thus address'd him: Thou, whom Heaven decrees
To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,
(Unequal contest! not his rage and power,
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
What I suggest, thy wisdom will perform;
Forsake thy float, and leave it to the storm;
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
There Fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast it in the main;
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away.
With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the deeps she div'd from whence she rose;
A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.
Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other Gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle,
Thy voice foretels me shall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge; while yet the planks sustain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempests yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the strength of man,
And take this method, since the best I can.
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet the whelming billow spread
Bursts o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, disparted fly: the scatter'd wood
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the fields new-shorn,
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a single beam the chief bestrides;
There pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast:
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas
All naked now, on heaving billows laid, [along.
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous said:
Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes essay!
Go, wander helpless on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.
This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.
Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth shaking power,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favouring hour,
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
And hush'd the blustering brethren of the sky.
The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that shore,
Where Fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were past,
Since wide he wander'd on the watery waste:
Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;
Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain:
The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,
And a dead silence still'd the watery world;
When lifted on a ridgy wave he 'spies
The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes,
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a lov'd sire revives before their sight
(Who, lingering long has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by some dæmon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life restore);
So joys Ulysses at th' appearing shore,
And sees, (and labours onward as he sees)
The rising forests and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the sound
Of human voice the listening ear may wound,
Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore;
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight!
All-rough with rocks, with foaming billows white.
Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart;
As thus commun'd he with his soul apart;

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Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters toſt,
Theſe eyes at laſt behold th' unhop'd for coaſt,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above, ſharp rocks forbid acceſs; around,
Roar the wild waves; beneath is ſea profound!
No footing ſure affords the faithleſs ſand,
To ſtem too rapid, and too deep to ſtand.
If here I enter, my efforts are in vain,
Daſh'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
Or round the iſland if my courſe I bend.
Where the ports open, or the ſhores deſcend,
Back to the ſeas the rolling ſurge may ſweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or ſome enormous whale the God may ſend,
(For many ſuch on Amphitrite attend)
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentleſs of my heavenly foe. [bore
While thus he thought, a monſtrous wave up-
The chief, and daſh'd him on the craggy ſhore:
Torn was his ſkin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But inſtant Pallas enter'd in his ſoul.
Cloſe to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung; [ſweep
Till the huge ſurge roll'd off: then, backward
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the Polypus, from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;
His ragged claws are ſtuck with ſtones and ſands:
So the rough rock had ſhagg'd Ulyſſes hands.
And now had periſh'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th' unhappy man: ev'n Fate had been in vain:
But all-ſubduing Pallas lent her power,
And prudence ſav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating ſurge his courſe he bore,
(A wider circle, but in ſight of ſhore)
With longing eyes, obſerving, to ſurvey
Some ſmooth aſcent, or ſafe ſequeſter'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he 'ſpy'd
A falling ſtream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the ſeas the ſhelving ſhore declin'd,
And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulyſſes preſt,
And hail'd the river, and its God addreſt:

Whoe'er thou art, before whoſe ſtream unknown
I bend, a ſuppliant at thy watery throne,
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapleſs men like me,
For ſacred ev'n to Gods is miſery:
Let then thy waters give the weary reſt,
And ſave a ſuppliant, and a man diſtreſt.
He pray'd, and ſtraight the gentle ſtream ſub-
Detains the ruſhing current of his tides, [ſides,
Before the wanderer ſmooths the watery way,
And ſoft receives him from the rolling ſea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the ſhore,
He dropt his ſinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His ſwoln heart heav'd; his bloated body ſwell'd:
From mouth and noſe the briny torrent ran;
And loſt in laſſitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The ſoul ſcarce waking in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's ſcarf unbound;
Obſervant of her word, he turn'd aſide
His head, and caſt it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the ſtream, Ulyſſes found
A moſſy bank, with pliant ruſhes crown'd!
The bank he preſs'd, and gently kiſs'd the ground;
Where on the flowery herb as ſoft he lay,
Thus to his ſoul the ſage began to ſay:

What will ye next ordain, ye Powers on high
And yet, ah! yet, what Fates are we to try?
Here by the ſtream, if I the night out-wear,
Thus ſpent already, how ſhall nature bear
The dews deſcending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
When morning riſes?—If I take the wood,
And in thick ſhelter of innumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gently ſleep allows;
Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil laſt,
What ſavage beaſts may wander in the waſte;
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.

Thus long debating in himſelf he ſtood:
At length he took the paſſage to the wood,
Whoſe ſhady horrors on a riſing brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the ſtream below
There grew two olives, cloſeſt of the grove,
With roots entwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they ſmil'd
With ſiſter fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the ſun's meridian rays had power,
Nor wind ſharp-piercing, nor the ruſhing ſhower
The verdant arch ſo cloſe its texture kept:
Beneath this covert great Ulyſſes crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made
(Thick ſtrown by tempeſt through the bower
ſhade);
Where three at leaſt might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement ſky.
This ſtore, with joy the patient hero found,
And, ſunk amidſt them, heap'd the leaves around
As ſome poor peaſant, fated to reſide
Remote from neighbours in a foreſt wide,
Studious to ſave what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preſerves the ſeeds of fire:
Hid in dry foilage thus Ulyſſes lies,
Till Pallas pour'd ſoft ſlumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of ſweet repoſe)
Lull'd all his cares, and baniſh'd all his woes.

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BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pallas, appearing in a dream to Nauſicaa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia), commands her to deſcend to the river, and waſh the robes of ſtate, in preparation to her nuptials. Nauſicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are ſpread on the bank, they divert themſelves in ſports. Their voices awake Ulyſſes, who, addreſſing himſelf to the princeſs, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the iſland.

While thus the weary wanderer ſunk to reſt,
And peaceful ſlumbers calm'd his anxious breaſt;
The Martial Maid from heaven's aerial height
Soar'd to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the ſoft Phæacian train
In eaſe poſſeſt the wide Hyperian plain;
Till the Cyclopean race in arms aroſe,
A lawleſs nation of Gigantic foes:
Then great Nauſithous from Hyperia far,
Through ſeas retreating from the ſound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never ſcience rear'd her laurel'd head:
There, round his tribes a ſtrength of wall he rais'd:
To heaven the glittering domes and temples blaz'd:
Built to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And diſtrib'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the ſilent grave the monarch lay,
And wiſe Alcinous held the regal ſway.
To his high palace through the fields of air
The Goddeſs ſhot; Ulyſſes was her care.
There as the night in ſilence roll'd away,
A heaven of charms divine Nauſicaa lay:
Through the thick gloom the ſhining portals blaze;
Two Nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.
Light as the viewleſs air the Warrior-Maid
Glides thro' the valves, and hovers round her head;
A favourite virgin's blooming form ſhe took,
Whom Dymas ſprung; and thus the viſion ſpoke:
Oh indolent! to waſte thy hours away!
And ſleep'ſt thou careleſs of the bridal day?
Thy ſponſal ornament neglected lies;
Aſſiſt, prepare the bridal train, ariſe!
A juſt applauſe the cares of dreſs impart,
And give ſoft tranſport to a parent's heart.
Haſte, to the limpid ſtream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her ſmiling ray:
Haſte to the ſtream! Companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy ſteps attend, thy labours ſhare.
Virgin, awake! the marriage-hour is nigh,
She! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs
The royal car at early dawn obtain, [ſigh!
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and diſtant rolls the wave,
Where their fair veſts Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great,
And majeſty derives a grace from ſtate.
Then to the palaces of heaven ſhe ſails,
Immortal ſeat on the wings of wafting gales;
The ſeat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of eaſe.
There no rude winds preſume to ſhake the ſkies,
No rains deſcend, no ſnowy vapours riſe;
But on immortal thrones the bleſt repoſe:
The firmament with living ſplendors glows.
Hither the Goddeſs wing'd th' aerial way,
Thro' heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her roſy car Aurora ſhed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Up roſe the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the viſion of the night. [ſtow'd
The queen ſhe ſought: the queen her hours be-
In curious works; the whirling ſpindle glow'd
With crimſon threads, while buſy damſels cull
The ſnowy fleece, or twiſt the purpled wool.
Mean while Phæacia's peers in council ſate;
From his high doom the king deſcends in ſtate,
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him paſſing and ſubmiſſive ſaid:
Will my dread ſire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal ear obtain?
Say, with thy garments ſhall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters ſtray?
A dignity of dreſs adorns the great,
And kings draw luſtre from the robe of ſtate.
Five ſons thou haſt; three wait the bridal day,
And ſpotleſs robes become the young and gay:
So when with praiſe amid the dance they ſhine,
By theſe my cares adorn'd, that praiſe is mine.
Thus ſhe: but bluſhes ill-reſtrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conſcious fire the dawning bluſh ſurvey'd,
And ſmiling thus beſpoke the blooming maid:
My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter aſks, we give.
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules inceſſant rein.
The blooming virgin with diſpatchful cares
Tunicks, and ſtoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, aſſiduous, to her train aſſigns
The ſumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.
The train prepare a cruiſe of curious mould,
A cruiſe of fragrance, form'd of burniſh'd gold;
Odour divine! whoſe ſoft refreſhing ſtreams
Sleek the ſmooth ſkin, and ſcent the ſnowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay ſeat, the ſilken reins
Shine in her hand: along the ſounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damſels ſhone.

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They ſeek the ciſterns where Phæacian dames
Waſh their fair garments in the limpid ſtreams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling hills,
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſon fills.
The mules unharneſs'd range beſide the maid,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the veſtures in the cleanſing wave;
(The veſtures cleans'd o'erſpread the ſhelly ſand,
Their ſnowy luſtre whitens all the ſtrand:)
Then with a ſhort repaſt relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuſe ambroſial oil;
And, while the robes imbibe the ſolar ray,
O'er the green mead the ſporting virgins play
(Their ſhining veils unbound). Along the ſkies
Toſt, and retoſt, the ball inceſſant flies.
They ſport, they feaſt; Nauſicaa lifts her voice,
And, warbling tweet, makes earth and heaven re-joice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' reſounding groves;
A ſylvan train the huntreſs queen ſurrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her ſhoulder ſounds:
Fierce in the ſport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chaſe the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn with more majeſtic pace,
Above the nymphs ſhe treads with ſtately grace;
Diſtinguiſh'd excellence the Goddeſs proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nauſicaa trod the plain,
And ſhone tranſcendant o'er the beauteous train.
Mean time (the care and favourite of the ſkies)
Wrapt in embowering ſhade, Ulyſſes lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now addreſt
To break the bands of all-compoſing reſt.
Forth from her ſnowy hand Nauſicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And ſwam the ſtream: loud ſhrieks the virgin train,
And the loud ſhriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the ſhrilling ſound, Ulyſſes roſe,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes:
'Ah me! on what inhoſpitable coaſt,
Or what new region, is Ulyſſes toſt?
Poſſeſt by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
What ſounds are theſe that gather from the ſhores: [bowers,
The voice of nymphs that haunt the ſylvan
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the ſhady wood;
Or azure daughters of the ſilver flood;
Or human voice? but, iſſuing from the ſhades,
Why ceaſe I ſtrait to learn what ſound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends
With forceful ſtrength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing ſhades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blaſts, and wet with wintry ſhowers,
Deſcends terrific from the mountain's brow:
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conſcious ſtrength elate, he bends his way,
Majeſtically fierce, to ſeize his prey
(The ſteer or ſtag): or with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and diſſipates the fold.
So leſs a terror, from the neighbouring groves
(Rough from the toſſing ſurge) Ulyſſes moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recebt from the ſtorms;
The brackiſh ooze his manly face deforms.
Wide o'er the ſhore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly:
All but the nymph: the nymph ſtood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldneſs not her own.
Mean time in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, ſelf-conſidering, as he ſtands, debates;
Diſtant his mournful ſtory to declare,
Or proſtrate at her knee addreſs the prayer.
But fearful to offend, by Wiſdom ſway'd,
At awful diſtance he accoſts the maid:
If from the ſkies a Goddeſs, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright diſguiſe
Thou viſit earth, a daughter of the ſkies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntreſs of the groves
So ſhines majeſtic, and ſo ſtately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bleſt is the father from whoſe loins you ſprung
Bleſt is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,
Bleſt are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To ſuch a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they ſee applauding princes gaze,
When ſtately in the dance you ſwim th' harmonious maze.
But bleſt o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms,
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this bleſt hour
Such finiſh'd grace! I gaze, and I adore!
Thus ſeems the palm with ſtately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coaſt,
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-hoſt,
But ah, how chang'd! from thence my ſorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes)! [ſtood,
Raptur'd I ſtood, and, as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gaz'd;
Raptur'd I ſtand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant ſo ſtately, or a nymph ſo fair.
Aw'd from acceſs, I lift my ſuppliant hands;
For miſery, O queen, before thee ſtands!
Twice ten tempeſtuous nights I roll'd, reſign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to ſpare! but Heaven, my
Spares only to inflict ſome mightier woe! [foe,
Inur'd to care, to death its all its forms;
Outcaſt I rove, familiar with the ſtorms!
Once more I view the face of human-kind:
Oh, let ſoft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconſcious of what air I breathe, I ſtand
Naked, defenceleſs, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants a veſt ſupply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement ſky:
So may the Gods, who heaven and earth controul,
Crown the chaſte wiſhes of thy virtuous ſoul,
On thy ſoft hours their choiceſt bleſſings ſhed;
Bleſt with a huſband be thy bridal bed:
Bleſt be the huſband with a blooming race,
And laſting union crown your bliſsful days.
The Gods, when they ſupremely bleſs, beſtow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and Heaven is in our ſtate.
To whom the nymph: O ſtranger, ceaſe thy
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but man is born to bear: [cares;

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Just weighs affairs of earth, in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:
Jove, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from above.
Since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide—
Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinous' royal loins I spring,
A happy nation, and an happy king.
Then to her maids: Why, why, ye coward train,
These fears, this flight? Ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
'Tis death with hostile steps these shores to tread:
Safe in the love of Heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheer the sad heart, nor vex affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent;
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams.
Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tide:
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A veil and robe, with rich embroidery gay:
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy sky.
To them the king: No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave:
Ye Gods! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view!
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.
The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant shower, he sheds;
Then, dress'd, in pomp magnificently treads,
The Warrior Goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine:
Back from his brow a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold.
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heavenly bloom, and like a God he moves.
A fragrance breathes around: majestic grace
Attends his steps: th' astonish'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murmuring seas,
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.
The wondering nymph his glorious port survey'd,
And to her damsels with amazement, said:
Not without care divine the stranger treads
This land of joy: his steps some Godhead leads:
Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driven
Far from the realm, the favourite isle of Heaven.
Late a sad spectacle of woe, he trod
The desart sands, and now he looks a God.
Oh, Heaven! in my connubial hour decree
Thus man my spouse, or such a spouse as he!
But haste, the viands and the bowl provide—
The maids the viands, and the bowl supply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirst assuag'd.
Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends,
Far blooming o'er the field: and as she press'd
The splendid seat, the listening chief address'd:
Stranger, arise! the sun rolls down the day,
Lo! to the palace I direct the way:
Where in high state the nobles of the land
Attend my royal sire, a radiant band.
But hear, though wisdom in thy soul presides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;
Advance at distance while I pass the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-ascend—With airy mounds
A strength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides:
Full thro' the narrow mouths descend the tides:
The spacious basons arching rocks enclose,
A sure defence from every storm that blows.
Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
And near, a forum flank'd with marble shines,
Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to store,
Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar:
For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air.
They rush into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the steep surge, and thro' the tempest fly;
A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name:
"What stranger this whom thus Nausicaa
"leads?
"Heavens, with what graceful majesty he treads!
"Perhaps a native of some distant shore,
"The future consort of her bridal hour;
"Or rather some descendant of the skies;
"Won by her prayers, th' aërial bridegroom flies.
"Heaven on that hour his choicest influence shed,
"That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!
"All, all the godlike worthies that adorn
"This realm, she flies: Phæacia is her scorn."
And just the blame: for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th' offence:
Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
Till our consenting sires a spouse provide,
And public nuptials justify the bride.
But would'st thou soon review thy native plain,
Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubbling fount distils
A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills;
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waste of flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.

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There wait embower'd, while I aſcend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.
Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every dome by pomp ſuperior known;
A child may point the way. With earneſt gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of ſtate;
Her royal hand a wonderous work deſigns,
Around a circle of bright damſels ſhines,
Part twiſt the threads, and part the wood diſpoſe,
While with the purple orb the ſpindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers,
My royal father ſhares the genial hours:
But to the queen thy mournful tale diſcloſe,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So ſhalt thou view with joy thy natal ſhore,
Though mountains riſe between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as ſhe wheel'd
The ſilver ſcourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
With ſkill the virgin guides th' embroider'd rein,
Slow rolls the car before the attending train.
Now whirling down the heavens, the golden day
Shot through the weſtern clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the ſacred ſhade,
To Pallas thus the penſive hero pray'd:
Daughter of Jove! whoſe arms in thunder wield
Th' avenging bold, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield;
Forſook by thee, in vain I fought thy aid
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd Maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the ſky:
Stern God! who rang'd with vengeance unreſtrain'd,
Till great Ulyſſes hail'd his native land.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

The Princeſs Nauſicaa returns to the city, and Ulyſſes ſoon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to addreſs the queen Arette. She then involves him in a miſt, which cauſes him to paſs inviſible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous deſcribed. Ulyſſes falling at the feet of the queen, the miſt diſperſes, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with reſpect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypſo, and his arrival on their dominions.

The ſame day continues, and the book ends with the night.

Thus patient, heavenly man thus ſuppliant pray'd;
While the ſlow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Through the proud ſtreets ſhe moves, the public gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace ſtays.
With ready love her brothers gathering round,
Receiv'd the veſtures, and the mules unbound.
She ſeeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The riſing fire ſupplies with buſy care,
Whoſe charms in youth the father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymeduſa nam'd:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her ſweet native ſhore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom beſtow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
Nurſe of Nauſicaa from her infant years,
And tender ſecond to a mother's cares.
Now from the ſacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulyſſes took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to ſecure her care,
Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air;
To ſhun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Inſulting ſtill, inquiſitive and loud.
When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His ſteps a virgin met, and ſtood before:
A goddeſs ſeem'd the ſeeming virgin bore,
And youthful ſmil'd; but in the low diſguiſe
Lay hid the Goddeſs with the azure eyes.
Show me, fair daughter, (thus the chief demands)
The houſe of him who rules the happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hoſpitable dome.
Far from my native coaſt, I rove alone,
A wretched ſtranger, and of all unknown!
The Goddeſs anſwer'd, Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For faſt beſide it dwells my honour'd ſire;
But ſilent march, nor greet the common train
With queſtions needleſs, or inquiry vain,
A race of rugged mariners are theſe;
Unpoliſh'd men, and boiſterous as their ſeas:
The native iſlanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
Theſe did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main:
On canvas wings to cut the watery way;
No bird ſo light, no thought ſo ſwift, as they.
Thus having ſpoke, th' unknown celeſtial leads;
The footſteps of th' Deity he treads,
And ſacred moves along th' crowded ſpace,
Unſeen of all the rude Phæacian race.

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(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies),
The chief with wonder sees th' extended streets,
The spreading harbours, and the rising fleets;
He next their princess lofty domes admires,
In separate islands crown'd with rising spires;
And deep intrenchments and high walls of stone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.
At length the kingly palace-gates he view'd:
There stopp'd the Goddess, and her speech renew'd:
My task is done; the mansion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High thron'd, and feasting there thou shalt behold
The sceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold;
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.
First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous queen, Arete is her name,
The same her parents, and her power the same.
For know, from Ocean's God Nausithous sprung,
And Peribæa, beautiful and young
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the prince, and left his only heir).
Who now, by Neptune's amorous power compreſt.
Produc'd a monarch that his people blest,
Father and prince of the Phæacian name;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
The first by Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd,
No son surviv'd: Arete heir'd his state,
And her, Alcinous chose his royal mate.
With honours yet to womenkind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When through the streets she gracious deigns to move,
(The public wonder and the public love)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise
The eyes of all, as on a Goddess, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a generous breast:
To heal divisions, to relieve th' oppreſt;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest.
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.
With that the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forsaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore,
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery head,
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
She past, delighted with the well-known seats;
And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats.
Mean while Ulysses at the palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day,
The walls were massy brass; the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintals deep projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd,
The work of matrons: these the princess prest,
Day following day, a long continued feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain:
Some ply the loom: their busy fingers move
Like poplar leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.
Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was the alloted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around,
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descry'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This through the garden leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er.
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;

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Prepar'd for reſt, and offering to the † God
Who bears the virtue of the ſleepy rod.
Unſeen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkneſs circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And proſtrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropt the veil of night;
Sudden he ſhines, and manifeſt to ſight,
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppreſt;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike gueſt.
Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began
Low at her knees the much enduring man)
To thee, thy conſort, and this royal train,
To all that ſhare the bleſſings of your reign,
A ſuppliant bends: Oh, pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country ſend,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increaſe,
And all your joys deſcend on all your race,
So reign for ever on your country's breaſt,
Your people bleſſing, by your people bleſt!
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the aſhes took his place.
Silence enſued. The eldeſt firſt began,
Echenus ſage, a venerable man!
Whoſe well-taught mind the preſent age ſurpaſt,
And join'd to that th' experience of the laſt.
Fit words attended on his weighty ſenſe,
And mild perſuaſion flow'd in eloquence.
O ſight (he cry'd) diſhoneſt and unjuſt!
A gueſt, a ſtranger, ſeated in the duſt!
To raiſe the lowly ſuppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle gueſt to grace,
And ſeat him fair in ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Let firſt the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way:
Then ſet the genial banquet in his view,
And give the ſtranger gueſt a ſtranger's due.
His ſage advice the liſtening king obeys,
He ſtretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raiſe,
And from his ſeat Laodamas remov'd
(The monarch's offspring, and his beſt belov'd);
There next his ſide the godlike hero ſate;
With ſtars of ſilver ſhone the bed of ſtate.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings,
Whoſe poliſh'd vaſe with copious ſtreams ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize,
The table next in regal order ſpread,
The glittering caniſters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and favour, rich repaſt!
Thus feaſting high, Alcinous gave the ſign,
And bade the herald pour the roſy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.
He ſaid. Pontonous heard the king's command:
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Earth drinks the juice that glads the heart of man,
Alcinous then, with aſpect mild, began;
Princes and peers, attend; while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and ſatiate from the ſocial rite
Repair we to the bleſſings of the night:
But with the riſing day, aſſembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious obſerve our hoſpitable laws,
And Heaven propitiate in the ſtranger's cauſe:
Then, join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to tranſport him to the wiſh'd-for ſhore
(How diſtant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour but relieve the woe).
Mean time, nor harm nor anguiſh let him bear:
This interval, Heaven truſts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge reſign'd, [hind.
Heaven 's his life to come, and all the woes he
Then muſt he ſuffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth are miſery and man!
But if, deſcended from th' Olympian bower,
Gracious approach us ſome immortal power;
If in that form thou com'ſt a gueſt divine:
Some high event the conſcious Gods deſign.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feaſt,
The ſolemn ſacrifice call'd down the gueſt;
Then manifeſt of heaven the viſion ſtood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with ſome favour'd traveller they ſtray,
And ſhine before him all the deſert way:
With ſocial intercourſe, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celeſtial kind,
By juſtice, truth, and probity of mind:
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the Giant-ſons of earth.
Let no ſuch thought (with modeſt grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) poſſeſs the royal mind,
Alas! a mortal, like thyſelf, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure ſky:
In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! moſt oppreſt of thoſe
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes:
By a ſad train of miſeries alone
Diſtinguiſh'd long, and ſecond now to none!
By Heaven's high will compell'd from ſhore to ſhore;
With Heaven's high will prepar'd to ſuffer more.
What hiſtories of toil could I declare!
But ſtill long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and ſhrunk with pining faſt,
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſt.
Howe'er the noble, ſuffering mind, may grieve
Its load of anguiſh, and diſdain to live;
Neceſſity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is inſolent, and will be fed.
But finiſh, oh ye peers! what you propoſe,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I ſuffer all the Gods ordain,
To ſee my ſoil, my ſon, my friends, again.
That view vouchſaf'd, let inſtant death ſurpriſe
With ever-during ſhade theſe happy eyes!
Th' aſſembled peers with general praiſe applaud
His pleaded reaſon, and the ſuit he mov'd. [prov'd
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares;
And to the gift of balmy ſleep repairs.
Ulyſſes in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beſide him, on a ſplendid throne
Divine Arete and Alcinous ſhone.

† Mercury.

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The queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd,
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the godlike man:
Can'st thou not hither, wondrous stranger! say,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea!
Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely air?
And robes like these, so recent and so fair?
Hard is the task, oh princess! you impose:
(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes)
The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows sent by Heaven and Fate!
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd, in Ocean's watery arms;
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unbleft! to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove tremendous in the sable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges tost,
Heaven drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddess there with open arms,
She brib'd my stay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
But all her blandishments successless prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love.
I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth she voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was form'd, to cross the surging sea;
Herself supply'd the stores and rich array,
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.
Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle: but there my hopes were lost,
The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.
I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighbouring wood.
'Twas night; and, cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd and Phœbus shin'd in vain,
Nor, till oblique he stop'd his evening ray,
Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd:
To her I sued, she pity'd my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.
Who from such youth could hope considerate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.
This is the truth: and oh, ye Powers on high!
Forbid that want should sink me to a lie,
To this the king: Our daughter but express
Her cares imperfect to our godlike guest.
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?
Hero and king! (Ulysses thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect her pride:
She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and reverence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.
Far from my soul (he cry'd) the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve;
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son,
In such alliance could'st thou wish to join,
A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.
But, if reluctant, who shall force thy stay!
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray.
Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise;
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's ‖ giant-son to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning course begun,
Saw them returning with the setting sun.
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our sail.
When justly tim'd with equal sweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracts below.
Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,
But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes)
O, Jove! O, father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory shine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!
Mean time Arete, for the hour of rest,
Ordains the fleecy couch and covering vest;
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they past,
And finish'd all the queen's command with haste.
Then gave the signal to the willing guest:
He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.
There, soft-extended, to the murmuring sound
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinous lies,
And fast beside were clos'd Arete's eyes.

‖ Tityus.

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BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Alcinous calls a council, in which it is reſolved to tranſport Ulyſſes into his country. After which, ſplendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated muſician and poet Demodocus plays and ſings to the gueſts. They next proceed to the games; the race, the wreſtling, diſcus, &c.; where Ulyſſes caſts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the ſpectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus ſings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulyſſes, after a compliment to the poet, deſires him to ſing the introduction of the wooden horſe into Troy; which ſubject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his gueſt, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

Now fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Roſe inſtant from the ſlumbers of the night;
Then to the council-ſeat they bend their way,
And fill the ſhining thrones along the bay.
Mean while Minerva in her guardian care,
Shoots from the ſtarry vault through fields of air;
In form a herald of the king, ſhe flies
From peer to peer, and thus inceſſant cries:
Nobles and chiefs who rules Phæacia's ſtates,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A Prince of Grace Divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown ſeas arriv'd from unknown ſhores.
She ſpoke and ſudden with tumultuous ſounds
Of thronging multitudes the ſhores rebounds:
At once the ſeats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before ſome brother of the ſky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She ſheds celeſtial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe;
With ſtrength, the future prize of Fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glittering throne Alcinous roſe:
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will diſcloſe.
Your preſent aid this godlike ſtranger craves,
Toſt by rude tempeſt through a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the riſing day,
Or nations ſubject to the weſtern ray.
Then grant, what here all ſons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be choſen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vaſt profound, and bid the veſſel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Inſtant, you ſailors, to this taſk attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers aſcend:
Let none to ſtrangers honours due diſclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame,
Taught by the Gods to pleaſe, when high he ſings
The vocal lay, reſponſive to the ſtrings.
Thus ſpoke the prince: th' attending peers obey,
In ſtate they move; Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the ſailors to their charge ariſe:
They launch the veſſel, and unfurl the ſails,
And ſtretch the ſwelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all acceſſes to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choiceſt of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings, from the flock they bring
To crown the feaſt; ſo wills the bounteous king.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The ſacred maſter of celeſtial ſong:
Dear to the Muſe! who gave his days to flow
With mighty bleſſings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkneſs quench'd his viſual ray,
But gave him ſkill to raiſe the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne ſublime in ſtate,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he ſate:
With ſilver ſhone the throne; his lyre well ſtrung
To rapturous ſounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his ſeat a poliſh'd table ſhines,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines;
His food a herald bore: and now they fed:
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then, fir'd by all the Muſe, aloud he ſings
The mighty deeds of Demi-gods and Kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble ſong aroſe,
That made Ulyſſes and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feaſt they doom the fall of Troy;
The ſtern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For Heaven foretold the conteſt, when he trod
The marble threſhold of the Delphic God,
Curious to learn the counſels of the ſky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.
Touch'd at the ſong, Ulyſſes ſtraight reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple veſt he drew,
Induſtrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the muſic paus'd he ceas'd to ſhed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And, lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Tranſported with the ſong, the liſtening train
Again with loud applauſe demand the ſtrain:
Again Ulyſſes veil'd his penſive head,
Again, unmann'd, a ſhower of ſorrow ſhed:
Conceal'd he wept: the king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious ſtring;
Enough the feaſt has pleas'd, enough the power
Of heavenly ſong has crown'd the genial hour!
Inceſſant in the games your ſtrength diſplay;
Conteſt, ye brave, the honours of the day:

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That, pleas'd, th' admiring ſtranger may proclaim
In diſtant regions the Phæacian fame:
None wield the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway,
Or ſwifter in the race devour the way;
None in the leap ſpring with ſo ſtrong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wreſtling, preſs the ground.
Thus ſpoke the king; th' attending peers obey:
In ſtate they move, Alcinous leads the way:
His golden lyre Demodocus unſtrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And, guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majeſtic to the liſts of Fame repairs.
Now ſwarms the populace; a countleſs throng,
Youth and hoar age: and man drives man along:
The games begin; ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, Thoon, and Eretmus riſe;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of Fame:
There Proreus, Neates, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
Euryalus like Mars terrific roſe,
When clad in wrath he withers hoſts of foes:
Naubolides with grace unequall'd ſhone,
Or equall'd by Laodamas alone.
With theſe came forth Ambaſineus the ſtrong;
And three brave ſons, from great Alcinous ſprung.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand,
Start from the goal, and vaniſh'd o'er the ſtrand:
Swift as on wings of winds upborne they fly,
And drifts of riſing duſt involve the ſky:
Before the race, what ſpace the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox from plough to plough;
Clytoneus ſprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore th' unrivall'd honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wreſtlers join:
The conqueſt, great Euryalus is thine.
Amphialus ſprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground:
From Elatreus' ſtrong arm the diſcus flies,
And ſings with unmatch'd force along the ſkies.
And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful ſway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.
While thus the peerage in the games contends,
In act to ſpeak, Laodamas aſcends:
O friends, he cries, the ſtranger ſeems well ſkill'd
To try th' illuſtrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave: then grant the brave man's claim,
Invite the hero to his ſhare of Fame.
What nervous arms he boaſts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his ſhoulders ſpread:
By age unbroke!---but all-conſuming care ſpare:
Deſtroys, perhaps, that ſtrength that time would
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms! [ſpare:
Man muſt decay, when man contends with ſtorms.
Well haſt thou ſpoke (Euryalus replies):
Thine is the gueſt, invite him thou to riſe.
Swift at the word advancing from the crowd
He made obeiſance, and thus ſpoke aloud:
Vouchſafes the reverend ſtranger to diſplay
His manly worth, and ſhare the glorious day?
Father, ariſe! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the ſolemn games.
To fame ariſe! for what more fame can yield
Than the ſwift race, or conflict of the field?
Steal from corroding care one tranſient day,
To glory give the ſpace thou haſt to ſtay;
Short is the time, and, lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
To whom with ſighs Ulyſſes gave reply;
Ah! why th' ill-ſuiting paſtime muſt I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay ſports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who ſuppliant to the king and peers implores
A ſpeedy voyage to his native ſhores.
Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The ſports of glory to the brave belong
(Retorts Euryalus): he boaſts no claim
Among the great, unlike the ſons of Fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main;
Some mean ſea-farer in purſuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well ſkill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.
Incens'd Ulyſſes with a frown replies.
O forward to proclaim thy ſoul unwiſe!
With partial hands the Gods their gifts diſpenſe;
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies:
This man with energy of thought controls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our ſouls,
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing crowd reveres.
While others, beauteous as th' ætherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward ſhow Heaven gives thee to excel,
But Heaven denies the praiſe of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous ſoul reſents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exerciſe, I claim
A poſt of honour with the ſons of Fame:
Such was my boaſt while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care ſurrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In ſcenes of death, by tempeſt and by war.
Yet, thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.---Slander ſtings the brave.
Then, ſtriding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's ſons diſcharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings,
Sonorous through the ſhaded air it ſings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempeſtuous as it flies.
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the ſkies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down ruſhing, it up-turns a hill of ground.
That inſtant Pallas, burſting from a cloud,
Fix'd a diſtinguiſh'd mark, and cry'd aloud:
Ev'n he who ſightleſs wants his viſual ray
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy ſignal throw tranſcends the utmoſt bound
Of every champion by a length of ground.
Securely bid the ſtrongeſt of the train
Ariſe to throw: the ſtrongeſt throws in vain.
She ſpoke; and momentary mounts the ſky:
The friendly voice Ulyſſes hears with joy;

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Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
Riſe, ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried;
If with this throw the ſtrongeſt caſter vie,
Still, further ſtill, I bid the diſcus fly,
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or ye, the ſwifteſt racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wreſtlers, who theſe paſtimes grace,
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race!
In ſuch heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone;
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtyle him friend.
Ungenerous were the man, and baſe of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man in foreign realms confin'd,
Baſe to his friend, to his own intereſt blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy;
Give me a man that we our might may try.
Expert in every art I boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
Should a whole hoſt at once diſcharge the bow,
My well-aim'd ſhaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone ſuperior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the ſhaft to fly.
From all the ſons of earth, unrival'd praiſe
I juſtly claim; but yield to better days,
To thoſe fam'd days when great Alcides roſe,
And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime;
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the Bowyer-God).
In fighting fields as far the ſpear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the conteſt I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints, and I reſign;
By ſtorms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
When ſtorms and hunger both at once aſſail.
Abaſh'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
Till great Alcinous mildly thus began:
Well haſt thou ſpoke, and well thy generous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, ſecure in men of ſenſe:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
In diſtant realms our glorious deeds diſplay,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day; [end,
When bleſt with eaſe thy woes and wanderings
Teach them thy conſort, bid thy ſons attend!
How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our ſires with praiſe,
How we their offspring dignify our race.
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boaſt the glories of th' athletic field;
We in the courſe unrivall'd ſpeed diſplay,
Or through cærulean billows plough the way;
To dreſs, to dance, to ſing, our ſole delight,
The feaſt or bath by day, and love by night:
Raiſe then, ye ſkill'd in meaſures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a diſtant air:
And faithful ſay, to you the powers belong
To race, to ſail, to dance, to chant the ſong.
But, herald, to the palace ſwift repair,
And the ſoft lyre to grace our paſtimes bear.

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up roſe nine ſeniors, choſen to ſurvey
The future games, the judges of the day.
With inſtant care they mark a ſpacious round,
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The bard advancing meditates the lay,
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heavenly minſtrel ſtand:
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they riſe,
Their feet half viewleſs quiver in the ſkies:
Ulyſſes gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey
The glancing ſplendours as their ſandals play.
Mean time the bard, alternate to the ſtrings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea ſings;
How the ſtern God, enamour'd with her charms,
Claſp'd the gay panting Goddeſs in his arms,
By bribes ſeduc'd: and how the ſun, whoſe eye
Views the broad heavens, diſcloſ'd the lawleſs joy.
Stung to the ſoul, indignant through the ſkies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
Arriv'd, his ſinewy arms inceſſant place
Th' eternal anvil on the maſſy baſe.
A wondrous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers as entwin'd they lay,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong! Then inſtant bears
To his immortal dome the finiſh'd ſnares.
Above, below, around, with art diſpread,
The ſure encloſure folds the genial bed;
Whoſe texture ev'n the ſearch of Gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the ſpider weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the ſtarry bowers,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian ſhores,
His favourite iſle! obſervant Mars deſcries
His wiſh'd receſs, and to the Goddeſs flies:
He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd Queen of Love
Deſcends ſmooth gliding from the courts of Jove,
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he preſt
With eager joy, and with a ſigh addreſt:
Come, my belov'd, and taſte the ſoft delights:
Come, to repoſe the genial bed invites:
Thy abſent ſpouſe, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms:
Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led,
And ſunk tranſported on the conſcious bed.
Down ruſh'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
The careleſs lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they ſtrive, th' entangling ſnares deny
(Inextricably firm) the power to fly:
Warn'd by the God who ſheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the ſtarry way:
Arriv'd, he ſees, he grieves, with rage he burns:
Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven returns:
O Jove, he cry'd, oh all ye powers above,
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
Me, aukward me, ſhe ſcorns; and yields her charms
To that fair letcher, the ſtrong God of arms.
If I am lame, that ſtain my natal hour
By Fate impos'd; ſuch me my parent bore:
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
O ſight tormenting to an huſband's eyes!
But yet I truſt, this once ev'n Mars would fly
His fair-one's arms—he thinks her, once, too nigh.

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But theſe remain, ye guilty in my power,
Till Jove refunds his fhameleſs daughter's dower.
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaſte is beauty in diſgrace.
Mean while the Gods the dome of Vulcan throng,
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along;
With theſe gay Hermes trod the ſtarry plain;
But modeſty withheld the Goddeſs-train.
All Heaven beholds impriſon'd as they lie,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſky.
Then mutual, thus they ſpoke: Behold on wrong [ſtrong!
Swift vengeance waits; and art ſubdues the
Dwells there a God on all th' Olympian brow,
More ſwift than Mars, and more than Vulcan ſlow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the God of arms
Muſt pay the penalty for lawleſs charms.
Thus ſerious they; but he who gilds the ſkies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
Would'ſt thou enchain'd like Mars, O Hermes, lie,
And bear the ſhame, like Mars, to ſhare the joy?
O envy'd ſhame! (the ſmiling youth rejoin'd),
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye Gods, and every Goddeſs gaze,
Yet eager would I bleſs the ſweet diſgrace.
Loud laugh the reſt, even Neptune laugh'd aloud,
Yet ſues importunate to looſe the God;
And free, he cries, O Vulcan! free from ſhame
Thy captives; I inſure the penal claim.
Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithleſs truſt?
He ſuffers who gives ſurety for th' unjuſt:
But ſay, if that lewd ſcandal of the ſky,
To liberty reſtor'd, perfidious fly;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct? He inſtant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.
To whom appeas'd: No more I urge delay;
When Neptune ſues, my part is to obey.
Then to the ſnares his force the God applies;
They burſt; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the ſoft Cyprian ſhores the Goddeſs moves,
To viſit Paphos and her blooming groves;
Where to the Power an hundred altars riſe,
And breathing odours ſcent the balmy ſkies;
Conceal'd ſhe bathes in conſecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents ſhed, ambroſial ſhowers.
Unguents that charm the Gods! ſhe laſt aſſumes
Her wonderous robes; and full the Goddeſs blooms.
Thus ſung the bard: Ulyſſes hears with joy,
And loud applauſes rend the vaulted ſky.
Then to the ſports his ſons the king commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch ſtands,
In dance unmatch'd! A wondrous ball is brought
(The work of Polypus, divinely wrought);
This youth with ſtrength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the ſky;
His brother, ſpringing with an active bound,
At diſtance intercepts it from the ground:
The ball diſmiſs'd, in dance they ſkim the ſtrand,
Turn and return, and ſcarce imprint the ſand.
Th' aſſembly gazes with aſtoniſh'd eyes,
And ſends in ſhouts applauſes to the ſkies.
Then thus Ulyſſes: Happy king, whoſe name
The brighteſt ſhines in all the rolls of Fame:
In ſubjects happy! with ſurprize I gaze!
Thy praiſe was juſt; their ſkill tranſcends thy praiſe. [hears,
Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch
And thus benevolent accoſts the peers:
Since Wiſdom's ſacred guidance he purſues,
Give to the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion ſhare
O'er whom ſupreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A veſt, a robe, and imitate your king:
Be ſwift to give; that he this night may ſhare
The ſocial feaſt of joy, with joy ſincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;
A generous heart repairs a ſlanderous tongue.
Th' aſſenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haſte their heralds ſend the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whoſe ſway
Rules this beſt realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this ſword, whoſe blade of braſs diſplays
A ruddy gleam; whoſe hilt a ſilver blaze;
Whoſe ivory ſheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's ſide.
He ſaid: and to his hand the ſword conſign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind thoſe words, ye whirlwinds, bear,
And ſcatter them, ye ſtorms, in empty air:
Crown, O ye Heavens! with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his ſpouſe and native ſhores!
And bleſt be thou, my friend, Ulyſſes cries:
Crown him with every joy, ye favouring ſkies!
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never may'ſt thou want this ſword!
He ſaid; and o'er his ſhoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth aſcends the evening ſhade:
The precious gifts th' illuſtrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' ſons unfold
The veſts, the robes, and heaps of ſhining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in ſtate:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial ſate.
Then to the queen: O partner of our reign,
O ſole belov'd! command thy menial train
A poliſh'd cheſt and ſtately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That, bath'd, our gueſt may bid his ſorrows ceaſe,
Hear the ſweet ſong, and taſte the feaſt in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourſelf we give, memorial of our name:
To raiſe in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every God that treads the courts above.
Inſtant the queen, obſervant of the king,
Commands her train a ſpacious vaſe to bring,
The ſpacious vaſe with ample ſtreams ſuffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames ariſe.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The ſtirring waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herſelf the cheſt prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the veſts are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dreſs inwrought with art,
A gift expreſſive of her bounteous heart,
Thus ſpoke to Ithacus: To guard with bands
Inſolvable theſe gifts, thy care demands:
Leſt, in thy ſlumbers on the watery main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.

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Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king aſcends
(Untaſted joy, ſince that diſaſtrous hour
He fail'd ill-fated from Calypſo's bower):
Where, happy as the Gods that range the ſky,
He feaſted every ſenſe with every joy.
He bathes; the damſels, with officious toil,
Shed ſweets, ſhed unguents, in a ſhower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he ſpreads,
And to the feaſt magnificently treads,
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Nauſicaa blooming as a Goddeſs ſtands,
With wondering eyes the hero ſhe ſurvey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid:
Hail, godlike ſtranger! and when Heaven reſtores
To thy fond wiſh thy long-expected ſhores,
This ever-grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'ſt, to me, the vital air.
O royal Maid! Ulyſſes ſtraight returns,
Whoſe worth the ſplendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whoſe arm in vengeance forms [ſtorms,)
The writhen bolt, and blackens heaven with
Reſtore me ſafe, through weary wanderings toſt,
To my dear country's ever-pleaſing coaſt,
As, while the ſpirit in this boſom glows,
To thee, my Goddeſs, I addreſs my vows:
My life, thy gift I boaſt! He ſaid, and ſate
Faſt by Alcinous on a throne of ſtate.
Now each partakes the feaſt, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion ſhares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeiſance as he moves along:
Beneath a ſculptur'd arch he ſits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then, from the chine, Ulyſſes carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;
This, let the maſter of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the ſpacious ſkies,
Who ſacred honours to the bard denies?
The Muſe the bard inſpires, exalts his mind;
The Muſe indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praiſe.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyriſt wiſe Ulyſſes ſaid:
Oh more than man! thy ſoul the Muſe inſpires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:
For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and ſing ſo well the woe?
Juſt to the tale, as preſent as the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day?
The ſong recalls paſt horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her aſhes riſe.
Once more harmonious ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
Th' Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, ſing:
How ſtern Ulyſſes, furious to deſtroy,
With latent heroes ſack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
The God himſelf inſpires thy breaſt with flame:
And mine ſhall be the taſk, henceforth to raiſe
In every land, the monument of praiſe.

Full of the God, he rais'd his lofty ſtrain,
How the Greeks ruſh'd tumultuous to the main;
How blazing tents illumin'd half the ſkies,
While from the ſhores the winged navy flies:
How, ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the ſtern Greeks by Troy's aſſiſting hands:
All Troy up-heav'd the ſteed; of differing mind,
Various the Trojans counſel'd; part conſign'd
The monſter to the ſword, part ſentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th' unwiſe prevail, they lodge it in the towers,
An offering ſacred to th' immortal Powers:
Th' unwiſe award to lodge it in the walls,
And by the Gods decree proud Ilion falls;
Deſtruction enters in the treacherous wood,
And vengeful ſlaughter, fierce for human blood.
He ſung the Greeks ſtern iſſuing from the ſteed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deïphobus! aſcends
The Spartan king: how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
He fights, ſubdues: for Pallas ſtrings his arms.
Thus while he ſung, Ulyſſes' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
As ſome fond matron views in mortal fight
Her huſband falling in his country's right:
Frantic through claſhing ſwords ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
As ghaſtly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Cloſe to his breaſt ſhe grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, ſhe ſhrieks; the fierce inſulting foe
Relentleſs mock her violence of woe:
To chains condemn'd, as wildly ſhe deplores:
A widow, and a ſlave on foreign ſhores.
So from the ſluices of Ulyſſes' eyes
Faſt fell the tear, and ſighs ſucceeded ſighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful ſtring:
To every note his tears reſponſive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe:
Thy lay too deeply moves: then ceaſe the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This ſocial rite demands: for him the ſails,
Floating in air, invite th' impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love: the wiſe and good
Receive the ſtranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, diſcover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour diſtinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:)
Say from what city, from what regions toſt,
And what inhabitants thoſe regions boaſt?
So ſhalt thou inſtant reach the realms aſſign'd,
In wonderous ſhips ſelf-mov'd, inſtinct with mind;
No helm ſecures their courſe, no pilot guides,
Like man, intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conſcious of every coaſt, and every bay,
That lies beneath the ſun's all-ſeeing ray;
Though clouds and darkneſs veil th' encumber'd ſky, [they fly:
Fearleſs through darkneſs and through clouds

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Though tempests rage, though rolls the swelling main,
The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain;
Eo'n the stern God, that o'er the waves presides,
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
With fury burns; while careless they convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story big with future woes,
How Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
Firm rooted in a surge a ship should stand
A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury these proud towers beneath the ground.
But this the Gods may frustrate or fulfill,
As suits the purpose of th' Eternal Will.

But say through what waste regions hast thou stray'd,
What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd;
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Just are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven proceed [to bleed;
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks
A theme of future song! Say then if slain
Some dear lov'd brother press'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagi, and Cyclops.

Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures; how, after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.

Thus thus Ulysses: Thou, whom first in sway,
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey;
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting strain;
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoicing, and a people blest!
How goodly seems it ever to employ
Man's social days in union and in joy; [vine,
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates di-
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!
Admit these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
Th' unhappy series of a wanderer's woe;
Remembrance sad, whose image to review,
Alas! must open all my wounds anew!
And, oh! what first, what last shall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd sent by Heaven and Fate?
Know first the man (though now a wretch distrest)
Who hopes thee, monarch, for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven my fame.
My native soil is Ithaca the fair, [bays
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:
Dulichium, Same, and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around
(These to the north and night's dark regions run,
These to Aurora and the rising sun).
Low lies our isle, yet blest in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;
And none, ah! none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that Heaven o'erspreads with light!

In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magic, to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus our vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shar'd,
And every soldier found a like reward.
I then advis'd to fly; not so the rest,
Who stay'd to revel, and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and sable bulls they slay,
And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day.
Mean time the Cicons to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or rising flowers
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in showers:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.
Now fortune changes (so the Fates ordain);
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain.

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Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly th' unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life,
Yet as we fled our fellows rites we paid;
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.
Mean while the God whose hand the thunder forms, [storms!
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heaven with
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotos and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep
The seas smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.
By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.
Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats through pathless thickets rove:
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, through the wintery cold
Pursue their flight: but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care;
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermillion prore,
Or bark of traffic glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground:
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murmuring main,
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.
A port there is, enclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and unty'd;
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green,
The blushing alders form a shady scene.
Hither some favouring God, beyond our thought,
Through all-surrounding shade our navy brought:
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in the æthereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown,
With wonder seiz'd, we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats come bounding o'er the lawn:
In haste our fellows to the ships repair,
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart:
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supply'd (for twelve were all the fleet).
Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; these from ample jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.

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The land of Cyclops lay in proſpect near;
The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear.
And from their mountains riſing ſmokes appear.
Now ſunk the ſun, and darkneſs cover'd o'er
The face of things: along the ſea-beat ſhore
Satiate we ſleep: but when the ſacred dawn
Ariſing glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and theſe words addreſt:
My dear aſſociates, here indulge your reſt:
While, with my ſingle ſhip, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjuſt, of barbarous might,
Rude, and unconſcious of a ſtranger's right;
Or ſuch who harbour pity in their breaſt,
Revere the Gods, and ſuccour the diſtreſt?
This ſaid, I climb'd my veſſel's lofty ſide;
My train obey'd me, and the ſhip unty'd.
In order ſeated on their banks, they ſweep [deep.
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding
When to the neareſt verge of land we drew,
Faſt by the ſea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er;
Where ſheep and goats lay ſlumbering round the
ſhore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock.
Brown with o'er-arching pine and ſpreading oak,
A giant ſhepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the reſt, and ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in ſtature, or in face;
As ſome lone mountain's monſtrous growth he ſtood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my veſſel at the point of land,
And cloſe to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldeſt and the beſt,
I ſeek th' adventure, and forſake the reſt.
Then took a goatſkin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron of Evantheus' line
(The prieſt of Phœbus at th' Ismarian ſhrine).
In ſacred ſhade his honour'd manſion ſtood
Amidſt Apollo's conſecrated wood; [ſave
Him, and his houſe, Heaven mov'd my mind to
And coſtly preſents in return he gave;
Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
A ſilver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large veſſels of unmingled wine,
Melliſluous, undecaying, and divine?
Which now, ſome ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary ſire in gratitude reveal'd; [ſteam,
Such was the wine: to quench whoſe fervent
Scarce twenty meaſures from the living ſtream
To cool one cup ſuffic'd: the goblet crown'd
Breath'd aromatic fragrancies around.
Of this an ample vaſe we heav'd aboard,
And brought another with proviſions ſtor'd.
My ſoul forboded I ſhould find the bower
Of ſome fell Monſter, fierce with barbarous power,
Some ruſtic wretch, who liv'd in Heaven's deſpight,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within
(His flock the giant tended on the green):
But round the grot we gaze; and all we view,
In order rang'd, our admiration drew:
The bending ſhelves with loads of cheeſes preſt,
The folded flocks each ſeparate from the reſt
(The larger here, and there the leſſer lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid diſtinguiſh'd from the lambkin lies);
The cavern echoes with reſponſive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and veſſels of the milking trade.
With freſh proviſions hence our fleet to ſtore
My friends adviſe me, and to quit the ſhore;
Or drive a flock of ſheep and goats away,
Conſult our ſafety, and put off to ſea.
Their wholeſome counſel raſhly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monſtrous kind,
And try what ſocial rites a ſavage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
Then firſt a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with ſacrifice and prayer.
The loaded ſhelves afford us full repaſt;
We ſit expecting. Lo! he comes at laſt.
Near half a foreſt on his back he bore,
And caſt the ponderous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And ſought the deep receſſes of the den.
Now driven before him, through the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd
flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind);
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and cloſ'd the gate
(Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars compact and
ſtrong,
The maſſy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, ſitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eaſes firſt the dams,
Then to the mother's teats ſubmits the lambs.
Half the white ſtream to hardening cheeſe he
preſt,
And high in wicker-baſkets heap'd the reſt,
Reſerv'd in bowls, ſupply'd the nightly feaſt.
His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave
A ſudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We ſtand diſcover'd by the riſing fires;
Aſkance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
What are ye, gueſts; on what adventure, ſay,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Pirates perhaps, who ſeek through ſeas unknown
The lives of others, and expoſe your own?
His voice like thunder thro' the cavern ſounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at ſight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
From Troy's fam'd fields, ſad wanderers o'er
the main,
Behold the relicks of the Grecian train!
Through various ſeas by various perils toſt,
And forc'd by ſtorms, unwilling, on your coaſt;
Far from our deſtin'd courſe, and native land,
Such was our fate, and ſuch high Jove's com-
Nor what we are beſits us to diſclaim, [mand!
Atrides' friends (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud Troy and all her ſons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble ſuppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy ſuccour we implore;
Reſpect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At leaſt ſome hoſpitable gift beſtow;
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe;

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'Tis what the Gods require: those Gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he seeks their wrongs.
Fools that ye are! (the savage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know then, we, Cyclops, are a race above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies she anchor'd? near or off the shore?
Thus he. His meditated fraud I find
(Vers'd in the turns of various human kind);
And, cautious, thus: Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke,
Scarce with these few I 'scap'd; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main;
These scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.
He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain-beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,
My soul impels me; and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but wisdom held my hand.
A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Cold roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd, and whistling, drives his flock before:
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again: with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
Thus left behind, ev'n in the last despair
I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my breast;
But this of many counsels seem'd the best:
The monster's club within the cave I 'spy'd,
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so vast,
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.
This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane;
The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire;
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four:
Myself the fifth. We stand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female stay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some God design'd);
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
First down he sits, to milk the wooly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock; his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore.
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er;
Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest:
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare,
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.
He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.
More! give me more, he cry'd: the boon be thine;
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine!
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unblest Cyclopean climes produce
(Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our fields);
But this descended from the blest abodes,
A rill of nectar, streaming from the Gods.
He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful speech I reassume:
Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title; Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.
The giant then: Our promis'd grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power
Noman shall be the last I will devour.
He said: then, nodding with the fumes of wine
Dropp'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
Press'd with the weight of sleep that tames the strong! [blood
There belch'd the mingled streams of wine and
And human flesh, is indigested food,
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.

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The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With bearing hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by some present God, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round.
As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Singe'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack. [black
And as where armourers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-axe, or the shining sword,
Tempered hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He roars a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding caves resound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand,
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair
From rifted rocks and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern-door.
What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange affright,
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in th' unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
Friends, Nooman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudful power.
"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
"Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
"To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"
The brethren cry'd, and instant strode away.
Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.
Mean time the Cyclop raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round;
At last, the stone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midst he sate:
And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door
(Such as his shallow wit he deem'd was mine):
But secret I revolv'd the deep design;
Turns for our lives my labouring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every thought;
This way and that I cast to save my friends,
Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.
Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.
These three and three, with osier bands we ty'd
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supply'd).
The midmost bore a man: the outward two
Secur'd each side: so bound we all the crew.
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
I cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.
The master rams at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses fate.
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke:
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but Fate the power of speech afford,
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to rock,
His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.
No ease, no pleasure, my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives.
The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and through th' enclosure past,
First I rele-se myself, my fellows last:
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd,
Big tears of transport stand in every eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.
Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear:
With taunts the distant giant I accost:
Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
The God, the God revenges by my hands.
The words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock,
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thundering on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and refluent beat the shore.
The long concussion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side:
Again I shov'd her off, our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.
Just 'scap'd impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,

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Once more I rais'd my voice: my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my design diſſuade,
What boots the godleſs giant to provoke,
Whoſe arms may ſink us at a ſingle ſtroke?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old ocean ſhook, and back his ſurges flew,
Thy ſounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'ſcap'd in vain.
But I, of mind elate, and ſcorning fear,
Thus with new taunts inſult the monſter's ear:
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy diſgrace,
Aſk who diſfigur'd thus that eyeleſs face?
Say 'twas Ulyſſes, 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulyſſes, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whoſe arm Troy tumbled to the ground.
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſavage with a roar replies:
O heavens! O faith of ancient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty ſeer who on theſe hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long ſince he menac'd ſuch was Fate's command;
And nam'd Ulyſſes as the deſtin'd hand.
I deem'd ſome godlike giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean deſign,
Who not by ſtrength ſubdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's bleſſing on the watery way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own:
Th' immortal father no leſs boaſts the ſon.
His power can heal me, and re-light my eye:
And only his, of all the Gods on high.
Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vaſt bulk diſlodge thy bloody mind,
And ſend thee howling to the realms of night!
As ſure, as Neptune cannot give thee ſight.
Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the ſtarry ſkies:
Hear me, O Neptune! thou whoſe arms are hurl'd
From ſhore to ſhore, and gird the ſolid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth diſown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy ſon;
Let not Ulyſſes breathe his native air,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and ſufferings long and late;
His loſt companions let him firſt deplore;
Some veſſel, not his own, tranſport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign ſufferings freed,
More near and deep, domeſtic woes ſucceed!
With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard the unrighteous praye
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round: it ſung acroſs the main:
It fell, and bruſh'd the ſtern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the ſhor
With all our force we kept aloof to ſea,
And gain'd the iſland where our veſſels lay.
Our fight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'
There diſembarking on the green ſea-ſide,
We land our cattle, and the ſpoil divide:
Of theſe due ſhares to every ſailor fall;
The maſter ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulyſſes' fate)
With pious mind to Heaven I conſecrate.
But the great God, whoſe thunder rends the ſki
Averſe, beholds the ſmoking ſacrifice;
And ſees me wandering ſtill from coaſt to coaſt,
And all my veſſels, all my people, loſt!
While thoughtleſs we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the ſhore in careleſs eaſe we reſt,
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the eaſt.
Then from their anchors all our ſhips unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willi
wind.
Now, rang'd in order on our banks, we ſweep
With haſty ſtrokes the hoarſe reſounding deep;
Blind to the future, penſive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Æolus, the Leſtrigons, and Circe.

Ulyſſes arrives at the iſland of Æolus, who gives him proſperous winds, and encloſes the adverſe on a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they fa the Leſtrigons, where they loſe eleven ſhips, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the iſlan Circe. Eurylochus is ſent firſt with ſome companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are tranſfor into ſwine. Ulyſſes then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him herb Moly, overcomes the enchantreſs, and procures the reſtoration of his men. After a year's with her, he prepares, at her inſtigation, for his voyage to the infernal ſhades.

At length we reach'd Æolia's ſea-girt ſhore
Where great Hippotades the ſceptre bore,
A floating iſle! High-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of braſs the rocky coaſt confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bre
And ſix fair daughters grac'd the royal bed:
Theſe ſons their ſiſters wed, and all remain
Their parents pride, and pleaſure of their reig

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All day they feaſt, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and muſic through the iſle reſound:
At night each pair on ſplendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleaſures of the day.
This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A month's reception, and a ſafe retreat.
Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told; at length for parting mov'd;
The king with mighty gifts my ſuit approv'd.
The adverſe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compreſs'd their force, and lock'd each ſtruggling blaſt:
For him the mighty Sire of Gods affign'd
The tempeſt's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the liſtening ſtorms obey,
To ſmooth the deep, or ſwell the foamy ſea.
Theſe in my hollow ſhip the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a ſilver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
Be charg'd to fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!
Nine proſperous days we ply'd the labouring oar;
The tenth preſents our welcome native ſhore:
The hills diſplay the beacon's friendly light,
And riſing mountains gain upon our ſight.
Then firſt my eyes, by watchful toils oppreſt,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of reſt;
Then firſt my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home poſſeſs'd my heart);
When, lo! on board a fond debate aroſe;
What rare device thoſe veſſels might encloſe?
What ſtore, what prize from Æolus I brought?
Whilſt to his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought:
Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations ſtrive
Who moſt ſhall pleaſe, who moſt our hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan ſpoils;
Whilſt we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitleſs labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Æolus, ye ſee, augments his ſtore:
Fair come, my friends, theſe myſtic gifts explore.
They ſaid: and (oh curſt fate) the thongs unbound:
The guſhing tempeſt ſweeps the ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurry'd navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the ſhores withdrew.
Scar'd from my fatal ſleep, I long debate
Still to live, or deſperate plunge to Fate:
Thus, doubting, proſtrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.
Mean while our veſſels plough the liquid plain,
And ſoon the known Æolian coaſt regain,
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main.
We leapt on ſhore, and with a ſcanty feaſt
Our thirſt and hunger haſtily repreſs'd;
Next dome, two choſen heralds ſtraight attend
Our ſecond progreſs to my royal friend:
Him amidſt his jovial ſons we found;
The banquet ſteaming, and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly ſtopp'd with conſcious ſhame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate preſum'd to draw.
But ſoon his ſons their well-known gueſt deſcry'd
And ſtarting from their couches loudly cry'd:
"Ulyſſes here! what dæmon could'ſt thou meet
To thwart thy paſſage, and repel thy fleet?
Waſt thou not furniſh'd by our choiceſt care
For Greece, for home, and all thy ſoul held dear!
Thus they: in ſilence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length theſe words with accent low return'd;
Me, lock'd in ſleep, my faithleſs crew bereft
Of all the bleſſings of your godlike gift!
But grant, oh grant our loſs we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.
Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the youths; but their ſtern ſire replyd:
Vile wretch, begone! this inſtant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful ſuit pollutes theſe bleſs'd abodes,
Whoſe fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.
Thus fierce he ſaid: we ſighing went our way,
And with deſponding hearts put off to ſea.
The ſailors, ſpent with toils, their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no proſpect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful courſe we ſteer,
The next proud Lamos' ſtately towers appear,
And Leſtrigonia's gates ariſe diſtinct in air.
The ſhepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to ſucceed his cares, the watchful ſwain;
But he that ſcorns the chains of ſleep to wear,
And adds the herdſman's to the ſhepherd's care,
So near the paſtures, and ſo ſhort the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.
Within a long receſs a bay there lies, [ſkies;
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the
The jutting ſhores that ſwell on either ſide
Contract its mouth, and break the ruſhing tide.
Our eager ſailors ſeize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the ſinking billows ſleep,
And ſmiling calmneſs ſilver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halſers to the ſhore.
From thence we climb'd a point, whoſe airy brow
Commands the proſpect of the plains below:
No tracts of beaſts, or ſigns of men, we found,
But ſmoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With ſpeed to learn what men poſſeſs'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's ſmooth beaten road.
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beſide a cryſtal ſpring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's ſilver ſtreams came down
(Artacia's ſtreams alone ſupply the town):
The damſel they approach'd, and aſk'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid th' unwary ſtrangers heard,
And ſhow'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but, as they entering ſaw the queen
Of ſize enormous, and terrific mien
(Not yielding to ſome bulky mountain's height),
A ſudden horror ſtruck their aking ſight.
Swift at her call her huſband ſcour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the deſtin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton ſlew,
But two ruſh'd out, and to the navy flew.
Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monſter flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;

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A ghaſtly band of giants hear the roar, [ſhore.
And, pouring down the mountains, crowd the
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And daſh the ruins on the ſhips below:
The crackling veſſels burſt; hoarſe groans ariſe,
And mingled horrors echo to the ſkies;
The men, like fiſh, they ſtuck upon the flood,
And cramm'd their filthy throats with human
Whilſt thus their fury rages at the bay, [food.
My ſword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh, [fly,
And charg'd my men, as they from Fate would
Each nerve to ſtrain, each bending oar to ply.
The ſailors catch the word, their oars they ſeize,
And ſweep with equal ſtrokes the ſmoky ſeas:
Clear of the rocks th' impatient veſſel flies;
Whilſt in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earneſt haſte my frighted ſailors preſs,
While kindling tranſports glow'd at our ſucceſs;
But the ſad fate that did our friends deſtroy
Cool'd every breaſt, and damp'd the riſing joy.

Now dropp'd our anchors in the Ææan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day;
Her mother Perſe, of old Ocean's ſtrain,
Thus from the Sun deſcended and the Main
(From the ſame lineage ſtern Æætes came,
The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantreſs dame);
Goddeſs, and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic, and commanding ſong.
Some God directing to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay, [roll'd on,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights
And now the third ſucceeding morning ſhone.
I climb'd a cliff, with ſpear and ſword in hand,
Whoſe ridge o'erlook'd a ſhady length of land:
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or cheerful voice of mortal ſtrike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in diſtant view,
A ſtream of curling ſmoke aſcending blue,
And ſpiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace boſom'd in the grove.

Thither to haſte, the region to explore,
Was firſt my thought: but ſpeeding back to ſhore,
I deem'd it beſt to viſit firſt my crew,
And ſend out ſpies the dubious coaſt to view.
As down the hill I ſolitary go,
Some Power divine, who pities human woe,
Sent a tall ſtag, deſcending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the cryſtal flood;
I uxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the ſunny ray.
I launch'd my ſpear, and with a ſudden wound,
Tranſpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Through the wide wound the vital ſpirit flies.
I drew, and caſting on the river's ſide
The bloody ſpear, his gather'd feet I ty'd
With twining oziers, which the bank ſupplied.
An ell in length the pliant whiſp I weav'd,
And the huge body on my ſhoulders heav'd:
Then, leaning on my ſpear with both my hands,
Up-bore my load, and preſs'd the ſinking ſands
With weighty ſteps, till at the ſhip I threw
The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew:

Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghoſts through Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the deſart land, behold! is given;
Live, and enjoy the providence of Heaven.

The joyful crew ſurvey his mighty ſize;
And on the future banquet feaſt their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beaſt;
Then waſh their hands, and haſten to the feaſt.
There, till the ſetting ſun roll'd down the light,
They ſate indulging in the genial rite.
When evening roſe, and darkneſs covered o'er
The face of things, we ſlept along the ſhore.
But when the roſy morning warm'd the eaſt,
My men I ſummon'd, and theſe words addreſt:

Followers and friends, attend what I propoſe:
Ye ſad companions of Ulyſſes' woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the ſun ſhall ſet, or where ſhall riſe.
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counſel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,
I view'd the coaſt, a region flat and low;
An iſle incircled with the boundleſs flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some ſmoke I ſaw amid the foreſts riſe,
And all around it only ſeas and ſkies!

With broken hearts my ſad companions ſtood,
Mindful of Cyclop and his human food,
And horrid Leſtrigons, the men of blood.
Preſaging tears apace began to reign;
But tears in mortal miſeries are vain.
In equal parts I ſtraight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other ſide
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And Fortune caſts Eurylochus to go:
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
Penſive they march, and penſive we remain.

The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of ſtone; a ſhaded ſpace around:
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandiſhments our men they meet.
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.
As from ſome feaſt a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, ſome morſel to receive
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give).
Domeſtic thus the grilly beaſts drew near;
They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threſhold of the dome they ſtood,
And heard a voice reſounding through the wood:
Plac'd at her loom within the Goddeſs ſung;
The vaulted roofs and ſolid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the riſing figures ſhine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the reſt the queſtion mov'd
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd):

What voice celeſtial, chanting to the loom
(Or Nymph, or Goddeſs) echoes from the room?
Say, ſhall we ſeek acceſs? With that they call,
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
The Goddeſs, riſing, aſks her gueſts to ſtay,
Who blindly follow where ſhe leads the way.
Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suſpecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
With ſemblance fair, th' unhappy men ſhe plac'd

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Mix newly preſs'd, the ſacred flour of wheat,
And honey freſh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force, to darken all the ſoul:
Soon in the luſcious feaſt themſelves they loſt,
And drank oblivion of their native coaſt.
Inſtant her circling wand the Goddeſs waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the ſty receives.
No more was ſeen the human form divine;
Head, face, and members, briſtle into ſwine:
Still curs'd with ſenſe, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

Mean while the Goddeſs in diſdain beſtows
The maſt and acorn, brutal food! and ſtrows
The fruits of cornel, as their feaſt, around;
Now prone and groveling on unſavoury ground.

Eurylochus, with penſive ſteps and ſlow,
Aghaſt returns; the meſſenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To ſpeak he made eſſay,
In vain eſſay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His ſwelling heart deny'd the words their way:
But ſpeaking tears the want of words ſupply,
And the full ſoul burſts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We preſs to hear what ſadly he relates:
We went, Ulyſſes! (ſuch was thy command)
Through the lone thicket and the deſart land.
A palace in a woody vale we found,
Brown with dark foreſts, and with ſhades around.
A voice celeſtial echoed from the dome,
Or Nymph, or Goddeſs, chanting to the loom.
Acceſs we ſought, nor was acceſs denied:
Radiant ſhe came; the portal's open'd wide:
The Goddeſs mild invites the gueſts to ſtay:
They blindly follow where ſhe leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train;
I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain:
The reſt are vaniſh'd, none repaſs'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.

I heard, and inſtant o'er my ſhoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung
(A beamy blade); then ſeiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, reſolv'd to go.
He, proſtrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and, weeping, thus his ſuit addreſs'd:
O king, belov'd of Jove! thy ſervant ſpare,
And ah, thyſelf the raſh attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never ſhalt return,
Or ſee the wretched for whoſe loſs we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And ſave the few not fated yet to die.

I anſwer'd ſtern: Inglorious then remain,
Here feaſt and loiter, and deſert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.

This ſaid, and ſcornful turning from the ſhore,
My haughty ſtep, I ſtalk'd the valley o'er.
Will now approaching nigh the magic bower;
Where dwelt th' enchantreſs ſkill'd in herbs of power,
A form divine forth iſſued from the wood
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)
In human ſemblance. On his bloomy face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, with each opening grace.
He ſeiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began:
Ah! whither roam'ſt thou, much enduring man?
Oh blind to fate! what led thy ſteps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove!
Each friend you ſeek in yon incloſure lies,
All loſt their form, and habitants of ſties.
Think'ſt thou by wit to model their eſcape?
Sooner ſhalt thou, a ſtranger to thy ſhape,
Fall prone their equal: firſt thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods beſtow.
The plant I give, through all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl ſhall ſparkle, and the banquet riſe;
Take this, nor from the faithleſs feaſt abſtain,
For temper'd drugs and poiſons ſhall be vain.
Soon as ſhe ſtrikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandiſh thy refulgent ſword,
And menace death: thoſe menaces ſhall move
Her alter'd mind to blandiſhment and love.
Nor ſhun the bleſſing proffer'd to thy arms,
Aſcend her bed, and taſte celeſtial charms:
So ſhall thy tedious toils a reſpite find,
And thy loſt friends return to human kind.
But ſwear her firſt by thoſe dread oaths that tie
The Powers below, the Bleſſed in the ſky;
Left to thee naked ſecret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent.

Thus while he ſpoke, the ſovereign plant he drew
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And ſhow'd its nature and its wonderous power:
Black was the root, but milky-white the flower;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is eaſy to th' ætherial kind.
This Hermes gave; then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland ſhade.

While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I ſpeed my paſſage to th' enchanted dome:
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I ſtay'd;
The lofty gates the Goddeſs wide diſplay'd:
She leads before, and to the feaſt invites:
I follow ſadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with ſtarry ſtuds, a ſilver ſeat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footſtool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of ſoul;
The poiſon mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in Heaven:
Then way'd the wand, and then the word was giv'n
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful ſhe began)
Go, be a beaſt!—I heard, and yet was man.

Then ſudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy faulchion, I aſſault the dame.
Struck with unuſual fear, ſhe trembling cries,
She faints, ſhe falls; ſhe lifts her weeping eyes.
What art thou? ſay! from whence, from whom you came?
Oh more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing ſtrength theſe poiſons to ſuſtain!
Nor mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round;
The man for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulyſſes? oh! thy threatening fury ceaſe, [peace;
Sheath thy bright ſword, and join our hands in
Let mutual joys our mutual truſt combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.

And how, dread Circe! (furious I rejoin)
Can love, and love-born confidence, be mine!

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Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
O thou of fraudful heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed:
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent.
And magic bind me, cold and impotent!
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain.
The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and
To the sweet transports of the genial bed. [led
Ministrant to their queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The silver stands with golden flaskets grac'd
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water powers; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave:
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew;
Then led and plac'd me on the sovereign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
Replinish'd from the cool translucent springs:
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread!
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Circe in vain invites the feast to share:
Absent I ponder, and absorb in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The queen beheld me, and those words address't:
Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stands the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain?
I answer'd: Goddess! human is thy breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Me would'st thou please? For them thy cares em-
And them to me restore, and me to joy. [ploy,
With that she parted; in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then hastening to the sties, set wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before;
Unweildy, out they rush'd with general cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter charms, they change
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men. [again,
Those hairs, of late that bristled every part,
Fall off; miraculous effect of art!
Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:
Ev'n Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.
Son of Laertes! (then the queen began)
Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor:
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms.
She said: obedient to her high command,
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
Ah, master! ever honour'd, ever dear!
(These tender words on every side I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn?
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But, ah! relate our lost companions death.
I answer'd chearful: Haste, your galley moor,
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise, and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome.
With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah! whither will ye run;
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl, away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclop, and his bloody deed:
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.
I heard incens'd, and first revolv'd to speed
My flying faulchion at the rebels head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground.
But all at once my interposing train
For mercy pleaded nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.
This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.
Mean while the Goddess, with indulgent cares,
And social joys, the late transform'd repairs;

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The bath, the feaſt, their fainting ſoul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his ſtory told;
Then guſhing tears the narrative confound,
And with their ſobs the vaulted roofs reſound.
When huſh'd their paſſion, thus the Goddeſs cries:
Ulyſſes, taught by labours to be wiſe,
Let this ſhort memory of grief ſuffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In ſtorms by ſea, in perils on the ſhore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's power,
And ſhare the pleaſures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coaſt,
Or learn'd to ſorrow for a country loſt.
Exiles and wanderers now, where-e'er ye go
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cauſe remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the ſoul ſaddens by the uſe of pain.
Her kind entreaty mov'd the general breaſt;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing ſunk to reſt.
We ply'd the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the ſeaſons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
As from a lethargy at once they riſe,
And urge their chief with animating cries:
Is this, Ulyſſes, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in proſpect riſe,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?
Melting I heard; yet till the ſun's decline
Praiſing'd the feaſt, and quaff'd the roſy wine:
But when the ſhades came on at evening hour,
And all lay ſlumbering in the duſky bower;
I came a ſuppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment ſeiz'd, and thus I ſaid:
Be mindful, Goddeſs, of thy promiſe made;
Muſt ſad Ulyſſes ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my ſad companions mourn,
Each breaſt beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.
Go then, (ſhe cry'd) ah, go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates, your wiſh deny.
Ah, hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey firſt demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkneſs and of death.
There ſeek the Theban bard, depriv'd of ſight;
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Perſephone, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th' unſeparated ſoul:
The reſt are forms, of empty æther made;
Impaſſive ſemblance, and a flitting ſhade.
Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Penſive I ſate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my ſoul begun,
And ſaw that all was grief beneath the ſun.
Compos'd at length, the guſhing tears ſuppreſt,
And my toſt limbs now weary'd into reſt:
How ſhall I tread (I cry'd) ah, Circe! ſay,
The dark deſcent, and who ſhall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?
Thy fated road (the magic power reply'd)
Divine Ulyſſes! aſks no mortal guide,
Rear but the maſt, the ſpacious ſail diſplay,
The northern winds ſhall wing thee on thy way.
Soon ſhalt thou reach old Ocean's utmoſt ends,
Where to the main the ſhelving ſhore deſcends;
The barren trees of Proſerpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy veſſel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegeton's loud torrents, ruſhing down,
Hiſs in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, ſlow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters ſpread:
Where the dark rocks o'erhang th' infernal lake,
And mingling ſtreams eternal murmurs make.
Firſt draw thy faulchion, and on every ſide
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the ſhades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients ſtrow the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring;
And living waters from the cryſtal ſpring.
Then the wan ſhades and feeble ghoſts implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native ſhore;
A barren cow, the ſtatelieſt of the iſle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
Theſe to the reſt; but to the ſeer muſt bleed
A ſable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
Theſe ſolemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the ſable ſheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe.
Sudden ſhall ſkim along the duſky glades
Thin airy ſhoals, and viſionary ſhades.
Then give command the ſacrifice to haſte,
Let the ſlay'd victims in the flame be caſt,
And ſacred vows and myſtic ſong apply'd
To griſly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy faulchion wav'd around
Shall drive the ſpectres from forbidden ground:
The ſacred draught ſhall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the ſhades ariſe the ſeer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, diſplay,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.
So ſpeaking, from the ruddy orient ſhone
The morn, conſpicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddeſs with a radiant tunic dreſs'd
My limbs, and o'er me caſt a ſilken veſt.
Long flowing robes of pureſt white array
The nymph, that added luſtre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waiſt was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth iſſuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
Riſe, riſe, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haſte, and quit the land.
All riſe and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
Not much for ſenſe, nor much for courage fam'd:
The youngeſt of our band, a vulgar ſoul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careleſs, on a turret's height
With ſleep repair'd the long debauch of night:

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The ſudden tumult ſtirr'd him where he lay,
And down he haſten'd, but forgot the way;
Full endlong from the roof the ſleeper fell,
And ſnapp'd the ſpinal joint, and wak'd in hell.
The reſt crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a ſigh, and thus beſpoke:
Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native ſhore:
Alas! far otherwiſe the nymph declares,
Far other journey firſt demands our cares;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkneſs and of death:
To ſeek Tireſias' awful ſhade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

My ſad companions heard in deep deſpair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miſeries are vain.
Sadly they far'd along the ſea-beat ſhore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and ſtill their eyes ran o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found,
The ſable ewe and ram, together bound,
For ſwift as thought the Goddeſs had been there,
And thence had glided viewleſs as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who eyes their motion? who ſhall trace their way?

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Deſcent into Hell.

Ulyſſes continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his deſcent, and the apparition of the ſhades: his converſation with Elpenor, and with Tireſias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the ſtate of his family. He ſees the ſhades of the ancient heroines, afterwards of the heroes, and converſes in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a ſullen diſtance, and diſdains to anſwer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Siſyphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from further curioſity by the apparition of horrid ſpectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

Now to the ſhores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the maſt we rear, at once unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind:
Then pale and penſive ſtand, with cares oppreſt,
And ſolemn horror ſaddens every breaſt.
A freſhening breeze the * Magic Power ſupplied,
While the wing'd veſſel flew along the tide;
Our oars we ſhipp'd: all day the ſwelling ſails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.
Now ſunk the ſun from his aërial height,
And o'er the ſhaded billows ruſh'd the night:
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmoſt bounds,
Where rocks control his waves with ever-during mounds.
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The duſky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The ſun ne'er views th' uncomfortable ſeats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endleſs night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in ſhades.
The ſhip we moor on theſe obſcure abodes;
Diſbark the ſheep, an offering to the Gods;
And, hell-ward bending, o'er the beach deſcry
The doleſome paſſage to th' infernal ſky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean Power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.
Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,
And from the ſcabbard drew the ſhining ſword;

And, trenching the black earth on every ſide,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the cryſtal ſpring;
O'er theſe was ſtrew'd the conſecrated flour,
And on the ſurface ſhone the holy ſtore.
Now the wan ſhades we hail, th' infernal Gods
To ſpeed our courſe, and waſt us o'er the floods
So ſhall a barren heifer from the ſtall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our late return,
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile ſhall burn;
So ſhall a ram the largeſt of the breed,
Black as theſe regions, to Tireſias bleed.
Thus ſolemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead,
Then dy'd the ſheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns ſmok'd with ſtreaming blood
When, lo! appear'd along the duſky coaſts,
Thin, airy ſhoals of viſionary ghoſts;
Fair, penſive youths, and ſoft enamour'd maids;
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled ſhades;
Ghaſtly with wounds the forms of warriors ſlain
Stalk'd with majeſtic port, a martial train:
Theſe, and a thouſand more ſwarm'd o'er the ground,
And all their dire aſſembly ſhriek'd around.
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, aghaſt I ſtood,
And a cold fear ran ſhivering through my blood
Straight I command the ſacrifice to haſte,
Straight the ſlay'd victims to the flames are caſt

* Circe.

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And mutter'd vows, and myſtic ſong applied
To grifly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.
Now ſwift I wave my faulchion o'er the blood;
Back ſtarted the pale throngs, and trembling ſtood.
Round the black trench the gore untaſted flows,
Till awful from the ſhades Tireſias roſe.
There wandering through the gloom I firſt ſurvey'd,
New to the realms of death, Elpenor's ſhade:
His cold remains all naked to the ſky
On diſtant ſhores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the ſight I ſtood, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I ſpoke the tears began to flow;
O ſay what angry power Elpenor led
To glide in ſhades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy ſoul, by realms and ſeas diſjoin'd,
Out-fly the nimble ſail, and leave the lagging wind?
The ghoſt replied: To hell my doom I owe,
Demons accurſt, dire miniſters of woe!
My feet, through wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a towery height,
Staggering I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck-joint—my ſoul deſcends to hell.
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the ſoft tie and ſacred name of friend!
By thy fond conſort! by thy father's cares!
By dav'd Telemachus's blooming years!
For well I know that ſoon the heavenly Powers
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's ſhores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend.
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the poſſeſſion of a peaceful grave.
But if, unheard, in vain compaſſion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the watery margin raiſe,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To ſhew poſterity Elpenor was.
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the ſmooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
To whom with tears: Theſe rites, O mournful ſhade,
Due to thy ghoſt, ſhall to thy ghoſt be paid.
Still as I ſpoke, the phantom ſeem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan ſucceeded groan.
But, as my waving ſword the blood ſurrounds,
The ſhade withdrew, and mutter'd empty ſounds.
There as the wondrous viſions I ſurvey'd,
All pale aſcends my royal mother's ſhade:
A queen, to Troy ſhe ſaw our legions paſs;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the ſight, I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious ſorrows flow,
Yet as I ſhook my faulchion o'er the blood,
Regardleſs of her ſon the parent ſtood.
When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his ſteps he bore a ſtaff of gold;
Awful he trod! majeſtic was his look!
And from his holy lips theſe accents broke:
Why, mortal, wanderſt thou from cheerful day,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to theſe dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But ſheath thy poignard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's ſtedfaſt purpoſe, and thy future fates.
While yet he ſpoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the ſcabbard plung'd the glittering blade.
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then expreſt
Dark things to come, the counſels of his breaſt:
Weary of light, Ulyſſes here explores
A proſperous voyage to his native ſhores;
But know—by me unerring Fates diſcloſe
New trains of dangers, and new ſcenes of woes;
I ſee! I ſee thy bark by Neptune toſt,
For injur'd Cyclop, and his eye-ball loſt!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If Heaven thou pleaſe, and how to pleaſe attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Graze numerous herds along the verdant ſhores;
Though hunger preſs, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are ſacred to the God of Day,
Who all ſurveys with his extenſive eye
Above, below, on earth, and in the ſky!
Rob not the God; and ſo propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy ſails:
But, if his herds ye ſeize, beneath the waves
I ſee thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulyſſes ſcarce ſurvives!
Ulyſſes at his country ſcarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes ariſe, domeſtic ills attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride reſort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court!
But vengeance haſtes amain! Theſe eyes behold
The deathful ſcene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from ſea explore,
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Or ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main!
Bear on thy back an oar: with ſtrange amaze
A ſhepherd meeting thee, the oar ſurveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the watery reign;
A three-fold offering to his altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King.
But, home return'd, to each æthereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful ſhalt thou end thy bliſsful days,
And ſteal thyſelf from life by ſlow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age reſign thy breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft with death:
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt,
Thy people bleſſing, by thy people bleſt!
Unerring truths, O man, my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.
To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods prepare;
What Heaven ordains, the wiſe with courage bear.
But ſay, why yonder on the lonely ſtrands,
Unmindful of her ſon, Anticlea ſtands?
Why, to the ground ſhe bends her downcaſt eye?
Why is ſhe ſilent, while her ſon is nigh?
The latent cauſe, O ſacred ſeer, reveal!
Nor this, replies the ſeer, will I conceal.
Know, to the ſpectres, that thy beverage taſte,
The ſcenes of life recur, and actions paſt:
They, feal'd with truth, return the ſure reply;
The reſt, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.
The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and ſunk from ſight
To the black palace of eternal night.
Still in the dark abodes of death I ſtood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood.

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Straight all the mother in her ſoul awakes,
And, owning her Ulyſſes, thus ſhe ſpeaks:
Com'ſt thou, my ſon, alive, to realms beneath,
The doleſome realms of darkneſs and of death:
Com'ſt thou alive from pure, æthereal day?
Dire is the region, diſmal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppoſe their waves,
There the wide ſea with all his billows raves!
Or (ſince to duſt proud Troy ſubmits her towers)
Com'ſt thou a wanderer from the Phrygian ſhores?
Or ſay, ſince honour call'd thee to the field,
Haſt thou thy Ithaca, thy bride beheld;
Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly,
To ſeek Tireſias in the nether ſky,
To learn my doom; for, toſt from woe to woe,
In every land Ulyſſes finds a foe:
Nor have theſe eyes beheld my native ſhores,
Since in the duſt proud Troy ſubmits her towers.
But, when thy ſoul from her ſweet manſion fled,
Say what diſtemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by ſlow decays,
Or ſwift expir'd it in a ſudden blaze?
Say if my ſire, good old Laertes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my ſon, ſurvives?
Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or cruſh'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say if my ſpouſe maintains her royal truſt;
Though tempted, chaſte, and obſtinately juſt!
Or if no more her abſent lord ſhe wails,
But the falſe woman o'er the wife prevails?
Thus I, and thus the parent-ſhade returns:
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful conſort mourns:
Whether the night deſcends, or day prevails,
Thee ſhe by night, and thee by day bewails,
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In ſacred groves celeſtial rites he pays,
And ſhares the banquet in ſuperior ſtate,
Grac'd with ſuch honours as become the great.
Thy ſire in ſolitude foments his care:
The court is joyleſs, for thou art not there!
No coſtly carpets raiſe his hoary head,
No rich embroidery ſhines to grace his bed:
Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the ſkies,
Rank'd with his ſlaves, on earth the monarch lies:
Deep are his ſighs, his viſage pale, his dreſs
The garb of woe, and habit of diſtreſs.
And when the autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours ſcattering on the ground;
Regardleſs of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the ſkies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days conſume,
And bow his age with ſorrow to the tomb!
For thee, my ſon, I wept my life away;
For thee through hell's eternal dungeons ſtray;
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and ſlow,
Nor bent the ſilver-ſhafted Queen her bow;
No dire diſeaſe bereav'd me of my breath;
Thou, thou, my ſon, wert my diſeaſe and death;
Unkindly with my love my ſon conſpir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for abſent thee expir'd.
Thrice in my arms I ſtrove her ſhade to bind,
Thrice through my arms ſhe ſlipp'd like empty wind,
Or dreams, the vain illuſions of the mind.
Wild with deſpair, I ſhed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with ſighs reply'd:
Fly'ſt thou, lov'd ſhade, while I thus fondly mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye powers that ſmile at human harms!
Too great a bleſs to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's Queen an empty image ſent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?
O ſon of woe, the penſive ſhade rejoin'd,
Oh moſt inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the Queen of hell who thee deceives:
All, all are ſuch, when life the body leaves;
No more the ſubſtance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
Theſe the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impaſſive ſoul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream to theſe infernal ſkies.
But from the dark dominions ſpeed thy way,
And climb the ſteep aſcent to upper day;
To thy chaſte bride the wondrous ſtory tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, in ſwarms hell's Empreſs brings
Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghoſt throng'd on ghoſt (a dire aſſembly) ſtood!
Dauntleſs my ſword I ſeize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flaſh'd along the gloom, withdrew:
Then ſhade to ſhade in mutual forms ſucceeds,
Her race recounts, and their illuſtrious deeds.
Tyro began, whom great Salmoneus bred;
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his watery ſtore, the virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle ſtream with wanton pride,
And in ſoft mazes rolls a ſilver tide.
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves!
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
The amorous God deſcends into her arms:
Around, a ſpacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain roſe;
Thus in ſurrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleaſing tranſport, and completes his loves.
Then, ſoftly ſighing, he the fair addreſs'd,
And as he ſpoke her tender hand he preſs'd:
Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a God:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes ſhall from thee be born;
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breaſt th' important truth conceal,
Nor dare the ſecret of a God reveal:
For know, thou Neptune view'ſt! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confeſs their God.
He added not, but mounting ſpurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.
Now in the time's full proceſs forth ſhe brings
Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future kings;
O'er proud Icolos Pelias ſtretch'd his reign,
And godlike Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain:
Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and fam'd Æſon bred:
From the ſame fountain Amythaon roſe,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble ſhout of foes.

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There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
Who bleſt th' Almighty Thunderer in her arms:
Hence ſprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name;
Though bold in open field, they yet ſurround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts ſtood, there towers roſe high in air,
And here through ſeven wide portals ruſh'd the war.
There with ſoft ſtep the fair Alcmena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the Thundering God:
And Megara, who charm'd the ſon of Jove,
And ſoften'd his ſtern ſoul to tender love.
Sullen and ſour with diſcontented mien
Jocaſta frown'd, th' inceſtuous Theban queen;
With her own ſon ſhe join'd in nuptial bands,
Though father's blood imbrued his murderous hands:
The Gods and men the dire offence deteſt,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breaſt:
In lofty Thebes he wore th' imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife ſelf-murder'd from a beam depends;
And her ſoul ſoul to blackeſt hell deſcends;
Thence to her ſon the choiceſt plagues ſhe brings,
And his fiends haunt him with a thouſand ſtings.
And now the beauteous Chloris I deſcry,
A lovely ſhade, Amphion's youngeſt joy!
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus ſought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He ſway'd the ſceptre with imperial ſtate.
Three gallant ſons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Neſtor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius laſt; but of the ſofter race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.
Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn;
The ſire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whoſe arm ſhould raviſh from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphyclus, detain'd in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably ſtrong!
This dares a ſeer, but vought the ſeer prevails,
In beauty's cauſe illuſtriouſly he fails;
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;
The foe at laſt, from durance where he lay,
His art revering, gave him back to day;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfil
The ſtedfaſt purpoſe of th' Almighty will.
With grateful port advancing now I ſpy'd
Leda the fair, the godlike Tyndar's bride:
Hence Pollux ſprung, who wields with furious ſway
The deathful gauntlet matchleſs in the fray;
And Caſtor glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud ſteed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they viſit this æthereal ſky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above,
Reign the Twin-gods, the favourite ſons of Jove.
There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundleſs main;
Hence Ephialtes, hence ſtern Otus ſprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants ſtrong;
The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but Orion e'er ſurpaſs'd their height;
The wonderous youths had ſcarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their ſhoulders ſpread.
Proud of their ſtrength and more than mortal ſize,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the ſkies:
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Oſſa ſtood;
On Oſſa, Pelion nods with all his wood:
Such were they youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.
But, ere the harveſt of the beard began
To briſtle on the chin, and promiſe man,
His ſhafts Apollo aim'd; at once they found,
And ſtretch the giant-monſters o'er the ground.
There mournful Phædra with ſad Procris moves,
Both beauteous ſhades, both hapleſs in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with ſolemn pace and ſlow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theſeus lov'd; from Crete with Theſeus fled;
Swift to the Dian iſle the hero flies,
And tow'rds his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddeſs aims her ſhaft, the nymph expires.
There Clymenè and Mera I behold;
There Eriphylè weeps, who looſely ſold
Her lord, her honour, for the luſt of gold.
But ſhould I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-compoſing reſt my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
In you I truſt, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulyſſes on his native ſhores.
He ceas'd: but left ſo charming on their ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill they ſeem'd to hear.
Till, riſing up, Aretè ſilence broke,
Stretch'd out her ſnowy hand, and thus ſhe ſpoke:
What wonderous man Heaven ſends us in our gueſt!
Through all his woes the hero ſhines conſeſt;
His comely port, his ample frame, expreſs
A manly air, majeſtic in diſtreſs.
He, as my gueſt, is my peculiar care,
You ſhare the pleaſure, then in bounty ſhare;
To worth in miſery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his ſtay;
For, ſince kind Heaven with wealth our realm has bleſt,
Give it to Heaven, by aiding the diſtreſt.
Then ſage Echeneus, whoſe grave reverend brow
The hand of time had ſilver'd o'er with ſnow,
Mature in wiſdom roſe: Your words, he cries,
Demand obedience, for your words are wiſe.
But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous act; our part is to obey.
While life informs theſe limbs, (the king replies)
Well to deſerve be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal gueſt detain,
Till the ſun flames along th' æthereal plain:
Be it my taſk to ſend with ample ſtores
The ſtranger from our hoſpitable ſhores:
Tread you my ſteps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The firſt in glory as the firſt in place.
To whom the prince: This night with joy I ſtay,
O, monarch great in virtue as in ſway;

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If thou the circling year my ſtay controul,
To raiſe a bounty noble as thy ſoul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler ſtores
And fitter pomp to hail my native ſhores;
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!
O king! for ſuch thou art, and ſure thy blood
Through veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike thoſe vagrants who on falſehood live,
Skill'd in ſmooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better ſoul abhors the liar's part,
Wiſe is thy voice, and noble is thy heart;
Thy words like muſic every breaſt controul,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the ſoul;
Soft, as ſome ſong divine, thy ſtory flows,
Nor better could the Muſe record thy woes.
But ſay, upon the dark and diſmal coaſt,
Saw'ſt thou the worthies of the Grecian hoſt?
The godlike leaders who, in battle ſlain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly preſt the plain?
And, lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening ſtars ſtill mount th' æthereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous ſcenes in hell,
Till in the vault of heaven the ſtars decay,
And the ſky reddens with the riſing day.
O worthy of the power the Gods aſſign'd,
(Ulyſſes thus replies) a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for diſcourſe, and time for ſoft repoſe,
If ſcenes of miſery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a diſmal train.
Prepare to hear of murther and of blood;
Of godlike heroes who uninjur'd ſtood
Amidſt a war of ſpears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
Now ſummon'd Proſerpine to hell's black hall
The heroine ſhades; they vanquiſh'd at her call.
When, lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes ſlain
By ſtern Ægyſthus, a majeſtic train;
And high above the reſt, Atrides preſt the plain.
He quaff'd the gore: and ſtraight his ſoldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he ſtretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His ſubſtance vaniſh'd, and his ſtrength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty ſhade.
Mov'd at the ſight, I for a ſpace reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all my manly mind;
At laſt with tears—O what relentleſs doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the ſea, and while the tempeſt raves,
Has Fate oppreſs'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly ſeiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms?
The ghoſt returns: O chief of human-kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the ſea, nor while the tempeſt raves,
Has Fate oppreſs'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly ſeiz'd me in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms.
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides dy'd,
A foul adulteret, and a faithleſs bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feaſt,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor ſtabb'd his gueſt;
Thus by the gory arm of ſlaughter falls
The ſtately ox, and bleeds within the ſtalls.
But not with me the direful murther ends,
Theſe, theſe expir'd! their crime, they were my friends!
Thick as the boars, which ſome luxurious lord
Kills for the feaſt, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudeſt ſtorms,
Death thou haſt ſeen in all her ghaſtly forms;
In duel met her, on the liſted ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have thy eyes aſtoniſh'd view'd
So vile a deed, ſo dire a ſcene of blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens every ſoul, [dy'd,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
Her breaſt all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Caſſandra dies!
Then though pale death froze cold in every vein,
My ſword I ſtrive to wield, but ſtrive in vain;
Nor did my traitreſs wife theſe eye-lids cloſe,
Or decently in death my limbs compoſe.
O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend: [ſword
And ſuch was mine! who baſely plung'd her
Thro' the fond boſom where ſhe reign'd ador'd;
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet ſoft quiet and repoſe at home;
Deluſive Hope! O wife, thy deeds diſgrace
The perjur'd ſex, and blacken all the race;
And ſhould poſterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemneſtra, they will curſe the kind.
O injur'd ſhade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman roſe!
By woman here thou tread'ſt this mournful ſtrand,
And Greece by woman lies a deſert land.
Warn'd by my ills beware, the ſhade replies,
Nor truſt the ſex that is ſo rarely wiſe;
When earneſt to explore thy ſecret breaſt,
Unfold ſome trifle, but conceal the reſt.
But in thy conſort ceaſe to fear a foe,
For thee ſhe feels ſincerity of woe:
When Troy firſt bled beneath the Grecian arms,
She ſhone unrival'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant ſon her fragrant boſom preſs'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breaſt;
But now the years a numerous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes ſhall ſee him burn with noble fire,
The fire ſhall bleſs his ſon, the ſon his ſire:
But my Oreſtes never met theſe eyes,
Without one look the murther'd father dies;
Then from a wretched friend this wiſdom learn,
Ev'n to thy queen diſguis'd, unknown, return;
For ſince of womankind ſo few are juſt,
Think all are falſe, not ev'n the faithful truſt.
But ſay, reſides my ſon in royal port,
In rich Orchomenus, or Sparta's court?
Or ſay in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom thro' the realms of night.
Then I: thy ſuit is vain, nor can I ſay
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day;
Or pale or wan beholds theſe nether ſkies:
Truth I revere: for Wiſdom never lies.
Thus in a tide of tears our ſorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;

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Till side by side along the dreary coast
Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
A friendly pair! near these the † Pylian stray'd,
And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade!
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.
Thro' the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.
Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the vast spectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghosts familiar with the dead?
To whom with sighs: I pass these dreadful gates
To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates:
For still, distrest, I rove from coast to coast,
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost,
But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame;
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
And dead, thou rul'st a king in these abodes.
Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.
Rather I choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread;
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead.
But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
And emulates his godlike father's deeds?
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
Say, if my sire, the reverend Peleus, reigns,
Great in his Pthia, and his throne maintains:
Or, weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the sceptre stedfast in his hands?
Oh might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death release me from the silent urn!
This arm, that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain,
Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame,
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.
Illustrious shade, (I cried) of Pelus' fates
No circumstance the voice of Fame relates:
But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
With me from Scyros to the field of fame
Radiant in arms the blooming hero came.
When Greece assembled all her hundred states,
To ripen counsels, and decide debates;
Heaven's! how he charm'd us with a flow of sense,
And won the heart with manly eloquence!
He first was seen of all the peers to rise,
The third in wisdom where they all were wise;
But when, to try the fortune of the day,
Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he strode, and stern delight;
Heaps strew'd on heaps, beneath his faulchion groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
The time would fail, should I in order tell
What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell:
How, Lost thro' love, Eurypylus was slain,
And round him bled his bold Cetæan train.
To Troy no hero came of nobler line;
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

† Antilochus.

When Ilion in the horse receiv'd her doom,
And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' imprison'd war:
Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Flush'd in his cheek, or sallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glittering spear, [crown'd,
And when the Gods our arms with conquest
When Troy's proud bulwarks smok'd upon the ground,
Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils,
Heap high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.
Thus great in glory from the din of war
Safe he return'd without one hostile scar;
Though spears in iron tempest rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.
While yet I spoke, the shade with transport glow'd,
Rose in his majesty, and nobler trod;
With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
Of warrior kings, and join'd th' illustrious shades.
Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in discontented mood,
A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;
For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
Though on the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.
O why was I victorious in the strife;
O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!
With him the strength of war, the soldier's pride,
Our second hope to great Achilles died!
Touch'd at the sight, from tears I scarce refrain,
And tender sorrow thrills in every vein;
Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost
With accents mild th' inexorable ghost.
Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent
Ev'n after death? Relent, great shade, relent!
Perish those arms which by the Gods decree
Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!
With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates;
And shook astonish'd through her hundred states;
Not more, when great Achilles press'd the ground,
And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.
Oh, deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!
Turn then, oh! peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.
While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.
Touch'd at his sour retreat, thro' deepest night.
Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursued his flight,
And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply;
But wondrous visions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
Thro' the wide doom of Dis, a trembling band,
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

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There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant-hunger flies;
A ponderous mace of brass with direful sway
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.
There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast, [feast.
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal
For as o'er Panope's enamel'd plains,
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
To force the Goddess, and to rival Jove.
There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell resounds)
Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.
I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.
Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.
Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould.
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;
There, in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here 'hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
And clang their pinions with terrific sound!
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th' aërial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wonderous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar,
There war and havoc and destruction stood,
And vengeful murther red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.
The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim visage, sternly spoke:
O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still toss from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I, who from the Lord of Thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind?
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
Ev'n hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the Martial Maid.
Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But, turning, stalk'd with giant strides away.
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand; and haply had survey'd
The godlike Theseus, and Perithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal sounds [bounds.
Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins;
Left Gorgon, rising from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freshening gales
Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT

The Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis.

He relates, how, after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the Strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed; how all perish'd by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arriv'd on the island of Calypso. With which his relation concludes.

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Thus o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
Till from th' waves th' Ææan hills arise.
Here the gay morn resides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phœbus rising in th' ætherial way,
Through heavens bright portals pours the beamy day.
At once we fix our halsers on the sand,
At once descend, and press the desert land;
There, worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep,
To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep.
Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.
Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pile along the shore ascends.
Around we stand a melancholy train;
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.
Mean time the † Goddess our return survey'd
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.
Swift she descends: A train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the † Power of Magic stands,
And graceful thus accosts the listening bands:
O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass through hell's eternal gates!
Ah, soon of late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!
This day adjourn your cares, exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her saffron ray,
Spread your broad sails, and plough the liquid way;
Lo! I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.
The Goddess spoke: in feasts we waste the day,
Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray;
Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breast.
Then curious she commands me to relate
The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state:
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wondrous visions, and the laws of hell.
Then thus: The lot of man the Gods dispose;
These ills are past: now hear thy future woes.
O prince, attend! some favouring Power be kind,
And print th' important story on thy mind!
Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unskill'd the man, whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport; and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.
Fly swift the dangerous coast; let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song: 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.
These seas o'erpast, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage through the tide.
High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to th' ætherial King,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies:
Not the fleet bark, when prosperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.
High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around, and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glows with th' autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Though born by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the centre of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below;
Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiends dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the watery way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.

† Circe.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous
straight:
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly.
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.
I then: O nymph propitious to my prayer,
Goddess divine! my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?
Then she: O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
Oh fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away,
From her foul womb Cratæis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your
way, [Day!
Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred
plains;
Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains:
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay,
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the wooly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phæthusa young,
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung:
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.
She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up-sprung a brisker breeze: with freshening gales,
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.
When, rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:
O friends, Oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms disclose,
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all: on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!
In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.
While yet I speak the winged galley flies,
And, lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the
deep,
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply; [sleep.
Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd:
Th' aerial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray!
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then, bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.
While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire descries;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:
Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
Oh cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies,
Oh stay and learn new wisdom from the wise!
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the
main;
My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free;
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea:
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then, scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.
Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold:
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Each dropp'd his oar: but swift from man to
man
With looks serene I turn'd, and thus began:
O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.

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Take courage hence! and in my care confide:
Lo! till the same Ulysses is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;
Strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly.
If from yon justling rocks and wavy war
Jove safety grants; he grants it to your care.
And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey! [waves
Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.
While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.
Meanwhile, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand,
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand:
Prepar'd to wheel the whizzing spear I stay,
Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
Around the dungeon, studious to behold
The hideous pest! my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.
Now through the rocks, appall'd with deep dismay,
We bend our course, and stem the desperate way;
Here Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal mists obscure th' aërial plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main!
When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides:
The rock rebellows with a thundering sound;
Deep, wondrous deep below, appears the ground.
Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood:
When, lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud-echoing shrieks arise:
I turn and view them quivering in the skies;
They call, and raid with out-stretch'd arms implore: [more.
In vain they call; those arms are stretch'd no
As, from some rock that over-hangs the flood,
The silent fisher culls th' infidious food,
With fearful care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky;
In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd;
My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!
Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;
To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,
And now the glittering mountains rise to view.
There sacred to the radiant God of day,
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;
Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train, [vey'd
Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound con-
The words of Circe and the Theban shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears oppress, I thus begun:
O friends! Oh ever exercis'd in care!
Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye hear!
To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentless Heaven forbodes:
Fly the dire regions, and revere the Gods!
While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran
Through every breast, and spread from man to man,
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:
O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes:
And cruel enviest thou a short repose?
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The sun descending, and to near the shore?
And, lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies:
Oh! should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the watery way,
Though Gods descend from Heaven's aërial plain
To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:
Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beam, pursue the destin'd way.
A sudden joy in every bosom rose:
So will'd some demon, minister of woes;
To whom with grief—Oh! swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;
Attest the heavens, and call the Gods to hear:
Content an innocent repast display,
By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.
Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies;
Then, where a fountains gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled) [dead.
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the
Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.
Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain:
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies;
The moon, the stars, the bright ætherial host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd: when morning rose, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess
Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring seas.
There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main
Thus careful I address'd the listening train:

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O friends, be wiſe, nor dare the flocks deſtroy
Of theſe fair paſtures: if ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of Heaven, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who ſpreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heaven's unmeaſur'd height.

And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The ſouth-eaſt bluſtering with a dreadful ſound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fiſh we make our prey,
Or fowl that ſcreaming hunt the watery way.
Till now, from ſea or flood no ſuccour found,
Famine and meagre want beſieg'd us round.
Penſive and pale from grove to grove I ſtray'd,
From the loud ſtorms to find a ſylvan ſhade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the ſtormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the Gods ſoft ſlumber ſhed,
While thus Eurylochus ariſing ſaid:

O friends, a thouſand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful moſt, when by a ſlow decay
Pale hunger waſtes the manly ſtrength away.
Why ceaſe ye then t' implore the Powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove!
Why ſeize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Ariſe unanimous; ariſe and ſlay!
And, if the Gods ordain a ſafe return,
To Phœbus ſhrines ſhall riſe, and altars burn.
But, ſhould the Powers that o'er mankind preſide
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to ruſh at once to ſhades below,
Than linger life away, and nouriſh woe!

Thus he: the beeves around ſecurely ſtray,
When ſwift to ruin they invade the prey;
They ſeize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine.
Swift from the oak they ſtrip the ſhady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake ſupply'd.
With prayer they now addreſs th' ætherial train,
Slay the ſelected beeves, and flay the ſlain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with morſels cut from every part.
Water, inſtead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dreſt,
They roaſt the fragments, and prepare the feaſt.
'Twas then ſoft ſlumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I ſpeed along the main.
When, lo! an odour from the feaſt exhales,
Spreads o'er the coaſt, and ſcents the tainted gales;
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus obteſting Heaven I mourn'd aloud:

O Sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
Oh, all ye bliſsful Powers that reign above!
Why were my cares beguil'd in ſhort repoſe?
O fatal ſlumber paid with laſting woes:
A deed ſo dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and Heaven in arms!
Mean time Lampetie mounts th' aërial way,
And kindles into rage the God of Day;
Vengeance, ye powers, (he cries) and thou whoſe hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand!
Slain are thoſe herds which I with pride ſurvey,
When through the ports of Heaven I pour the day.
Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the ſkies forego,
And bear the lamp of Heaven to ſhades below.

To whom the Thundering Power: O Source of Day!
Whoſe radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams through heaven's bright portals riſe,
The joy of earth, and glory of the ſkies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To daſh th' offenders in the whelming tide.
To fair Calypſo, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd theſe councils of the Gods.
Mean time from man to man my tongue exclaims,
My wrath is kindled, and my ſoul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, ſlain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.
Now Heaven gave ſigns of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing ſound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feaſting, and unhallow'd joy;
The ſeventh aroſe, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein'd the rough ſtorms, and calm'd the toſſing floods:
With ſpeed the bark we climb; the ſpacious ſails
Looſ'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
Paſt ſight of ſhore, along the ſurge we bound,
And all above is ſky, and ocean all around!
When, lo! a murky cloud the Thunderer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven with ſtorms.
Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now outflies
The gloomy Weſt, and whiſtles in the ſkies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blaſt
Howls o'er the ſhroud, and rends it from the maſt:
The maſt gives way, and, crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once deſcends;
The pilot by the tumbling ruin ſlain,
Daſh'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flaſh from pole to pole.
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
Full on the bark it fell; now high now low:
Toſs'd and retoſs'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;
At once into the main the crew it ſhook:
Sulphureous odours roſe, and ſmouldering ſmoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they ſink, they riſe, [cries;
Now loſt, now ſeen, with ſhriek's and dreadful
And ſtrive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.
Firm at the helm I ſtand, when fierce the main
Ruſh'd with dire noiſe, and daſh'd the ſides in twain;
Again impetuous drove the furious blaſt,
Snap the ſtrong helm, and bore to ſea the maſt.
Firm to the maſt with cords the helm I bind,
And ride aloft, to Providence reſign'd,
Through tumbling billows, and a war of wind.

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Now ſunk the Weſt, and now a Southern breeze
More dreadful than the tempeſt, laſh'd the ſeas;
For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
All night I drove; and at the dawn of day;
Faſt by the rocks beheld the deſperate way:
Juſt when the ſea within her gulfs ſubſides,
And in the roaring whirlpools ruſh the tides,
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig-tree ſeiz'd, and clung around.
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendant round it claſps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs diſplay'd,
And o'er the dungeon caſt a dreadful ſhade,
All unſuſtain'd between the wave and ſky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly,
What-time the judge forſakes the noiſy bar
To take repaſt, and ſtills the wordy war;
Charybdis rumbling from her inmoſt caves,
The maſt refunded on her reſluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating maſt to gain,
Sudden I dropt amidſt the flaſhing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode.
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.
Unſeen I paſs'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed (dread Sire of men and gods).
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer ſeas,
Heav'd by the ſurge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th' Ogygian ſhores I gain,
When the tenth ſun deſcended to the main.
There, in Calypſo's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refreſh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.
My following fates to thee, O King, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in miſery can words avail?
And what ſo tedious as a twice told tale?

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Arrival of Ulyſſes in Ithaca.

Ulyſſes takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ſhip arrives at Ithaca; where the ſailors, as Ulyſſes is yet ſleeping, lay him on the ſhore with all his treaſures. On their return, Neptune changes their ſhip into a rock. In the mean time Ulyſſes, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reaſon of a miſt which Pallas had caſt round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the Goddeſs, appearing to him in the form of a ſhepherd, diſcovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned ſtory of his adventures, upon which ſhe manifeſts herſelf, and they conſult together of the meaſures to be taken to deſtroy the ſuitors. To conceal his return, and diſguiſe his perſon the more effectually, ſhe changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

He ceas'd; but left ſo pleaſing on their ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill they ſeem'd to hear.
A pauſe of ſilence huſh'd the ſhady rooms:
The grateful converſe then the king reſumes:
Whatever toils the great Ulyſſes paſt,
Beneath this happy roof they end at laſt;
No longer now from ſhore to ſhore to roam,
Smooth ſeas and gentle winds invite him home.
But hear me, princes! whom theſe walls encloſe,
For whom my chanter ſings, and goblet flows
With wines unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage);
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling veſt
Lie heap'd already for our godlike gueſt;
Without new treaſures let him not remove,
Large, and expreſſive of the public love:
Each peer a tripod, each peer a vaſe beſtow,
A general tribute, which the ſtate ſhall owe.
This ſentence pleas'd: then all their ſteps addreſt
To ſeparate manſions, and retir'd to reſt.
Now did the roſy-finger'd morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the ſkies.
Down to the haven and the ſhips in haſte
They bore the treaſures, and in ſafety plac'd.
The king himſelf the vaſes rang'd with care:
Then bade his followers to the feaſt repair.
A victim ox beneath the ſacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and ſtains the ſand.
To Jove th' Eternal (Power above all Powers!
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heaven with ſhowers)
The flames aſcend: till evening they prolong
Thy rites, more ſacred made by heavenly ſong:
For in the midſt, with public honours grac'd,
The lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd;
All, but Ulyſſes, heard with fix'd delight:
He ſate, and ey'd the ſun, and wiſh'd the night;
Slow ſeem'd the ſun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep-imag'd in his ſoul.
As the tir'd ploughman ſpent with ſtubborn toil,
Whoſe oxen long have torn the furrow'd ſoil,
Sees with delight the ſun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repaſt (the day's hard labour done):
So to Ulyſſes welcome ſet the ſun.
Then inſtant to Alcinous and the reſt
(The Scherian ſtates) he turn'd, and thus addreſt:
O thou, the firſt in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the leaſt,
When due libation ſhall have crown'd the feaſt,
Safe to my home to ſend your happy gueſt.

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Complete are now the bounties you have given,
Be all thoſe bounties but confirm'd by Heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings ceaſe,
My conſort blameleſs, and my friends in peace.
On you be every bliſs; and every day,
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away:
Yourſelves, your wives, your long-deſcending race,
May every God enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation ſtand,
And public evil never touch the land!
His words, well weigh'd, the general voice approv'd
Benign, and inſtant his diſmiſſion mov'd.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the ſign,
To fill the goblet high with roſy wine:
Great Jove the Father firſt (he cry'd) implore;
Then ſend the ſtranger to his native ſhore.
The ſuſcious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the manſion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his ſeat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.
Ulyſſes ſole with air majeſtic ſtands,
The bowl preſenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: O Queen, farewell! be ſtill poſſeſt
Of dear remembrance, bleſſing ſtill and bleſt!
Till age and death ſhall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys ſucceſſive ever ſpring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!
Thus he; then parting prints the ſandy ſhore
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
Sent by Alcinous; of Arete's train
Three choſen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white veſt convey,
A various caſket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mates
Safe in the hollow poop diſpoſe the cates:
Upon the deck ſoft painted robes they ſpread,
With linen cover'd for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty ſtern! then gently preſt
The ſwelling couch, and lay compos'd to reſt.
Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables looſe, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and ſtrike their equal oars,
And leave the ſinking hills, and leſſening ſhores.
While on the deck the chief in ſilence lies,
And pleaſing ſlumbers ſteal upon his eyes.
As fiery courſers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers through the duſty ſpace,
Toſs their high heads, and ſcour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding veſſel o'er the main.
Back to the ſtern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with ſpread ſails the winged galley flies;
Leſs ſwift an eagle cuts the liquid ſkies;
Divine Ulyſſes was her ſacred load,
A man, in wiſdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils, he bore,
In ſtorms by ſea, and combats on the ſhore:
All which ſoft ſleep now baniſh'd from his breaſt,
Wrapt in a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt.
But when the morning ſtar with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
Like diſtant clouds the mariner deſcries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills ariſe.
Far from the town a ſpacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' power, whoſe name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempeſtuous rage reſtrain;
Within, the waves in ſofter murmurs glide,
And ſhips ſecure without their halſers ride;
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with ſhady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool receſs
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas,
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living ſtone,
And maſſy beams in native marble ſhone;
On which the labours of the nymph were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the cluſtering bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend,
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either ſide;
Sacred the ſouth, by which the Gods deſcend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their ſhip to land;
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand);
Ulyſſes ſleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky ſhore.
His treaſures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented ſhade,
Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
Reſum'd their oars, and meaſur'd back the main.
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread ſupreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeleſs Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he ſtood;
And ſought the ſecret counſels of the God:
Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods, be mine
The rights and honours of a Power divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh! ſevere diſgrace!)
By ſoft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Againſt yon deſtin'd head in vain I ſwore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his ſhore;
To reach his natal ſhore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who ſhall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careleſs and aſleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo! where he lies, amidſt a ſhining ſtore
Of braſs, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
And bears triumphant to his native iſle
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble ſpoil.
To whom the Father of th' immortal Powers,
Who ſwells the clouds, and gladdens earth with ſhowers:
Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain!
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundleſs main!
Rever'd and awful ev'n in heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine,
Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chaſtiſe.
He ſaid: the Shaker of the earth replies:
This then I doom; to fix the gallant ſhip
A mark of vengeance on the fable deep:
To warn the thoughtleſs ſelf-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a ſhady hill ſhall riſe.
If ſuch thy will---We will it, Jove replies:
Even when, with tranſport blackening all the ſtrand,
The ſwarming people hail their ſhip to land,

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Fix her for ever, a memorial ſtone:
Still let her ſeem to ſail, and ſeem alone;
The trembling crowds ſhall ſee the ſudden ſhade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!
With that the God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Fierce to Phæacia croſs'd the vaſt profound.
Swift as a ſwallow ſweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace ſhot along the ſea.
The God arreſts her with a ſudden ſtroke,
And roots her down an everlaſting rock.
Aghaſt the Scherians ſtand in deep ſurpriſe;
All preſs to ſpeak, all queſtion with their eyes.
What hands unſeen the rapid bark reſtrain!
And yet it ſwims, or ſeems to ſwim, the main!
Thus they, unconſcious of the deed divine:
Till great Alcinous riſing own'd the ſign.
Behold the long predeſtin'd day! (he cries)
Oh! certain faith of ancient prophecies!
Theſe ears have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory, big with future woes;
How mov'd with wrath, that careleſs we convey
Promiſcuous every gueſt to every bay,
Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
(A monument of wrath); and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
The Fates have follow'd as declar'd the ſeer.
Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear.
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With every ſtranger paſs from ſhore to ſhore;
On angry Neptune now for mercy call:
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the God reverſe his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.
The monarch ſpoke: they trembled and obey'd:
Forth on the ſands the victim oxen led:
The gather'd tribes before the altar ſtand,
And chiefs and rulers, a majeſtic band.
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars redden all the ſhore.
Mean while Ulyſſes in his country lay,
Releas'd from ſleep, and round him might ſurvey
The ſolitary ſhore, and rolling ſea.
Yet had his mind through tedious abſence loſt
The dear remembrance of his native coaſt;
Beſides, Minerva, to ſecure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
For ſo the Gods ordain'd, to keep unſeen
His royal perſon from his friends and queen;
Till the proud ſuitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord.
Now all the land another proſpect bore,
Another port appear'd, another ſhore,
And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.
Penſive and ſlow with ſudden grief oppreſt
The king aroſe, and beat his careful breaſt,
Caſt a long look o'er all the coaſt and main,
And ſought around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes ſtood fix'd in woe,
And, as he ſpoke, the tears began to flow:
Ye Gods! he cry'd, upon what barren coaſt,
In what new region, is Ulyſſes toſt?
Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or men whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Where ſhall this treaſure now in ſafety lie?
And whither, whither, its ſad owner fly?
Ah! why did I Alcinous' grace implore?
Ah! why forſake Phæacia's happy ſhore?
Some juſter prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And ſafe reſtor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd long-expected coaſt,
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boaſt?
O righteous Gods! of all the great how few
Are juſt to Heaven, and to their promiſe true!
But he, the Power to whoſe all-ſeeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without diſguiſe.
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:
For ſtill th' oppreſt are his peculiar care.
To count theſe preſents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine: the reſt belongs to Jove.
Then on the ſands he rang'd his wealthy ſtore,
The gold, the veſts, the tripods, number'd o'er:
All theſe he found, but ſtill in error loſt
Diſconſolate he wanders on the coaſt,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarſe-reſounding main.
When, lo! the guardian Goddeſs of the wiſe,
Celeſtial Pallas, ſtood before his eyes;
In ſhow a youthful ſwain, of form divine,
Who ſeem'd deſcended from ſome princely line,
A graceful robe her ſlender body dreſt,
Around her ſhoulders flew the waving veſt,
Her decent hand a ſhining javelin bore,
And painted ſandals on her feet ſhe wore.
To whom the king: Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'ſt in this deſert place!
With joy to thee, as to ſome God, I bend,
To thee my treaſures and myſelf commend.
Oh! tell a wretch in exile doom'd to ſtray,
What air I breathe, what country I ſurvey?
The fruitful continent's extremeſt bound,
Or ſome fair iſle which Neptune's arms ſurround! [fame,
From what fair clime (ſaid ſhe) remote from
Arriv'ſt thou here a ſtranger to our name?
Thou ſeeſt an iſland, not to thoſe unknown
Whoſe hills are brighten'd by the riſing ſun,
Nor thoſe that plac'd beneath his utmoſt reign
Behold him ſinking in the weſtern main.
The rugged ſoil allows no level ſpace
For flying chariots, or the rapid race;
Yet, not ungrateful to the peaſant's pain,
Suffices fulneſs to the ſwelling grain:
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And cluſtering grapes afford a generous juice:
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove
The bounding goats and friſking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refreſh the field,
And riſing ſprings eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to thoſe ſhores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majeſtic ruins ſtrow the ground.
At this the chief with tranſport was poſſeſt,
His panting heart exulting in his breaſt:
Yet, well diſſembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plauſible diſguiſe,
Thus, with an air ſincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told:
Oft have I heard in Crete this iſland's name;
For 'twas from Crete my native ſoil I came,
Self-baniſh'd thence. I ſail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.

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From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew,
(With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
Unseen I 'scap'd; and, favour'd by the night,
In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests tost
And raging billows drove us on your coast.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
But here the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapless exile on a foreign shore.
Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd Maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heavenly daughter stood confess'd to sight;
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
Oh, still the same Ulysses! she rejoin'd,
In useful craft successfully refin'd!
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours past,
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well;
To me, whose wit exceeds the powers divine,
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care, [years war:
Through ten years wandering, and through ten
Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid:
And now appear thy treasures to protect,
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
And tell what more thou must from Fate expect.
Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!
The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn.
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.
Goddess of Wisdom! Ithacus replies,
He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
When the bold Argives led their warring powers,
Against proud Ilion's well-defended towers;
Ulysses was thy care, celestial Maid!
Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery way;
Our fleet dispers'd and driven from coast to coast,
Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost:
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.
But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell! is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus replies:
How prone to doubt, how cautious, are the wise!
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering show,
And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which herself inspires.
Others, long absent from their native place,
Straight seek their home, and fly with eager pace [brace.
To their wives' arms, and children's dear em-
Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected love:
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coast:
Yet how could I with adverse Fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore:
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd,
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas!
Whose now neglected altars in thy reign
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain,
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides.
So spake the Goddess; and the prospect clear'd,
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.
The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,
And on his knees salutes his mother earth:
Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the sea-green Sisters sends his prayer:
All hail! ye virgin-daughters of the main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulysses bows;
Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful son,
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful offerings on your altars laid.
Then thus Minerva: From that anxious breast
Dismiss those cares, and leave to Heaven the rest.
Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult—she spoke, and trod
The shady grot that brighten'd with the God.
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought;
These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd,
The entrance with a rock the Goddess clos'd.
Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade,
Confer the hero and the Martial Maid.
The Goddess of the azure eyes began:
Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
And proud addresses to the matchless queen.
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
To this Ulysses: O, celestial maid!
Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:

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Elſe had I ſeen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides juſt reſtor'd and ſlain.
Voucheafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the ſcene of fate.
Then, then be preſent, and my ſoul inſpire,
As when we wrapp'd Troy's heaven-built walls in fire.
Though leagued againſt me hundred heroes ſtand,
Hundreds ſhall fall, if Pallas aid my hand.
She anſwer'd: In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, ſtrong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thyſelf be found,
What gaſping numbers then ſhall preſs the ground?
What human victims ſtain the feaſtful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark diſguiſe,
And ſecret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand ſhall wither every grace,
And every elegance of form and face,
O'er thy ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Diſfigure every limb with coarſe attire,
And in thy eyes extinguiſh all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life;
Eſtrange thee from thy own; thy ſon, thy wife;
From the loath'd object every ſight ſhall turn,
And the blind ſuitors their deſtruction ſcorn.
Go firſt the maſter of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal ſwain and kind:
For thee he ſighs; and to the royal heir
And chaſte Penelope extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now reſides,
Where Arethuſa's ſable water glides;
The ſable water and the copious maſt
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repaſt!
With him, reſt peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you aſk his faithful tongue ſhall tell;
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, ſtill with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offſpring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.
At this the father, with a father's care.
Muſt he too ſuffer? he, O Goddeſs! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched ſhare?
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his houſe a prey?
Why would'ſt not thou, O all enlighten'd Mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?
To whom Minerva: Be thy ſoul at reſt;
And know, whatever Heaven ordains, is beſt.
To fame I ſent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known:
Secure he ſits, near great Atrides plac'd!
With friendſhips ſtrengthened, and with honours grac'd.
But lo! an ambuſh waits his paſſage o'er;
Fierce foes infidious intercept the ſhore:
In vain! for ſooner all the murtherous brood
This injur'd land ſhall fatten with their blood.
She ſpake, then touch'd him with her powerful wand:
The ſkin ſhrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A ſwift old age o'er all his members ſpread;
A ſudden froſt was ſprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which ſpots indelible beſmear,
In rags diſhoneſt flutters with the air:
A ſtag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
A rugged ſtaff his trembling hand ſuſtains;
And at his ſide a wretched ſcrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twiſted thong.
So look'd the chief, ſo mov'd, to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miſeries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide field of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Converſation with Eumæus.

Ulyſſes arrives in diſguiſe at the houſe of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmoſt hoſpitality. The ſeveral diſcourſes of that faithful old ſervant, with the feigned ſtory told by Ulyſſes to conceal himſelf, and other converſations on various ſubjects, take up this entire Book.

But he, deep-muſing, o'er the mountains ſtray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland ſhade,
And cavern'd ways, the ſhaggy coaſt along,
With cliffs and nodding foreſts over-hung.
Eumæus at his ſylvan lodge he ſought,
A faithful ſervant, and without a fault.
Ulyſſes found him buſied, as he ſate
Before the threſhold of his ruſtic gate;
Around the manſion in a circle ſhone
A rural portico of rugged ſtone.
(In abſence of his Lord, with honeſt toil
His own induſtrious hands had rais'd the pile).
The wall was ſtone from neighbouring quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And ſtrong with pales, by many a weary ſtroke
Of ſtubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the ſpace were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a ſmaller race) remain;
Doom'd to ſupply the ſuitors' waſteful feaſt,
A ſtock by daily luxury decreas'd!

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Now ſcarce four hundred left. Theſe to defend,
Four ſavage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here ſate Eumæus, and his cares apply'd
To form ſtrong buſkins of well-ſeaſon'd hide.
Of four aſſiſtants who his labour ſhare,
Three now were abſent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the ſuitor train:
But he, of ancient faith, a ſimple ſwain,
Sigh'd, while he furniſh'd the luxurious board,
And weary'd Heaven with wiſhes for his lord.

Soon as Ulyſſes near th' encloſure drew,
With open mouths the furious maſtiffs flew:
Down ſate the ſage, and cautious to withſtand,
Let fall th' offenſive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the maſter runs; aloud he calls;
And from his haſty hand the leather falls;
With ſhowers of ſtones he drives them far away;
The ſcattering dogs around at diſtance bay.

Unhappy ſtranger! (thus the faithful ſwain
Began with accent gracious and humane)
What ſorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a ſhameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my maſter's ſorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful taſk!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawleſs rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, ſupported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapleſs lord!
Or ſigh'd in exile forth his lateſt breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal ſhade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and ſee
Our woods not void of hoſpitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the ſhare
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?

He ſaid, and, ſeconding the kind requeſt,
With friendly ſtep precedes his unknown gueſt.
A ſhaggy goat's ſoft hide beneath him ſpread,
And with freſh ruſhes heap'd an ample bed:
Joy touch'd the hero's tender ſoul, to find
So juſt reception from a heart ſo kind:
And oh, ye Gods! with all your bleſſings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!

The ſwain reply'd: It never was our guiſe
To ſlight the poor, or aught humane deſpiſe;
For Jove unfolds our hoſpitable door,
'Tis Jove that ſends the ſtranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppreſs'd, dependent, yet a man:
Accept ſuch treatment as a ſwain affords,
Slave to the inſolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his ſlave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been beſtow'd:
But Fate condemns him to a foreign ſhore;
Much have I ſorrow'd, but my maſter more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace reſign'd:
Ah, periſh Helen! periſh all her kind!
For whoſe curs'd cauſe, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod ſo fatally the paths of Fame.

His veſt ſuccinct then girding round his waiſt,
Forth ruſh'd the ſwain with hoſpitable haſte,
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers ſlept beneath the ſun;
Of two, his cutlas launch'd the ſpouting blood;
Theſe quarter'd, ſing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All haſty on the hiſſing coals he threw:
And ſmoking back the taſteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board diſplay'd
The ready meal, before Ulyſſes laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new,
And luſcious as the bees nectareous dew:
Then ſate companion of the friendly feaſt,
With open look; and thus beſpoke his gueſt:

Take with free welcome what our hands pre-pare,
Such food as falls to ſimple ſervants ſhare;
The beſt our Lords conſume; thoſe thoughtleſs peers,
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet ſure the Gods their impious acts deteſt,
And honour juſtice and the righteous breaſt.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and ſcourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away:
Even theſe, when of their ill-got ſpoils poſſeſs'd,
Find ſure tormentors in the guilty breaſt:
Some voice of God cloſe wiſpering from within,
"Wretch! this is vilany, and this is ſin."
But theſe, no doubt, ſome oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulyſſes is no more.
Hence ſprings their confidence, and from our ſighs
Their rapine ſtrengthens, and their riots riſe:
Conſtant as Jove the night and day beſtows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair iſlands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whoſe far-dreaded ſway
The wide extended continents obey:
Firſt, on the main land, of Ulyſſes' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed;
As many ſtalls for ſhaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tuſky herd;
Thoſe foreign keepers guard: and here are ſeen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmoſt green;
To native paſtors is their charge aſſign'd;
And mine the care to feed the briſly kind:
Each day the fatteſt bleeds of either herd,
All to the ſuitors waſteful board preferr'd.

Thus he, benevolent: his unknown gueſt
With hunger keen devours the ſavoury feaſt;
While ſchemes of vengeance ripen in his breaſt.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with ſmiling looks his joy expreſs'd,
And thus the kind inviting hoſt addreſs'd:

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd
So rich, ſo potent, whom you ſtyle your lord;
Late with ſuch affluence and poſſeſſions bleſt,
And now in honour's glory's bed at reſt?
Whoever was the warrior, he muſt be
To Fame no ſtranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (ſo the Gods, and ſo the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a ſea, and many a land.

Small is the faith, the prince and queen aſcribe
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wandering tribe.
For needy ſtrangers ſtill to flattery fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image riſe
And calls the ſpringing ſorrows from her eyes.

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Such thou may'ſt be. But he whoſe name you
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave, [crave
Or food for fiſh or dogs his relicks lie,
Or torn by birds are ſcatter'd through the ſky.
So periſh'd he: and left (for ever loſt)
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
So mild a maſter never ſhall I find;
Leſs dear the parents whom I left behind,
Leſs ſoft my mother, leſs my father kind.
Not with ſuch tranſport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native ſhore;
As lov'd Ulyſſes once more to embrace,
Reſtor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Even in his abſence I pronounce with fear:
In my reſpect, he bears a prince's part;
But lives a very brother in my heart.
Thus ſpoke the faithful ſwain; and thus rejoin'd
The maſter of his grief, the man of patient mind;
Ulyſſes, friend! ſhall view his old abodes
(Diſtruſtful as thou art); nor doubt the Gods.
Nor ſpeak I raſhly, but with faith averr'd,
And what I ſpeak, atteſting Heaven has heard.
If ſo, a cloke and veſture be my meed;
Till his return, no title ſhall I plead,
Tho' certain be my news, and great my need.
Whom want itſelf can force untruths to tell,
My ſoul deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Thou firſt be witneſs, hoſpitable Jove!
And every God inſpiring ſocial love;
And witneſs every houſehold power that waits
Guards of theſe fires, and angel of theſe gates!
Ere the next moon increaſe, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulyſſes ſhall ſurvey,
In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn,
And the loſt glories of his houſe return.
Nor ſhall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulyſſes hail this happy ſhore
(Replied Eumæus): to the preſent hour
Now turn thy thoughts, and joys within our power.
From ſad reflection let my ſoul repoſe:
The name of him awakes a thouſand woes.
But guard him, Gods! and to theſe arms reſtore!
Not his true conſort can deſire him more;
Not old Laertes, broken with deſpair:
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus! my ſorrows flow
Afreſh for thee, my ſecond cauſe of woe!
Like ſome fair plant ſet by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he bleſt the land;
In all the youth the father's image ſhin'd,
Bright in his perſon, brighter in his mind.
What man, or God, deceiv'd his better ſenſe,
Far on the ſwelling ſeas to wander hence?
To diſtant Pylos hapleſs is he gone,
To ſeek his father's fate and find his own!
For traitors wait his way, with dire deſign
To end at once the great Arceſian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable gueſt! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air.
Sincere from whence begun your courſe relate,
And to what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)
The cautious chief his ready ſtory told:
On dark reſerve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But moſt, the kind inviter's cheerful face?
Thus might we ſit, with ſocial goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round:
Not the whole circle of the year would cloſe
My long narration of a life of woes.
But ſuch was Heaven's high will! Know then, I came
From ſacred Crete, and from a ſire of fame:
Caſtor Hylacides (that name he bore)
Belov'd and honour'd in his native ſhore;
Bleſt in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung from a handmaid, from a bought embrace.
I ſhar'd his kindneſs with his lawful race:
But when that fate, which all muſt undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the ſhades below;
The large domain his greedy ſons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas; was left my wretched ſhare,
Except a houſe, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth ſupplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind
(The ſex is ever to a ſoldier kind).
Now waſting years my former ſtrength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the ſtubble you may gueſs the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial ſtorm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform:
Me, Mars inſpir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the ſecret ambuſh of the night.
Let ghaſtly death in all his forms appear,
I ſaw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the reſt I rais'd my ready ſteel;
The firſt I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my ſoul diſdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domeſtic care.
To raiſe the maſt, the miſſile dart to wing,
And ſend ſwift arrows from the bounding ſtring,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind);
Thoſe Gods, who turn (to various ends deſign'd
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I ſpread my glory far,
Great in the praiſe, rich in the ſpoils of war:
Thence charg'd with riches as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty
Our ſtates myſelf and Idomen employ [bleed;
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth ſaw Ilion fall;
Homeward we ſail'd, but Heaven diſpers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my ſtay;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ſhips I mann'd, equipp'd with ready ſtores,
Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian ſhores;
In feaſt and ſacrifice my choſen train
Six days conſum'd; the ſeventh we plough'd the main.
Crete's ample fields diminiſh to our eye;
Before the Boreal blaſts the veſſels fly;

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Safe through the level seas we sweep our way:
The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.
The fifth fair morn we stem th' Ægyptian tide:
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And spies commission to explore the land.
But, sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.
The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
Horrid with brisly spears, and glancing shields.
Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove;
(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove,
Oh! had he left me to that happier doom,
And sav'd a life of miseries to come!)
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
I met the monarch with a suppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side;
My state he pity'd, and my tears he dried,
Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty blest,
I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest,
On seven bright years successive blessings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
A false Phœnician, of insidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to human kind,
With semblance fair invites me to his home;
I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
To Lybia then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a stranger to betray,
And sell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
Aloof of Crete, from the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
And far from ken of any other coast,
When all was wild expanse of sea and air;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
He hung a night of horrors o'er their head
(The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread);
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,
And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight [hue:
Drop headlong: scarr'd and black with sulph'rous
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found! but Jove's intent
Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent
Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal strife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore.
The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch relieved,
The fire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulysses to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he stay'd,
And here his whole collected treasure lay'd;
I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
Of steel elaborate, and refulgent ore,
And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome;
Immense supplies for ages yet to come!
Mean time he voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might best his safe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail!
Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
Attesting solemn all the Powers divine,
That soon Ulysses would return, declar'd,
The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd,
But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;
To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd:
But other counsels pleas'd the sailors mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
And misery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,
With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;
Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me round,
(Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ship arriv'd: forth issuing on the sand
They sought repast; while to th' unhappy kind,
The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.
Soft I descended, to the sea applied
My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood,
And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd;
But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship return'd.
Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wife,
To live beneath thy hospitable care,
And wait the woes Heaven dooms me yet to bear.
Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind!
(Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
For real sufferings since I grieve sincere,
Check not with fallacies the springing tear;
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
For him, whom Heaven has destin'd to destroy.
Oh! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces died away!
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles, to record his praise:
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost!
While pensive in this solitary den,
Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the court repair,
But when the constant queen commands my care;
Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;

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And theſe indulge their want, and thoſe their woe,
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many ſuch I have been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whoſe hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder baniſh'd from his native home.
He ſwore, Ulyſſes on the coaſt of Crete
Staid but a ſeaſon to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months ſhould waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundleſs ſtore.
O thou! whom age has taught to underſtand,
And Heaven has guided with a favouring hand!
On God or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter as to die.
Not for ſuch ends my houſe and heart are free,
But dear reſpect to Jove, and charity.
And why, O ſwain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick reply'd the wiſeſt of mankind)
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A ſolemn compact let us ratify,
And witneſs every Power that rules the ſky!
If here Ulyſſes from his labours reſt,
Be then my prize a tunic and a veſt;
And, where my hopes invite me, ſtraight tranſport
In ſafety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But, if he greets not thy deſiring eye,
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury.
Doubtleſs, O gueſt! great laud and praiſe were mine
(Reply'd the ſwain for ſpotleſs faith divine)
If, after ſocial rites and gifts beſtow'd,
I ſtain'd my hoſpitable hearth with blood,
How would the Gods my righteous toils ſucceed,
And bleſs the hand that made a ſtranger bleed?
No more—th' approaching hours of ſilent night
Firſt claim refection, then to reſt invite;
Beneath our humble cottage let us haſte,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taſte.
Thus commun'd theſe; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed ſwine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to the ſeveral ſties,
With din obſtreperous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the ſlaves—Now from the herd the beſt
Select, in honour of our foreign gueſt:
With him let us the genial banquet ſhare,
For great and many are the griefs we bear:
While thoſe who from our labours heap their board,
Blaſpheme their feeder, and forget their lord.
Thus ſpeaking, with diſpatchful hand he took
A weighty axe, and cleft the ſolid oak;
This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed,
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The ſwain, whom acts of piety delight,
Obſervant of the Gods, begins the rite;
Firſt ſhears the forehead of the briſtly boar,
And ſuppliant ſtands, invoking every Power
To ſpeed Ulyſſes to his native ſhore.
A knotty ſtake then aiming at his head,
Down dropp'd he groaning, and the ſpirit fled.
The ſcorching flames climb round on every ſide:
Then the ſing'd members they with ſkill divide;
On theſe, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
Some in the flames, beſtrow'd with flour, they threw:
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
Theſe while on ſeveral tables they diſpoſe,
As prieſt himſelf the blameleſs ruſtic roſe;
Expert the deſtin'd victim to diſpart
In ſeven juſt portions, pure of hand and heart,
One ſacred to the nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged ſon of May:
The rural tribe in common ſhare the reſt,
The king the chine, the honour of the feaſt,
Who ſate delighted at his ſervant's board;
The faithful ſervant joy'd his unknown lord.
Oh! be thou dear (Ulyſſes cry'd) to Jove,
As well thou claim'ſt a grateful ſtranger's love!
Be then thy thanks (the bounteous ſwain reply'd)
Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand deſcend our joys and woes;
Theſe he decrees, and he but ſuffers thoſe:
All power is his, and whatſoe'er he wills,
The will itſelf, omnipotent, fulfils.
This ſaid, the firſt fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the ſable wave:
In great Ulyſſes' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He ſate, and ſweet refection cheer'd his ſoul.
The bread from caniſters Meſaulius gave,
(Eumæus proper treaſure bought this ſlave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A ſervant added to his abſent lord)
His taſk it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away,
And now the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to reſt.
Now came the night, and darkneſs cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar:
The driving ſtorm the watery weſt wind pours,
And Jove deſcends in deluges of ſhowers.
Studious of reſt and warmth, Ulyſſes lies,
Foreſeeing from the firſt the ſtorm would riſe;
In mere neceſſity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his hoſt he ſpoke:
Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;
'Tis ſweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wiſe beguile,
Make the ſage frolic, and the ſerious ſmile,
The grave in merry meaſures friſk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit caſt off the ſullen yoke of ſenſe. [days!
Once I was ſtrong (would Heaven reſtore thoſe
And with my betters claim'd my ſhare of praiſe.
Ulyſſes, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own command);
A deathful ambuſh for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy's walls by night we took our way:
There clad in arms, along the marſhes ſpread,
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full ſoon th' inclemency of Heaven I feel,
Nor had theſe ſhoulders covering but of ſteel,
Sharp blew the north; ſnow whitening all the fields [ſhields.
Froze with the blaſt, and gathering glaz'd our
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and veſt,
Lay cover'd by their ample ſhields at reſt.

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Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
When now was wasted more than half the night,
And the stars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
Fast by my side, and shivering thus I said:
Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
And die asham'd (O wisest of mankind)
The only fool who left his cloak behind.
He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
(That wit, which, or in council or in fight,
Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right).
Hush thee, he cry'd, (soft-whispering in my ear)
Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear—
And then (supporting on his arm his head)
Hear me, companions? (thus aloud he said)
Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:
Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye,
And sure the warning vision was from high:
Let from among us some swift courier rise,
Haste to the general, and demand supplies.
Upstarted Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down;
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant in his cloak I wrapp'd me round:
And safe I slept, till brightly dawning shone
The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
Oh, were my strength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honours and the offices of men:
Some master, or some servant, would allow
A cloak and vest---but I am nothing now!
Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive swain)
Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside,
Meet for the wandering suppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy clothes again,
For here one vest suffices every swain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But, when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
With better hand shall grace with fit attires
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.
The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
With store to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
There lay the king and all the rest supine;
All, but the careful master of the swine:
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:
Well arm'd, and senc'd against nocturnal air;
His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder tied:
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:
With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tusky herd he bends his way.
Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd they lay.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Return of Telemachus.

The Goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaüs, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast, and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns;
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son, Telemachus was lay'd;
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
When, O Telemachus! (the Goddess said)
Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robber's prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore;
Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands;
Through both Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence, therefore, while thy stores thy own remain;
Thou know'st the practice of the female train:
Lost in the children of the present spouse
They slight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
Till Heaven decrees to bliss thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Observe the warnings of a Power divine;

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For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca:
To seize thy life shall lurk the murderous band,
Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
No—sooner far their riot and their lust
All-covering earth shall bury deep in dust!
Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heavenly guardian shall instruct the gales,
To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends;
But seek thou first the master of thy swine
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline):
There pass the night: while he his course pursues
To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
That thou, safe sailing from the Pylian strand,
Art come to bless her in thy native land.
Thus spoke the Goddess, and resum'd her flight,
To the pure regions of eternal light.
Mean while Pisistratus he gently shakes, [wakes:
And with these words the slumbering youth a-
Rise, son of Nestor! for the road prepare,
And join the harness'd coursers to the car.
What cause, he cried, can justify our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidden night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight, before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring;
Gifts, which, to distant ages safely stor'd,
The sacred act of friendship shall record. [east,
Thus he. But when the dawn bestreak'd the
The king from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
As soon as his approach the hero knew,
The splended mantle round him first he threw,
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke:
Hail great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us measure back the watery way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.
If with desire so strong thy bosom glows,
Ill, said the king, should I thy wish oppose;
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;
True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The noblest presents that our love can make:
Mean time commit we to our women's care,
Some choice domestic viands to prepare;
The traveller, rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider course shall rather please
Through spacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot shall attend;
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.
No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove
Without some pledge, some monument of love;
These will the caldron, these the tripod give,
From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live.

To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, replied:
O monarch, care of Heaven! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca my place supplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My stores expos'd and fenceless house demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand;
Lest, in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.
His purpose when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boethœdes Eteonus come;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
Mean time the king, his son, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.
The king selected from the glittering rows
A bowl; the prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her fairest textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And chose the largest: with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part:
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the king Ulysses' heir address'd:
Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thundering Jove
With happiest omens thy desires approve!
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine;
To me this present of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of kings and labour of a God.
Then gave the cup; while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said:
Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Mean time may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.
She said, and gave the veil; with grateful look
The prince the variegated present took.
And now, when through the royal dome they
pass'd,
High on a throne the king each stranger plac'd.
A golden ewer th' attendant damsel brings,
Replete with water from the crystal springs:
With copious streams the shining vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glittering canisters are crown'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast!
Whilst Eteonus portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
And now (each fated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd)
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,
The horses join'd, the polish'd car ascend.
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the powers divine)

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His right-hand held: before the steeds he stands;
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters these commands:
Farewell, and prosper, youths! let Nestor know
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Through the long dangers of the ten years war.
Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.
And oh! return'd might we Ulysses meet!
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat:
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise!
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise!
Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auspicious sight!
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.
Peasants in vain with threatening cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew
Full dexter to the car: the prosperous sight
Fill'd every breast with wonder and delight.
But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,
And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke.
Say, if to us the Gods these omens send,
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend?
Whilst yet the monarch paus'd with doubts oppress'd,
The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring breast.
Hear me, she cried, to whom the Gods have given
To read this sign, and mystic sense of Heaven.
As thus the plumy sovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide æthereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So shall thy godlike father toss'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundless main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come)
From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.
Oh! if this promis'd bliss by thundering Jove
(The prince replied) stand fix'd in fate above;
To thee, as to some God, I'll temples raise,
And crown thy altars with the costly blaze.
He said; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong;
The bounding shafts upon the harness play,
Till night descending intercepts the way.
To Diocles, at Pherse, they repair,
Whose boasted sire was sacred Alpheus' heir;
With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,
Nor found the hospitable rites unpay'd.
But soon as morning from her orient bed
Had ting'd the mountains with her earliest red,
They join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung;
The brazen portals in their passage rung.
To Pylos soon they came; when thus begun
To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son:
Let not Pisistratus in vain be prest,
Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the same.
No farther from our vessel, I implore,
The coursers drive: but lash them to the shore.
Too long thy father would his friends detain;
I dread his proffer'd kindness urg'd in vain.
The hero paus'd, and ponder'd this request,
While love and duty warr'd within his breast.
At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.
There, while within the poop with care he stor'd
The regal presents of the Spartan lord;
With speed begone (said he); call every mate,
Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate:
'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulse; nor could thou soon depart;
Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
In word alone, the Pylian monarch kind.
But when, arriv'd, he thy return shall know,
How will his breast with honest fury glow!
This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,
And soon he reach'd the palace of his sire.
Now (cried Telemachus) with speedy care
Hoist every sail, and every oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And seize their seats, impatient for the sea.
Mean time the prince with sacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When, lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung;
Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,
Till, urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains;
As long, he groan'd in Philacus's chains:
Mean time, what anguish, and what rage, combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind!
Yet 'scap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the Fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air;
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,
There form'd his empire; there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The first begot Oïclus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's saviour, and divinely wise,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,
Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:
And Polyphides on whom Phœbus shone
With fullest rays; Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hypereſia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counsels of the God.
From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to Heaven he press'd
His ardiant vows, the stranger thus address'd:
O thou: that dost thy happy course prepare
With pure libations, and with solemn prayer;
By that dread Power to whom thy vows are paid:
By all the lives of these; thy own dear head,
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.
Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe,
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my sire: though now for ever lost
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Whose fate inquiring through the world we rove;
The last, the wretched, proof of filial love.

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The ſtranger then: Nor ſhall I aught conceal,
But the dire ſecret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I ſlew;
Whoſe powerful friends the luckleſs deed purſue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-ſtain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, O bear me o'er yon azure flood;
Receive the ſuppliant! ſpare my deſtin'd blood!
Stranger (replied the prince) ſecurely reſt
Affianc'd in our faith; henceforth our gueſt.
Thus affable, Ulyſſes' godlike heir
Takes from the ſtranger's hand the glittering ſpear:
He climbs the ſhip, aſcends the ſtern with haſte,
And by his ſide the gueſt accepted plac'd.
The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command;
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid ſpeed to whirl them o'er the ſea.
Crunus they paſs'd, next Chalchis roll'd away,
When thickening darkneſs clos'd the doubtful day;
The ſilver Phæa's glittering rills they loſt,
And ſkimm'd along by Elis' ſacred coaſt.
Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind,
And, turning ſudden, ſhun the death deſign'd.
Mean time the king, Eumæus, and the reſt,
Sate in the cottage, at their rural feaſt:
The banquet paſt, and ſatiate every man,
To try his hoſt, Ulyſſes thus began:
Yet one night more, my friends indulge your gueſt;
The laſt I purpoſe in your walls to reſt
To-morrow for myſelf I muſt provide,
And only aſk your counſel, and a guide:
Patient to roam the ſtreet, by hunger led,
And bleſs the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulyſſes' roof I may relate
Ulyſſes' wanderings to his royal mate;
Or, mingling with the ſuitors' haughty train,
Not undeſerving ſome ſupport obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of induſtry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dextrous works contend,
The pyre to build, the ſtubborn oak to rend;
To turn the taſteful viand o'er the flame;
Or foam the goblet with a purple ſtream.
Such are the taſks of men of mean eſtate,
Whom fortune dooms to ſerve the rich and great.
Alas! (Eumæus with a ſigh rejoin'd)
How ſprung a thought ſo monſtrous in thy mind!
If on that godleſs race thou would'ſt attend,
Fate owes thee ſure a miſerable end!
Their wrongs and blaſphemies aſcend the ſky,
And pull deſcending vengeance from on high.
Not ſuch, my friend, the ſervants of their feaſt;
A blooming train in rich embroidery dreſt,
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
And ſmiling round celeſtial youth attends.
Stay then: no eye aſkance beholds thee here:
Sweet is thy converſe to each ſocial ear;
Well-pleas'd, and pleaſing, in our cottage reſt,
Till good Telamachus accepts his gueſt
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And ſafe conveys thee where thy ſoul deſires.
To him the man of woes: O gracious Jove!
Reward this ſtranger's hoſpitable love!
Who knows the ſon of ſorrow to relieve,
Cheers the ſad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greateſt woe:
On all their weary paths wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To ſuch a man ſince harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;
What cares his mother's tender breaſt engage,
And fire forſaken on the verge of age;
Beneath the ſun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the houſe of darkneſs and of death?
To whom the ſwain: Attend what you inquire;
Laertes lives, the miſerable ſire
Lives, but implores of every Power to lay
The burden down, and wiſhes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortleſs, he waſtes away
Old age, untimely poſting ere his day.
She too, ſad mother! for Ulyſſes loſt
Pin'd out her bloom, and vaniſh'd to a ghoſt.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart!)
While yet ſhe was, tho' clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleaſing converſe miniſter'd relief:
With Ctimene, her youngeſt daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the ſoftly-ſtealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' iſle ſhe ſent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor leſs the darling object of her love,
Her hapleſs death my brighter days o'ercaſt,
Yet Providence deſerts me not at laſt;
My preſent labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleaſure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Black and diſcountenanc'd the ſervants ſtand,
Nor dare to queſtion where the proud command:
No profit ſprings beneath uſurping powers:
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours,
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the ſwains.
The ſuffering chief at this began to melt;
And, O Eumæus! thou (he cries) haſt felt
The ſpite of fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parent's arms, thy parents eyes,
To early wants! a man of miſeries!
Thy whole ſad ſtory, from its firſt, declare
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and ſheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates ſeiz'd, and ſhipp'd thee o'er the main?
Doom'd a fair prize to grace ſome prince's board,
The worthy purchaſe of a foreign lord.
If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A ſtory fruitful of events attend:
Another's ſorrows may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year beſtows;
A part we conſecrate to ſoft repoſe,

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A part in pleaſing talk we entertain;
For too much reſt itſelf becomes a pain.
Let thoſe, whom ſleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares reſuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feaſt, and to the feaſt be join'd
Diſcourſe, the ſweeter banquet of the mind;
Review the ſeries of our lives, and taſte
The melancholy joy of evils paſt:
For he who much has ſuffer'd, much will know;
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
Above Ortygia lies an iſle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name
(There curious eyes inſcrib'd with wonder trace
The ſun's diurnal, and his annual race);
Not large, but fruitful; ſtor'd with graſs, to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating ſheep;
Her ſloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
Nor ſink by ſickneſs to the ſhades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the ſtrong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the ſilver bow with tender ſkill,
And, void of pain, the ſilent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities riſe with equal pride.
But both in conſtant peace one prince obey,
And Ctefius there, my father, holds the ſway.
Freighted, it ſeems, with toys of every ſort
A ſhip of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What-time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land:
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train
To waſh her robes deſcending to the main,
A ſmooth-tongued ſailor won her to his mind
(For love deceives the beſt of woman-kind).
A ſudden truſt from ſudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all ſhe knew.
I too (ſhe cried) from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
But, ſnatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphian's ſold me to this man's embrace.
Haſte then (the falſe deſigning youth reply'd)
Haſte to thy country; love ſhall be thy guide;
Haſte to thy father's houſe, thy father's breaſt,
For ſtill he lives, and lives with riches bleſt,
"Swear firſt (ſhe cry'd) ye ſailors! to reſtore
"A wretch in ſafety to her native ſhore."
Swift as ſhe aſk'd, the ready ſailors ſwore.
She then proceeds: Now let our compact made
Be nor by ſignal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew deſcried
By road frequented, nor by fountain ſide.
Be ſilence ſtill our guard. The monarch's ſpies
(For watchful age is ready to ſurmiſe)
Are ſtill at hand; and this, reveal'd, muſt be
Death to yourſelves, eternal chains to me.
Your veſſel loaded, and your traffic paſt,
Diſpatch a wary meſſenger with haſte:
Then gold and coſtly treaſures will I bring,
And more, the infant offſpring of the king.
Him, child-like wandering forth, I'll lead away,
(A noble prize!) and to your ſhip convey.
Thus ſpoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffic, and their veſſel load,
Their ſtores complete, and ready now to weigh,
A ſpy was ſent their ſummons to convey:
An artiſt to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame:
Each female eye the glittering links employ,
They turn, review, and cheapen every toy.
He took th' occaſion as they ſtood intent,
Gave her the ſign, and to his veſſel went.
She ſtraight purſued, and ſeiz'd my willing arm;
I follow'd ſmiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch ſhe found
(The gueſts not enter'd, but the table crown'd);
Hid in her fraudful boſom, theſe ſhe bore:
Now ſet the ſun, and darkened all the ſhore,
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepar'd to launch the freighted veſſel rides;
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and ſweep
With level oar along the glaſſy deep.
Six calmy days and ſix ſmooth nights we ſail,
And conſtant Jove ſupplied the gentle gale.
The ſeventh, the fraudful wretch, (no cauſe deſcried
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
Down dropp'd the caitiff-corſe, a worthleſs load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce ſea-wolves, and monſters of the flood.
An helpleſs infant, I remain'd behind;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laertes by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land.
To him the king: Reciting thus thy cares,
My ſecret ſoul in all thy ſorrows ſhares:
But one choice bleſſing (ſuch is Jove's high will)
Has ſweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapleſs end,
The Gods have, in a maſter, given a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
(For ſhe needs little) daily bread and wine.
While I, ſo many wanderings paſt and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty beſtows.
So paſs'd in pleaſing dialogue away
The night; then down to ſhort repoſe they lay;
Till radiant roſe the meſſenger of day,
While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
Their ſails they loos'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
And caſt their anchors, and the cables tied:
Then on the breezy ſhore deſcending join
In grateful banquet o'er the roſy wine.
When thus the prince: Now each his courſe purſue;
I to the fields, and to the city you.
Long abſent hence, I dedicate this day
My ſwains to viſit, and the works ſurvey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the ſkies
Our debt of ſafe return, in feaſt and ſacrifice.
Then Theoclymenus: But who ſhall land,
Mean time, protection to thy ſtranger-friend?
Straight to the queen and palace ſhall I fly,
Or, yet more diſtant, to ſome lord apply?
The prince return'd: Renown'd in days of yore
Has ſtood our father's hoſpitable door;
No other roof a ſtranger ſhould receive,
No other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my abſence riot fills the place,
Nor bears the modeſt queen a ſtranger's face;
From noiſeful revel far remote ſhe flies,
But rarely ſeen, or ſeen with weeping eyes.

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No—let Eurymachus receive my gueſt,
Of nature courteous, and by far the beſt;
He wooes the queen with more reſpectful flame,
And emulates her former huſband's fame:
With what ſucceſs, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.
Thus ſpeaking, on the right up-ſoar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's ſwift-wing'd meſſenger;
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
The clotted feathers, ſcatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the veſſel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a ſanguine ſhower.
Th' obſerving augur took the prince aſide,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried:
Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aërial road,
Roſe ominous, nor flies without a God:
No race but thine ſhall Ithaca obey,
To thine, for ages, Heaven decrees the ſway.
Succeed the omen, Gods! (the youth rejoin'd)
Soon ſhall my bounties ſpeak a grateful mind,
And ſoon each envied happineſs attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend.
Then to Peiræus—Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful ſervant, by thy prince belov'd!
Till we returning ſhall our gueſt demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand.
To this Peiræus: Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hoſpitable rites to pay,
The preſence of thy gueſt ſhall beſt reward
(If long thy ſtay) the abſence of my lord.
With that their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the ſea.
All with obedient haſte forſake the ſhores,
And, plac'd in order, ſpread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his ſandals takes;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin ſhakes.
They part; while leſſening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew:
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the manſion of his faithful ſwain.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Telemachus.

Telemachus arriving at the lodge of Eumæus ſends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulyſſes, commands him to diſcover himſelf to his ſon. The princes, who had lain in ambuſh to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

Soon as the morning bluſh'd along the plains
Ulyſſes and the monarch of the ſwains
Awake the ſleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to paſture ſend the briſtly care.
The princes near approach the dogs deſcry,
And fawning round his feet confeſs their joy.
Their gentle blandiſhment the king ſurvey'd,
Heard his reſounding ſtep, and inſtant ſaid:
Some well known friend, Eumæus, bends this way;
His ſteps I hear; the dogs familiar play.
While yet he ſpoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Tranſported from his ſeat Eumæus ſprung,
Dropp'd the full bowl, and round his boſom hung;
Kiſſing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a ſhower of joy.
As ſome fond fire, who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only ſon receives,
(Child of his age) with ſtrong paternal joy
Forward he ſprings, and claſps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumæus ſpread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead.
And is it thou! my ever-dear delight!
Oh, art thou come to bleſs my longing ſight!
Never, I never hop'd to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plough'd the deſperate way.
Enter, my child! beyond my hopes reſtor'd,
Oh give theſe eyes to feaſt upon their lord!
Enter, oh ſeldom ſeen! for lawleſs powers
Too much detain thee from thy ſylvan bowers.
The prince replied: Eumæus, I obey;
To ſeek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But ſay, if in the court the queen reſide,
Severely chaſte, or if commenc'd a bride?
Thus he: and thus the monarch of the ſwains:
Severely chaſte Penelope remains;
But, loſt to every joy, ſhe waſtes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.
He ended; and (receiving as they paſs
The javelin, pointed with a ſtar of braſs)
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble ſhin'd.
His ſeat Ulyſſes to the prince reſign'd.
Not ſo—(exclaim'd the prince with decent grace)
For me, this houſe ſhall find an humbler place:
T' uſurp the honours due to ſilver hairs
And reverend ſtrangers, modeſt youth forbears.
Inſtant the ſwain the ſpoils of beaſts ſupplies,
And bids the rural throne with oziers riſe.
There ſate the prince: the feaſt Eumæus ſpread,
And heap'd the ſhining caniſters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whoſe verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirſt and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulyſſes to Eumæus ſaid:
Whence, father, from what ſhore this ſtranger, ſay,
What veſſel bore him o'er the watery way?
To human ſtep our land impervious lies,
And round the coaſt circumfluent oceans riſe.

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The swain returns: A tale of sorrows hear:
In spacious Crete he drew his natal air,
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For Heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew
From Thesprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my son, the suppliant I resign,
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.
Hard task, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.
Can strangers safely in the court reside,
'Midst the swell'd insolence of lust and pride?
Ev'n I unsafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed:
Perhaps she weds regardless of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssean name.
However, stranger, from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give;
Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove,
And safe to sail with ornaments of love.
Till then, thy guest amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the Lungry to supply,
And clothe the naked from th' inclement sky.
Here dwell in safety from the suitors wrongs,
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
For shouldst thou suffer, powerless to relieve,
I must behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.
To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and resent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood to see a soul so brave
Live to base insolence of power a slave.
But tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontrol'd?
Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise,
Or priests in fabled oracles advise?
Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?
Oh! that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strung;
Or, Heavens! might he return! (and soon appear
He shall, I trust: a hero scorns despair!)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last: but should I lose my life
Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,
I choose the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonour, worse than death;
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid;
Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste,
The durnkard revel, and the gluttons feast.
Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
Nor leagued in factious arms my subjects rise,
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise;
Nor are my brothers who should aid my power
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boast no brother; Heaven's dread King
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring,
Alone Laertes reign'd Arcesius' heir,
Alone Ulysses drew the vital air,
And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unbless offspring of a sire unblest!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with shady hills,
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial sceptre, and the regal bed:
The queen, averse to love, yet aw'd by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour!
Mean time their licence uncontrol'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air: [are.
But Heaven will sure revenge, and Gods there
But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here at least I may in peace repose.
To whom the swain: I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost: shall I my speed employ
To bless his age; a messenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his son away
Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray;
Yet, busied with his slaves to ease his woe,
He dress'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden blows:
Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,
Pensive and pale he wanders, half a ghost.
Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)
Yet cease to go—what man so blest but mourns?
Were every wish indulg'd by favouring skies,
This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.
But to the queen with speed dispatchful bear
Our safe return, and back with speed repair:
And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laertes in his rural court.
While yet he spoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away:
Then from the Heavens the Martial Goddess flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the skies;
In form a virgin in soft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd,
But unapparent as a viewless shade
Escap'd Telemachus (the Powers above,
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move):
The dogs intelligent confess the tread
Of power divine; and, howling, trembling, fled.
The Goddess, beckoning, waves her deathless hands;
Dauntless the king before the Goddess stands.
Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies!
Why to thy godlike son this long disguise?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Against thy foes; be valiant, and destroy!
Lo! I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian Power.
She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold;
At once with grace divine his frame improves:
At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:

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Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from his brows
A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
His blackening chin receives a deeper shade;
Then from his eyes upsprung the Warrior Maid.
The hero re-ascends: the prince o'er-aw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God.
Then with surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)
How art thou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears!
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If Heaven be thy abode, with pious care
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace: Oh save us, Power Divine!
Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,
Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.
I am thy father. Oh my son! my son!
That father, for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.
Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:
He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.
Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond desire)
Thou art—no, thou can'st not be my sire.
Heaven such illusion only can impose,
By the false joy to aggravate my woes.
Who but a God can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you trod;
Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a God!
Forbear, he cry'd; for Heaven reserve that name,
Give to thy father, but a father's claim:
Other Ulysses shalt thou never see,
I am Ulysses, I (my son) am he.
Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
'Tis given at length to view my native coast.
Pallas, unconquer'd Maid, my frame surrounds
With grace divine; her power admits no bounds:
She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;
Now, strong as youth, magnificent I tread.
The Gods with ease frail man depress or raise,
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.
He spoke, and sate. The prince with transport flew,
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew:
Nor less the father pour'd a social flood!
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young;
They cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away;
So they aloud: and tears in tides had run,
Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun:
But checking the full torrent in its flow,
The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe.
What ship transported thee, O father, say,
And what bless'd hands have oar'd thee on the way?
All, all (Ulysses instant made reply) [dew:
I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd,
A nation ever to the stranger kind;
Wrapp'd in th' embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign:
Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to slay,
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
The names and numbers of th' audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistant force, or singly to destroy. [name,
O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy
Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial fame,
Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost;
Can we engage, not decades, but an host?
Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that numerous and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers: from Dulichium came
Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name,
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast
Of Samos; twenty from Zacynthus' coast:
And twelve our country's pride: to these belong
Medon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.
Two sewers from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.
With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what assistant powers your boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.
Mark well my voice, Ulysses straight replies:
What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?
If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove.
Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)
Against the banded powers of all mankind:
They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds;
Wither the strength of man, and awe the Gods.
Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might
We rise terrific to the task of fight.
But thou, when morn salutes th' aërial plain,
The court revisit and the lawless train;
Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.
There, if base scorn insult my reverend age;
Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage.
If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel;
Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain
Their lawless insults, though thou strive in vain:
For wicked ears are deaf to Wisdom's call,
And vengeance strikes whom heaven has doom'd to fall [spires
Once more attend: When † she whose power in-
The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires;
I give the sign: that instant, from beneath,
Aloft convey the instruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,
Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise:
"These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to
"Troy,
"Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy: [shone:
"Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they
"Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.
"I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)
"From the pollution of the fuming fires;
"Lest, when the bowl inflames in vengeful mood
"Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood:

† Minerva.

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" Oft ready ſwords in luckleſs hour incite
" The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."
Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a ſword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a ſenceful ſhield.
But by my blood that in thy boſom glows,
By that regard, a ſon his father owes;
The ſecret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy boſom from the houſehold train;
Hide it from all; even from Eumæus hide,
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whoſe faith yet laſts among the menial crew;
And, noting, ere we riſe in vengeance, prove.
Who loves his prince; for ſure you merit love.
To whom the youth: To emulate I aim
The brave and wiſe, and my great father's fame.
But re-conſider, ſince the wiſeſt err,
Vengeance reſolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time muſt we conſume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train?
While the proud foes, induſtrious to deſtroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damſels that attend the throne:
Diſpers'd the youth reſides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou haſt ſpoke from Jove.
While in debate they waſte the hours away,
Th' aſſociates of the prince repaſs'd the bay;
With ſpeed they guide the veſſel to the ſhores;
With ſpeed debarking land the naval ſtores;
Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And truſt the preſents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies t' impart
Her ſon's return, and eaſe a parent's heart;
Leſt, a ſad prey to ever-muſing cares,
Pale grief deſtroy what time a while forbears.
Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud: Thy ſon, O Queen, returns:
Eumæus ſage approach'd th' imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
Then meaſur'd back the way---The ſuitor band,
Stung to the ſoul, abaſh'd, confounded, ſtand;
And iſſuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale aſſembly ſate.
At length Eurymachus: Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph ſails the main.
Haſte, rear the maſt, the ſwelling ſhroud diſplay;
Haſte, to our ambuſh'd friends the news convey.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, turning to the ſtrand,
Amphinomus ſurvey'd th' aſſociate band;
Full to the bay within the winding ſhores
With gather'd ſails they ſtood, and lifted oars.
O friends! he cry'd, elate with riſing joy,
See to the port ſecure the veſſel fly!
Some God has told them, or themſelves ſurvey
The bark eſcap'd; and meaſure back their way.
Swift at the word deſcending to the ſhores,
They moor the veſſel and unlade the ſtores:
Then moving from the ſtrand, apart they ſate,
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.
Lives then the boy?, he lives (Antinous cries)
The care of Gods and favourite of the ſkies.
All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eaſtern hills,
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad ſurvey:
Yet ſafe he ſails! the Powers celeſtial give
To ſhun the hidden ſnares of death, and live.
But die he ſhall, and thus condemn'd to bleed.
Be now the ſcene of inſtant death decreed:
Hope ye ſucceſs? undaunted cruſh the foe.
Is he not wiſe? know this, and ſtrike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averſe too juſtly to our cauſe?
Strike ere, the ſtates conven'd, the foe betray
Our murderous ambuſh on the watery way.
Or chooſe ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcaſts of earth, to breathe an unknown ſky?
The brave prevent misfortune; then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambuſh'd we'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in ſolitude and ſhade:
And give the palace to the queen a dower,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal hour.
But if ſubmiſſive you reſign the ſway,
Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.
Retire we inſtant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of kings conſum'd in vain;
Then wed whom choice approves: the queen be given
To ſome bleſt prince, the prince decreed by Heaven.
Abaſh'd, the ſuitor train his voice attends;
Till from his throne Amphinomus aſcends,
Who o'er Dulicium ſtretch'd his ſpacious reign,
A land of plenty, bleſt with every grain:
Chief of the numbers who the queen addreſs'd,
And though diſpleaſing, yet diſpleaſing leaſt.
Soft were his words; his actions wiſdom ſway'd;
Graceful a while he paus'd, then mildly ſaid:
O friends, forbear! and be the thought withſtood:
'Tis horrible to ſhed imperial blood!
Conſult we firſt th' all-ſeeing powers above,
And the ſure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they aſſent, ev'n by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the ſkies.
He ſaid: The rival train his voice approv'd,
And riſing inſtant to the palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noiſe they ſate,
Recumbent on the ſhining thrones of ſtate.
The Medon, conſcious of their dire debates,
The murderous council to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful ſtory ſhe deſcends:
Her haſty ſteps a damſel-train attends.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers ſhe ſtands:
And, veiling decent with a modeſt ſhade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous ſaid:
O void of faith! of all bad men the worſt!
Renown'd for wiſdom, by th' abuſe accurs'd!
Miſtaking fame proclaims thy generous mind!
Thy deeds denote thee of the baſeſt kind.
Wretch! to deſtroy a prince that friendſhip gives,
While in his gueſt his murderer he receives:
Nor dread ſuperior Jove, to whom belong
The cauſe of ſuppliants, and revenge of wrong:
Haſt thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
Who ſav'd thy father with a friendly part?

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Lawleſs he ravag'd with his martial powers
The Taphyan pirates on Threſpotia's ſhores;
Earag'd, his life, his treaſures they demand;
Ulyſſes ſav'd him from th' avenger's hand.
And would'ſt thou evil for his good repay?
His bed diſhonour, and his houſe betray?
Afflict his queen? and with a murderous hand
Deſtroy his heir?—but ceaſe, 'tis I command.
Far hence thoſe fears, (Eurymachus reply'd)
O prudent princeſs! bid thy ſoul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero ſlay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: by the righteous Powers of Heaven I ſwear,
His blood in vengeance ſmokes upon my ſpear.
Ulyſſes, when my infant days I led,
With wine ſuffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
My generous ſoul abhors th' ungrateful part,
And my friend's ſon lives deareſt to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm; if Heaven deſtroy,
We muſt reſign: for man is born to die. [ſpir'd:
Thus ſmooth he ended, yet his death con-
Then ſorrowing, with ſad ſtep the queen retir'd,
With ſtreaming eyes all comfortleſs deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord:
Nor ceas'd till Pallas bid her ſorrows fly,
And in ſoft ſlumber ſeal'd her flowing eye.
And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came late returning to his ſylvan bower.
Ulyſſes and his ſon had dreſs'd with art
A yearling boar, and gave the Gods their part.
Holy repaſt! That inſtant from the ſkies
The Martial Goddeſs to Ulyſſes flies:
She waves her golden wand, and re-aſſumes
From every feature every grace that blooms;
At once his veſtures change; at once ſhe ſheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads;
Leſt to the queen the ſwain with tranſport fly,
Unable to contain th' unruly joy. [claim
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth: Pro-
What tidings, friend? what ſpeaks the voice of Fame?
Say, if the ſuitors meaſure back the main,
Or ſtill in ambuſh thirſt for blood in vain?
Whether, he cries, they meaſure back the flood,
Or ſtill in ambuſh thirſt in vain for blood,
Eſcap'd my care: where lawleſs ſuitors ſway,
Thy mandate borne, my ſoul diſdain'd to ſtay.
But from th' Hermæan height I caſt a view
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a ſhinning band: with martial air
Each pois'd his ſhield, and each advanc'd his ſpear:
And, if aright theſe ſearching eyes ſurvey,
Th' eluded ſuitors ſtem the watery way. [wiles,
The prince, well pleas'd to diſappoint their
Steals on his ſire a glance, and ſecret ſmiles.
And now, a ſhort repaſt prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled,
Then to repoſe withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in ſoft ſleep forgot the cares of day.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus returning to the city relates to Penelope the ſum of his travels. Ulyſſes is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his maſter, after an abſence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulyſſes remains among the ſuitors, whoſe behaviour is deſcribed.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſeate light the dewy lawn;
In haſte the prince aroſe, prepar'd to part;
His hand impatient graſps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the poliſh'd ſandals ſhine,
And thus he greets the maſter of the ſwine:
My friend, adieu; let this ſhort ſtay ſuffice;
I haſte to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her ſorrows, and her ſighs.
But thou, attentive, what we order heed;
This hapleſs ſtranger to the city lead;
By public bounty let him there be fed,
And bleſs the hand that ſtretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my power denies.
If this raiſe anger in the ſtranger's thought,
The pain of anger puniſhes the fault:
The very truth I undiſguis'd declare;
For what ſo eaſy as to be ſincere?
To this Ulyſſes: What the prince requires
Of ſwift removal, ſeconds my deſires.
To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or ſtoop to taſks a rural lord demands.
Adieu! but, ſince this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours ſpace permit me here to ſtay;
My ſteps Eumæus ſhall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.
Thus he: nor aught Telemachus reply'd,
But left the manſion with a looſty ſtride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breaſt elate,
Revolving deep the ſuitors ſudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall;
He props his ſpear againſt the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threſhold bounds;
The marble pavement with his ſtep reſounds;
His eye firſt glanc'd where Euryclea ſpreads
With furry ſpoils of beaſts the ſplendid beds:
She ſaw, ſhe wept, ſhe ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her maſter with a long embrace.

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All crowded round the family appears
With wild entrancement, and ecſtatic tears.
Swift from above deſcends the royal fair
(Her beauteous cheeks the bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air);
Hangs o'er her ſon; in his embraces dies;
Rains kiſſes on his neck, his face, his eyes;
Few words ſhe ſpoke, though much ſhe had to ſay;
And ſcarce thoſe few, for tears, could force their way.
Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has Heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So ſnatch'd from all our cares!---Tell, haſt thou known
Thy father's fate? and tell me all thy own.
O deareſt, moſt rever'd of women kind!
Ceaſe with thoſe tears to melt a manly mind
(Replied the prince): nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treaſon to thy arms reſtor'd.
Go bathe, and, rob'd in white, aſcend the towers;
With all thy handmaids thank the immortal powers;
To every God vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
While to th' aſſembled council I repair;
A ſtranger ſent by Heaven attends me there;
My new-accepted gueſt I haſte to find,
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge conſign'd.
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd; and, robb'd in white, with all her train,
To every God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance, the prince then paſs'd the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves;
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves:
Him, gathering round, the haughty ſuitors greet
With ſemblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their falſe addreſſes generous he denied,
Paſs'd on, and ſate by faithful Mentor's ſide;
With Antiphus, and Halitherſes ſage
(His father's counſellors, rever'd for age).
Of his own fortunes, and Ulyſſes' fame,
Much aſk'd the ſeniors; till Piræus came.
The ſtranger-gueſt purſued him cloſe behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd,
He (when Piræus aſk'd for ſlaves to bring
The gifts and treaſures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful anſwer'd: Thoſe we ſhall not move,
Dark and unconſcious of the will of Jove;
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince muſt fall,
Us, and our houſe, if treaſon muſt o'erthrow,
Better a friend poſſeſs them, than a foe:
If death to theſe, and vengeance Heaven decree,
Riches are welcome then, not elſe, to me.
Till then retain the gifts.---The hero ſaid,
And in his hand the willing ſtranger led.
Then diſ-array'd, the ſhining bath they ſought.
(With unguents ſmooth) of poliſh'd marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with affiſtant toil
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And freſh from bathing to their ſeats withdrew,
The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Repleniſh'd from the pure tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious ſtreams that golden ewer ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize:
They waſh: the table, in fair order ſpread,
Is pil'd with viands and the ſtrength of bread.
Full oppoſite, before the folding gate,
The penſive mother ſits in humble ſtate;
Lowly ſhe ſate, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
The prince and ſtranger ſhar'd the genial feaſt,
Till now the rage of thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
When thus the queen: My ſon! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch ſhall I aſcend?
(The couch deſerted now a length of years;
The couch for ever water'd with my tears!)
Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the ſuitor-crew
Return, and riot ſhakes our walls anew)
Say, wilt thou not the leaſt account afford?
The leaſt glad tidings of my abſent lord?
To her the youth: We reach'd the Pylian plains,
Where Neſtor, ſhepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderneſs to him are known,
Kind to Ulyſſes' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder graſp of joy
Strains to his boſom his long-abſent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulyſſes breathe,
Or glide a ſpectre in the realms beneath;
For farther ſearch, his rapid ſteeds tranſport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld, whoſe charms
(So Heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
My cauſe of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And ſtill his words live perfect in my mind.
Heavens! would a ſoft, inglorious, daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Mean time returning, with remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch ſavage rends the panting prey:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulyſſes re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove! Supreme! whom men and Gods revere;
And thou whoſe luſtre gilds the rolling ſphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the Martial-Maid!
Such to our wiſh the warrior ſoon reſtore,
As when, contending on the Leſbian ſhore,
His proweſs Philomelides confeſs'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love preſumptuous ſhall by death atone;
Now what you queſtion of my ancient friend,
With truth I anſwer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the * ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eyes can pierce the dark receſs of fate.
Sole in an iſle, impriſon'd by the main,
The ſad ſurvivor of his numerous train,
Ulyſſes lies; detain'd by magic charms.
And preſs'd unwilling in Calypſo's arms.
No ſailors there, no veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way---
This told Atrides and he told no more,
Thence ſafe I voyag'd to my native ſhore.

* Proteus.

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He ceas'd; nor made the penſive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a ſecret ſigh.
When Theoclymenus the ſeer began:
O ſuffering conſort of the ſuffering man!
What human knowledge could, thoſe kings might tell;
But I the ſecrets of high Heaven reveal.
Before the firſt of Gods be this declar'd,
Before the board whoſe bleſſings we have ſhar'd:
Witneſs the genial rites, and witneſs all
This houſe holds ſacred in her ample wall!
Ev'n now this inſtant, great Ulyſſes lay'd
At reſt, or wandering in his country's ſhade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing and in view,
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this ſure auguries the Gods beſtow'd,
When firſt our veſſel anchor'd in your road.
Succeed thoſe omens, Heaven! (the queen rejoin'd)
So ſhall our bounties ſpeak a grateful mind;
And every envied happineſs attend
The man, who calls Penelope his friend.
Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court
(Scene of their inſolence) the lords reſort;
Athwart the ſpacious ſquare each tries his art,
To whirl the diſk, or aim the miſſile dart.
Now did the hour of ſweet repaſt arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive;
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them beſt,
And honour'd with a portion of their feaſt)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.
Swift to the hall they haſte; aſide they lay
Their garments, and, ſuccinct, the victims ſlay.
Then ſheep and goats, and briſtly porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was o'er the marble ſpread.
While thus the copious banquet they provide;
Along the road converſing ſide by ſide,
Proceed Ulyſſes and the faithful ſwain:
When thus Eumæus, generous and humane:
To town, obſervant of our lord's beheſt,
Now let us ſpeed: my friend, no more my gueſt!
Yet like myſelf I wiſh'd thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock or keeper of the herd.
But much to raiſe my maſter's wrath I fear;
The wrath of princes ever is ſevere.
Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are diſplay'd,
Or ere brown evening ſpreads her chilly ſhade.
Juſt thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
And ſuch as ſuits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on: but help me to ſome ſtaff, to ſtay
My feeble ſtep, ſince rugged is the way.
Acroſs his ſhoulders then the ſcrip he flung,
Wide-patch'd, and faſten'd by a twiſted thong.
A ſtaff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers ſtay;
Theſe with their watchful dogs (a conſtant guard)
Supply his abſence, and attend the herd.
And now his city ſtrikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas! how chang'd! a man of miſeries;
Propp'd on a ſtaff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags diſhoneſt fluttering with the air!
Now paſs'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way deſcending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapſe diſtils
A limpid fount; that, ſpreads in parting rills,
Its current thence to ſerve the city brings:
An uſeful work adorn'd by ancient kings.
Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In ſculptur'd ſtone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding grove;
Where ſilver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold ſtream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, ſequeſter'd to the nymphs, is ſeen
A moſſy altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where conſtant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors ſolemnize the ſhade.
Here with his goats (not vow'd to ſacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came:
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the ſtranger, and imperious ſpoke:
The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is uſher to another ſtill.
Heaven with a ſecret principle endued
Mankind, to ſeek their own ſimilitude. [gueſt?
Where goes the ſwine-herd with that ill-look'd
That giant glutton, dreadful at a feaſt?
Full many a poſt have thoſe broad ſhoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with ſcorn;
To no brave prize aſpir'd the worthleſs ſwain,
'Twas but for ſcraps he aſk'd, and aſk'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better underſtands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands,
For any office could the ſlave be good,
To cleanſe the fold, or help the kids to food;
If any labour thoſe big joints could learn,
Some whey, to waſh his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to ſpread,
Is all, by which that graceleſs maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I propheſy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly, ſhalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footſtool thundering at thy head.
He thus: nor inſolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his ruſtic heel his king unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he like a pillar ſtood,
Nor ſtirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his ſtaff to ſtrike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthleſs head.
Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inur'd,
The herd ſtood ſelf-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But, hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obteſting, and this prayer conceiv'd:
Daughters of Jove! who from th' æthereal bowers
Deſcend to ſwell the ſprings, and feed the flowers!
Nymphs of this fountain: to whoſe ſacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulyſſes' piety preferr'd
The yearly firſtlings of his flock and herd;
Succeed my wiſh; your votary reſtore:
Oh, be ſome God his convoy to our ſhore!
Due pains ſhall puniſh then this ſlave's offence,
And humble all his airs of inſolence,
Who, proudly ſtalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.
What mutters he? (Melanthius ſharp rejoins)
This crafty miſcreant big with dark deſigns!
The day ſhall come; nay, 'tis already near,
When, ſlave! to ſell thee at a price too dear,
Muſt be my care; and hence tranſport thee o'er,
(A load and ſcandal to this happy ſhore).
Oh! that as ſurely great Apollo's dart,
Or ſome brave ſuitor's ſword, might pierce the heart

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Of the proud ſon; as that we ſtand this hour
In laſting ſafety from the father's power!
So ſpoke the wretch, but, ſhunning farther fray,
Turn'd his proud ſtep, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feaſtful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet ſhar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.
Mean time they heard, ſoft-circling in the ſky,
Sweet airs aſcend, and heavenly minſtrelſy
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the ſtrain):
Ulyſſes hearken'd, then addreſs'd the ſwain:
Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and reſpondent to the maſter's fame!
Stage above ſtage th' imperial ſtructure ſtands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts encloſe,
And the ſtrong gueſts defy an hoſt of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ:
The throng'd aſſembly, and the feaſt of joy:
I ſee the ſmokes of ſacrifice aſpire,
And hear (what graces every feaſt) the lyre.
Then thus Eumæus: Judge we which were beſt;
Amidſt yon revellers a ſudden gueſt
Chooſe you to mingle, while behind I ſtay?
Or I firſt entering introduce the way?
Wait for a ſpace without, but wait not long;
This is the houſe of violence and wrong:
Some rude inſult thy reverend age may bear;
For like their lawleſs lords the ſervants are.
Juſt is, O friend! thy caution, and addreſs'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheedful breaſt;
The wrongs and injuries of baſe mankind
Freſh to my ſenſe, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I paſs'd, and many a ſtern debate;
And now in humbler ſcene ſubmit to Fate.
What cannot Want? The bleſt ſhe will expoſe,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hoſts, and loud alarms,
The ſea, the land, and ſhakes the world with arms!
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient maſter knew;
He, not unconſcious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the ſound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulyſſes, nouriſh'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to pleaſe his lord!
To him, his ſwiftneſs and his ſtrength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every ſylvan chaſe renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth purſu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was ſpread,
Obſcene with reptiles, took his ſolid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and ſtrove to meet;
In vain he ſtrove to crawl, and kiſs his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his maſter, and confeſs his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty maſter's ſoul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden ſtole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impaſſion'd cry'd:
What noble beaſt in this abandon'd ſtate
Lies here all helpleſs at Ulyſſes' gate?
His bulk and beauty ſpeak no vulgar praiſe;
If as he ſeems he was in better days,
Some care his age deſerves: or was he priz'd
For worthleſs beauty! therefore now deſpis'd?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of ſtate,
And always cheriſh'd by their friends, the Great.
Not Argus ſo (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
But ſerv'd a maſter of a nobler kind,
Who never, never ſhall behold him more!
Long, long ſince periſh'd on a diſtant ſhore!
Oh! had you ſeen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a ſtag, and as a lion ſtrong;
Him no fell ſavage on the plain withſtood,
None 'ſcap'd him, boſom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his ſcent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is loſt!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A ſleek and idle race is all their care:
The maſter gone, the ſervants what reſtrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a ſlave, takes half his worth away.
This ſaid, the honeſt herdſman ſtrode before;
The muſing monarch pauſes at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a laſt look, and, having ſeen him, dies;
So cloſ'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the firſt of all,
Obſerv'd Eumæus entering in the hall;
Diſtant he ſaw, acroſs the ſhady dome;
Then gave a ſign, and beckon'd him to come:
There ſtood an empty ſeat, where late was plac'd,
In order due, the ſteward of the feaſt
(Who now was buſied carving round the board);
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him inſtant was the banquet ſpread,
And the bright baſket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulyſſes, lowly at the door,
A figure deſpicable, old, and poor,
In ſqualid veſts, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a ſtaff, and trembling as he went,
Then, reſting on the threſhold of the gate,
Againſt a cypreſs pillar lean'd his weight
(Smooth'd by the workman to a poliſh'd plain);
The thoughtful ſon beheld, and call'd his ſwain:
Theſe viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
And let yon medicant our plenty ſhare:
Then let him circle round the ſuitor's board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord:
Bold let him act, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and ſhame agree!
His lord's command the faithful ſervant bears;
The ſeeming beggar anſwers with his prayers.
Bleſt be Telemachus? in every deed
Inſpire him, Jove! in every wiſh ſucceed!
his ſaid, the portion from his ſon convey'd
With ſmiles receiving on his ſcrip he lay'd.
Long as the minſtrel ſwept the ſounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when ſilence held the lyre.

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Soon as the ſuitors from the banquet roſe,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes
To tempt their bounties with a ſuppliant's art,
And learn the generous from th' ignoble heart
(Not but his ſoul, reſentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all the offending train);
With ſpeaking eyes, and voice of plaintive ſound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief beſtow,
With ſuch an image touch'd of human woe;
Inquiring all, their wonder they confeſs,
And eye the man, majeſtic in diſtreſs.
While thus they gaze and queſtion with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies:
My lords! this ſtranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus uſher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.
And is this preſent, ſwineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'ſt thou theſe vagrants to infeſt the land?
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of theſe our court already grace,
Of giant ſtomach, and of famiſh'd face.
Such gueſts Eumæus to his country brings,
To ſhare our feaſt, and lead the life of kings.
To whom the hoſpitable ſwain rejoin'd:
Thy paſſion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from diſtant nations to his own,
The poor, diſtinguiſh'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are ſought thoſe men divine
Who public ſtructures raiſe, or who deſign;
Thoſe to whoſe eyes the gods their ways reveal,
Or bleſs with ſalutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets ſuch reſpect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their ſongs;
Theſe ſtates invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the ſun diſplays his vital fire.
It is not ſo with want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need!
Unjuſt to me and all that ſerve the ſtate,
To love Ulyſſes is to raiſe thy hate.
For me, ſuffice the approbation won
Of my great miſtreſs, and her godlike ſon.
To him Telemachus: No more incenſe
The man by nature prone to inſolence:
Injurious minds juſt anſwers but provoke—
Then turning to Antinous, thus he ſpoke:
Thanks to thy care! whoſe abſolute command
Thus drives the ſtranger from our court and land.
Heaven bleſs its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulyſſes' board.
To give another's is thy hand ſo flow?
So much more ſweet, to ſpoil, than to beſtow?
Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty ſtrain?
(Antinous cries with inſolent diſdain)
Portions like mine if every ſuitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth ſhould not ſee the ſlave.
He ſpoke, and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footſtool, ſhook it at his lord.
The reſt with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his ſcrip, and to the threſhold ſped;
But firſt before Antinous ſtopp'd and ſaid:
Beſtow, my friend! thou doſt not ſeem the worſt
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the firſt;
Then, as in dignity, be firſt in worth,
And I ſhall praiſe thee through the boundleſs earth!
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of ſtate
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, ſervants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hoſpitality was then my praiſe;
In every ſorrowing ſoul I pour'd delight,
And poverty ſtood ſmiling in my ſight.
But Jove, all-governing, whoſe only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to puniſh my purſuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Egyptian main;
By Egypt's ſilver flood our ſhips we moor;
Our ſpies commiſſion'd ſtraight the coaſt explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawleſs will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And horſe and foot in mingled tumult riſe:
The reddening dawn reveals the hoſtile fields,
Horrid with briſtly ſpears, and gleaming ſhields:
Jove thunder'd on their ſide: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in ſervitude detain;
Death ill-exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took a-board,
And gave to Demetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'ſcape his chains, my courſe I ſteer,
Still curs'd by fortune, and inſulted here!
To whom Antinous thus his rage expreſs'd:
What god has plagu'd us with this gormand gueſt?
Unleſs at diſtance, wretch! thou keep behind
Another iſle, than Cyprus more unkind;
Another Egypt, ſhalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'ſt, a bold audacious ſlave;
Nor all can give ſo much as thou can crave.
Nor wonder I, at ſuch profuſion ſhown;
Shameleſs they give, who give what's not their own.
The chief, retiring: Souls like that in thee
Ill ſuit ſuch forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmoſt need afford
The ſmalleſt portion of a waſteful board,
Whoſe luxury whole patrimonies ſweeps;
Yet ſtarving Want, amidſt the riot, weeps.
The haughty ſuitor with reſentment burns,
And, ſourly ſmiling, this reply returns:
Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb forever be thy ſlanderous tongue!
He ſaid, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His ſhoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle ſhock;
He ſtood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But ſhook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd,
Sedate of ſoul, his character ſuſtain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd ſcrip he threw,
And thus with ſemblance mild addreſs'd the crew:
May what I ſpeak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cauſe:
If, when the ſword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if, defending what is juſtly dear,
From Mars impartial ſome broad wound we bear;
The generous motive dignifies the ſcar.

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But for mere want, how hard to ſuffer wrong!
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet, if injuſtice never be ſecure,
If fiends revenge, and Gods aſſert the poor,
Death ſhall lay low the proud aggreſſor's head,
And make the duſt Antinous' bridal bed.
Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The ſuitor cry'd) or force ſhall drag thee hence,
Scourge thro' the public ſtreet, and caſt thee there,
A mangled carcaſe for the hounds to tear.
His furious deed the general anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worſt, condemn: and ſome reprov'd.
Was ever chief for wars like theſe renown'd?
Ill fits the ſtranger and the poor to wound.
Unbleſt thy hand; if in this low diſguiſe
Wander, perhaps, ſome inmate of the ſkies;
They (curious oft' of mortal actions) deign
In forms like theſe, to round the earth and main,
Juſt and unjuſt recording in their mind,
And with ſure eyes inſpecting all mankind.
Telemachus, abſorpt, in thought ſevere,
Nouriſh'd deep anguiſh, though he ſhed no tear;
But the dark brow of ſilent ſorrow ſhook:
While thus his mother to her virgins ſpoke:
"On him and his may the bright God of day
"That baſe, inhoſpitable blow repay!"
The nurſe replies: "If Jove receives my prayer,
"Not one ſurvives to breathe to-morrow's air."
All, all are foes, and miſchief is their end;
Antinous moſt to gloomy death a friend;
(Replies the queen) the ſtranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity ſoften'd every face;
From every other hand redreſs he found,
But fell Antinous anſwer'd with a wound.
Amidſt her maids thus ſpoke the prudent queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of the' experienc'd man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or liſtening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord?
Thus ſhe, and good Eumæus took the word
A private audience if thy grace impart,
The ſtranger's words may eaſe thy royal heart.
His ſacred eloquence in balm diſtils,
And the ſooth'd heart with ſecret pleaſure fills.
Three days have ſpent their beams, three nights have run
Their ſilent journey, ſince his tale begun,
Unfiniſh'd yet! and yet I thirſt to hear,
As when ſome Heaven-taught poet charms the ear,
(Suſpending ſorrow with celeſtial ſtrain.
Breath'd from the gods to ſoften human pain)
Time ſteals away with unregarded wing,
And the ſoul hears him, though he ceaſe to ſing.
Ulyſſes late he ſaw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's gueſt) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,
With boundleſs treaſure, from Theſprotia's ſhore.
To this the queen: The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browzing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm, like thine, Ulyſſes! ſtrong,
To curb wild riot, and to puniſh wrong?
She Spoke. Telemachus then ſneez'd aloud;
Conſtrain'd, his noſtril echo'd through the crowd.
The ſmiling queen the happy omen bleſs'd:
"So may theſe impious fall, by fate oppreſs'd!"
Then to Eumæus: Bring the ſtranger, fly!
And if my queſtions meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he ſhall retire,
A gift in ſeaſon which his wants require.
Thus ſpoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haſte, and to Ulyſſes cries:
The Queen invites thee, venerable gueſt!
A ſecret inſtinct moves her troubled breaſt,
Of her long abſent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and ſoothe her ſoul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou; her grateful mind
Of decent robes a preſent has deſign'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her ſubject ſhall ſupply.
Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)
My words ſhall dictate, and my lips ſhall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by Heaven.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I ſtand: the hand of violence is here:
Her boundleſs wrongs the ſtarry ſkies invade,
And injur'd ſuppliants ſeek in vain for aid.
Let for a ſpace the penſive queen attend,
Nor claim my ſtory till the ſun deſcend;
Then in ſuch robes as ſuppliants may require,
Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawleſs riot ceaſe,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.
Swift to the queen returns the gentle ſwain:
And ſay, (ſhe cries) does fear or ſhame, detain
The cautious ſtranger? With the begging kind
Shame ſuits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
He only aſks a more propitious hour,
And ſhuns (who would not?) wicked men in power;
At evening mild (meet ſeaſon to confer)
By turns to queſtion, and by turns to hear.
Whoe'er this gueſt (the prudent queen replies)
His every ſtep and every thought is wiſe:
For men like theſe on earth he ſhall not find
In all the miſcreant race of human kind.
Thus ſhe: Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the ſuitor powers deſcends;
There ſeeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whiſpers breathes the fondneſs of his heart:
The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
Theſe ſons of murder thirſt thy life to take;
Oh guard it, guard it for thy ſervant's ſake!
Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on, go ſeek the rural bower:
But firſt refreſh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.
Our life to Heaven's immortal Powers we truſt,
Safe in their care, for heaven protects the juſt.
Obſervant of his voice, Eumæus ſate
And fed recumbent on a chair of ſtate.
Then inſtant roſe, and as he mov'd along
Twas riot all amid the ſuitor throng,
They feaſt, they dance, and raiſe the mirthful ſong.
Till now, declining toward the cloſe of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhot his dewy ray.

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BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT

The Fight of Ulyſſes and Irus.

The beggar Irus inſults Ulyſſes; the ſuitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worſted, and miſerably handled. Penelope deſcends, and receives the preſents of the ſuitors. The dialogue of Ulyſſes with Eurymachus.

WHILE fix'd in thought the penſive hero ſate,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A ſurly vagrant of the giant kind,
The ſtain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feaſt to feaſt, inſatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:
But Irus his aſſociates call'd the boy,
Practis'd the common meſſenger to fly;
Irus, a name expreſſive of th' employ.
From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He ſtrove to drive the man of mighty woes.
Hence, dotard, hence! and timely ſpeed thy way,
Leſt dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy ſtay;
See how with nods aſſent yon princely train!
But, honouring age, in mercy I refrain!
In peace away! leſt, if perſuaſions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.
To whom, with ſtern regard: Oh inſolence,
Indecently to rail without offence;
What bounty gives, without a rival ſhare;
I aſk, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canſt thou envy when the great relieve?
Know, from the bounteous Heavens all riches flow,
And what man gives, the Gods by man beſtow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Leſt I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, ſhould once my fury burn, [turn?
How would'ſt thou fly, nor ev'n in thought re-
Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
A tongue ſo flippant, with a throat ſo wide!
Why ceaſe I, Gods! to daſh thoſe teeth away,
Like ſome wild boar's, that, greedy of his prey,
Uproots the bearded corn? Riſe, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!
Thus in a wordy war their tongues diſplay
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinous hears, and, in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the ſuitor-train:
This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
And, lo! the Gods conſpire to crown our joy.
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon ſurly mendicants contentious ſtand;
Why urge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they ſpring
Swift from their ſeats, and thickening form a ring.

To whom Antinous: Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (taſteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him beſtow
The choiceſt portion who ſubdues his foe;
Grant him unrivall'd in theſe walls to ſtay,
The ſole attendant on the genial day.
The lords applaud: Ulyſſes then with art,
And fears well feign'd, diſguis'd his dauntleſs heart:
Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,
Say, is it baſeneſs to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet, fearful of diſgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But ſwear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to ſtand neutral, while we cope in fight.
The peers aſſent: when ſtraight his ſacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and ſternly ſaid:
Stranger, if prompted to chaſtiſe the wrong
Of this bold inſolent; confide, be ſtrong!
Th' injurious Greek, that dares attempt a blow,
That inſtant makes Telemachus his foe;
And theſe my friends ‖ ſhall guard the ſacred ties
Of hoſpitality, for they are wiſe.
Then, girding his ſtrong loins, the king prepares
To cloſe in combat, and his body bares;
Broad ſpread his ſhoulders, and his nervous thighs
By juſt degrees, like well-turn'd columns, riſe:
Ample his cheſt, his arms are round and long,
And each ſtrong joint Minerva knits more ſtrong.
(Attendant on her chief): the ſuitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing ſpeak aloud;
Irus! alas! ſhall Irus be no more?
Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchleſs ſtrength proclaim, [frame?
Swell o'er his well-ſtrung limbs, and brace his
Then, pale with fears, and ſickening at the ſight,
They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank viſage fled the coward blood,
And his fleſh trembled as aghaſt he ſtood.
Oh, that ſuch baſeneſs ſhould diſgrace the light!
O hide it, Death, in everlaſting night!
(Exclaims Antinous) can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-conteſted day,
Inſtant thou ſail'ſt, to Echetus reſign'd;
A tyrant, fierceſt of the tyrant kind,

‖ Antinous and Eurymachus.

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Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry drogs, and lops the man away.
While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,
In every joint the trembling Irus shook;
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To sell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or save his life; and soon his life to save
The king resolves, for Mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends;
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd, the crashing jaw-bone broke:
Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet, extended, quivering beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush inmix'd with blood.
The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies!
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls:
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:
There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the beastial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Lest Heaven in vengeance send some mightier woe.
Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung
Ill-join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.
There as he rested, gathering in a ring [king:
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown
Stranger, may Jove and all th' aërial Powers,
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe:
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king.
While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canisters of shining mold
Amphinous; and wines that laugh in gold:
And, oh! (he mildly cries) may Heaven display
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care.
To whom with thought mature the king replies:
The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise;
Such was thy father! in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the sire art thou, the son, declin'd;
Then hear my words, and, grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth;
To-day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes:
Anon from Heaven a sad reverse he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainst Heaven the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe; [low.
Too high when prosperous, when distress'd too
There was a day, when with the scornful great
I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state;
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd:
Be dumb when Heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey;
But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
Oh may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian Power,
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
These lawless riots end in blood and death.
Then to the Gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores.
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe foretells;
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and mourns.
Mean while Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from Heaven inspires:
With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day:
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise;
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries:
Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulse, though my soul disdains;
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who, smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there.
Go, warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the sagest of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress;
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.
Some joy remains: to thee a son is given,
Such as, in fondness, parents ask of Heaven.
Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care;
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast,
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast,
But instant bid Autonoè descend,
Instant Hippodamè our steps attend;
Ill suits it female virtue to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.
Then, while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva shoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her senses, as the couch she press'd,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and deathlike rest,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms.

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In her love darting eyes awakes the fires,
(Immortal gifts!) to kindle ſoft deſires)
From limb to limb an air majeſtic ſheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her boſom ſpreads.
Such Venus ſhines, when with a meaſur'd bound
She ſmoothly gliding ſwims th' harmonious round;
When with the Graces in the dance ſhe moves,
And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves.
Then to the ſkies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damſel-train deſcends;
Wak'd at their ſteps, her flowing eyes uncloſe;
The tear ſhe wipes, and thus renews her woes:
Howe'er 'tis well; that ſleep awhile can free,
With ſoft forgetfulneſs, a wretch like me;
Oh! were it given to yield this tranſient breath,
Send, O Diana, ſend the ſleep of death:
Why muſt I waſte a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the ſilent grave my cares?
O my Ulyſſes! ever honour'd name!
For thee I mourn, till death diſſolves my frame.
Thus wailing, ſlow and ſadly ſhe deſcends,
On either hand a damſel-train attends:
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers ſhe ſtands;
A veil, tranſlucent o'er her brow diſplay'd,
Her beauty ſeems, and only ſeems, to ſhade:
Sudden ſhe lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And ſudden flames in every boſom riſe;
They ſend their eager ſouls with every look,
Till ſilence thus th' imperial matron broke:
Oh why! my ſon, why now no more appears
That warmth of ſoul that urg'd thy younger years?
Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in ſtature, ſtill a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably ſtrong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero ſprung;
But the juſt Gods in vain thoſe gifts beſtow,
Oh wife alone in form, and brave in ſhow!
Heavens! could a ſtranger feel oppreſſion's hand
Beneath thy roof, and could'ſt thou tamely ſtand?
If thou the ſtranger's righteous cauſe decline,
His is the ſufferance, but the ſhame is thine.
To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
That generous ſoul with juſt reſentment burns;
Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,
For others' good, and melt at others' woe: [ſtrains,
But, impotent theſe riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my ſoul rebel:
Helpleſs amid the ſnares of death I tread,
And numbers leagued in impious union dread;
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
Oh would to Jove! or her whoſe arms diſplay
The ſhield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That yon proud ſuitors, who licentious tread
Theſe courts, within theſe courts like Irus bled:
Whoſe looſe head tottering, as with wine oppreſs'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breaſt;
Powerleſs to move, his ſtaggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.
Then to the queen Eurymachus replies:
Oh juſtly lov'd, and not more fair than wiſe:
Should Greece through all her hundred ſtates ſurvey [ſway;
Thy finiſh'd charms, all Greece would own thy
In rival crowds conteſt the glorious prize,
Diſpeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman! loveliеſt of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind!
Ah me! returns the queen, when from this ſhore
Ulyſſes ſail'd, then beauty was no more!
The Gods decreed theſe eyes no more ſhould keep
Their wonted grace, but only ſerve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues laſt; my brighteſt charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercaſt
My ſoul with woes, that long! ah long muſt laſt!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That ſadly tore my royal lord away:
He graſp'd my hand, and, O my ſpouſe! I leave
Thy arms, (he cried) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame ſpeaks the Trojans bold; they boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the ſpear, and guide the ruſhing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My ſentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous Heaven that I muſt bleed!
My father, mother, all I truſt to thee;
To them, to them tranſfer the love of me:
But, when my ſon grows man, the royal ſway
Reſign, and happy be thy bridal day!
Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch and give me up to cares;
Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the moſt complete that breathes the air!
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!
Careleſs to pleaſe, with inſolence ye woo!
The generous lovers, ſtudious to ſucceed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow ſincere diſplay:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.
Well-pleas'd Ulyſſes hears his queen deceive
The ſuitor train, and raiſe a thirſt to give:
Falſe hopes ſhe kindles, but thoſe hopes betray,
And promiſe, yet elude, the bridal day.
While yet ſhe ſpeaks, the gay Antinous cries:
Offſpring of kings, and more than woman wiſe!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And cuſtom bids thee without ſhame receive;
Yet never, never from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of ſpouſal love.
The peers diſpatch their heralds, to convey
The gifts of love; with ſpeed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of ſhining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confuſion riſe
Rich from the artiſts hand! Twelve claſps of gold
Cloſe to the leſſening loins the veſt infold;
Down from the ſwelling waiſt the veſt unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That ſhot effulgence like the ſolar ray,
Eurymachus preſents: and ear-rings bright,
With triple ſtars, that caſt a trembling light.
Piſander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expreſſive of his heart,
A gift beſtows: this done, the queen aſcends,
And ſlow behind her damſel-train attends.
Then to the dance they form the vocal ſtrain,
Till Heſperus leads forth the ſtarry train;
And now he raiſes, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening ſhades:

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Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king: Ill suits your sex to stay
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away!
Go, with the queen the spindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply,
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the sky;
Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepless I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.
Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:
Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,
Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy stay,
Shall send thee howling all in blood away!
To whom with frowns: O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue;
Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence;
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense.
With conscious shame they hear the stern rebuke,
Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.
Then to the servile task the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns
With added day: mean while, in useful mood
Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he stood.
And now the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors tongues,
Scornful of age to taunt the virtuous man;
Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began:
Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!
Some God, no doubt, this stranger kindly sends;
The shining baldness of his head survey,
It aids our torch-light and reflects the ray.—
Then to the king that level'd haughty Troy,
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Those hands in work; to tend the rural trade,
To dress the walk, and form th' embowering shade?
So food and raiment constant will I give:
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive.
To whom incens'd: Should we, O prince! engage
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,
Fruitless, the scythe along the burthen'd field;
Or should we labour, while the ploughshares wounds,
With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds:
Beneath my labours how thy wondering eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!
Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and shield,
And nodding helm, I tread th' ensanguin'd field,
Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, would'st thou,—say,—
Misname me, glutton, in that glorious day?
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace;
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base.
Proud to seem brave among a coward train!
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.
Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,
These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight.
While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flashing from his eyes:
Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong!
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,
Irreverend to the great, and uncontrol'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps these outrages from Irus flow,
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe:
He said, and with full force a footstool threw:
Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it flew;
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round,
Full on his shoulders it inflicts a wound,
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,
He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.
Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the sky,
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:
Oh! had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkness and of death,
Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he draws
Peer against peer; and what the weighty cause?
A vagabond! for him the great destroy,
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.
To whom the stern Telemachus uprose:
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl?
Or Heaven delusion sends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.
Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,
Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:
True are his words, and he whom truth offends,
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid;
Retire we hence, but crown with rosy wine
The flowing goblet to the Powers divine;
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands,
This justice, this the social rite demands.
The peers assent: the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;
Each peer successive his libation pours
To the blest Gods who fill th' aërial bowers;
Then, swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds obey,
And rushing forth tumultuous reel away.

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BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Eurycleа.

Ulyſſes and his ſon remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulyſſes, in converſation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then aſſures her he had formerly entertained her huſband in Crete; and deſcribes exactly his perſon and dreſs, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Theſprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Eurycleа, who diſcovers him to be Ulyſſes by the ſcar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnaſſus. The poet inſerts a digreſſion, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

Conſulting ſecret with the blue-ey'd Maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulyſſes ſtay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breaſt;
And thus the ſon the fervent ſire addreſs'd:
Inſtant convey thoſe ſteely ſtores of war
To diſtant rooms, diſpos'd with ſecret care:
The cauſe demanded by the ſuitor-train,
To ſoothe their fears, a ſpecious reaſon feign:
Say, ſince Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt,
Obſcene with ſmoke, their beamy luſtre loſt,
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggeſt, that Jove the peaceful thought inſpir'd,
Leſt they by ſight of ſwords to fury fir'd,
Diſhoneſt wounds, or violence of ſoul,
Defame the bridal feaſt, and friendly bowl.
The prince obedient to the ſage command,
To Eurycleа thus: The female band
In their apartments keep; ſecure the doors:
Theſe ſwarthy arms among the covert ſtores
Are ſeemlier hid; my thoughtleſs youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the ſmouldering flame.
In happy hour (pleas'd Eurycleа cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wiſe!
Inſpect with ſharpen'd ſight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?
Without infringing hoſpitable rite,
This gueſt (he cried) ſhall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repaſt;
They ſhare the meal that earn it ere they taſte.
He ſaid; from female ken ſhe ſtraight ſecures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his ſon, Ulyſſes bears
The plumy-creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
With ſhields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewleſs on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends;
Not ſuch the ſickly beams, which, unſincere,
Gild the croſs vapour of this nether ſphere!
A preſent deity the prince confeſs'd,
And wrapt with ecſtacy the fire addreſs'd:
What miracle thus dazzles with ſurpriſe!
Diſtinct in rows the radiant columns riſe;
The walls, where'er my wondering ſight I turn,
And roofs, amidſt a blaze of glory burn!
Some viſitant of pure ethereal race,
With his bright preſence deigns the dome to grace!
Be calm, replies the ſire, to none impart,
But oft revolve the viſion in thy heart:
Celeſtials, mantled in exceſs of light,
Can viſit unapproach'd by mortal ſight.
Seek thou repoſe; whilſt here I ſole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:
The penſive queen, perchance deſires to know
The ſeries of my toils, to ſoothe her woe.
With tapers flaming day his train attends.
His bright alcove th' obſequious youth aſcends:
Soft ſlumberous ſhades his drooping eye-lids cloſe,
Till on her eaſtern throne Aurora glows.
Whilſt, forming plans of deaths, Ulyſſes ſtay'd
In council ſecret with the Martial Maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, deſcending from her bower of ſtate.
Her cheeks the warmer bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air.
An ivory ſeat with ſilver ringlets grac'd,
By ſam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory ſilver'd-thick the foot-ſtool ſhone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The ſovereign ſeat with graceful air ſhe preſs'd;
To different taſks their toil the nymphs addreſs'd:
The golden goblet ſome, and ſome reſtor'd
From ſtains of luxury the poliſh'd board:
Theſe to remove th' expiring embers came,
While thoſe with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of ſpleen:
Avaunt, ſhe cry'd, offenſive to my ſight!
Deem not in ambuſh here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-ſtate aſquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an evening ſpy!
Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge—and wav'd it hiſſing in her hand.
Th' inſulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why ſo turbulent of ſoul? he cries;
Can theſe lean ſhrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
Theſe poor but honeſt rags, enkindle rage?
In crowds we bear the badge of hungry Fate;
And beg, degraded from ſuperior ſtate!

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Conſtrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:
A palace, wealth, and ſlaves, I late poſſeſs'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bleſs'd:
My gate, an emblem of my open ſoul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the ſad reverſe, injurious maid!
Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thyſelf exempt: that roſy prime
Muſt ſhare the general doom of withering time:
To ſome new channel ſoon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wiſdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;
Your deeds with quick impartial eye ſurveys,
Potent to puniſh what he cannot praiſe.
Her keen reproach had reach'd the ſovereign's ear;
Loquacious inſolent! ſhe cries, forbear:
To thee the purpoſe of my ſoul I told:
Venial diſcourſe, unblam'd, with him to hold:
The ſtoried labours of my wandering lord,
To ſoothe my grief he haply may record:
Yet him, my gueſt, thy venom'd rage hath ſtung:
Thy head ſhall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the ſtranger-friend:
A ſeat, ſoft-ſpread with furry ſpoils, prepare;
Due-diſtant, for us both to ſpeak, and hear.
The menial fair obeys with duteous haſte:
A ſeat adorn'd with furry ſpoils ſhe plac'd:
Due-diſtant for diſcourſe the hero ſate;
When thus the ſovereign from her chair of ſtate:
Reveal, obſequious to my firſt demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.
He thus: O queen! whoſe far reſounding fame
Is bounded only by the ſtarry frame;
Conſummate pattern of imperial ſway,
Whoſe pious rule a warlike race obey:
In wavy gold thy ſummer vales are dreſs'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppreſs'd;
With flocks and herds each graſſy plain is ſtor'd;
And fiſh of every fin thy ſeas afford;
Their affluent joys, the grateful realms confeſs,
And bleſs the Power that ſtill delights to bleſs.
Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breaſt to heave, theſe eyes to weep;
In ſweet oblivion let my ſorrow ſleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay cenſorious train appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear.
Their gifts the Gods reſum'd (the queen rejoin'd)
Exterior grace, and energy of mind:
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
My lords protecting hand alone would raiſe
My drooping verdure, and extend my praiſe!
Peers from the diſtant Samian ſhores reſort;
Here with Dulichians join'd, beſiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-ſhady groves,
And Ithaca, preſumptuous boaſt their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a ſecond lord,
They preſs the Hymenæan rite abhor'd.
Miſ-rule thus mingling with domeſtic cares,
I live regardleſs of my ſtate affairs:
Receive no ſtranger-gueſt, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in ſecret grieve?—
This art, inſtinct by ſome celeſtial Power,
I try'd, eluſive of the bridal hour:
"Ye peers, I cry, who preſs to gain a heart,
"Where dread Ulyſſes claims no future part;
"Rebate your loves, each rival ſuit ſuſpend,
"Till this funereal web my labours end:
"Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
"A pall of ſtate, the ornament of death.
"For when to Fate he bows, each Grecian dame
"With juſt reproach were licenc'd to defame;
"Should he, long honour'd in ſupreme command,
"Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand."
The fiction pleas'd: their loves I long elude;
The night ſtill ravel'd what the day renew'd,
Three years ſucceſsful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:
Befriended by my own domeſtic ſpies,
The woof unwrought the ſuitor-train ſurpriſe.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falſify the breed.
My anxious parents urge a ſpeedy choice,
And to their ſuffrage gain the filial voice:
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores—
But, ſtranger! as thy days ſeem full of fate,
Divide diſcourſe, in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port aſſerts thee of diſtinguiſh'd race:
No poor unfather'd product of diſgrace.
Princeſs! he cries, renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land
Of ſecret grief unſeals the fruitful ſource;
And tears repeat their long forgotten courſe!
So pays the wretch whom Fate conſtrains to roam!
The dues of nature to his natal home!—
But inward on my ſoul let ſorrow prey,
Your ſovereign will my duty bids obey.
Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful ſoil!
And ninty cities crown the ſea-born iſle:
Mix'd with her genuine ſons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelaſgi boaſt a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians ſhare;
Cnoſſus, her capital of high command,
Where ſcepter'd Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
His ſon Deucalion bore ſucceſſive ſway;
His ſon, who gave me firſt to view the day!
The royal bed an elder iſſue bleſt,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields atteſt
Of matchleſs deeds: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native iſle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete that great Ulyſſes came;
For elemental war, and wintery Jove,
From Malea's guſty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the ſhelfy coaſt
Where loud Amniſus in the deep is loſt.
His veſſels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero ſpeeded to the Cnoſſian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
In leagues of long commutual friendſhip join'd.

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Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand,
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest:
Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign
A public treat; with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aërial space,
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And, when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.
Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles
The queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As snows collected on the mountain freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:
So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her present lord laments him lost,
And views that object which she wants the most!
Withering at heart to see the weeping fair,
His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare;
Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;
Firm wisdom interdicts to softening tear.
A speechless interval of grief ensues,
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews:
Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof;
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record.
'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight;
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast
The double clasping gold the king confest.
In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn,
Bore on full-stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn;
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone
A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun;
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,
Dimension'd equal to his size, express'd
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread;
Eurybates! in whose large soul alone
Ulysses view'd an image of his own.
His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd,
In all he told she recognis'd her lord,
But when the storm was spent in plenteous showers;
A pause inspiriting her languish'd powers:
Oh! thou, she cry'd, whom first inclement fate
Made welcome to my hospitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor shall end:
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!
The vest much envy'd on your native coast,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboss'd,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this blissful bower enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to survive, and never to return!
Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondness of your soul reprove
For such a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear blessing of a fair increase;
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.
The royal object of your dearest care
Breathes in no distant clime the vital air;
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.
To better Fate the blameless chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm; till by the billows tost,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast.
That race, who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.
But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul
High schemes of power in just succession roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring Fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the Gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessel stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the watery way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd
In dark disguise, or come a king avow'd?
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the blest genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech; before the sun
His annual longitude of Heaven shall run;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.
What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen, are due,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true:

My lord's return ſhould fate no more retard,
Envy ſhall ſicken at thy vaſt reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! preſage,
The wounds of Deſtiny's relentleſs rage.
I long muſt weep, nor will Ulyſſes come,
With royal gifts to ſend you honour'd home!—
Your other taſk, ye menial train, forbear:
Now waſh the ſtranger, and the bed prepare:
With ſplendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Up-riſing early with the purple morn,
His ſinews ſhrunk with age, and ſtiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the ſocial feaſt
Partaking free, my ſole invited gueſt;
Whoe'er neglects to pay diſtinction due,
The breach of hoſpitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my ſex I moſt exceed
In real fame, when moſt humane my deed:
And vainly to the praiſe of queen aſpire,
If, ſtranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the ſeaſtful bower. A narrow ſpace
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race;
'Tis ours with good the ſcanty round to grace.
Thoſe who to cruel wrong their ſtate abuſe,
Dreaded in life the mutter'd curſe purſues:
By death diſrob'd of all their ſavage powers,
Then licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whoſe in-born worth his acts commend,
Of gentle ſoul, to human race a friend;
The wretched he relieves diffuſe his fame,
And diſtant tongues extol the patron-name.
Princeſs, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd and obſtinate in woe.
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;
The tatter'd weeds (my decent robe reſign'd)
I choſe the livery of a woeful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With ſplendid palls, and canopies of ſtate:
Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of ſleep I ſcorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your courtly train
To waſh a wretched wanderer would diſdain;
But if, in track of long experience try'd,
And ſad ſimilitude of woes ally'd,
Some wretch reluctant views aërial light,
To her mean hand aſſign the friendly rite.
Pleas'd with his wiſe reply, the queen rejoin'd:
Such gentle manners, and ſo ſage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hoſpitable bower
I ne'er diſcern'd, before this ſocial hour.
Such ſervant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my deſires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth ſuſtain'd
Of matchleſs prudence, and a duteous mind;
Though now to life's extremeſt verge declin'd
Of ſtrength ſuperior to the toil aſſign'd.—
Riſe, Euryclea! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleanſing bath prepare:
This debt his correſpondent fortune's claim,
Too like Ulyſſes, and perhaps the ſame!
Thus, old with woes, my fancy paints him now;
For age untimely marks the careful brow!
Inſtant, obſequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea roſe: with trembling hand
She veils the torren tof her tearful eyes;
And thus impaſſion'd to herſelf replies:
Son of my love, and monarch of my cares;
What pangs for thee this wretched boſom bears!
Are thus by Jove who conſtant beg his aid
With pious deed and pure devotion paid!
He never dar'd defraud the ſacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order ſlain:
There oft implor'd his tutelary power,
Long to protract the ſad ſepulchral hour;
That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recogniſe an equal heir.
Oh deſtin'd head! The pious vows are loſt;
His God forgets him on a foreign coaſt!—
Perhaps, like thee, poor gueſt: in wanton pride
The rich inſult him, and the young deride!
Conſcious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obſequious hand.
A ſtrong emotion ſhakes my anguiſh'd breaſt;
In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſs'd:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coaſt,
None imag'd e'er like thee my maſter loſt.
Thus half diſcover'd through the dark diſguiſe,
With cold compoſure feign'd, the chief replies:
You join your ſuffrage to the public vote;
The ſame you think, have all beholders thought.
He ſaid. Repleniſh'd from the pureſt ſprings,
The laver ſtraight with buſy care ſhe brings:
In the deep vaſe, that ſhone like burniſh'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Mean time revolving in his thoughtful mind
The ſcar with which his manly knee was ſign'd;
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His ſhoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays:
Thus cautious in the obſcure he hop'd to fly
The curious ſearch of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd.
This on Parnaſſus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tuſky ſavage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandſire ſent him to the ſylvan chaſe,
Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
For ſpotleſs faith and deeds of martial fame;
Hermes, his Patron-God, thoſe Gifts beſtow'd,
Whoſe ſhrine with weanling lambs he wont to load.)
His courſe to Ithaca this hero ſped,
When the firſt product of Laertes' bed
Was new diſcloſ'd to birth; the banquet ends,
When Euryclea from the queen deſcends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
"Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon;
"And name the bleſſings that your prayers have won."
Then thus the hoary chief: "My victor arms
"Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms;
"A ſure memorial of my dreaded fame
"The boy ſhall bear; Ulyſſes be his name!
"And when with filial love the youth ſhall come
"To view his mother's ſoil, my Delphic dome
"With gifts of price ſhall ſend him joyous home."
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime

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Ulyſſes ſought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient † lord an equal joy poſſeſt;
Inſtant he bade prepare the genial feaſt:
A ſteer to form the ſumptuous banquet bled,
Whoſe ſtately growth five flowery ſummers fed:
His ſons divide, and roaſt with artful care
The limbs; then all the taſteful viands ſhare.
Nor ceas'd diſcourſe (the banquet of the ſoul)
Till Phœbus wheeling to the weſtern goal
Reſign'd the ſkies, and night involv'd the pole.
Their drooping eyes the ſlumberous ſhade oppreſs'd,
Sated they roſe, and all retir'd to reſt.
Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden ſhafts the rear of night;
Ulyſſes and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyci, aſſay the chaſe.
Parnaſſus, thick perplex'd with horrid ſhades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades:
What time the ſun, from ocean's peaceful ſtream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient ſnuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wiles the wood-men fierce aſſail:
And, foremoſt of the train, his cornel ſpear
Ulyſſes wav'd, to rouſe the ſavage war.
Deep in the rough receſſes of the wood,
A lofty copſe, the growth of ages, ſtood:
Nor winter's boreal blaſt, nor thunderous ſhower,
Nor ſolar ray, could pierce the ſhady bower,
With wither'd foliage ſtrew'd, a heapy ſtore!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.
Rous'd by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,
The ſavage from his leafy ſhelter flies:
With fiery glare his ſanguine eye-balls ſhine,
And briſtles high impale his horrid chine.
Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poiſing his lifted lance in act to throw;
The ſavage renders vain the wound decreed,
And ſprings impetuous with opponent ſpeed!
His tuſks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
Aſlope they glanc'd, the ſinewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone: Ulyſſes undiſmay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd;
To the right ſhoulder-joint the ſpear apply'd:
His further flank the ſtreaming purple dy'd:
On earth he ruſh'd with agonizing pain;
With joy, and vaſt ſurpriſe, th' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulyſſes' knee they bound;
Then, chanting myſtic lays, the cloſing wound
Of ſacred melody confeſs'd the force;
The tides of life regain their azure courſe.
Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He ſafe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chaſe, and early praiſe achiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee, inſeam'd, remain'd the ſcar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Eurycleа found, th' abluſion ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her ſlack hand releas'd;

† Autolycus.

The mingled fluids from the vaſe redound;
The vaſe reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleaſing ſtrife expreſs'd
Of grief and joy; alternate in her breaſt.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length, abrupt—My ſon! my king!—ſhe cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding faſt,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye ſhe caſt,
Ardent to ſpeak the monarch ſafe reſtor'd:
But ſtudious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the preſent bliſs abſtracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,
Art thou foredoom'd my peſt? the hero cried:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth ſuſtain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual ſuns in diſtant ſkies:
At length return'd, ſome God inſpires thy breaſt
To know thy king, and here I ſtand confeſs'd.
This Heaven-diſcover'd truth to thee confign'd.
Reſerve the treaſure of thy inmoſt mind:
Elſe, if the Gods my vengeful arm ſuſtain,
And proſtrate to my ſword the ſuitor-train:
With their lewd mates, thy undiſtinguiſh'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.
Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my ſon, have paſs'd thy lips ſevere!
Deep in my ſoul the truſt ſhall lodge ſecur'd;
With ribs of ſteel, and marble heart, immur'd.
When Heaven, auſpicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall proſtrate to thy ſword the ſuitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous ſpare.
Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;
My own experience ſhall their doom decide;
A witneſs-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.
He ſaid: obſequious, with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhauſted vaſe:
The bath renew'd, ſhe ends the pleaſing toil
With plenteous unction of ambroſial oil.
Adjuſting to his limbs the tatter'd veſt,
His former ſeat receiv'd the ſtranger gueſt;
Whom thus with penſive air the queen addreſs'd:
Though night, diſſolving grief in grateful eaſe,
Your drooping eyes with ſoft oppreſſion ſeize:
A while, reluctant to her pleaſing force,
Suſpend the reſtful hour with ſweet diſcourſe.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domeſtic cares employ:
And unattended by ſincere repoſe,
The night aſſiſts my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's huſh'd beneath her brooding ſhade,
My echoing griefs the ſtarry vault invade.
As, when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel in bowery ſhades unſeen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied ſtrains;
And Itylus ſounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance miſled the mother to deſtroy;
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal ſolitude forlorn,
A ſad variety of woes I mourn!

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My mind, reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care inceſſant ſtrays.
Now, wavering doubt ſucceeds to long deſpair;
Shall I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;
And, joining to my ſon's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and aſſiſt his reign!
Or, ſince, mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores;
Shall I, reluctant, to his will accord;
And from the peers ſelect the nobleſt lord?
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
Theſe waſteful love-debates, a mourning bride!
A viſionary thought I'll now relate;
Illuſtrate, if you know, the ſhadow'd fate:
A team of twenty geeſe (a ſnow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuſe my penſive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove:
Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful ſway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous ſtream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
With tender ſympathy to ſoothe my ſoul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilſt with grief and rage my boſom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the ſkies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements, he thus began:
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
O Queen! no vulgar viſion of the ſky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy!
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geeſe (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the ſuitors fated to my ſword.
This ſaid, the pleaſing feather'd omen ceas'd.
When, from the downy bands of ſleep releas'd,
Faſt by the limpid lake my ſwan-like train
I found, inſatiate of the golden grain.
The viſion ſelf-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the ſanction of the ſkies:
Ulyſſes ſpeaks his own return decreed;
And by his ſword the ſuitors ſure to bleed.
Hard is the taſk, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
Impending deſtinies in dreams to find:
Immur'd within the ſilent bower of ſleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantaſtic train:
The gates oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with poliſh'd horn:
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſions manifeſt of future fate.
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,
Which ſpoke Ulyſſes to his realm reſtor'd:
Deluſive ſemblance!—but my remnant life
Heaven ſhall determine in a gameful ſtrife:
With that fam'd bow Ulyſſes taught to bend,
For me the rival archers ſhall contend.
As on the lifted field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to fix in equal ſpace:
Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
Sure through ſix circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the ſun reſtores the purple day,
Their ſtrength and ſkill the ſuitors ſhall aſſay:
To him the ſpouſal honour is decreed,
Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from theſe walls (where long the kinder Powers [hours!)
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful
On this poor breaſt no dawn of bliſs ſhall beam;
The pleaſure vaſt ſupplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!
Propoſe the ſportive lot (the chief replies)
Nor dread to name yourſelf the bowyer's prize:
Ulyſſes will ſurpriſe th' unfiniſh'd game
Avow'd, and falſify the ſuitor's claim.
To whom, with grace ſerene, the queen rejoin'd:
In all thy ſpeech, what pleaſing force I find!
O'er my ſuſpended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleaſing tale.
But Heaven, that knows what all terreſtrials need,
Repoſe to night, and toil to day decreed:
Grateful viciſſitude! yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Eſtabliſh'd uſe enjoins; to reſt and joy
Eſtrang'd, ſince dear Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy!
Mean time inſtructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to faſhion as yourſelf preſcribe.
Thus affable, her bower the queen aſcends;
The ſovereign-ſtep a beauteous train attends;
There imag'd to her ſoul Ulyſſes roſe;
Down her pale cheek new-ſtreaming ſorrow flows:
Till ſoft oblivious ſhade Minerva ſpread,
And o'er her eyes ambroſial ſlumber ſhed.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Ulyſſes lies in the veſtibule of the palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and caſts him aſleep. At his waking he deſires a favourable ſign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feaſt of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the ſuitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongſt them, notwithſtanding which, Ulyſſes is inſulted by Cteſippus, and the reſt continue in their exceſſes. Strange prodigies are ſeen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the wooers.

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An ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor-crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd).
Then o'er the chief, Eurynomé the chaste,
With duteous care, a downy carpet cast:
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey;
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wavering his thought in dubious balance hung!
Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the peers consummate the disgrace;
Round his swoln heart the murmurous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,
And bays the stranger-groom: so wrath compress'd,
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
Poor suffering heart! he cried, support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed,
By patient prudence from the death decreed.
Thus anchor'd safe on Reason's peaceful coast
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer toss'd;
Restless his body roll'd, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The savory cates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast;
Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd,
In self-debate the suitors' doom resolv'd.
When, in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From Heaven descends the Jove-born Martial Maid;
And hovering o'er his head in view confess'd,
The Goddess thus her favourite care address'd:
O thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!
Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bless'd in thy queen! bless'd in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers bow,
They name the standard of their dearest vow.
Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd);
Deeds full of fate distract my various mind
In contemplation wrapp'd. This hostile crew
What single arm hath prowess to subdue?
Or if, by Jove's and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; Oh! say, celestial Maid:
Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?
Oh, impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods! Lo! Pallas' self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast,
Tho' myriads leagued thy rightful claim contest:
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
Now pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded powers with balmy rest renew,
She cease'd. Ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
His care dissolves in visionary joys:
The Goddess, pleas'd, regains her natal skies.
Not so the queen: the downy bands of sleep
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pause ensued of dumb despair:
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent prayer:
Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toss'd through the void illimitable space:
Or, if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair,
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyself untimely, and thy consort dy'd,
But four celestials both your cares supply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd
A form majestic, and sagacious mind:
With shapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst, to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea sought the bower of Jove
(The God supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of Fate expanded lie;)
Wing'd harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be such my lot! Or thou, Diana, speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead;
To seek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail;
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends;
No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!
The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrors fable every dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.
Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan;
The sounds assault Ulysses wakeful ear:
Misjudging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.
Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air;)
And thus the Gods invok'd with ardent prayer:
Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heaven to friend,
If the long series of my woes shall end,
Of human race now rising from repose
Let one a blissful omen here disclose;
And, to confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above!
Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.

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Soon, with conſummate joy to crown his prayer,
An omen'd voice invades his raviſh'd ear.
Beneath a pile, that cloſe the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female ſlaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Taſk'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and ſtrength of man),
Diſcharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repoſe the reſt withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the taſk aſſign'd,
Still turn'd the toilſome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterneſs of ſoul divin'd:
Father of Gods and men; whoſe thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and ſhake the pole;
Whoe'er from Heaven has gain'd this rare aſſent
(Of granted vows a certain ſignal ſent)
In this bleſt moment of accepted prayer,
Piteous, regard a wretch conſum'd with care!
Inſtant, O Jove! confound the ſuitor-train,
For whom o'ertoil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers caſt,
And be this feſtival decreed their laſt!
Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and ſky,
Ulyſſes' heart dilates with ſecret joy.
Mean time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dreſs'd, advanc'd the royal heir:
With manly graſp he wav'd a martial ſpear,
A radiant ſabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden ſandal ſhone.
His ſteps impetuous to the portal preſs'd;
And Eurycleа thus he there addreſs'd:
Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection and repoſe
Beſtow'd the ſtranger-gueſt? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wiſeſt errs).
The wordy vagrant to the dole aſpires,
And modeſt worth with noble ſcorn retires.
She thus: Oh! ceaſe that ever honour'd name
To blemiſh now; it ill deſerves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine ſuffic'd the gueſt;
In vain the queen the night-refection preſs'd;
Nor would he court repoſe in downy ſtate,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!
A hide beneath the portico was ſpread,
And fleecy ſkins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet, caſt with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.
His cornel javelin pois'd with regal port,
To the ſage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chaſe, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him ſourly ſtalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train,
What marks of luxury the marble ſtain!
Its wonted luſtre let the floor regain;
The ſeats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew:
Let ſome refreſh the vaſe's ſullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boaſt their native gold:
Some to the ſpring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Diſpatch! for ſoon the ſuitors will aſſay
The lunar feaſt-rites to the God of day.
She ſaid: with duteous haſte a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the ſpring repair:
With varied toil the reſt adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the ſuitors come.
Some wield the ſounding axe; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful ſtrokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feaſt, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choiceſt of the tuſky kind:
In lodgements firſt ſecure his care he view'd,
Then to the king his friendly ſpeech renew'd:
Now ſay ſincere, my gueſt! the ſuitor-train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull diſdain;
Or ſpeaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying God (Ulyſſes ſad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blaſt their towering pride!
No conſcious bluſh, no ſenſe of right, reſtrains
The tides of luſt that ſwell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are toſt,
All cheaply ſated at another's coſt!
While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, maſter of the bearded fold,
The goodlieſt goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the ſuitor's feaſt preferr'd:
Two grooms aſſiſtant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs reſound;
And to the chief auſtere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man:
Here, vagrant, ſtill? offenſive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Theſe arguments I'll uſe: nor conſcious ſhame,
Nor threats, thy bold intruſion will reclaim.
On this high feaſt the meaneſt vulgar boaſt
A plenteous board! Hence! ſeek another hoſt!
Rejoinder to the churl the king diſdain'd;
But ſhook his head, and riſing wrath reſtrain'd.
From Cephalenia croſs the ſurgy main
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful ſwain.
A ſteer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race:
Imported in a ſhallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the briſtly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
What gueſt is he, of ſuch majeſtic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through th' eclipſe of Fate, the rays divine
Of ſovereign ſtate with faded ſplendour ſhine.
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief addreſs'd,
Whilſt with pathetic warmth his hand he preſs'd:
Stranger! may Fate a milder aſpect ſhow,
And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove, for ever deaf to human cries;
The Tyrant, not the Father of the ſkies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulſe, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulyſſes from his ſtate a wanderer ſtill,
Upbraids thy power, thy wiſdom, or thy will:

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O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
Freſh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor ſtranger-gueſt, denied his home!
Like thee, in rags obſcene, decreed to roam!
Or, haply periſh'd on ſome diſtant coaſt,
In Stygian gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
Oh! grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, till ſorrow ſink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vaſt increaſe beneath my care it ſpreads,
A ſtately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Conſtrain'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import
To cram theſe cormorants that crowd his court;
Who in partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now to ſome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then happier thoughts return the nodding ſcale,
Light mounts deſpair, alternate hopes prevail:
In opening proſpects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud uſurpers die.
To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in Fate;
Atteſt, O Jove, the truth I now relate!
This ſacred truth atteſt each genial Power,
Who bleſs the board, and guard this friendly bower!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wiſh produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey,
Thy wondering eyes ſhall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulyſſes ſhall regain,
And to the ſhades devote the ſuitor-train.
O Jove ſupreme! the raptur'd ſwain replies,
With deed conſummate ſoon the promis'd joys!
Theſe aged nerves, with new-born vigour ſtrung
In that bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young—
Aſſents Eumæus to the prayer addreſs'd:
And equal ardours fire his loyal breaſt.
Mean time the ſuitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When, in his airy tour the bird of Jove
Truſs'd with his ſinewy pounce a trembling dove:
Siniſter to their hope! This omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd:
The Gods from force and fraud the prince defend:
O peers! the ſanguinary ſcheme ſuſpend: [ſend;
Your future thought let ſable Fate employ;
And give the preſent hour to genial joy. [ceas'd,
From council ſtraight th' aſſenting peerage
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.
Diſrob'd their veſts apart in order lay,
Then all with ſpeed ſuccinct the victims ſlay:
With ſheep and ſhaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was on the marble ſpread.
With fire prepar'd, they deal the morſels round,
Wine roſy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By ſage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar ſupplied:
High caniſters of bread Philætius plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repaſt.
Diſpos'd apart, Ulyſſes ſhares the treat!
A privet-table, and ignobler ſeat,
The prince appoints; but to his fire aſſigns
The taſteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake, my gueſt, he cry'd, without control
The ſocial feaſt, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs ſhall be,
From my great ſire too ſoon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and ſcorn, ye ſuitors, ceaſe,
Leſt arms avenge the violated peace.
Aw'd by the prince, ſo haughty, brave and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth deſpiſe:
Would Joye permit the meditated blow,
That ſtream of eloquence ſhould ceaſe to flow.
Without reply vouchſaf'd Antinous ceas'd:
Mean while the pomp of feſtival increas'd:
By herald's rank'd, in marſhal'd order move
The city-tribes to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful ſhade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the ſacred feaſt, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(And humble ſide-board ſet) Ulyſſes ſhar'd.
Obſervant of the prince's high beheſt,
His menial train attend the ſtranger-gueſt:
Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inſpir'd.
A Samian peer, more ſtudious than the reſt
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jeſt;
And urg'd, for title to a conſort queen,
Uncumber'd acres arable and green
(Cteſippus nam'd); this lord Ulyſſes ey'd,
And thus burſt out th' impoſthumate with pride;
The ſentence I propoſe, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard muſt wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of eſteem beſtow;
This gift acquits the dear reſpect I owe;
With which he nobly may diſcharge his ſeat,
And pay the menials for the maſter's treat.
He ſaid: and of the ſteer before him plac'd,
That ſinewy fragment at Ulyſſes caſt,
Where to the paſtern-bone by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indiſſolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high the wall unſeemly ſign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghaſtly ſmile;
Revenge and ſcorn within his boſom boil:
When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' ignorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltleſs of the mark, my certain ſpear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor ſhould thy ſire, a queen his daughter boaſt;
The ſuitor, now, had vaniſh'd in a ghoſt;
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawleſs power
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth of age mature to know
My grape ſhall redden, and my harveſt grow.
Or, if each other's wrongs ye ſtill ſupport,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What ſingle arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted ſwords deſcend,
And with my life ſuch vile diſhonours end.
A long ceſſation of diſcourſe enſued,
By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd:

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A juſt reproof, ye peers! your rage reſtrain
From the protected gueſt, and menial train:
And, prince! to ſtop the ſource of future ill,
Aſſent yourſelf, and gain the royal will,
Whilſt hope prevail'd to ſee your ſire reſtor'd,
Of fight the queen refus'd a ſecond lord.
But who ſo vain of faith, ſo blind to fate,
To think he ſtill ſurvives to claim the ſtate?
Now preſs the ſovereign dame with warm deſire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inſpire:
The lord ſelected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-conteſted prize:
Whilſt in paternal pomp, with plenty bleſs'd,
You reign, of this imperial dome poſſeſs'd.
Sage and ſerene Telemachus replies;
By him at whoſe beheſt the thunder flies,
And by the name on earth I moſt revere,
By great Ulyſſes and his woes, I ſwear,
(Who never muſt review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps in Pluto's dreary train!)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts ſhall load the future ſpouſe:
But from this dome my parent queen to chaſe!
From me, ye Gods! avert ſuch dire diſgrace.
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The ſuitors' ſouls, inſenſate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud:
Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay;
Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow,
And ſudden ſighs precede approaching woe.
In viſion rapt; the * Hypereſian ſeer
Uproſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:
Oh race to death devote! with Stygian ſhade
Each deſtin'd peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd;
With ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghoſts
To people Orcus and the burning coaſts!

* Theoclymenus.

Nor gives the ſun his golden orb to roll.
But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the ſure divine of Fate;
And thus Eurymachus: The dotard's mind
To every ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the ſlave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.
Tax not (the Heaven-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
No clouds of error dim th' ethereal rays,
Her equal power each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before yon hovering deaths deſcend;
Leſt, the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye ſuitors cannot ſhun.
This ſaid, to ſage Piræus ſped the ſeer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feaſt the ſuitors ſit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointleſs wit:
Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, timorous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planetary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once, at leaſt, believe a friend,
To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend,
Where, if they yield their freight acroſs the main,
Dear ſell the ſlaves! demand no greater gain.
Thus jovial they: but nought the prince replies;
Full on his ſire he roll'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient ſtraight to fleſh his virgin-ſword,
From the wiſe chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive queen
To ſee the circlet fate, of all unſeen.
Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An eve-repaſt, with equal coſt and care:
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing ſpeed,
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Bending of Ulyſſes's Bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the ſolicitation of the ſuitors, propoſes to marry the perſon who ſhall firſt bend the bow of Ulyſſes, and ſhoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulyſſes, taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, diſcovers himſelf to them; then returning, deſires leave to try his ſtrength at the bow, which, though refuſed with indignation by the ſuitors, Penelope and Telemachus cauſe it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and ſhoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the ſame inſtant thunders from heaven; Ulyſſes accepts the omen, and gives a ſign to Telemachus, who ſtands ready armed at his ſide.

And Pallas now, to raiſe the rival fires,
With her own art Penelope inſpires:
Who now can bend Ulyſſes' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow through the diſtant ring,
Shall end the ſtrife, and win th' imperial dame;
But diſcord and black death await the game!

The prudent queen the lofty ſtair aſcends,
At diſtance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where ſafe repos'd the royal treaſures lay;

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There ſhone high-heap'd the labour'd braſs and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulyſſes bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltleſs ſlept
Thoſe winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long ſince when Sparta's ſhores he trod,
On young Ulyſſes Iphitus beſtow'd:
Beneath Orſilochus's roof they met;
One loſs was private, one a public debt;
Meſſena's ſtate from Ithaca detains
Three hundred ſheep, and all the ſhepherd-ſwains;
And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders truſt their common cauſe.
But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wandering mares,
And mules, the ſtrongeſt of the labouring kind;
Hapleſs to ſearch! more hapleſs ſtill to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawleſs wretch, that man of brutal ſtrength,
Deaf to Heaven's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſs'd;
And for the beauteous mares deſtroy'd his gueſt:
He gave the bow! and on Ulyſſes' part
Receiv'd a pointed ſword and miſsle dart:
Of luckleſs friendſhip on a foreign ſhore
Their firſt, laſt pledges; for they met no more!
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulyſſes bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.
Now gently winding up the fair aſcent,
By many an eaſy ſtep, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With poliſh'd oak the level pavements ſhine)
The folding gates a dazzling light diſplay'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken ſtring,
Forſakes the ſtaple as ſhe pulls the ring;
The wards reſpondent to the key turn round:
The bars fall back; the flying valves reſound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the ſpring.
She moves majeſtic through the wealthy room,
Where treaſur'd garments caſt a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its ſplendid caſe, the bow unſtrung;
Acroſs her knees ſhe laid the well-known bow,
And penſive ſate, and tears began to flow.
To full ſatiety of grief ſhe mourns,
Then ſilent to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud ſuitors bears in penſive ſtate
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
Behind, her train the poliſh'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate braſs and ſilver rings,
Full in the portal the chaſte queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either ſide awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majeſtic air:
Say you, whom theſe forbidden walls encloſe,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If theſe neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you ſeek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the ſtrife:
Who firſt Ulyſſes' wondrous bow ſhall bend,
And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow ſend,
Him will I follow, and forſake my home,
For him forſake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the ſcene of all my paſt delight,
And ſtill to laſt, the viſion of my night!
Graceful ſhe ſaid, and bade Eumæus ſhow
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden ſpring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætius too relents, but ſecret ſhed
The tender drops. Antinous ſaw, and ſaid:
Hence to your fields, you ruſtics! hence away,
Nor ſtain with grief the pleaſures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The ſad remembrance of a periſh'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or ſhare the feaſt with due reſpect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow:
No vulgar taſk! Ill ſuits this courtly crew
That ſtubborn horn which brave Ulyſſes drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majeſty he bore!
And ſtill (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the ſtrength, the grandeur of the man.
He ſaid, but in his ſoul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To ſpeed the flying ſhaft through every ring,
Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the king
Shall end thoſe hopes, and Fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: Some God, I find,
With pleaſing phrenzy has poſſeſs'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladneſs leaps my heart?
Come then, ye ſuitors! and diſpute a prize
Richer than all th' Acaian ſtate ſupplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our iſles or continents encloſe:
A woman matchleſs, and almoſt divine,
Fit for the praiſe of every tongue but mine,
No more excuſes then, no more delay,
Haſte to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the deſtin'd ring.
Then if no happier knight the conqueſt boaſt,
I ſhall not ſorrow for a mother loſt;
But, bleſt in her, poſſeſs theſe arms alone,
Heir of my father's ſtrength, as well as throne.
He ſpoke: then, riſing, his broad ſword unbound,
And caſt his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made faſt
(His perfect ſkill the wondering gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unſeen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his ſtand;
And graſp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made eſſay;
Three times, unequal to the taſk, gave way:
A modeſt boldneſs on his cheek appear'd:
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great ſire with joy
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade the boy.
His ardour ſtraight th' obedient prince ſuppreſs'd,
And, artful, thus the ſuitor-train addreſs'd:
Oh, lay the cauſe on youth yet immature!
(For Heaven forbid ſuch weakneſs ſhould endure!)
How ſhall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an inſult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom Heaven with better nerves has bleſt
Accept the trial, and the prize conteſt.

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He caſt the bow before him, and apart
Againſt the poliſh'd quiver propt the dart.
Reſuming then his ſeat, Epitheus' ſon
The bold Antinous to the reſt begun:
" From where the goblet firſt begins to flow,
" From right to left, in order take the bow;
" And prove your ſeveral ſtrengths"—The princes heard,
And firſt Leiodes, blameleſs prieſt, appear'd:
The eldeſt born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he, of all the ſuitor throng,
Their deeds deteſted, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the ſtubborn horn he ſtrains,
The ſtubborn horn reſiſted all his pains!
Already in deſpair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I ſtrive no more.
What numerous deaths attend his fatal bow!
What ſouls and ſpirits ſhall it ſend below!
Better, indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than diſappointed live,
With each new ſun to ſome new hope a prey,
Yet ſtill to-morrow falſer than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we ſought;
This bow ſhall eaſe us of that idle thought,
And ſend us with ſome humbler wife to live,
Whom gold ſhall gain, or deſtiny ſhall give.
Thus ſpeaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At diſtance far the feather'd ſhaft he throws,
And to the ſeat returns from whence he roſe.
To him Antinous thus with fury ſaid:
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled!
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
Thoſe arms are dreadful which thou canſt not bear.
Why ſhould this bow be fatal to the brave?
Becauſe the prieſt is born a peaceful ſlave.
Mark then what others can—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vaſt pile prepare;
He gives it inſtant flame: then faſt beſide
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they ſoak the weapon o'er,
Chaſe every knot, and ſupple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their ſtrength as vain;
The bow inflexible reſiſts their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown;
Thoſe only now remain'd; but thoſe confeſs'd
Of all the train the mightieſt and the beſt.
Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king obſerves them: he the hall forſakes
And, paſt the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulyſſes ſpoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
Or (as my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
Say, ſhould ſome favouring God reſtore again
The loſt Ulyſſes to his native reign? [ford,
How beat your hearts? what aid would you af-
To the proud ſuitors, or your ancient lord?
Philætius thus: Oh were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove reſtore that man again!
Theſe aged ſinews with new vigour ſtrung
In his bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each Power above, with wiſhes for his lord.

He ſaw their ſecret ſouls, and thus began:
Thoſe vows the Gods accord: behold the man!
Your own Ulyſſes! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapleſs land:
At length he comes; but comes deſpis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All elſe have caſt him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wiſhes, and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends: If Jove this arm ſucceed,
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care ſhall be, to bleſs your future lives
With large poſſeſſions, and with faithful wives;
Faſt by my palace ſhall your domes aſcend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now truſt your eye;
Lo! the broad ſcar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's ſons, of yore,
On Parnaſs' top I chas'd the tuſky boar.
His ragged veſt then drawn aſide diſclos'd
The ſign conſpicuous, and the ſcar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they ſtood amaz'd;
With tearful eyes o'er all their maſter gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they caſt,
His head, his ſhoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their pow-
In ſolemn ſilence fell the kindly ſhower. [er:
The king too weeps, the king too graſps their hands,
And moveleſs as a marble fountain ſtands.
Thus had their joy wept down the ſetting ſun,
But firſt the wiſe man ceas'd, and thus begun:
Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, obſerve us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but ſtay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty ſuitors will deny the bow:
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy maſter's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate:
Cloſe let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Though arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans, they hear.
To thy ſtrict charge, Philætius, we conſign
The court's main gate: to guard that paſs be thine.
This ſaid, he firſt return'd: the faithful ſwains
At diſtance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now ſtands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty ſoul, and thus began:
I mourn the common cauſe: for, oh, my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what ſhame attends!
Not the loſt nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every ſhore)
But baffled thus: confeſs'd ſo far below
Ulyſſes' ſtrength, as not to bend his bow!
How ſhall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakneſs ſcorn! Antinous thus reply'd:

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Not ſo, Eurymachus; that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cauſe.
Sacred to Phœbus is the ſolemn day,
Which thoughtleſs we in games would waſte away:
Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd ſtrife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the ſewer approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: before the day ſhall ſpring,
The choiceſt offerings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich ſmokes, high curling to the ſkies.
So ſhall the patron of theſe arts beſtow
(For his the gift) the ſkill to bend the bow.
They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleanſing waters from the limpid ſpring:
The goblet high with roſy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, uproſe the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated ſcheme began:
If what I aſk your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
(Whoſe ſage deciſion I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion pleaſe;
Give Heaven this day, and reſt the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms diſpute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the ſkies!
But, ſince till then this trial you delay,
Truſt it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you deſpiſe;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and inſults, make me leſs than man?
Rage flaſh'd in lightning from the ſuitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprize.
Antinous then: Oh, miſerable gueſt!
Is common ſenſe quite baniſh'd from thy breaſt?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To ſit diſtinguiſh'd, with our preſence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this inſolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this frenzy ſtung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;
Boundleſs the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
The heroes roſe, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His noſe they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
And ſent him ſober'd home with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggreſſor firſt.
Such fate I propheſy our gueſt attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor ſhall theſe walls ſuch inſolence contain;
The firſt fair wind tranſports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worſt of mortals, ev'n the worſt of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer;
Ceaſe the mad ſtrife, and ſhare our bounty here.
To this the queen her juſt diſlike expreſs'd:
'Tis impious, prince, to harm the ſtranger gueſt,
Baſe to inſult who bears a ſuppliant's name,
And ſome reſpect Telemachus may claim.
What, if th' Immortals on the man beſtow
Sufficient ſtrength to draw the mighty bow,
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wandering ſtranger for my lord?
A hope ſo idle never touch'd his brain:
Then eaſe your boſoms of a fear ſo vain.
Far be he baniſh'd from this ſtately ſcene
Who wrongs his princeſs with a thought ſo mean.
Oh fair! and wiſeſt of ſo fair a kind!
(Reſpectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak ſurmiſe, but ſenſe of ſhame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the cenſure of the meaneſt ſlave,
The weakeſt woman: all can wrong the brave.
" Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
" Of that brave chief, whoſe bow they could not
" bend!
" In came a beggar of the ſtrolling crew,
" And did what all thoſe princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus poſterity upbraid our name.
To whom the queen: If fame engage your views,
Forbear thoſe acts which infamy purſues;
Wrong and oppreſſion no renown can raiſe;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praiſe.
The ſtature of our gueſt, his port, his face,
Speak him deſcended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he deſires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence to reward his merit he ſhall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a ſhining ſpear,
Embroider'd ſandals, a rich cloak and veſt,
And ſafe conveyance to his port of reſt.
O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me, (cries Telemachus) to claim
A ſon's juſt right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courſer-breeding plain;
To me alone my father's arms deſcend,
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen, thy houſehold taſk reſume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
Theſe cares to man belong, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His ſage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There, in her chamber as ſhe ſate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulyſſes then ſhe fix'd her ſoul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In ſlumber cloſ'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Now through the preſs the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold! lawleſs ruſtic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the ſuitors aid.
Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
Proceed, falſe ſlave, and ſlight their empty words;
What! hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?

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Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive ſuitors from my walls expel!
Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!
The ſuitors with a ſcornful ſmile ſurvey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, haſtes to bring
The ſtrife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling them aſide,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd);
At every portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate;
And if unuſual ſounds invade their ear,
If arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or iſſue forth preſume,
But cloſe attend the labours of the loom.
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an inſtant were the palace gates.
In the ſame moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmoſt gate (the cable ſtrongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ſhip from Ægypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and ſilent at the board
His ſeat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the maſter bore,
Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Leſt time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner abſent and untry'd ſo long.
While ſome deriding---How he turns the bow!
Some other like it ſure the man muſt know,
Or elſe would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he ſteals---
Heaven to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bleſs, in all to which he ſtands inclin'd,
With ſuch good fortune as he now ſhall find.
Heedleſs he heard them; but diſdain'd reply;
The bow peruſing with exacteſt eye.
Then, as ſome heavenly minſtrel, taught to ſing
High notes reſponſive to the trembling ſtring,
To ſome new ſtrain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute reſits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, ſtrains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great maſter drew the mighty bow:
And drew with eaſe. One hand aloft diſplay'd
The bending horns, and one the ſtring eſſay'd.
From his eſſaying hand the ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort-and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.
A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above enſued: th' unfolding ſky
In lightning burſt: Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of Heaven's Almighty Lord,
He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath,
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death).
Now ſitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the ſhaft, releas'd, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring.
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through, the ſolid gate reſounds.
Then to the prince: Nor have I wrought thee ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I loſt
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boaſt.
Ill I deſerv'd theſe haughty peers' diſdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's ſoft voice prolong the night;
Muſic, the banquet's moſt refin'd delight.
He ſaid, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his ſhining ſword.
Faſt by his father's ſide he takes his ſtand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

Ulyſſes begins the ſlaughter of the ſuitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himſelf, and lets fly his arrows at the reſt. Telemachus aſſiſts, and brings arms for his father, himſelf, Eumæus, and Philætius. Melanthius does the ſame for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulyſſes in the ſhape of Mentor. The ſuitors are all ſlain, only Medon and Phemius are ſpared. Melanthius and the unfaithful ſervants are executed. The reſt acknowledge their maſter with all demonſtrations of joy.

Then fierce the hero o'er the threſhold ſtrode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable ſtore:
Before his feet the rattling ſhower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the ſuitor crew:
One venturous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow muſt attain,
Phœbus, aſſiſt! nor be the labour vain.
Swift as the word the parting arrow ſings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:

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Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidst a fearful band?
And Fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'st thou at princes? (all amaz'd they said)
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee---Thus incens'd they spoke, [stroke,
While each to chance ascrib'd the wondrous
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then, grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:
Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While, to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above:
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they fought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd:
If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land;
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims; but juster Jove deny'd.
Since cold in death th' offender lies: oh, spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Brass, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray,
Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay:
The waste of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is just---Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to resist or die;
And die I trust ye shall.---He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook,
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels). Then all united strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.
Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:
The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
His falling hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion, roll
Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness driv'd, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the pass; the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.
He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies,
And, arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries.)
Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.
Haste and return (Ulysses made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Left thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.
With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his sire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

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There ſtood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch appear'd the ſubject town.
A double ſtrength of valves ſecur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only paſs:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the ſenſe
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? The town ſhall force the door,
And this bold archer ſoon ſhall ſhoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the ſtrait.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magzine I bring,
And their own darts ſhall pierce the prince and king.
He ſaid; and, mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.
The hero ſtands oppreſs'd with mighty woe,
On every ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and, oh! unlook'd for aid!
Melanthius, or the woman have betray'd—
Oh, my dear ſon!—the father with a ſigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:
Falſehood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtleſs err'd in) well ſecure that door:
Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought miſgives) by Dolius' ſon.
While yet they ſpoke, in queſt of arms again,
To the high chamber ſtole the faithleſs ſwain,
Not unobſerv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd Ulyſſes near his ſide:
The miſcreant we ſuſpected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be powerful, ſhall I ſlay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this deteſted deed?
Not ſo (reply'd Ulyſſes) leave him there,
For us ſufficient is another care:
Within the ſtructure of this palace wall
To keep enclos'd his maſters till they fall.
Go you, and ſeize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by ſtrong cords extend
And on a column near the roof ſuſpend!
So ſtudy'd tortures his vile days ſhall end.
The ready ſwains obey'd with joyful haſte,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they paſs'd,
As round the room in queſt of arms he goes
(The half-ſhut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with duſt, with dryneſs chapt and worn,
The braſs corroded and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threſhold as he ſtepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each ſide they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling daſtard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd the zealous ſwains fulfil
At every point their maſter's rigid will:
Firſt, faſt behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then ſtreighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon ſwung from ſide to ſide.
Eumæus ſcoffing then with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, O gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light;
So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive the victims to the ſuitors' feaſt.
This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each, breathing death, reſum'd his dangerous poſt
Near great Ulyſſes; four againſt an hoſt.
When, lo! deſcending to our hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant Maid,
In Mentor's friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
Ulyſſes ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd;
Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend:
Oh, every ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole ſeries I have done,
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all.
Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warrior ey'd,
And firſt, loud threatening, Agelaüs cry'd:
Mentor, beware! nor let that tongue perſuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulyſſes aid;
Our force ſucceſsful ſhall our threat make good,
And with the fire and ſon's commix thy blood.
What hop'ſt thou here? Thee firſt the ſword ſhall ſlay,
Then lop thy whole poſterity away;
Far hence thy baniſh'd conſort ſhall we ſend;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treaſures blend;
Thus, and thus only, ſhalt thou join thy friend.
His barbarous inſult ev'n the Goddeſs fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inſpires:
Art thou Ulyſſes? where then ſhall we find
The patient body and the conſtant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the luſt
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in duſt?
If this, when Helen was the cauſe, were done;
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy ſon?
Riſe then in combat, at my ſide attend;
Obſerve what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd againſt a friend!
She ſpoke; but, willing longer to ſurvey
The fire and ſon's great acts, withheld the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their ſight,
Perch'd like a ſwallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the riſing fight.
Damaſto's ſon, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus ſucceeds;
With theſe, Piſander, great Polyctor's ſon,
Sage Polybus, and ſtern Amphidon,
With Demoptolemus: theſe ſix ſurvive;
The beſt of all, the ſhafts had left alive.
Amidſt the carnage deſperate as they ſtand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band.

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The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes ſhall beſtrow the floor.
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boaſt;
The four remain, but four againſt an hoſt.
Let each at once diſcharge the deadly dart,
One ſure of fix ſhall reach Ulyſſes' heart:
The reſt muſt periſh, their great leader ſlain;
Thus ſhall one ſtroke the glory loſt regain.
Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirſty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And ſcatter'd ſhort, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd ſound, one on the threſhold falls,
One ſtrikes the gate, one rings againſt the walls:
The ſtorm paſs'd innocent. The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So ſpeed them Heaven) our javelins at the foe.
That impious race to all their paſs'd miſdeeds
Would add our blood. Injuſtice ſtill proceeds.
He ſpoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus Ulyſſes ſlew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Piſander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The reſt retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe diſcharge the ſteelly ſhower;
Again made fruſtrate by the Virgin-power.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threſhold fall;
Some wound the gate, ſome ring againſt the wall;
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmleſs on the pavement ſounding dead.
Then bold Amphimedon his javelin caſt;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
And from Cteſippus' arm the ſpear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' ſhield and ſhoulder glanc'd:
Not leſſen'd of their force (ſo ſlight the wound)
Each ſung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd the next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſpear.
By the bold ſon Amphimedon was ſlain:
And Polybus renown'd the faithful ſwain.
Pierc'd through the breaſt the rude Cteſippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead.
There end thy pompous vaunts and high diſ-
Oh! ſharp in ſcandal, voluble, and vain! [dain;
How weak is mortal pride! To Heaven alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known;
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is anſwer'd with this ſpear.
Ulyſſes brandiſh'd high his vengeful ſteel,
And Damaſtordes that inſtant fell;
Faſt-by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Through all its bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains beſmear the ſtone.
Now Pallas ſhines confeſs'd! aloft ſhe ſpreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they ſee, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, diſtracted, through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's ſting,
When ſultry days, and long, ſucceed the gentle ſpring.
Not half ſo keen fierce vultures of the chaſe
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended ſnares beſet,
With conſcious dread they ſhun the quivering net:
No help, no flight: but, wounded every way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers ſeize the prey.
On all ſides thus they double wound on wound,
In proſtrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly ſhrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking ſtone.
Leiodes firſt before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
Oh gracious hear! nor let thy ſuppliant bleed:
Still undiſhonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy houſe, for me, remains; by me repreſs'd
Full oft was check'd th' injuſtice of the reſt:
Averſe they heard me when I counſell'd well;
Their hearts were harden'd, and they juſtly fell.
Oh! ſpare an augur's conſecrated head,
Nor add the blameleſs to the guilty dead!
Prieſt as thou art! for that deteſted band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Againſt Ulyſſes have thy vows been made,
For them, thy daily oriſons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aſpires:
One common crime one common fate requires.
Thus ſpeaking, from the ground the ſword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forſook;
Full through his neck the weighty faulchion ſped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the Heaven-inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the reverend minſtrel ſtands;
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulyſſes ſmoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he firſt ſet down,
Between the laver and the ſilver throne;
Then proſtrate ſtretch'd before the dreadful man,
Perſuaſive, thus with accent ſoft began;
O king! to mercy be thy ſoul inclin'd,
And ſpare the poet's ever-gentle kind;
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong;
For dear to Gods and men is ſacred ſong.
Self-taught I ſing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine ſeeds of poeſy are ſown;
And (what the Gods beſtow) the lofty lay,
The Gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyſelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I ſung, was force, and not deſire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And let thy ſon atteſt, nor ſordid pay,
Nor ſervile flattery, ſtain'd the moral lay.
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His ſire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh! mix not, Father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head!
Medon, the herald, too our arms may ſpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth, unhappy Medon lay,

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Wrapp'd in a new-slain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:
O prince! O friend! lo! here thy Medon stands;
Ah! stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.
To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;
Live an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the Heaven-taught Bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires---With timorous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.
Mean while Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! complete the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So when, by hollow shores, the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiffening prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.
And now the king commands his son to call
Old Euryclea to the deathful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays:
The aged governess with speed obeys:
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete;
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said---
Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
T' insult the dead, is cruel and unjust;
Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind;
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented shade.
But thou, sincere, O Euryclea! say
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?
Then she: In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news---the matron cry'd.
Not so, (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds:
In haste the matron parts; the king proceeds:
Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains;
Th' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (every table clean's'd, and every throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon court, without the palace wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
So with the suitors let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.
He said: the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
The chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor, [gore.
Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall,
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince: To these shall we afford
A fate so pure as by the martial sword!
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name?
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below:
Thus, on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell---
They wash, and to Ulysses take their way;
So ends the bloody business of the day.
To Euryclea then address'd the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then, the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend;
The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
Assemble here to learn their lord's command.
Then Euryclea: Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away;
Permit me first the royal robes to bring:
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.

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"Bring sulphur straight, and fire," (the monarch cries)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT

Euryclea awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return, and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her; but supposes some God has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has past during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

THEN to the queen as in repose she lay,
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
And sleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!
At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day!
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!
Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd,
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous Powers, who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,
And human thought with unresisted sway,
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And Folly, with the tongue of Wisdom, speaks:
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy,
Why must I wake to grieve; and curse thy shore,
O Troy!—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.
To whom with warmth: My soul a lie disdains;
Ulysses lives, thy own Ulysses reigns:
That stranger, patient of the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine. Thy son his latent guest
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.
While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,
Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be slain, though by an hero's hand?
I saw it not, she cries, but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan;
The damsel-train tears'd pale at every wound,
Imniur'd we sate, and catch'd each passing sound;
When death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,
And at his nod the damsel-train descends;
There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,
And the dead suitors almost swam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd, the hero to survey,
Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore now with sulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires:
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,—
Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls!
Thy every wish the bounteous Gods bestow,
Enjoy the present good, and former woe;
Ulysses lives, his vanquish'd foes to see;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!
Ah! no; with sighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind;
How bless'd this happy hour, should he appear,
Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!
Ah! no; some God the suitors' deaths decreed,
Some God descends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the stranger's righteous cause,
And violate all hospitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Powers defy'd;
But Heaven is just, and by a God they dy'd.
For never must Ulysses view this shore;
Never! the lov'd Ulysses is no more!
What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulysses o'er the watery way,
A boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,
And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.

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Then, daughter, haſte away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy ſervant die!
To whom with dubious joy the queen replies:
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but errors ſeize the wiſe;
The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who knows their motives? who ſhall trace their way?
But learn we inſtant how the ſuitors trod
The paths of death, by man, or by a God.
Thus ſpeaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear deſcends;
At every ſtep debates her lord to prove!
Or, ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in ſtate
Oppos'd, before the ſhining fire ſhe ſate.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break:
Amaz'd ſhe ſate, and impotent to ſpeak;
O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus—Oh! who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in ſilence? why with winning charms
Thus ſlow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breaſt that with no tranſport glows,
When twice ten years are paſs'd of mighty woes:
To ſoftneſs loſt, to ſpouſal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone!
O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Diſtracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerleſs to ſpeak, I ſcarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to queſtion; doubts on doubts ariſe.
Oh! deign he, if Ulyſſes, to remove
Theſe boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe;
Time ſhall the truth to ſure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king;
No more.—This day our deepeſt care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inſpires.
If one man's blood, though mean, diſtain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps th' illuſtrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conſpires to ſpeak Ulyſſes wiſe;
For wiſdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntleſs follow where you lead the way;
Nor ſhalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward ſon degenerate lag behind.
Then inſtant to the bath (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and ſprightly virgins riſe,
Thence all deſcend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome reſound the mirthful lay;
While the ſwift lyriſt airs of rapture ſings,
And forms the dance reſponſive to the ſtrings.
That hence th' eluded paſſengers may ſay,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
The ſuitors' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inſpir'd by Jove.
Thus ſpoke the king: th' obſervant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dreſs in proud array:
The lyriſt ſtrikes the ſtring; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damſels form the ſprightly dance.
The voice attun'd to inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobſerv'd: the Greeks eluded ſay
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
Inconſtant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they—but nobly chaſte ſhe weds no more.
Mean while the weary'd king the bath aſcends;
With faithful cares Eurynomé attends,
O'er every limb a ſhower of fragrance ſheds:
Then, dreſs'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warrior-Goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by ſome artiſt, to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly ſkill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale ſilver glows with fuſile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and iſſuing forth in ſtate,
Radiant before his gazing conſort ſate.
And, O my queen! he cries, what power above
Has ſteel'd that heart, averſe to ſpouſal love?
Canſt thou, Penelope, when Heaven reſtores
Thy loſt Ulyſſes to his native ſhores,
Canſt thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd ſurvey
Thy loſt Ulyſſes, on this ſignal day?
Haſte, Euryclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of reſt:
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breaſt.
Ah! no; ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for ſure I ſee
Once more Ulyſſes, my belov'd, in thee!
Fix'd in my ſoul as when he ſail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haſte the bed of joy!
Haſte, from the bridal bower the bed tranſlate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſs'd in ſtate!
Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious, with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:
Alas, for this! what mortal ſtrength can move
The enormous burthen, who but Heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth muſt move, if Heaven commands.
Then hear ſure evidence, while we diſplay
Words ſeal'd with ſacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder-fram'd; an olive ſpread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.
Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk roſe, and heav'd into the ſky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhower;
The ſpacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with poliſh'd marble ſhines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain;
Then poſts, capacious of the frame, I raiſe,
And bore it, regular, from ſpace to ſpace:
Athwart the frame, at equal diſtance, lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boaſt a purple dye;
Then, poliſhing the whole, the finiſh'd mould
With ſilver ſhone, with elephant, and gold.

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But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or ſtill inviolate the olive ſtands,
'Tis thine, O queen, to ſay: and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts diſtract thy heart?
While yet he ſpeaks, her powers of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recovering, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew:
The tears pour'd down amain: and, Oh! ſhe cries,
Let not againſt thy ſpouſe thine anger riſe!
Oh! vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a woman's heart!
The righteous Powers, that mortal lots diſpoſe,
Decree us to ſuſtain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life, the bliſs deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
Oh: let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus to ſpeak my love;
Thus in fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
Pour out my ſoul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithleſs men, betray
Our eaſy faith, and make the ſex their prey:
Againſt the fondneſs of my heart I ſtrove,
'Twas caution, O my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair miſchief ſet two worlds in arms;
Ere Greece roſe dreadful in th' avenging day;
Thus had ſhe fear'd, ſhe had not gone aſtray.
But Heaven, averſe to Greece, in wrath decreed
That ſhe ſhould wander, and that Greece ſhould bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injuſtice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why theſe ſorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield! I yield! my own Ulyſſes lives!
The ſecrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's preſent in the ſpouſal hour,
The ſole attendant on our genial bower).
Since what no eye has ſeen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and diſtruſtful as I am, I yield.
Touch'd to the ſoul, the king with rapture hears, [tears.
Hangs round her neck, and ſpeaks his joy in
As to the ſhipwreck'd mariner, the ſhores
Delightful riſe, when angry Neptune roars;
Then, when the ſurge in thunder mounts the ſky,
And gulf'd in crowds at once the ſailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempeſt raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the ſtrand,
And plunging forth with tranſport graſps the land:
The raviſh'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Claſps her lov'd lord, and to his boſom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the riſing day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main:
Whoſe flaming ſteeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eaſtern hills with ſtreaming light.
At length Ulyſſes with a ſigh replies:
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate, repoſe denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By Heaven above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tireſias through th' eternal gates
Of hell I trude, to learn my future fates.
But end we here—the night demands repoſe,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace a while, my woes!
To whom the queen: Thy word we ſhall obey,
And deck the couch; for hence be woes away;
Since the juſt Gods, who tread the ſtarry plains,
Reſtore thee ſafe; ſince my Ulyſſes reigns.
But what thoſe perils Heaven decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.
To this the king: Ah! why muſt I diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of tranſport wound thy ears,
When thou muſt learn what I muſt ſpeak with tears?
Heaven, by the Theban ghoſt, thy ſpouſe decrees;
Torn from thy arms, to ſail a length of ſeas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the ſurgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An oar my hand muſt bear; a ſhepherd eyes
The unknown inſtrument with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence ſwift re-ſailing to my native ſhores,
Due victims ſlay to all the ethereal Powers.
Then Heaven decrees in peace to end my days.
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Unknown to pain, in age reſign my breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
My people bleſſing, by my people bleſs'd. [play
Such future ſcenes th' all-righteous Powers diſ-
By their dread * ſeer, and ſuch my future day.
To whom thus firm of ſoul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While Heaven a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
But Eurycles with diſpatchful care,
And ſage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Inſtant they bid the blazing torch diſplay
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repoſe her ſteps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè deſcends;
A torch ſhe bears, to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; ſhe guides them, and retires.
Then inſtant his fair ſpouſe Ulyſſes led
To the chaſte love-rites of the nuptial bed.
And now the blooming youths and ſprightly fair
Ceaſe the gay dance, and to their reſt repair;
But in diſcourſe the king and conſort lay,
While the ſoft hours ſtole unperceiv'd away:
Intent he hears Penelope diſcloſe
A mournful ſtory of domeſtic woes,
His ſervants inſults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhauſted bled,
His generous wines diſhonour'd ſhed in vain,
And the wild riots of the ſuitor train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and diſaſtrous fates;
All he unfolds; his liſtening ſpouſe turns pale
With pleaſing horror at the dreadful tale!
Sleepleſs devours each word; and hears how ſlain
Cicons on Cicons ſwell th' enſanguin'd plain;

* Tireſias.

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How to the land of Lote unbleſs'd he ſails:
And images the rills, and flowery vales!
How, daſh'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the ſpouting gore;
How, the loud ſtorms in priſon bound, he ſails
From friendly Æolus with proſperous gales;
Yet Fate withſtands! a ſudden tempeſt roars,
And whirls him groaning from his native ſhores:
How, on the barbarous Læſtrigonian coaſt,
By ſavage hands his fleet and friends he loſt;
How ſcarce himſelf ſurviv'd; he paints the bower,
The ſpells of Circe, and her magic power;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To ſeek Tireſias in the vales of death;
How, in the doleful manſions he ſurvey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's ſhade;
And friends in battle ſlain, heroic ghoſts!
Then how, unarm'd, he paſs'd the Syren-coaſts,
The juſtling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions ſlay
The oxen ſacred to the God of Day,
Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempeſt guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides:
How, ſtruggling through the ſurge, he reach'd the ſhores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypſo's bowers;
Where the gay blooming nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet reluctant amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
How, ſav'd from ſtorms, Phæacia's coaſts he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a God,
Who gave him laſt his country to behold,
With change of raiment, braſs, and heaps of gold.
He ended, ſinking into ſleep, and ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all his cares.
Soon as ſoft ſlumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva ruſhes through the aërial way,
And bids Aurora, with her golden wheels,
Flame from the ocean o'er the eaſtern hills:
Uproſe Ulyſſes from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch ſaid:
My Queen! my Conſort! through a length of years,
We drank the cup of ſorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy lord: while me th' immortal Powers
Detain'd reluctant from my native ſhores.
Now, bleſt again by Heaven, the queen diſplay,
And rule our palace with an equal ſway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds with gifts or ſpoils.
But now I haſte to bleſs Laertes' eyes
With ſight of his Ulyſſes ere he dies;
The good old man, to waſting woes a prey,
Weeps a ſad life in ſolitude away. [fold
But hear, though wiſe! This morning ſhall un-
The deathful ſcene; on heroes, heroes roll'd.
Thou with thy maids within the palace ſtay,
From all the ſcene of tumult far away!
He ſpoke, and ſheath'd in arms inceſſant flies
To wake his ſon, and bid his friends ariſe.
To arms! aloud he cries; his friends obey,
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
And paſs the city gate; Ulyſſes leads the way.
Now flames the roſy dawn, but Pallas ſhrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſouls of the ſuitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal ſhades. Ulyſſes in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him buſied in his garden all alone: the manner of his diſcovery to him is beautifully deſcribed. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the ſervants. The Ithacenſians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinous riſe againſt Ulyſſes, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the Goddeſs Pallas makes a laſting peace between Ulyſſes and his ſubjects, which concludes the Odyſſey.

Cyllenius now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghoſts to realms of night or day;
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent.
As in the cavern of ſome rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obſcene;
Cluſter'd they hang, till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock;
So cowering fled the fable heaps of ghoſts,
And ſuch a ſcream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.
And now they reach'd the earth's remoteſt ends.
And now the gates where evening Sol deſcends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmoſt ſtreams,
And now pervade the duſky land of Dreams,
And reſt at laſt, where ſouls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowering meads of aſphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there,
Impaſſive ſemblance, images of air!
Nought elſe are all that ſhin'd on earth before;
Ajax and great Achilles are no more!
Yet, ſtill a maſter ghoſt, the reſt he aw'd,
The reſt ador'd him, towering as he trod;
Still at his ſide in Neſtor's ſon ſurvey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus ſtill attends his ſhade.
New as they were to that infernal ſhore,
The ſuitors ſtopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er,
When, moving ſlow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides; him in pomp purſued

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And ſolemn ſadneſs through the gloom of hell,
The train of thoſe who by Ægyſtus fell.
O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom reſign'd
The ſtrongeſt, braveſt, greateſt of mankind.
Com'ſt thou the firſt to view this dreary ſtate?
And was the nobleſt the firſt mark of Fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear ſo ſoon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can ſhun;
Oh! better hadſt thou ſunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles to record thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe eternal on the faithful ſtone
Had with tranſmiſſive glories grac'd thy ſon.
But heavier fates were deſtin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?
O ſon of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly ſhade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou! to preſs the martial plain
'Midſt heaps of heroes in thy quarrel ſlain:
In clouds of ſmoke rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.
Nor ceas'd the ſtrife, till Jove himſelf oppos'd,
And all in tempeſts the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed beſtow'd.
Then unguents ſweet and tepid ſtreams we ſhed;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news thy azure Mother came:
The ſea-green ſiſters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard: and terror ſeiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ſhips the frighted hoſt had fled;
But Neſtor ſpoke, they liſten'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Neſtor's counſel ſprings,
And long viciſſitudes of human things.)
"Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main,
"To mourn Achilles, leads her azure train."
Around thee ſtand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heavenly veſts, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the Muſes, with alternate ſtrain,
In ever-conſecrating verſe, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving muſic hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till ſeventeen nights and ſeventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the ſucceeding day,
And fatted ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires.
And, like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courſer's o'er the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of duſt o'er all the circle riſe,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the ſkies.
Soon as abſorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy ſnowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vaſe
(The vaſe to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the ſculptur'd gold.)
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the ſame urn a ſeparate ſpace contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the ſons of warlike Greece ſurround
Thy deſtin'd tomb, and caſt a mighty mound:
High on the ſhore the growing hill we raiſe,
That wide th' extended Helleſpont ſurveys;
Where all, from age to age who paſs the coaſt,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghoſt.
Thetis herſelf to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods aſſented; and around thee lay
Rich ſpoils and gifts that blaz'd againſt the day.
Oft have I ſeen, with ſolemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But ſtrength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler conteſt ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And ſuch thy honours, O belov'd of Heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame ſurvives, nor fades,
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian ſhades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Succeſsful toils, and battles bravely won,
Doom'd by ſtern Jove at home to end my life,
By curſt Ægyſtus, and a faithleſs wife!
Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the ſad numbers by Ulyſſes ſlain,
On each majeſtic form they caſt a view,
And timorous paſs'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy ſhade,
His ancient hoſt Amphimedon ſurvey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) oh ſay!
What cauſe compell'd ſo many, and ſo gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop ſo fair?
Were all theſe partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of ſtormy Neptune ſweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's ſands?
Or well-defending ſome beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy gueſt; for ſuch I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your ſhore;
For'd a long month the wintery ſeas to bear,
To move the great Ulyſſes to the war.
O king of men! I faithful ſhall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapleſs fate.
Ulyſſes abſent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves purſued his royal dame:
Her coy reſerve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common ſuit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But cloſe with inward hate our deaths deſign'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in deluſion ſpread
A ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye peers (ſhe cry'd) who preſs to gain my heart
Where dead Ulyſſes claims no more a part,
Yet a ſhort ſpace your rival ſuit ſuſpend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death:
Leſt, when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
Should he, long honour'd with ſupreme command,
Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd: our generous train com-plies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.

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The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail:
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Forc'd, she completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.
Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill-fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confederate to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propp'd on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to every wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But when, arising in his wrath t' obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room:
Then to her suitors bade his queen propose
The archer's strife: the source of future woes,
And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn yew
To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood:
Pour'd forth the darts that thirsted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!
First bleeds Antinous: thick the shafts resound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God assisted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.
Thus, great Atrides, thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou seest, from yon fair realms above,
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor,
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.
Oh bless'd Ulysses (thus the king express'd
His sudden rapture) in thy consort bless'd!
Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue shin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age shall last:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
(Their great reward) a poet in her praise.
Not such, O Tyndarus, thy daughter's deed:
By whose dire hand her king and husband bled:
Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread, and theme of tragic song;
The general sex shall suffer in her shame,
And ev'n the best that bears a woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Confer'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While, from the town, Ulysses and his band
Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land.
The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command:
Enter the house, and of the briskly swine
Select the largest to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know
(Their light and dearest object long ago),
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with woe?
Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter; and he seeks the field,
Through rows of shade, with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care;
To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gardener stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more,
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—
Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay:
More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
Then, to his fire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said:
Great is thy skill, O father, great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On every plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.

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Not for thy ſloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor ſpeaks thy form a mean or ſervile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The ſame thy aſpect, if the ſame thy care;
Soft ſleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
Theſe are the rights of age, and ſhould be thine.
Who then thy maſter, ſay? and whoſe the land
So dreſs'd and manag'd by thy ſkilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I queſtion moſt)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacenſian coaſt?
For ſo reported the firſt man I view'd,
(Some ſurly iſlander, of manners rude)
Nor further converſence vouchſaf'd to ſtay;
Heedleſs he whiſtled, and purſued his way,
But thou! whom years have taught to underſtand,
Humanely hear, and anſwer my demand:
A friend I ſeek, a wife one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the beſt)
When at my houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt;
He ſaid, from Ithaca's fair iſle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
I paid, and hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd:
To him ſeven talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunics ſtiff with gold;
A bowl, that rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
And, ſkill'd in female works, four lovely dames.
At this the father, with a father's fears,
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears,)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are loſt,
For godleſs men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd ſhore!
Thy ancient friend, O ſtranger, is no more!
Full recompence thy bounty elſe had borne;
For every good man yields a juſt return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins.
But tell me, ſtranger, be the truth confeſs'd
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my ſon!
If ever man to miſery was born,
'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monſters of the main,
Or ſavage beaſts his mangled relics tear,
Or ſcreaming vultures ſcatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents ſhed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead:
Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes or dropp'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in purſuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main?
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?
Then thus the ſon: From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I ſpring.
Some adverſe Dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering courſe, and drove us on your ſhore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay;
Reliev'd our weary'd veſſel from the ſea.
Five years have circled ſince theſe eyes purſued
Ulyſſes parting through the ſable flood;
Proſperous he ſail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the ſkies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair ſhore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick through the father's heart theſe accents ran:
Grief ſeiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his ſoul he ſigh'd, and ſorrowing ſpread
A cloud of aſhes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of ſtrong delight
Stood the great ſon, heart-wounded with the ſight;
He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face:
I, I am he; O father riſe, behold
Thy ſon, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy ſon, ſo long deſir'd, ſo long detain'd,
Reſtor'd, and breathing in his native land:
Theſe floods of ſorrow, O my ſire, reſtrain!
The vengeance is complete; the ſuitor-train
Stretch'd in our palace, by theſe hands lie ſlain.
Amaz'd, Laertes: "Give ſome certain ſign,
"(If ſuch thou art) to manifeſt thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The ſcar indented by the tuſky boar,
When by thyſelf and by Anticlea ſent
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another ſign thy offſpring know;
The ſeveral trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, theſe fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footſteps with unequal pace;
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name.
Whate'er my childiſh fancy aſk'd, beſtow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with bluſhing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.
Smit with the ſigns, which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulyſſes thrown;
He faints, he ſinks, with mighty joys oppreſs'd:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis ſo—the ſuitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what ſhall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia riſe?
To this Ulyſſes: As the Gods ſhall pleaſe
Be all the reſt; and ſet thy ſoul at eaſe.
Haſte to the cottage by this orchard ſide,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.
Thus having ſaid, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And ſtooping enter'd at a lowly door.
The ſwains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.

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The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and waſh'd, and gorgeouſly array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to ſhine
With awful port, and majeſty divine;
His gazing ſon admires the godlike grace,
And air celeſtial dawning o'er his face;
What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!
Oh! would to all the deathleſs Powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the ſky!
(Reply'd the king elated with his praiſe)
My ſtrength were ſtill, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I ſtorm'd.
Such were I now, not abſent from your deed
When the laſt ſun beheld the ſuitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand beſtrown
Our floors with death, and puſh'd the ſlaughter
Nor had the ſire been ſeparate from the ſon. [on;
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The ſwains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the firſt, the venerable man;
And next his ſons, a long ſucceeding train,
For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They ſee their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order ſeated round,
They ſhare the gladſome board; the roofs reſound.
While thus Ulyſſes to his ancient friend;
"Forbear your wonder, and the feaſt attend;
"The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius ſpreads his hands,
Springs to his maſter with a warm embrace,
And faſtens kiſſes on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out: Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wiſh, return'd!
Conducted ſure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happineſs attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bleſs'd, thy wiſh'd return! Or, ſay [vey?
To the chaſte Queen, ſhall we the news con-
Or hears ſhe, and with bleſſings loads the day?
Diſmiſs that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known (the king reply'd,
And ſtraight reſum'd his ſeat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying fame the ſwift report had ſpread
Through all the city, of the ſuitors dead.
In throngs they riſe, and to the palace crowd;
Their ſighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of ſlain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The reſt in ſhips are wafted o'er the main.
Then ſad in council all the ſeniors ſate,
Frequent and full, aſſembled to debate.
Amid the circle firſt Eupithes roſe,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The firſt who by Ulyſſes' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with ſighs, he thus began:
Great deeds, O friends! this wonderous man has wrought,
And mighty bleſſings to his country brought.
With ſhips he parted and a numerous train,
Thoſe, and their ſhips, he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and firſt eſſays his hand
In the beſt blood of all his native land.
Haſte then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he flies,
Or ſacred Elis, to procure ſupplies;
Ariſe (or ye for ever fall) ariſe!
Shame to this age, and all that ſhall ſucceed!
If unreveng'd your ſons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or ſink at once forgotten with the dead.
Hear ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall [all.
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb ſorrow touch'd them
When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along
(Reſtleſs and early ſleep's ſoft bands they broke);
And Medon firſt th' aſſembled chiefs beſpoke:
Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulyſſes ſtrode,
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld a preſent God,
Who now before him, now beſide him ſtood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;
'Twas Heaven that ſtruck, and Heaven was on his ſide.
A ſudden horror all th' aſſembly ſhook,
When, ſlowly riſing, Halitherſes ſpoke:
(Reverend and wiſe, whoſe comprehenſive view
At once the preſent and the future knew)
Me too, ye fathers, hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed;
Ye gave your ſons, your lawleſs ſons, the rein
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myſelf in vain).
An abſent hero's bed they fought to ſoil,
An abſent hero's wealth they made their ſpoil:
Immoderate riot, and intemperate luſt!
Th' offence was great, the puniſhment was juſt.
Weigh then my counſels in an equal ſcale,
Nor ruſh to ruin—Juſtice will prevail.
His moderate words ſome better minds perſuade:
They part, and join him; but the number ſtay'd.
They ſtorm, they ſhout, with haſty phrenzy fir'd,
And ſecond all Eupithes' rage inſpir'd.
They caſe their limbs in braſs; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the ſun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his ſon, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.
This paſs'd on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
May I preſume to ſearch thy ſecret ſoul?
O Power ſupreme! O Ruler of the whole!
Say, haſt thou doom'd to this divided ſtate
Or peaceful amity, or ſtern debate?
Declare thy purpoſe; for thy will is Fate.
Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies)
Hath not long ſince thy knowing ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhould make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates ſucceed.

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Yet hear the iſſue: ſince Ulyſſes' hand
Has ſlain the ſuitors, Heaven ſhall bleſs the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjuſt ſhall own;
Forgot the ſlaughter'd brother, and the ſon:
Each future day increaſe of wealth ſhall bring,
And o'er the paſt, Oblivion ſtretch her wing.
Long ſhall Ulyſſes in his empire reſt,
His people bleſſing, by his people bleſs'd.
Let all be peace—He ſaid, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the ſanction of the God:
And, prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Deſcended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.
Now ſat Ulyſſes at the rural feaſt,
The rage of hunger and of thirſt repreſs'd;
To watch the foe a truſty ſpy he ſent;
A ſon of Dolius on the meſſage went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward ſtep he haſtens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power.
Four friends alone Ulyſſes' cauſe embrace,
And ſix were all the ſons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his ruſted arms put on;
And, ſtill more old, in arms Laertes ſhone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes ſtand,
And, brazen Panoply inveſts the band.
The opening gates at once their war diſplay:
Fierce they ruſh forth: Ulyſſes leads the way.
That moment joins them with celeſtial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-deſcended Maid:
The ſuffering hero felt his patient breaſt
Swell with new joy, and thus his ſon addreſs'd:
Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the fight)
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant muſt contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you deſcend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was ſpread;
Regard thyſelf, the living, and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle caſt,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaſte.
So ſpoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy; [cries,
And, Bleſs'd! thrice bleſs'd this happy day! he
The day that ſhows me, ere I cloſe my eyes,
A ſon and grandſon of th' Arceſian name
Strive for fair virtue, and conteſt for fame!
Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arceſius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's Daughter firſt implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, diſcharge thy lance in air,
She ſaid, infuſing courage with the word:
Jove and Jove's Daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, diſmiſs'd the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful ſpear;
The braſs-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
Before the father and the conquering ſon
Heaps ruſh on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the ſword, and now the javelin, fall!
The rebel race, and death had ſwallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual ſlaughter: Peace deſcends to "ſpare."
Fear ſhook the nations: at the voice divine,
They drop their javelins, and their rage reſign.
All ſcatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and ſome confuſ'dly fly.
With dreadful ſhouts Ulyſſes pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle ſtrong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva ſhot the livid flames:
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then ſtopp'd the Goddeſs, trembled, and retir'd.
Deſcended from the Gods! Ulyſſes, ceaſe;
Offend not Jove: obey and give the peace.
So Pallas ſpoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The Virgin-ſeed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

I must obſerve with what dignity Homer concludes the Odyſſey: to honour his hero, he introduces two Deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who intereſt themſelves in his cauſe: he then paints Ulyſſes in the boldeſt colours, as he ruſhes upon the enemy with the utmoſt intrepidity, and his courage is ſo ungovernable, that Jupiter is forced to reſtrain it with his thunder. It is uſual for orators to reſerve the ſtrongeſt arguments for the concluſion, that they may leave them freſh upon the reader's memory; Homer uſes the ſame conduct: he repreſents his hero in all his terror, he ſhows him to be irreſiſtible, and by this method leaves us fully poſſeſſed with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already obſerved, that the end of the action of the Odyſſey is the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes in full peace and tranquillity; this is not effected, till the defeat of the ſuitors' friends. and, therefore, if the poet had concluded before this event, the Odyſſey had been imperfect. It was neceſſary that the reader ſhould not only be informed of the return of Ulyſſes to his country, and the puniſhment of the ſuitors, but of his re-eſtabliſhment, by a peaceful poſſeſſion of his regal authority; which is not executed, till theſe laſt diſorders raiſed by Euphites are ſettled by the victory of Ulyſſes; and, therefore, this is the natural concluſion of the action.

This Book opens with the morning, and ends before night, ſo that the whole ſtory of the Odyſſey is comprehended in the compaſs of one and forty days. Monſieur Dacier, upon Ariſtotle, remarks, that an Epic Poem ought not to be too long: we ſhould be able to retain all the ſeveral parts of it at once in our memory: if we loſe the idea of the

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beginning when we come to the concluſion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its length deſtroys its beauty. What ſeems to favour this deciſion is, that the Æneid, Iliad, and Odyſſey, are conformable to this rule of Ariſtotle; and every one of thoſe poems may be read in the compaſs of a ſingle day.

I have now gone through the collections upon the Odyſſey, and laid together what occurred moſt remarkable in this excellent Poem. I am not ſo vain as to think theſe remarks free from faults, nor ſo diſingenuous as not to confeſs them: all writers have occaſion for indulgence, and thoſe moſt who leaſt acknowledge it. I have ſometimes uſed Madam Dacier as ſhe had done others, in tranſcribing ſome of her remarks without particularizing them; but, indeed, it was through inadvertency only that her name is ſometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in theſe, or in my part of the Tranſlation, (namely, in the ſixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is buſt juſt to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whoſe hand every ſheet was corrected. His other, and much more able aſſiſtant, was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular requeſt, that our ſeveral parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be diſtinguiſhed from his, we ought to be the leſs vain, ſince the reſemblance proceeds much leſs from our diligence and ſtudy to copy his manner, than from his own daily reviſal and correction. The moſt experienced painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critic can pronounce even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by thoſe of their ſchool; when the ſame maſter's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the ſeveral parts, and given to each their finiſhing.

I muſt not conclude without declaring our mutual ſatisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our beſt endeavours, which have contributed at leaſt to his more ſpeedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I muſt aſcribe it to his friendſhip, in tranſmitting it to poſterity by a participation in his labours. May the ſenſe I have of this, and other inſtances of that friendſhip, be known as long as his name will cauſe mine to laſt: and may I to this end be permitted, at the concluſion of a work, which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an inſcription memorial of it.

Let vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone:
Mere mortals! ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine on every heart to 'grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor, till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together, in the world's laſt fires,
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead:
Shakſpeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now every ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus, when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtriſe,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all-extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by Heaven to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the towers of Heaven, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To every theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long * that hero by unſkilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robe, a beggar trod our lands:
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt?
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.
Even I, the meaneſt of the Muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Adventurous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:

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Like their's, our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.
This labour paſt, of heavenly ſubjects ſing,
While hovering angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth, ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or, nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath thy ſway to bend;
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away..

W. BROOME.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY MR. POPE.

I CANNOT diſmiſs this Work without a few obſervations on the character and ſtyle of it. Whoever reads the Odyſſey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the ſame character, or of the ſame ſort of ſpirit, will be grievouſly deceived, and err againſt the firſt principle of criticiſm, which is, to conſider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyſſey is a moral and political work, inſtructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domeſtic life. Homer is here a perſon,

"Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,
"Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hoſpes:
"Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
"Plenius et melius Chryſippo et Crantore dicit."

The Odyſſey is the reverſe of the Iliad, in moral, ſubject, manner, and ſtyle; to which it has no ſort of relation, but as the ſtory happens to follow in order of time, and as ſome of the ſame perſons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connection many have been miſled to regard it as a continuation or ſecond part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconſiſtent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader ſhould fall into this miſtake, when ſo great a critic as Longinus ſeems not wholly free from it; although what he has ſaid has been generally underſtood to import a ſeverer cenſure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we conſider the occaſion on which it is introduced, and the circumſtances to which it is confined.

"The Odyſſey (ſays he) is an inſtance, how "natural it is to a great genius, when it begins "to grow old and decline, to delight itſelf in "narrations and fables. For that Homer compoſed the Odyſſey after the Iliad, many proofs "may be given, &c. From hence, in my judg"ment, it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written "while his ſpirit was in its greateſt vigour, the "whole ſtructure of that work is dramatic and "full of action; whereas the greater part of the "Odyſſey is employed in narration, which is the "taſte of old age: ſo that in this latter piece we "may compare him to the ſetting ſun, which has "ſtill the ſame greatneſs, but not the ſame ar"dour, or force. He ſpeaks not in the ſame "ſtrain: we ſee no more that ſublime of the "Iliad, which marches on with a conſtant pace, "without ever being ſtopped, or retarded: there "appears no more that hurry, and that ſtrong tide "of motions and paſſions, pouring one after ano"ther: there is no more the ſame fury, or the ſame "volubility of diction, ſo ſuitable to action, and all "along drawing in ſuch innumerable images of na"ture. But Homer, like the ocean, is always great, "even when he ebbs and retires; even when he "is loweſt, and loſes himſelf moſt in narrations and "incredible fictions: as inſtances of this, we can"not forget the deſcription of tempeſts, the ad"ventures of Ulyſſes with the Cyclops, and many "others. But, though all this be age, it is the "age of Homer—And it may be ſaid for the "credit of theſe fictions, that they are beautiful "dreams, or, if you will, the dreams of Jupiter "himſelf. I ſpoke of the Odyſſey only to ſhow, "that the greateſt poets, when their genius "wants ſtrength and warmth for the pathetic, "for the moſt part employ themſelves in painting "the manners. This Homer has done in cha"racteriſing the ſuitors, and deſcribing their way "of life: which is properly a branch of comedy, "whoſe peculiar buſineſs is to repreſent the man"ners of men."

We muſt firſt obſerve, it is the ſublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his ſubject. After having highly extolled the fire and ſublimity of the Iliad, he juſtly obſerves the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine, whether the elevated ſpirit of the one, or the juſt moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury, of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpiration which is to run through a whole Epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuoſity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions, of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the Iliad; but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narra-

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tion is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in theſe points accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſter-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the ſublime, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and becauſe the Odyſſey was leſs active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his ſubject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong inſtance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the ſtrength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam Dacier obſerves) compoſed the Odyſſey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both muſt in reaſon have been exactly the ſame as they now ſtand. To blame Homer for his choice of ſuch a ſubject, as did not admit the ſame incidents and the ſame pomp of ſtyle as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muſt ever after only copy himſelf.

The battle of Conſtantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: ſhall we cenſure the School of Athens as faulty, becauſe it has not the fury and fire of the other? or ſhall we ſay, that Raphael was grown grave and old, becauſe he choſe to repreſent the manners of old men and philoſophers? There is all the ſilence, tranquillity, and compoſure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the ſubject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the poet or painter be young or old, who deſigns and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was maſter, not only of his art, but of his diſcretion.

Ariſtotle makes no ſuch diſtinction between the two poems: he conſtantly cites them with equal praiſe, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyſſey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epiſtle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how oppoſite his opinion is to that of Longinus: and that the particulars he chooſes to extol, are thoſe very fictions, and pictures of the manners which the other ſeems leaſt to approve. Thoſe fables and manners are of the very eſſence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themſelves have both more invention and more inſtruction, and the manners more moral and example, than thoſe of the Iliad.

In ſome points (and thoſe the moſt eſſential to the Epic poem) the Odyſſey is confeſſed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and diſpoſition of the fable is alſo what the critics allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the caſt of this poem than of the other in the Æneid, and (what next to that is perhaps the greateſt example) in the Telemachus. In the manners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is ſo far from finding any defect in theſe, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occaſions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix, nor more circumſtantial than the converſations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of thoſe of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Neſtor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), thoſe of Glaucus in the ſixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and ſome others, muſt be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyſſey. And that the propriety of ſtyle, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had ſuffered any decay; we muſt conſider, in both his poems, ſuch parts as are of a ſimilar nature, and will bear compariſon. And it is certain we ſhall find in each the ſame vivacity and fecundity of invention, the ſame life and ſtrength of imaging and colouring, the particular deſcriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious, and as various.

The Odyſſey is a perpetual ſource of poetry: the ſtream is not the leſs full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the ſublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the ſame body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſturage.

The Odyſſey (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the Iliad. To cenſure Homer, becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to reſemble, is as if a gardener, who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo entirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this poem was "partly of "the nature of comedy," ought not, for that very reaſon, to have conſidered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that, although the character of Ulyſſes was there already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory, but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch qualities as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypſo, though a Goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the ſuitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians

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are of the ſame caſt; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, deſcend even to droll characters; and the ſcenes that appear throughout are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, ſports, loves, and the purſuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we ſhall form an idea of the ſtyle. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complection of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyſſey is not always clothed in the majeſty of verſe proper to tragedy, but ſometimes deſcends into the plainer narrative, and ſometimes even to that familiar dialogue eſſential to comedy. However, where it cannot ſupport a ſublimity, it always preſerves a dignity, or at leaſt a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eaſy, pure, perſpicuous deſcription, even of a low action. There are numerous inſtances of this both in Homer and Virgil; and, perhaps, thoſe natural paſſages are not the leaſt pleaſing of their works. It is often the ſame in hiſtory, where the repreſentation of common, or even domeſtic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the livelieſt impreſſion on the reader.

The queſtion is, how far a poet, in purſuing the deſcription or image of an action, can attach himſelf to little circumſtances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be conſulted, and the whole regard had to thoſe circumſtances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confuſed, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of a vaſt ſervice to this effect, and the right uſe of theſe is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to diſtinguiſh when to ſpeak ſimply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his ſubject to deſcend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated ſtyle would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowneſs, the more the image would be broken, and conſequently obſcure.

One may add, that the uſe of the grand ſtyle on little ſubjects, is not only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is uſing a vaſt force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative ſtyle, without being ridiculous, but things natural can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into dignity, as we ſee in the Georgics: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies cenſure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenſure; therefore they may be elevated as much as you pleaſe, and no ridicule follow: but when rational beings are repreſented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, becauſe it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous, by having their actions and manners repreſented on a level with creatures ſo ſuperior as men; ſince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The uſe of pompous expreſſion, for low actions or thoughts, is the true ſublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock Epic. It is for far from being the ſublime of Tragedy, that it is the cauſe of all bombaſt: when poets, inſtead of being (as they imagine) conſtantly lofty, only preſerve throughout a painful equality of fuſtian: that continued ſwell of language (which runs indiſcriminately even through their loweſt characters, and rattles like ſome mightineſs of meaning in the moſt indifferent ſubjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it and which is not ſpeaking, but vociferating.

There is ſtill more reaſon for a variation of ſtyle in Epic poetry than in tragic, to diſtinguiſh between that language of the Gods proper to the Muſe who ſings, and is inſpir'd; and that of men, who are introduced ſpeaking only according to nature. Further, there ought to be a difference of ſtyle obſerved in the ſpeeches of human perſons, and thoſe of Deities; and again, in thoſe which may be called ſet harangues, or orations, and thoſe which are only converſation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer ſtill performs by ſpeeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almoſt unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic; and conſequently neceſſitates the frequent uſe of a lower ſtyle. The writers of Tragedy lie under the ſame neceſſity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction, which they perpetually uſe, would be improper even in orations deſigned to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of Demoſthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in thoſe of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the ſtyle of them ought to be from ſuch an exceſs of figures and ornaments; which indeed fits only that language of the Gods we have been ſpeaking of, or that of a Muſe under inſpiration.

To read through a whole work in this ſtrain, is like travelling all along the ridge of a hill; which is not half ſo agreeable as ſometimes gradually to riſe, and ſometimes gently to deſcend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed, the true reaſon that ſo few poets have imitated Homer in theſe lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preſerving that mixture of eaſe and dignity eſſential to them. For it is as hard for an Epic poem to ſtoop to the narrative with ſucceſs, as for a prince to deſcend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatneſs.

The ſublime ſtyle is more eaſily counterfeited than the natural; ſomething that paſſes for it, or ſounds like it, is common in all falſe writers: but nature, purity, perſpicuity, and ſimplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exiſt.

The moſt plain narration not only admits of

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theſe, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of ſtyle), but it requires every one of them to render it pleaſing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a ſhare of the ſublime, may paſs, notwithſtanding any defects in the reſt; nay, ſometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his loweſt narrations or ſpeeches, is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear and harmonious. He ſhows not leſs invention, in aſſembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor leſs judgment, in proportioning the ſtyle and the verſification to theſe, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the ſame genius that ſoared the higheſt, and from whom the greateſt models of the ſublime are divided, was alſo he who ſtooped the loweſt, and gave to the ſimple narrative its utmoſt perfection. Which of theſe was the harder taſk to Homer himſelf I cannot pretend to determine: but to his tranſlator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations muſt be) that of the latter has been more difficult.

Whoever expects here the ſame pomp of verſe, and the ſame ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, he will, and he ought to be diſappointed. Were the original otherwiſe, it had been an offence againſt nature; and were the tranſlation ſo, it were an offence againſt Homer, which is the ſame thing.

It muſt be allowed that there is a majeſty and harmony in the Greek language, which greatly contribute to elevate and ſupport the narration. But I muſt alſo obſerve, that this is an advantage grown upon the language ſince Homer's time: for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of uſe; and if the words we could find in any preſent language were equally ſonorous or muſical in themſelves, they would ſtill appear leſs poetical and uncommon than thoſe of a dead one, from this only circumſtance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another diſadvantage to a tranſlator, from a different cauſe: Homer ſeems to have taken upon him the character of an hiſtorian, antiquary, divine, and profeſſor of arts and ſciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of theſe characters he deſcends into many particularities, which as a poet only, perhaps he would have avoided. All theſe ought to be preſerved by a faithful tranſlator, who in ſome meaſure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him, is to make them as poetical as the ſubject will bear. Many arts therefore, are requiſite to ſupply theſe diſadvantages, in order to dignify and ſolemnize thoſe plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some uſe has been made to this end of the ſtyle of Milton. A juſt and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect, like the working of old abbey ſtones into a building, which I have ſometimes ſeen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not deſtroy the neatneſs, elegance, and equality, requiſite to a new work; I mean, without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the preſent purity of writing, or from that eaſe and ſmoothneſs which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a ſtyle judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road muſt be as good, as the way is ancient, the ſtyle muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to ſhort ſtops by ſudden abruptneſſes, or puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions. No man delights in furrows and ſtumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. The imitators of Milton, like moſt other imitators, are not copies but caricaturas of their original; they are a hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo in all places: whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of Milton, that he is not laviſh of his exotic words and phraſes every where alike, but employs them much more where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt, and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unuſual ſtyle better ſerves to awaken our ideas in the deſcriptions, and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower ſort of narrations, the character of which, is ſimplicity and purity. Milton has ſeveral of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for ſome hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed, that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other epic poets) to imitate Homer's lowneſſes in the narrative, ſhould not alſo have copied his plainneſs and perſpicuity in the dramatic parts: ſince in his ſpeeches (where clearneſs above all is neceſſary) there is frequently ſuch tranſpoſition and forced conſtruction, that the very ſenſe is not to be diſcovered without a ſecond or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preſerve the true character of Homer's ſtyle in the preſent tranſlation, great pains have been taken to be eaſy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plauſible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleaſed all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of thoſe gentlemen who joined with me, ſhown as much of the ſeverity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a ſtrict animadverſion and correction. What aſſiſtance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original propoſals for this work, and the particulars are ſpecified at the concluſion of it; to which I muſt add (to be punctually juſt) ſome part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and conſequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have beſtowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were conſiſtent with the indiſpenſable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched ſtate of health which God has been pleaſed to make my portion. At leaſt, it is a pleaſure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greateſt and moſt ancient of poets, with ſome dignity; and I

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hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyssey, I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this postscript here: but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity to say a few words about some reflections which the late Madam Dacier bestowed on the first part of my preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of that poem ‖.

To write gravely an answer to them, would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet; and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the heritics of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this author, have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed?

All this however has happened; and Madam Dacier's criticisms on my preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean, the error of depending on injurious and unskilful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our island-tongue was as necessary to Madam Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles blind censurers, and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my preface, than those blind censurers might have known of Homer's even from the translation of La Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleased me, however, to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to combat two or three similies; and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes, and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say, more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, or some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like an heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer opinions, and she delivers doctrines; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer against me, who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a

‖ Second edition, a Paris, 1719.

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little qualification. I confeſſed that in my opinion the world was mended in ſome points, ſuch as the cuſtom of putting whole nations to the ſword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual ſlavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwiſe in this; but as to the reſt, particularly in preferring the ſimplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, ſhe owns we agree. This I thought was well; but I am ſo unfortunate that this too is taken amiſs, and called adopting or (if you will) ſtealing her ſentiment. The truth is, ſhe might have ſaid her words, for I uſed them on purpoſe, being then profeſſedly citing from her: though I might have done the ſame without intending that compliment, for they are alſo to be found in Euſtathius, and the ſentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to ſay to this whole remark; only that in the firſt part of it, Madam Dacier is diſpleaſed that I do not agree with her, and in the laſt that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man ſhould overlook in a lady.

To puniſh my ingratitude, ſhe reſolves to expoſe my blunders, and ſelects two which I ſuppoſe are the moſt flagrant, out of the many for which ſhe could have chaſtiſed me. It happens that the firſt of theſe is in part the tranſlator's, and in part her own, without any ſhare of mine: ſhe quotes the end of a ſentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in Engliſh: "Homer (I ſaid) opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of fable;" which he tranſlates, Homere crea pour ſon uſage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.

Madam Dacier juſtly wonders at this nonſenſe in me; and I, in the tranſlator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly diſtinguiſhed from that extenſive ſenſe in which ſhe took it, by theſe words: "If Homer was not the firſt who introduced the "Deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry."

The other blunder ſhe accuſes me of is, the miſtaking a paſſage in Ariſtotle, and ſhe is pleaſed to ſend me back to this philoſopher's treatiſe of Poetry, and to her preface on the Odyſſey, for my better inſtruction. Now, though I am ſaucy enough to think that one may ſometimes differ from Ariſtotle without blundering, and though I am ſure one may ſometimes fall into an error by following him ſervilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never ſaid, is a blunder; (but, by the way, to correct an author for what he never ſaid, is ſomewhat worſe than a blunder.) My words were theſe: "As there is a greater "variety of characters in the Iliad than in any "other poem, ſo there is of ſpeeches. Every thing "in it has manners, as Ariſtotle expreſſes it; that "is, every thing is acted or ſpoken: very little "paſſes in narration." She juſtly ſays, that "Every thing which is acted or ſpoken, has not "neceſſarily manners merely becauſe it is acted "or ſpoken." Agreed: but I would aſk the queſtion, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor ſpoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almoſt ſpent in ſpeech and action, almoſt every thing in it has manners, ſince Homer has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occaſion of ſhowing this bright part of his talent.

To ſpeak fairly, it is impoſſible ſhe could read even the tranſlation, and take my ſenſe ſo wrong as ſhe repreſents it; but I was firſt tranſlated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expreſſion indeed was not quite exact; it ſhould have been, "Every thing has manners as Ariſtotle calls "them." But ſuch a fault methinks might have been ſpared, ſince if one was to look with that diſpoſition ſhe diſcovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find ſome miſtakes which no context can redreſs; as where ſhe makes Euſtathius call Cratiſthenes the Phliaſian, Calliſthenes the Phyſician †. What a triumph might ſome ſlips of this ſort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which ſhe was only ſcreened by their happy ignorance! How unlucky had it been, when ſhe inſulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material paſſage in the ‖ ſpeech of Helen to Hector, Iliad vi. if ſome champion for the moderns had by chance underſtood ſo much Greek, as to whiſper him, that there was no ſuch paſſage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealouſy, for our great author's honour, were mutual; our endeavours to advance it were equal; and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as ſhe could in mine. It was one of the many reaſons I had to wiſh the longer life of this lady, that I muſt certainly have regained her good opinion, in ſpite of all miſrepreſenting tranſlators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as paſſionate, an admirer of Homer as herſelf. For that was the firſt condition of her favour and friendſhip; otherwiſe not one's taſte alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been ſuſpected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whoſe doctrine is ſo conformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expreſſing their belief, ſome purely by public and general acts of worſhip, others by a reverend ſort of reaſoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the ſame in admiration, ſome prove it by exclamations, others by reſpect. I have obſerved that the loudeſt huzzas given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the ſame with the rabble of critics, a deſire to be diſtinguiſhed from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthuſiaſt; and though I am an Engliſhman, I would not be furiouſly of a party. I am far from thinking myſelf that genius, upon whom, at the end of theſe remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of "correcting Homer, and

† Dacier Remarques ſur le 4me livre de l'Odyſſ. p. 476.
‖ De la Corruption du Gout.

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"consequently of reforming mankind, and a-"mending this constitution." It was not to Great-Britain this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that, as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We stedfastly and unanimously believe both his poem, and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. For, therefore, from the genius for which Madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject.

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THE

ODES OF PINDAR,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY

GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

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PREFACE.

OF all the great writers of antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer portion of fame after death, than Pindar. Pauſanias tells us, that the character of Poet was really and truly conſecrated in his perſon, by the God of poets himſelf (*a*), who was pleaſed by an expreſs oracle to order the inhabitants of Delphi to ſet apart for Pindar one half of the firſt-fruit offerings brought by the religious to his ſhrine; and to allow him a place in his temple; where in an iron chair he was uſed to ſit and ſing his hymns, in honour of that God. This chair was remaining in the time of (*b*) Pauſianias (ſeveral hundred years after) to whom it was ſhown as a relic not unworthy the ſanctity and magnificence of that holy place. Pan (*c*) likewiſe, another Muſical Divinity, is reported to have ſkipped and jumped for joy, while the Nymphs were dancing in honour of the birth of this Prince of Lyric Poetry; and to have been afterwards ſo much delighted with his compoſitions, as to have ſung his Odes in the hearing even of the poet himſelf (*d*). Unhappily for us, and indeed for Pindar, thoſe parts of his works, which procured him theſe extraordinary teſtimonies from the Gods (or from mortals rather, who by the invention of theſe fables meant only to expreſs the high opinion they entertained of this great poet) are all loſt; I mean his hymns to the ſeveral Deities of the Heathen World. And even of thoſe writings, to which his leſs extravagant, but more ſerious and more laſting glory is owing, only the leaſt, and, according to ſome people, the worſt part is now remaining. Theſe are his Odes inſcribed to the Conquerors in the Four ſacred Games of Greece. By theſe Odes therefore are we now left to judge of the merit of Pindar, as they are the only living evidences of his character.

Among the moderns (*e*) thoſe men of learning of the trueſt taſte and judgment, who have read and conſidered the writings of this Author in their original language, have all agreed to confirm the great character given of him by the Ancients. And to ſuch who are ſtill able to examine Pindar himſelf, I ſhall leave him to ſtand or fall by his own merit; only beſpeaking their candour in my own behalf, if they ſhould think it worth their while to peruſe the following tranſlations of ſome of his Odes: which I here offer chiefly to the Engliſh reader, to whom alone I deſire to addreſs a few conſiderations, in order to prepare him to form a right judgment, and indeed to have any reliſh of the compoſitions of this great Lyric Poet, who, notwithſtanding, muſt needs appear before him under great diſadvantages.

To begin with removing ſome prejudices againſt this author, that have ariſen from certain writings known by the name of Pindaric Odes; I muſt inſiſt that very few, which I remember to have read under that title, not excepting even thoſe written by the admired Mr. Cowley, whoſe wit and fire firſt brought them into reputation, have the leaſt reſemblance to the manner of the author, whom they pretend to imitate, and from whom they derive their name; or, if any, it is ſuch a reſemblance only as is expreſſed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monſtrous and diſtorted likeneſs. This obſervation has been already made by Mr. Congreve in his preface (*f*) to two admirable Odes, written profeſſedly in imitation of Pindar; and I may add, ſo much in his true manner and ſpirit, that he ought by all means to be excepted out of the number of thoſe who have brought this author into diſcredit by pretending to reſemble him.

Neither has Mr. Cowley, though he drew from the life, given a much truer picture of Pindar in the Tranſlations he made of two of his Odes. I ſay not this to detract from Mr. Cowley, whoſe genius, perhaps, was not inferior to that of Pindar himſelf, or either of thoſe other two great poets, Horace and Virgil, whoſe names have been beſtowed upon him, but chiefly to apologiſe for my having ventured to tranſlate the ſame Odes; and to prepare the reader for the wide difference he will find between many parts of *his* Tranſlations and *mine*.

Mr. Cowley and his imitators (for all the Pindaric writers ſince his time have only mimicked him, while they fancied they were imitating Pindar) have fallen themſelves, and by their examples have led the world, into two miſtakes with regard to the character of Pindar: both which are pointed out by Mr. Congreve in the preface above mentioned, and in the following words:

" The character of theſe late Pindarics is a " bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, ex- " preſſed in a like parcel of irregular ſtanzas, " which alſo conſiſt of ſuch another complication " of diſproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed " verſes and rhymes. And I appeal to any read- " er, if this is not the condition in which theſe " titular Odes appeared.

" On the contrary (adds he) there is nothing " more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as " to the exact obſervation of the meaſures and " numbers of his ſtanzas and verſes, and the per-

(*a*) Pauſ. in Bœot. (*b*) Pauſ. in Phoc.
(*c*) Philoſtratus in Icon. (*d*) Plut. in Numa.
(*e*) See Abbe Fraguier's character of Pindar, printed in the 3d Vol. of Memoire de l' Academie Royale, &c, and Bennet's life of Pindar, in the Lives of the Greek Poets.

(*f*) Preſerved in the preſent collection.

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" petual coherence of his thoughts: for though " his digreſſions are frequent, and his tranſitions " ſudden, yet is there ever ſome ſecret connec- " tion, which, though not always appearing to " the eye, never fails to communicate itſelf to " the underſtanding of the reader."

Upon theſe two points, namely, the regularity of meaſure in Pindar's Odes, and the connection of his thoughts, I ſhall beg leave to make a few obſervations.

Theſe Odes were all compoſed to be ſung by a Chorus, either at the entertainments given by the Conquerors (to whom they were inſcribed) or their friends, on account of their victories, or at the ſolemn ſacrifices made to the Gods upon thoſe occaſions. They conſiſt generally of three ſtanzas, of which the following account was communicated to me by a learned and ingenious friend.

" Beſides what is ſaid of the Greek Ode in the " Scholiaſt upon Pindar, I find (ſays he) the fol- " lowing paſſage in the Scholia on Hephæſtion; " it is the very laſt paragraph of thoſe Scholia."

The paſſage cited by him is in Greek, inſtead of which I ſhall inſert the Tranſlation of it in Engliſh.

You muſt know that the Ancients (in their Odes) framed two larger ſtanzas, *and* one leſs; *the* firſt *of the* larger ſtanzas *they called* Strophé, *ſinging it on their feſtivals at the altars of the Gods, and dancing at the ſame time. The* ſecond *they called* Antiſtrophé, *in which they inverted the dance. The* leſſer *ſtanza was named the* Epode, *which they ſung ſtanding ſtill. The* Strophé, *as they ſay, denoted the motion of the* higher Sphere, *the* Antiſtrophé *that of the* Planets, *the* Epode *the* fixed ſtation *and repoſe of the* Earth.

" From this paſſage, it appears evident that " theſe Odes were accompanied with dancing; " and that they danced one way while the Stro- " phé was ſinging, and then danced back again " while the Antiſtrophé was ſung: Which ſhows " why thoſe two Parts conſiſted of the ſame length " and meaſure; then, when the Dancers were re- " turned to the place whence they ſet out, before " they renewed the dance, they ſtood ſtill while " the Epode was ſung.

" If the ſame perſons both danced and ſung, " when we conſider how much breath is required " for a full Song, perhaps one may incline to think, " that the Strophé and Antiſtrophé partook ſome- " thing of the Recitative manner, and that the " Epode was the more complete Air.

" There is a paſſage in the ancient gramma- " rian, Marius Victorinus, which is much to the " ſame purpoſe as this above, though he does " not diſtinctly ſpeak of dancing. The paſſage " is this:

" Pleraque Lyricorum carminum, quæ verſu, " coliſque & commatibus componuntur, ex Stro- " phé, Antiſtrophé, & Epodo, ut Græci appel- " lant, ordinata ſubſiſtunt. Quorum ratio talis " eſt. Antiqui Deorum laudes carminibus com- " prehenſas, circum aras eorum euntes canebant. " Cujus primum ambitum, quem ingrediebantur " ex parte dextrâ, Strophen vocabant; reverſionem " autem ſiniſtroſum factam, completo priore orbe, " Antiſtrophen appellabant. Deinde in con- " ſpectu Deorum ſoliti conſiſtere cantici, reliqua " conſequebantur, appellantes id Epodon.

" The writers I have quoted ſpeak only of " Odes, ſung in the temples: but Demetrius " Triclinius, upon the meaſures of Sophocles, ſays " the ſame thing upon the Odes of the Tragic " Chorus.

" What the Scholiaſt upon Hephæſtion, cited " above, adds about the Heavenly Motions, &c. " is alſo ſaid by Victorinus, and by Demetrius " Triclinius, and likewiſe by the Scholiaſt on " Pindar. Yet I conſider this in no other light " than I do the fantaſtical conceits with which " the writers on Muſic abound. Ptolemy, out " of his three Books of Harmonics, employs one " almoſt entirely upon comparing the principles " of Muſic with the motions of the Planets, the " faculties of the mind, and other ſuch ridiculous " imaginations. And Ariſtides Quintilianus, ſup- " poſed an older author, is full of the ſame fool- " eries. Marius Victorinus has another ſcheme " alſo, viz. that the dancing forwards and back- " wards was invented by Theſeus, in memory of " the labyrinth out of which he eſcaped. But " all this is taking much unneceſſary pains to ac- " count why, when Dancers have gone as far as " they can one way, they ſhould return back a- " gain; or at leaſt not dance in the ſame circle " till they are giddy."

Such was the ſtructure of the Greek Ode, in which the Strophé and the Antiſtrophé, i. e. the firſt and ſecond ſtanzas, contained always the ſame number and the ſame kind of verſes. The Epode was of a different length and meaſure; and if the Ode ran out into any length, it was always divided into Triplets of ſtanzas, the two firſt being conſtantly of the ſame length and meaſure, and all the Epodes in like manner correſponding exactly with each other: from all which the regularity of this kind of compoſitions is ſufficiently evident. There are indeed ſome Odes, which conſiſt of Strophés, and Antiſtrophés without any Epode; and others which are made up of Strophés only, of different lengths and meaſures. But the greateſt number of Pindar's Odes are of the firſt kind.

I have in the tranſlation retained the names of Strophé and Antiſtrophé, on purpoſe to imprint the more ſtrongly on the mind of the Engliſh reader, the exact regularity obſerved by Pindar in the ſtructure of his Odes; and have even followed his example in one, which in the original conſiſts only of two Strophés.

Another charge againſt Pindar relates to the ſuppoſed wildneſs of his imagination, his extravagant digreſſions, and ſudden tranſitions, which leads me to conſider the ſecond point, viz. *the connection of his thoughts.* Upon which I ſhall ſay but little in this place, having endeavoured to point out the *connection*, and account for many of the *digreſſions*, in my Arguments and Notes to the ſeveral Odes which I have tranſlated. Here, therefore, I ſhall only obſerve in general, that whoever imagines the *victories* and *praiſes* of the Conquerors are the proper *ſubjects* of the Odes inſcribed to them, will find himſelf miſtaken.

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These *victories* indeed gave occasion to these songs of triumph, and are therefore constantly taken notice of by the Poet, as are also any particular and remarkable circumstances relating to *them*, or to the lives and characters of the Conquerors themselves: but, as such circumstances could rarely furnish out matter sufficient for an Ode of any length, so would it have been an indecency unknown to the civil equality and freedom, as well as to the simplicity of the age in which Pindar lived, to have filled a poem intended to be sung in public, and even at the altars of the Gods, with the praises of one man only; who, besides, was often no otherwise considerable, but as the victory which gave occasion to the Ode had made him. For these reasons, the Poet, in order to give his poem its due extent, was obliged to have recourse to other circumstances, arising either from the family or country of the Conqueror, from the Games in which he had come off victorious, or from the particular deities who had any relation to the occasion, or in whose temples the Ode was intended to be sung. All these, and many other particulars, which the reading the Odes of Pindar may suggest to an attentive observer, gave hints to the Poet, and led him into those frequent digressions, and quick transitions, which it is no wonder should appear to us at this distance of time and place both extravagant and unaccountable.

Upon the whole, I am persuaded that whoever will consider the Odes of Pindar with regard to the manners and customs of the age in which they were written, the occasions which gave birth to them, and the places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little reason to censure Pindar for want of order and regularity in the plans of his compositions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him, for raising so many beauties from such trivial hints, and for kindling, as he sometimes does, so great a flame from a single spark, and with so little fuel.

There is still another prejudice against Pindar, which may arise in the minds of those people who are not thoroughly acquainted with ancient history, and who may therefore be apt to think meanly of Odes, inscribed to a set of conquerors, whom possibly they may look upon only as so many prize-fighters and jockeys. To obviate this prejudice, I have prefixed to my translation of Pindar's Odes a Dissertation (*g*) on the Olympic Games: in which the reader will see what kind of persons these Conquerors were, and what was the nature of those famous Games; of which every one, who has but just looked into the history of Greece, must know enough to desire to be better acquainted with them. The collection is as full as I have been able to make it, assisted by the labours of a learned Frenchman, Pierre de Faur, who, in his Book intituled Agonisticon, hath gathered almost every thing that is mentioned in any of the Greek or Latin writers relating to the Grecian games, which he has thrown together in no very clear order; as is observed by his countryman Monf. Burette, who hath written several pieces on the subject of the Gymnastic Exercises, inserted in the Second Volume of "Memoires de l'Academie Royale, &c." printed at Amsterdam, 1719. In this dissertation I have endeavoured to give a complete history of the Olympic Games: of which kind there is not, that I know of, any treatise now extant; those written upon this subject by some of the Ancients being all lost, and not being supplied by any learned Modern, at least not so fully as might have been done, and as so considerable an article of the Grecian Antiquities seemed to demand. As I flatter myself that even the learned reader will in this dissertation meet with many points which have hitherto escaped his notice, and much light reflected from thence upon the Odes of Pindar in particular, as well as upon many passages in other Greek writers, I shall rather desire him to excuse those errors and defects which he may happen to discover in it, than apologize for the length of it.

Having now removed the chief prejudices and objections which have been too long and too generally entertained against the writings of Pindar, I need say but little of his real character, as the principal parts of it may be collected from the very faults imputed to him; which are indeed no other than the excesses of great and acknowledged beauties, such as a poetical imagination, a warm and enthusiastic genius, a bold and figurative expression, and a concise and sententious style. These are the characteristical beauties of Pindar; and to these his greatest blemishes, generally speaking, are so near allied, that they have sometimes been mistaken for each other. I cannot however help observing, that he is so entirely free from any thing like the far-fetched thoughts, the witty extravagances, and puerile *conceiti* of Mr. Cowley and the rest of his imitators, that I cannot recollect so much as even a single *antitheſis* in all his Odes.

Longinus indeed confesses, that Pindar's flame is sometimes extinguished, and that he now and then sinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but he prefers him, with all his faults, to a poet who keeps on in one constant tenor of mediocrity, and who, though he seldom falls very low, yet never rises to those astonishing heights, which sometimes make the head even of a great poet giddy, and occasion those slips which they at the same time excuse.

But, notwithstanding all that has or can be said in favour of Pindar, he must still appear, as I before observed, under great disadvantages, especially to the English reader. Much of this fire, which formerly warmed and dazzled all Greece, must necessarily be lost even in the best translation. Besides, to say nothing of many beauties peculiar to the Greek, which cannot be expressed in English, and perhaps not in any other language, there are in these Odes so many references to secret history, so many allusions to persons, things, and places, now altogether unknown, and which, were they known, would very little interest or affect the reader, and withal such a mixture of

(*g*) For this Dissertation, and the learned Author's copious notes in the following Odes, we must refer the curious reader to the work at large.

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mythology and antiquity, that I almoſt deſpair of their being reliſhed by any, but thoſe who have, if not a great deal of *claſſical learning*, yet ſomewhat at leaſt of an *antique* and *claſſical taſte*.

Every reader, however, may ſtill find in Pindar ſomething to make amends for the loſs of thoſe beauties, which have been ſet at too great a diſtance, and in ſome places worn off and obliterated by time; namely, a great deal of good ſenſe, many wiſe reflections, and many moral ſentences, together with a due regard to religion; and from hence he may be able to form to himſelf ſome idea of Pindar as a man, though he ſhould be obliged to take his character as a poet from others.

But that he may not for this rely altogether upon my opinion, I ſhall here produce the teſtimonies of two great poets, whoſe excellent writings are ſufficient evidences both of their taſte and judgment. The firſt was long and univerſally admired, and is ſtill as much regretted, by the preſent age: the latter, who wrote about ſeventeen hundred years ago, was the delight and ornament of the politeſt and moſt learned age of Rome. And though even to him, Pindar, who lived ſome centuries before him, muſt have appeared under ſome of the diſadvantages above mentioned, yet *he* had the opportunity of ſeeing all his works which were extant in his time, and of which he hath given a ſort of catalogue, together with their ſeveral characters: an advantage which the *former* wanted, who muſt therefore be underſtood to ſpeak only of thoſe Odes which are now remaining. And indeed he alludes to thoſe only, in the following paſſage of his "Temple of Fame." *Pope's* Works, ſmall Edit. Vol. III. p. 17. ver. 210.

"Four Swans (*b*) ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
"With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for
" flight:
"Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
"And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
"Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
"And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
"The figur'd Games of Greece the column
" grace,
"Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race:
"The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
"The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone:
"The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
"And all appear'd irregularly great."

The other paſſage is from Horace, lib. IV. Ode 2. viz.

"Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, &c."

which, for the benefit of the Engliſh reader, I have thus tranſlated:

He, who aſpires to reach the towering height
Of matchleſs Pindar's heaven-aſcending ſtrain,
Shall fink, unequal to the arduous flight,
Like him, who falling nam'd th' Icarian main;

Preſumptuous youth! to tempt forbidden ſkies!
And hope above the clouds on *waxen* plumes to riſe!

Pindar, like ſome fierce torrent ſwoln with ſhowers,
Or ſudden cataracts of melting ſnow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With deſultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vaſt, unfathomable ſong.

The Delphic laurel ever ſure to gain;
Whether with lawleſs Dithyrambic rage
Wild and tumultuous flows the ſounding ſtrain,
Or in more order'd verſe ſublimely ſage
To Gods and Sons of Gods his lyre he ſtrings,
And of fierce Centaurs ſlain, and dire Chimæra ſings.

Or whether Piſa's Victors be his theme,
The valiant champion and the rapid ſteed;
Who from the banks of Alpheus, ſacred ſtream,
Triumphant bear Olympia's olive meed;
And from their Bard receive the tuneful boon,
Richer than ſculptur'd braſs, or imitating ſtone.

Or whether with the widow'd mourner's tear,
He mingles ſoft his Elegiac ſong;
With Dorian ſtrains to deck th' untimely bier
Of ſome diſaſtrous bridegroom fair and young;
Whoſe virtues, in his deifying lays,
Through the black gloom of death with ſtar-like radiance blaze.

When to the clouds, along th' æthereal plain,
His airy way the Theban Swan purſues,
Strong rapid gales his ſounding plumes ſuſtain:
While, wondering at his flight, my timorous Muſe
In ſhort excurſions tires her feeble wings,
And in ſequeſter'd ſhades and flowery gardens ſings.

There, like the bee, that, from each odorous bloom,
Each fragrant offſpring of the dewy field,
With painful art, extracts the rich perfume,
Solicitous her honied dome to build,
Exerting all her induſtry and care,
She toils with humble ſweets her meaner verſe to rear.

The remainder of this Ode has no relation to the preſent ſubject, and is therefore omitted.

The following Collection of Poems (to borrow the metaphor made uſe of by Horace) conſiſts wholly of ſweets, drawn from the rich and flowery fields of Greece. And if in theſe Tranſlations any of the native ſpirit and fragrancy of the Originals ſhall appear to be tranſfuſed, I ſhall content myſelf with the humble merit of the little laborious inſect above mentioned. But I muſt not here omit acquainting the reader, that among theſe, immediately after the Odes of Pindar, is inſerted a tranſlation of an Ode (*i*) of Horace, done by a gentleman, the peculiar excellence of

(*b*) *Four ſwans ſuſtain, &c.*) Pindar, being ſeated in a Chariot, alludes to the Horſe-races he celebrated in the Grecian Games. The Swans are emblems of poetry; their ſoaring poſture intimates the ſublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune preſided over the Iſthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian Games. This note is of the *Author.*

(*i*) This Ode, in full conformity to Mr. Weſt's intention, is ſtill (though reſtored to its proper writer) preſerved in the preſent volume.

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whoſe genius hath often revealed what his modeſty would have kept a ſecret. And to this I might have truſted to inform the world, that the Tranſlation I am now ſpeaking of, though inſerted amongſt mine, was not done by me, were I not deſirous of teſtifying the pride and pleaſure I take in ſeeing, in this and ſome other inſtances, his admirable pieces blended and joined with mine; an evidence and emblem at the ſame time of that friendſhip, which hath long ſubſiſted between us, and which I ſhall always eſteem a ſingular felicity and honour to myſelf.

The Authors, from whom the other pieces are tranſlated, are ſo well known, that I need ſay nothing of them in this place; neither ſhall I detain the reader with any farther account of the tranſlations themſelves, than only to acquaint him, that I tranſlated the Dramatic Poem of Lucian upon the Gout, when I was myſelf under an attack of that incurable diſtemper, which I mention by way of excuſe; and that all the other pieces, excepting only the Hymn of Cleanthes, were written many years ago, at a time when I read and wrote, like moſt other people, for amuſement only. If the reader finds they give any to him, I ſhall be very glad of it; for it is doing ſome ſervice to human ſociety, *to amuſe innocently*; and they know very little of human nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exerciſe of its duties, or in high and important meditations.

ODE.

Occaſioned by reading Mr. Weſt's Tranſlation of Pindar, by the Rev. Dr. Joſeph Warton.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy ſons a voice divine have heard,
The Man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
Hark! with freſh rage and undiminiſh'd fire,
The ſweet enthuſiaſt ſmites the Britiſh lyre;
The ſounds that echoed on Alphéus' ſtreams,
Reach the delighted ear of liſtening Thames;
Lo! ſwift acroſs the duſty plain
Great Theron's foaming courſers ſtrain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous ſong?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping art,
Nor touch, nor can tranſport th' unfeeling heart;
Pindar, our inmoſt boſom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirſt of arms:
When freedom ſpeaks in his majeſtic ſtrain,
The patriot-paſſions beat in every vein:
We long to ſit with heroes old,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
* Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
And ſtill of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3.

Away, enervate Baſtls, away,
Who ſpin the courtly, ſilken lay,
† As wreaths for ſome vain Louis' head,
Or mourn ſome ſoft Adonis dead:
No more your poliſh'd Lyrics boaſt,
In Britiſh Pindar's ſtrength o'erwhelm'd and loſt:
As well might ye compare
The glimmerings of a waxen flame
(Emblem of Verſe correctly tame)
¶ To his own Ætna's ſulphur-ſpouting caves,
When to Heaven's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart through the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring cataracts down Andes' channel'd ſteeps
Mark how enormous Orellana ſweeps!
Monarch of mighty Floods! ſupremely ſtrong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills collected ſnows:
Thence over nameleſs regions widely flows,
Round fragrant iſles, and citron-groves,
Where ſtill the naked Indian roves,
And ſafely builds his leafy bower,
From ſlavery far, and curſt Iberian power;

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O Parent of the Lyre,
Let me for ever thy ſweet ſons admire!
O ancient Greece, but chief the Bard whoſe lays
The matchleſs tale of Troy divine emblaze;
And next Euripides, ſoft pity's prieſt,
Who melts in uſeful Woes the bleeding breaſt;
And him, who paints th' inceſtuous king,
Whoſe ſoul amaze and horror wring;
Teach me to taſte their charms refin'd,
The richeſt banquet of the enraptur'd mind.

II. 3.

For the bleſt man, the Muſe's child ‖,
On whoſe auſpicious birth ſhe ſmil'd,
Whoſe ſoul ſhe form'd of purer fire,
For whom ſhe tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
No widow's midnight ſhrieks, nor burning towns,
The peaceful Poet pleaſe:
Nor ceaſeleſs toils for ſordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor ſtateſman's ſchemes,
Nor all deceiv'd ambition's feveriſh dreams,
Lure his contented heart from the ſweet vale of eaſe.

* See 2 Olymp. Od.
† Alluding to the French and Italian Lyric Poets.
¶ See 1 Pyth. Od.
‖ Hor. lib. IV. Od. iii.

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ODES OF PINDAR.

" Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ."

VIRG. Georg. I. iii.

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Hiero of Syracuſe, who, in the Seventy-third Olympiad, obtained the Victory in the Race of Single Horſes.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject of this Ode being a victory obtained by Hiero in the Olympic Games, Pinder ſets out with ſhowing the ſuperiority and pre-eminence of thoſe Games over all others; among which, he ſays, they hold the ſame rank, as water (which, according to the opinion of Thales and other Philoſophers, was the original of all things) among the elements, and Gold among the gifts of Fortune. Wherefore, continues he, O my heart, if thou art inclined to ſing of Games, it would be as abſurd to think of any other but the Olympic Games, as to look for ſtars in the ſky when the ſun is ſhining in his meridian glory; eſpecially as all the Gueſts at Hiero's table (among which number it is not improbable, that Pinder was one at this time) are ſinging odes upon that ſubject. From the mention of Hiero, he falls into a ſhort panegyric upon his virtues, and then paſſes to what gave occaſion to this Ode, *viz.* his Olympic victory; under which head he makes honourable mention of his horſe Phrenicus (for that was his name), who gained the victory, and ſpread his maſter's glory as far as Piſa, or Olympia, the ancient reſidence of Pelops the ſon of Tantalus; into a long account of whom he digreſſes: and ridiculing, as abſurd and impious, the ſtory of his having been cut in pieces by his father Tantalus, boiled and ſerved up at an entertainment given by him to the gods, relates another ſtory, which he thought more to the honour both of Pelops and the Gods. This relation he concludes with the account of Pelops vanquiſhing Oenomaus, king of Piſa, in the chariot-race, and by the victory gaining his daughter Hippodamia, ſettling at Piſa, and being there honoured as a God. From this relation the Poet falls again naturally into an account of the Olympic Games, and, after a ſhort reflection upon the felicity of thoſe who gained the Olympic crown, returns to the praiſes of Hiero; with which, and ſome occaſional reflections on the proſperity of Hiero, to whom he wiſhes a continuance of his good fortune and a long reign, he cloſes his Ode.

STROPHE I.

CHIEF of Nature's works divine,
Water claims the higheſt praiſe:
Richeſt offſpring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whoſe flaſhing rays
From afar conſpicuous gleam,
Through the night's involving cloud,
Firſt in luſtre and eſteem,
Decks the treaſures of the proud:
So among the liſts of fame
Piſa's honour'd games excel;
Then to Piſa's glorious name
Tune, O Muſe, thy ſounding ſhell.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Who along the deſert air
Seeks the faded ſtarry train,
When the ſun's meridian car
Round illumes th' ætherial plain?
Who a nobler theme can chooſe
Than Olympia's ſacred Games?
What more apt to fire the Muſe,
When her various ſongs ſhe frames?
Songs in ſtrains of wiſdom dreſt
Great Saturnius to record,
And by each rejoicing gueſt
Sung at Hiero's feaſtful board.

EPODE I.

In paſtoral Sicilia's fruitful ſoil
The righteous ſceptre of imperial power
Great Hiero wielding, with illuſtrious toil
Plucks every blooming virtue's faireſt flower,
His royal ſplendor to adorn:
Nor doth his ſkilful hand refuſe
Acquaintance with the tuneful Muſe,
When round the mirthful board the harp is [bound.

STROPHE II.

Down then from the glittering nail
Take, O Muſe, thy Dorian lyre;
If the love of Piſa's vale
Pleaſing tranſports can inſpire;
Or the rapid-footed ſteed
Could with joy thy boſom move,
When, unwhipp'd with native ſpeed
O'er the duſty courſe he drove;

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And where deck'd with olives flows,
Alpheus, thy immortal flood,
On his lord's triumphant brows
The Olympic wreath beſtow'd:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Hiero's royal brows, whoſe care
Tends the courſer's noble breed;
Pleas'd to nurſe the pregnant mare,
Pleas'd to train the youthful ſteed.
Now on that heroic land
His far-beaming glories beat,
Where with all his Lydian band
Pelop's fix'd his honour'd ſeat:
Pelops, by the god belov'd,
Whoſe ſtrong arms the globe embrace;
When by Jove's high orders mov'd
Clotho bleſs'd the healing vaſe.

EPODE II.

Forth from the cauldron to new life reſtor'd,
Pleas'd with the luſtre of his ivory arm
Young Pelops roſe; ſo ancient tales record,
And oft theſe tales unheeding mortals charm;
While gaudy Fiction, deck'd with art,
And dreſs'd in every winning grace,
To Truth's unornamented face
Preferr'd, ſeduces oft the human heart.

STROPHE III.

Add to theſe ſweet Poeſy,
Smooth inchantreſs of mankind,
Clad in whoſe falſe majeſty
Fables eaſy credit find.
But ere long the rolling year
The deceitful tale explodes;
Then, O man, with holy fear
Touch the characters of Gods.
Of their heavenly natures ſay
Nought unſeemly, nought profane,
So ſhalt thou due honour pay,
So be free from guilty ſtain.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Differing then from ancient fame
I thy ſtory will record:
How the Gods invited came
To thy father's genial board;
In his turn the holy feaſt
When on Sipylus he ſpread;
To the tables of the bleſt
In his turn with honour led.
Neptune then thy lovely face,
Son of Tantalus, ſurvey'd,
And with amorous embrace
Far away the prize convey'd.

EPODE III.

To the high palace of all-honour'd Jove
With Pelops ſwift the golden chariot rolls.
There, like more ancient Ganymede, above
For Neptune he prepares the nectar'd bowls.
But for her vanquiſh'd ſon in vain
When long his tender mother ſought,
And tidings of his fate were brought
By none of all her much-inquiring train;

STROPHE IV.

O'er the envious realm with ſpeed
A malicious rumour flew,
That, his heavenly gueſts to feed,
Thee thy impious father ſlew:
In a cauldron's ſeething flood
That thy mangled limbs were caſt,
Thence by each voracious God
On the board in meſſes plac'd.
But ſhall I the bleſt abuſe?
With ſuch tales to ſtain her ſong
Far, far be it from my Muſe!
Vengeance waits th' unhallow'd tongue.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Sure, if e'er no man beſel
Honour from the powers divine,
Who on high Olympus dwell,
Tantalus, the lot was thine.
But, alas! his mortal ſenſe
All too feeble to digeſt
The delights of bliſs immenſe,
Sicken'd at the heavenly feaſt,
Whence, his folly to chaſtiſe,
O'er his head with pride elate,
Jove, great father of the ſkies,
Hung a rock's enormous weight.

EPODE IV.

Now vainly labouring with inceſſant pains
Th' impending rock's expected fall to ſhun,
The fourth diſtreſsful inſtance he remains
Of wretched man by impious pride undone;
Who to his mortal gueſts convey'd
Th' incorruptible food of Gods,
On which in their divine abodes
Himſelf erſt feaſting was immortal made.

STROPHE V.

Vain is he, who hopes to cheat
The all-ſeeing eyes of Heaven:
From Olympus' bliſsful ſeat,
For his father's theft, was driven
Pelops, to reſide once more
With frail man's ſwift-paſſing race,
Where (for now youth's blowing flower
Deck'd with opening pride his face;
And with manly beauty ſprung
On each cheek the downy ſhade)
Ever burning for the young,
Hymen's fires his heart invade.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Anxious then th' Elean bride
From her royal ſire to gain,
Near the billow-beaten ſide
Of the foam-beſilver'd main,
Darkling and alone he ſtood,
Invocating oft the name
Of the Trident-bearing god
Strait the Trident-bearer came:
" If the ſweet delights of love,
" Which from Beauty's Queen deſcend:
" Can thy yielding boſom move,
" Mighty God, my cauſe befriend.

EPODE V.

" With ſtrong prevention let thy hand control
" The brazen lance of Piſa's furious king;
" And to the honours of th' Elean goal
" Me with unrival'd ſpeed in triumph bring.
" Tranſfix'd by his unerring ſpear,
" Already thirteen youths have dy'd,
" Yet he perſiſts with cruel pride,
" Hippodomia's nuptials to defer

STROPHE VI.

" In the paths of dangerous fame
" Trembling cowards never tread.

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" Yet ſince all of mortal frame
" Muſt be number'd with the dead,
" Who in dark inglorious ſhade
" Would his uſeleſs life conſume,
" And, with deedleſs years decay'd,
" Sink unhonour'd to the tomb?
" I that ſhameful lot diſdain;
" I this doubtful lift will prove:
" May my vows from thee obtain
" Conqueſt, and the prize of love!"

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thus he pray'd, and mov'd the God;
Who, his bold attempt to grace,
On the favour'd youth beſtow'd
Steeds unwearied in the race:
Steeds with winged ſpeed endued,
Harneſs'd to a golden car.
So was Piſa's king ſubdued;
Pelops ſo obtain'd the fair;
From whoſe womb a noble brood,
Six illuſtrious brothers came,
All with virtuous minds endow'd,
Leaders all of mighty fame.

EPODE VI.

Now in the ſolemn ſervice of the dead,
Rank'd with immortal Gods, great Pelops
While to his altar on the watery bed [ſhares;
Of Alpheus rais'd, from every clime repairs
The wondering ſtranger, to behold
The glories of th' Olympic plain;
Where, the reſplendent wreath to gain,
Contend the ſwift, the active, and the bold.

STROPHE VII.

Happy he, whoſe glorious brow
Piſa's honour'd chaplets crown!
Calm his ſtream of life ſhall flow,
Shelter'd by his high renown.
That alone his bliſs ſupreme,
Which, unknowing to decay,
Still with ever-ſhining beam
Gladdens each ſucceeding day.
Then for happy Hiero weave
Garlands of Æolian ſtrains;
Him theſe honours to receive
The Olympic law ordains.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

No more worthy of her lay
Can the muſe a Mortal find;
Greater in imperial ſway,
Richer in a virtuous mind;
Heaven, O king, with tender care
Waits thy wiſhes to fulfil.
Then ere long will I prepare,
Plac'd on Chronium's ſunny hill,
Thee in ſweeter verſe to praiſe,
Following thy victorious ſteeds;
If to proſper all thy ways
Still thy Guardian God proceeds.

EPODE VII.

Fate hath in various ſtations rank'd mankind:
In royal power the long gradations end.
By that horizon prudently confin'd,
Let not thy hopes to farther views extend.
Long may'ſt thou wear the regal crown!
And may thy Bard his wiſh receive,
With thee, and ſuch as thee to live,
Around his native Greece for wiſdom known!

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Ode is inſcribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, who came off Conqueror in the Race of Chariots drawn by four Horſes, in the Seventy-ſeventh Olympiad.

The Poet, in anſwer to the queſtion, What God, what Hero, and what Mortal he ſhould ſing (with which words this Ode immediately begins) having named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as the firſt of gods and heroes, but as they were peculiarly related to his ſubject; the one being the Protector, and the other the founder of the Olympic Games; falls directly into the praiſes of Theron: by this method artfully inſinuating, that Theron held the ſame rank among all mortals, as the two former did among the gods and heroes. In enumerating the many excellencies of Theron, the Poet having made mention of the nobility of his family (a topic ſeldom or never omitted by Pindar) takes occaſion to lay before him the various accidents and viciſſitudes of human life, by inſtances drawn from the hiſtory of his own anceſtors, the founders of Agrigentum; who, it ſeems, underwent many difficulties, before they could build, and ſettle themſelves in that city; where afterwards, indeed, they made a very conſiderable figure, and were rewarded for their paſt ſufferings with wealth and honour; according to which method of proceeding, the Poet (alluding to ſome misfortunes that had befallen Theron) beſeeches Jupiter to deal with their poſterity, by recompenſing their former afflictions with a ſeries of peace and happineſs for the future; in the enjoyment of which they would ſoon loſe the memory of whatever they had ſuffered in times paſt: the conſtant effect of proſperity being to make men forget their paſt adverſity; which is the only reparation that can be made to them for the miſeries they have undergone. The truth of this poſition he makes appear from the hiſtory of the ſame family; by the farther inſtances of Semele, Ino, and Therſander; and, laſtly, of Theron himſelf, whoſe former cares and troubles, he inſinuates, are repaid by his preſent happineſs and victory in the Olympic Games: for his ſucceſs in which, the Poet however intimates, that Theron was

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no leſs indebted to his riches than to his virtue, ſince he was enabled by the one, as well as diſpoſed by the other, to undergo the trouble and expence that was neceſſary to qualify him for a candidate for the Olympic crown in particular, and, in general, for the performance of any great and worthy action: for the words are general. From whence he takes occaſion to tell him, that the man who poſſeſſes theſe treaſures, viz. Riches and Virtue, that is, the means and the inclination of doing good and great actions, has the farther ſatisfaction of knowing, that he ſhall be rewarded for it hereafter; and go among the heroes into the Fortunate Iſlands (the Paradiſe of the Ancients), which he here deſcribes; ſome of whoſe inhabitants are likewiſe mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an imitation of their actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the Poet, finding himſelf, as well from the abundance of matter, as from the fertility of his own genius, in danger of wandering too far from his ſubject, recalls his Muſe, and returns to the praiſe of Theron; whoſe beneficence and generoſity he tells us, were not to be equalled: with which, and with ſome reflections upon the enemies and maligners of Theron, he concludes.

STROPHE I.

Ye choral hymns, harmonious lays,
Sweet rulers of the lyric ſtring,
What god? what hero's godlike praiſe?
What mortal ſhall we ſing?
With Jove, with Piſa's Guardian God,
Begin, O Muſe, th' Olympic Ode.
Alcides, Jove's heroic ſon,
The ſecond honours claims;
Who, offering up the ſpoils from Augeas won,
Eſtabliſh'd to his ſire th' Olympic Games;
Where bright in wreaths of Conqueſt Theron
Then of victorious Theron ſing! [ſhone.
Of Theron hoſpitable, juſt, and great!
Fam'd Agrigentum's honour'd king,
The prop and bulwark of her towering ſtate;
A righteous prince! whoſe flowering virtues
The venerable ſtem of his illuſtrious race: [grace

ANTISTROPHE I.

A race, long exercis'd in woes,
Ere ſmiling o'er her kindred flood,
The manſion of their wiſh'd repoſe,
Their ſacred city ſtood;
And through amaz'd Sicilia ſhone
The luſtre of their fair renown.
Thence, as the milder Fates decreed,
In deſtin'd order born,
Auſpicious hours with ſmoother pace ſucceed;
While Power and Wealth the noble line adorn,
And Public Favour, Virtue's richeſt meed.
O Son of Rhea, God ſupreme!
Whoſe kingly hands th' Olympian ſceptre wield!
Rever'd on Alpheus' ſacred ſtream!
And honour'd moſt in Piſa's lifted field!
Propitious liſten to my ſoothing ſtrain!
And to the worthy ſons their father's rights maintain!

EPODE I.

Peace on their future life, and wealth beſtow;
And bid their preſent moments calmly flow.
The deed once done no power can abrogate,
Not the great Sire of all Things, Time, nor Fate.
But ſweet oblivion of diſaſtrous care,
And good ſucceeding, may the wrong repair.
Loſt in the brightneſs of returning day,
The gloomy terrors of the night decay;
When Jove commands the Sun of Joy to riſe,
And opens into ſmiles the cloud-envelop'd ſkies.

STROPHE II.

Thy hapleſs daughters' various fate
This moral truth, O Cadmus, ſhows;
Who veſted now with godlike ſtate
On heavenly thrones repoſe;
And yet affliction's thorny road
In bitter anguiſh once they trod.
But bliſs ſuperior hath eras'd
The memory of their woe;
While Semele, on high Olympus plac'd,
To heavenly zephyrs bids her treſſes flow,
Once by devouring lightnings all defac'd.
There, with immortal charms improv'd,
Inhabitant of Heaven's ſerene abodes
She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov'd,
Lov'd by Saturnius, father of the gods;
Lov'd by her youthful ſon, whoſe brows divine,
In twiſting ivy bound, with joy eternal ſhine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To Ino, Goddeſs of the Main,
The Fates an equal lot decree,
Rank'd with old Ocean's Nereid train,
Bright daughters of the ſea.
Deep in the pearly realms below,
Immortal happineſs to know.
But here our day's appointed end
To mortals is unknown;
Whether diſtreſs our period ſhall attend,
And in tumultuous ſtorms our ſun go down,
Or to the ſhades in peaceful calms deſcend.
For various flows the tide of life,
Obnoxious ſtill to fortune's veering gale;
Now rough with anguiſh, care, and ſtrife,
O'erwhelming waves the ſhatter'd bark aſſail:
Now glide ſerene and ſmooth the limpid ſtreams,
And on the ſurface play Apollo's golden beams.

EPODE II.

Thus, Fate, O Theron, that with bliſs divine
And glory once enrich'd thy ancient line,
Again reverſing every gracious deed,
Woe to thy wretched ſires and ſhame decreed;
What time, encountering on the Phocian plain,
By luckleſs Oedipus was Laius ſlain.
To parricade by fortune blindly led,
His father's precious life the hero ſhed;
Doom'd to fulfil the oracles of heaven, [given,
To Thebes' ill-deſtin'd king by Pythian Phœbus

STROPHE III.

But with a fierce avenging eye
Erinnys the foul murder view'd,
And bade his warring offspring die,
By mutual rage ſubdued.
Pierc'd by his brother's hateful ſteel
Thus haughty Polynices fell.
Theraſander, born to calmer days,
Surviv'd his falling ſire,
In youthful games to win immortal praiſe
Renown in martial combats to acquire,

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And high in power, th'Adraſtian houſe to raiſe.
Forth from this venerable root
Æneſidamus and his Theron ſpring;
For whom I touch my Dorian flute,
For whom triumphant ſtrike my ſounding ſtring.
Due to his glory is th' Aonian ſtrain, [plain.
Whoſe virtue gain'd the prize in fam'd Olympia's

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alone in fam'd Olympia's ſand
The victor's chaplet Theron wore;
But with him on the Iſthmain ſtrand,
On ſweet Caſtalia's ſhore,
The verdant crowns, the proud reward
Of victory his brother ſhar'd,
Copartner in immortal praiſe,
As warm'd with equal zeal.
The light foot courſer's generous breed to raiſe,
And whirl around the goal the fervid wheel.
The painful ſtriſe Olympia's wreath repays:
But wealth with nobler virtue join'd
The means and fair occaſions muſt procure;
In glory's chaſe muſt aid the mind,
Expence, and toil, and danger to endure;
With mingling rays they feed each other's flame,
And ſhine the brighteſt lamp in all the ſphere of fame.

EPODE III.

The happy mortal, who theſe treaſures ſhares,
Well knows what fate attends his generous cares;
Knows, that beyond the verge of life and light,
In the ſad regions of infernal night,
The fierce, impracticable, churliſh mind
Avenging gods and penal woes ſhall find;
Where ſtrict inquiring juſtice ſhall bewray
The crimes commited in the realms of day.
Th' impartial Judge the rigid law declares,
No more to be revers'd by penitence or prayers.

STROPHE IV.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudleſs day,
In peaceful, unmolefted joy,
The good their ſmiling hours employ.
Them no uneaſy wants conſtrain
To vex th' ungrateful ſoil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their ſtrength with unabating toil,
A frail diſaſtrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of juſtice they receive;
And in the fellowſhip of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live.
While, baniſh'd by the Fates from joy and reſt,
Intolerable woes the impious foul inveſt.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But they who, in true virtue ſtrong,
The third purgation can endure;
And keep their minds from fraudful wrong
And guilt's contagion pure;
They through the ſtarry paths of Jove
To Saturn's bliſsful ſeat remove;
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the bleſt iſland from corroding cares,
And fan the boſom of each verdant plain:
Whoſe fertile ſoil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whoſe flaming branches flow
Array'd in golden bloom refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the freſh borders of their parent ſtreams.
Theſe, by the bleſt in ſolemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and cluſtering locks adorn.

EPODE IV.

Such is the righteous will, the high beheſt,
Of Rhadamanthus, ruler of the bleſt:
The juſt aſſeſſor of the throne divine,
On which, high rais'd above all gods, recline,
Link'd in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.
There, in the number of the bleſt enroll'd,
Live Cadmus, Peleus, heroes fam'd of old;
And young Achilles, to thoſe iſles remov'd,
Soon as, by Thetis won, relenting Jove approv'd.

STROPHE V.

Achilles, whoſe reſiſtleſs might
Troy's ſtable pillar overthrew,
The valiant Hector, firm in fight,
And hardly Cygnus ſlew,
And Memnon, offspring of the morn,
In torrid Æthiopia born—
Yet in my well-ſtor'd breaſt remain
Materials to ſupply
With copious argument my moral ſtrain,
Whoſe myſtic ſenſe the wiſe alone deſcry,
Still to the vulgar ſounding harſh and vain.
He only, in whoſe ample breaſt
Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praiſe of wiſdom may conteſt;
Not they who, with loquacious learning ſtor'd,
Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous cries
Purſue the bird of Jove, that ſails along the ſkies.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Come on! thy brighteſt ſhafts prepare,
And bend, O Muſe, thy ſounding bow;
Say, through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows ſhall we throw?
On Agrigentum fix thine eye,
Thither let all thy quiver fly.
And thou, O Agrigentum, hear,
While, with religious dread,
And taught the laws of juſtice to revere,
To heavenly vengeance I devote my head,
If aught to truth repugnant now I ſwear,
Swear, that no ſtate, revolving o'er
The long memorials of recorded days,
Can ſhow in all her boaſted ſtore
A name to parallel thy Theron's praiſe;
One to the acts of friendſhip ſo inclin'd, [kind.
So fam'd for bounteous deeds, and love of human

EPODE V.

Yet hath obſtreperous envy fought to drown
The goodly muſic of his ſweet renown;
While, by ſome frantic ſpirits borne along
To mad attempts of violence and wrong,
She turn'd againſt him faction's raging flood,
And ſtrove with evil deeds to conquer good.
But who can number every ſandy grain
Waſh'd by Sicilia's hoarſe-reſounding main?
Or who can Theron's generous works expreſs,
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues bleſs!

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THE THIRD OLYMPIC ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Ode is likewiſe inſcribed to Theron king of Agrigentum, upon the occaſion of another Victory obtained by him in the Chariot-Race at Olympia; the date of which is unknown.

The Scholiaſt acquaints us, that as Theron was celebrating the Theoxenia (a feſtival inſtituted by Caſtor and Pollux in honour of all the gods) he received the news of a victory obtained by his chariot in the Olympic Games: from this circumſtance the poet takes occaſion to addreſs this Ode to thoſe two deities and their ſiſter Helena, in whoſe temple, the ſame Scholiaſt informs us, ſome people with greateſt probability conjectured, it was ſung, at a ſolemn ſacrifice there offered by Theron to thoſe deities, and to Hercules, alſo, as may be inferred from a paſſage in the third Strophe of the Tranſlation. But there is another, and a more poetical propriety in Pindar's invoking theſe divinities, that is ſuggeſted in the Ode itſelf: for, after mentioning the occaſion of his compoſing it, namely, the Olympic Victory of Theron, and ſaying that a triumphal ſong was a tribute due to that perſon upon whom the Hellanodic, or Judge of the Games, beſtowed the ſacred Olive, according to the inſtitution of their firſt founder Hercules, he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary ſtory, of that Hero's having brought that plant originally from Scythia, the country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the victors in thoſe games ſhould, for the future, be crowned with the branches of this ſacred tree. To this he adds, that Hercules, upon his being removed to heaven, appointed the twin-brothers, Caſtor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympic Games, and execute the office of beſtowing the Olive-crown upon thoſe who obtained the victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious gueſt, to this ſacrifice of Theron, in company with the two ſons of Leda, who, to reward the piety and zeal of Theron and his family, have given them ſucceſs and glory; to the utmoſt limits of which he inſinuates that Theron is arrived, and ſo concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any man, wiſe or unwiſe, to attempt to ſurpaſs him.

TO THERON KING OF AGRIGENTUM.

STROPHE I.

WHILE to the fame of Agragas I ſing,
For Theron wake the Olympic ſtring,
And with Aonian garlands grace
His ſteeds unweary'd in the race,
O may the hoſpitable twins of Jove,
And bright-hair'd Helena, the ſong approve!
For this the Muſe beſtow'd her aid,
As in new meaſures I eſſay'd
To harmoniſe the tuneful words,
And ſet to Dorian airs my ſounding chords.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! the conquering ſteeds, whoſe toſſing heads
Olympia's verdant wreath beſpreads,
The Muſe-imparted tribute claim,
Due, Theron, to thy glorious name;
And bid me temper in their maſter's praiſe
The flute, the warbling lyre, and melting lays.
Lo! Piſa too the ſong requires!
Elean Piſa, that inſpires
The glowing Bard with eager care
His heaven-directed preſent to prepare:

EPODE I.

The preſent offer'd to his virtuous fame,
On whoſe ennobled brows
The righteous umpire of the ſacred game,
Th' Ætolian judge, beſtows
The darkſome olive, ſtudious to fulfil
The mighty founder's will,
Who this fair enſign of Olympic toil
From diſtant Scythia's fruitful ſoil,
And Hyperborean Iſter's woody ſhore,
With fair entreaties gain'd, to Grecian Elis bore.

STROPHE II.

The blameleſs ſervants of the Delphic God
With joy the valued gifts beſtow'd;
Mov'd by the friendly chief to grant,
On terms of peace, the ſacred plant,
Deſtin'd at once to ſhade Jove's honour'd ſhrine,
And crown heroic worth with wreaths divine.
For now full-orb'd the wandering moon
In plenitude of brightneſs ſhone,
And on the ſpacious eye of night
Pour'd all the radiance of her golden light:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Now on Jove's altars blaz'd the hallow'd flames,
And now were fix'd the mighty games,
Again, when e'er the circling ſun
Four times his annual courſe had run,
Their period to renew, and ſhine again
On Alpheus' craggy ſhores and Piſa's plains:
But ſubject all the region lay
To the fierce ſun's inſulting ray,
While upon Pelops' burning vale
No ſhade aroſe his fury to repel.

EPODE II.

Then traverſing the hills, whoſe jutting baſe
Indents Arcadia's meads,
To where the virgin goddeſs of the chaſe
Impells her foaming ſteeds,

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To Scythian Ifter he directs his way,
Doom'd by his father to obey
The rigid pleaſures of Mycenæ's king,
And thence the rapid hind to bring,
Whom, ſacred preſent for the Orthian maid,
With horns of branching gold, Taygeta array'd.

STROPHE III.

There as the longſome chaſe the chief purſued,
The ſpacious Scythian plains he view'd;
A land beyond the chilling blaſt
And northern caves of Boreas caſt:
There too the groves of olive he ſurvey'd,
And gaz'd with rapture on the pleaſing ſhade,
Thence by the wondering hero borne
The goals of Elis to adorn.
And now to Theron's ſacred feaſt
With Leda's twins he comes, propitious gueſt!

ANTISTROPHE III.

To Leda's twins (when heaven's divine abodes
He ſought, and mingled with the Gods)
He gave th' illuſtrious Games to hold,
And crown the ſwift, the ſtrong, and bold.
Then, Muſe, to Theron and his houſe proclaim
The joyous tidings of ſucceſs and fame,
By Leda's twins beſtow'd to grace,
Emmenides, thy pious race,
Who, mindful of heaven's high beheſts,
With ſtricteſt zeal obſerve their holy feaſts.

EPODE III.

As water's vital ſtreams all things ſurpaſs,
As gold's all-worſhip'd ore
Holds amid fortune's ſtores the higheſt claſs,
So to that diſtant ſhore,
To where the pillars of Alcides riſe,
Fame's utmoſt boundaries,
Theron, purſuing his ſucceſsful way,
Hath deck'd with glory's brighteſt ray
His lineal virtues.—Farther to attain,
Wiſe, and unwiſe, with me deſpair: th' attempt were vain.

THE FIFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Pſaumis of Camarina (a town in Sicily, who, in the eighty-ſecond Olympiad, obtained three victories; one in the race of chariots drawn by four horſes; a ſecond in the race of the Apené, or chariot drawn by mules, and a third in the race of ſingle horſes.

Some people (it ſeems) have doubted, whether this Ode be Pindar's, for certain reaſons, which, together with the arguments on the other ſide, the learned reader may find in the Oxford edition and others of this author; where it is clearly proved to be genuine. But, beſides the reaſons there given for doubting if this Ode be Pindar's, there is another (though not mentioned, as I know of, by any one) which may have helped to biaſs people in their judgment upon this queſtion. I ſhall therefore beg leave to conſider it a little, becauſe what I ſhall ſay upon that head, will tend to illuſtrate both the meaning and the method of Pindar in this Ode. In the Greek editions of this Author there are two Odes (of which this is the ſecond) inſcribed to the ſame Pſaumis, and dated both in the ſame Olympiad. But they differ from each other in ſeveral particulars, as well in the matter as the manner. In the ſecond Ode, notice is taken of three victories obtained by Pſaumis; in the firſt, of only one, viz. that obtained by him in the race of chariots drawn by four horſes: in the ſecond, not only the city of Camarina, but the lake of the ſame name, many rivers adjoining to it, and ſome circumſtances relating to the preſent ſtate, and the rebuilding of that city (which had been deſtroyed by the Syracuſians ſome years before) are mentioned; whereas in the firſt, Camarina is barely named, as the country of the conqueror, and as it were out of form: from all which I conclude, that theſe two Odes were compoſed to be ſung at different times, and in different places; the firſt at Olympia, immediately upon Pſaumis's being proclaimed conqueror in the chariot-race, and before he obtained his other two victories. This may with great probability be inferred, as well from no mention being there made of thoſe two victories, as from the prayer which the poet ſubjoins immediately to his account of the firſt, viz. that heaven would in like manner be favourable to the reſt of the victor's wiſhes; which prayer, though it be in general words, and one frequently uſed by Pindar in other of his Odes, yet has a peculiar beauty and propriety, if taken to relate to the other two exerciſes, in which Pſaumis was ſtill to contend; and in which he afterwards came off victorious. That it was the cuſtom for a conqueror, at the time of his being proclaimed, to be attended by a chorus, who ſung a ſong of triumph in honour of his victory, I have obſerved in the Diſſertation prefixed to theſe Odes *. In the ſecond, there are ſo many marks of its having been made to be ſung at the triumphal entry of Pſaumis into his own country, and thoſe ſo evident, that, after this hint given, the reader cannot help obſerving them as he goes through the Ode. I ſhall therefore ſay nothing more of them in this place; but that they tend, by ſhowing for what occaſion this Ode was calculated, to confirm what I ſaid relating to the other; and jointly with that to prove, that there is no reaſon to conclude from there being two Odes inſcribed to the ſame perſon, and dated in the ſame Olympaid, that the latter is not Pindar's, eſpecially as it appears, both in the ſtyle and ſpirit, altogether worthy of him.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins with addreſſing himſelf to Camarina, a ſea nymph, from whom the city and lake were both named, to beſpeak a favourable reception of his Ode, a preſent which he tells her was

* See Mr. Weſt's preface, p. 122.

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made to her by Pſaumis, who rendered her city illuſtrious at the Olympic Games; where having obtained three victories, he conſecrated his fame to Camarina, by ordering the herald, when he proclaimed him conqueror, to ſtyle him of that city. This he did at Olympia; but now, continues Pindar, upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inſerts in his triumphal ſong the names of the principal places and rivers belonging to Camarina; from whence the Poet takes occaſion to ſpeak of the rebuilding of that city, which was done about this time, and of the ſtate of glory, to which, out of her low and miſerable condition, ſhe was now brought by the means of Pſaumis, and by the luſtre caſt on her by his victories; victories (ſays he) not to be obtained without much labour and expence, the uſual attendants of great and glorious actions; but the man who ſucceeded in ſuch like undertakings, was ſure to be rewarded with the love and approbation of his country. The poet then addreſſes himſelf to Jupiter in a prayer, beſeeching him to adorn the city and ſtate of Camarina with virtue and glory; and to grant to the victor Pſaumis a joyful and contented old age, and the happineſs of dying before his children: after which he concludes with an exhortation to Pſaumis, to be contented with his condition; which he inſinuates was as happy as that of a mortal could be, and it was to no purpoſe for him to wiſh to be a god.

STROPHE.

FAIR Camarina, daughter of the main;
With gracious ſmiles this choral ſong receive,
Sweet fruit of virtuous toils; whoſe noble ſtrain
Shall to th' Olympic wreath new luſtre give:
This Pſaumis, whom on Alpheus' ſhore
With unabating ſpeed
The harneſs'd mules to conqueſt bore,
This gift to thee decreed;
Thee, Camarina, whoſe well-peopled towers
Thy Pſaumis render'd great in fame,
When to the twelve Olympian powers
He ſed with victims the triumphal flame.
When, the double altars round,
Slaughter'd bulls beſtrew'd the ground;
When, on five ſelected days,
Jove ſurvey'd the liſt of praiſe;
While along the duſty courſe
Pſaumis urg'd his ſtraining horſe,
Or beneath the ſocial yoke
Made the well-match'd courſers ſmoke;
Or around th' Elean goal
Taught his male-drawn car to roll.
Then did the victor dedicate his fame
To thee, and bade the herald's voice proclaim
Thy new-eſtabliſh'd walls, and Acron's honour'd name.

ANTISTROPHE.

But now return'd from where the pleaſant ſeat
Once of Oenomaus and Pelops ſtood.
The, civic Pallas, and thy chaſte retreat,
He bids me ſing; and fair Oanus' flood,
And Camarina's ſleeping wave,
And thoſe ſequeſter'd ſhores,
Through which the thirſty town to lave
Smooth flow the watery ſtores
Of ſiſhy Hipparis, profoundeſt ſtream,
Adown whoſe wood-envelop'd tide
The ſolid pile and lofty beam,
Materials for the future palace, glide.
Thus, by war's rude tempeſts torn,
Plung'd in miſery and ſcorn,
Once again, with power array'd,
Camarina liſts her head,
Gayley brightening in the blaze,
Pſaumis, of thy hard-earn'd praiſe.
Trouble, care, expence, attend
Him who labours to aſcend
Where, approaching to the ſkies,
Virtue holds the ſacred prize,
That tempts him to atchieve the dangerous deed;
But, if his well-concerted toils ſucceed,
His country's juſt applauſe ſhall be his glorious meed.

EPODE.

O Jove! protector of mankind!
O cloud-enthron'd king of gods!
Who, on the Chronian mount reclin'd,
With honour crown'ſt the wide-ſtream'd floods
Of Alpheus, and the ſolemn gloom
Of Ida's cave! to thee I come
Thy ſuppliant, to ſoft Lydian reeds,
Sweet breathing forth my tuneful prayer,
That, grac'd with noble, valiant deeds,
This ſtate may prove thy guardian care;
And thou on whoſe victorious brow
Olympia bound the ſacred bough,
Thou whom Neptunian ſteeds delight,
With age, content, and quiet crown'd,
Calm may'ſt thou ſink to endleſs night,
Thy children, Pſaumis, weeping round.
And ſince the gods have given thee fame and wealth,
Join'd with that prime of earthly treaſures, health,
Enjoy the bleſſings they to man aſſign,
Nor fondly ſigh for happineſs divine.

THE SEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Diagoras, the ſon of Damagetus of Rhodes, who, in the Seventy-ninth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exerciſe of the Cæſtus.

This Ode was in ſuch eſteem among the ancients, that it was depoſited in a temple of Minerva, written in letters of gold.

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THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins this noble ſong of triumph with a ſimile, by which he endeavours to ſhow his great eſteem for thoſe who obtain the victory in the Olympic and other games; as alſo the value of the preſent that he makes them upon that occaſion; a preſent always acceptable, becauſe fame and praiſe is that which delights all mortals; wherefore the Muſe, ſays he, is perpetually looking about for proper objects to beſtow it upon; and ſeeing the great actions of Diagoras, takes up a reſolution of celebrating him, the Iſle of Rhodes his country, and his father Damagetus (according to the form obſerved by the herald in proclaiming the conquerors); Damagetus, and conſequently Diagoras, being deſcended from Tlepolemus, who led over a colony of Grecians from Argos to Rhodes, where he ſettled, and obtained the dominion of that iſland. From Tlepolemus, therefore, Pindar declares he will deduce his ſong; which he addreſſes to all the Rhodians in common with Diagoras, who were deſcended from Tlepolemus, or from thoſe Grecians that came over with him; that is, almoſt all the people of Rhodes, who indeed are as much (if not more) intereſted in the greateſt part of this Ode, as Diagoras the conqueror. Pindar accordingly relates the occaſion of Tlepolemus's coming to Rhodes, which he tells was in obedience to an oracle, that commanded him to ſeek out that iſland; which, inſtead of telling us its name, Pindar, in a more poetical manner, characterizes by relating of it ſome legendary ſtories (if I may ſo ſpeak) that were peculiar to the iſle of Rhodes; ſuch as the Golden Shower, and the occaſion of Apollo's chooſing that iſland for himſelf; both which ſtories he relates at large with ſuch a flame of poetry as ſhows his imagination to have been extremely heated and elevated with his ſubjects. Neither does he ſeem to cool in the ſhort account that he gives, in the next place, of the paſſion of Apollo for the nymph Rhodos, from whom the iſland received its name, and from whom were deſcended its original inhabitants (whom juſt before the poet therefore called the ſons of Apollo): and particularly the three brothers, Camirus, Lindus, and Jalyſus; who divided that country into three kingdoms, and built the three principal cities which retained their names. In this iſland Tlepolemus (ſays the Poet, returning to the ſtory of that hero) found reſt, and a period to all his misfortunes, and at length grew into ſuch eſteem with the Rhodians, that they worſhipped him as a God, appointing ſacrifices to him, and inſtituting games in his honour. The mention of thoſe games, naturally brings back the Poet to Diagoras; and gives him occaſion, from the two victories obtained by Diagoras in thoſe games, to enumerate all the prizes won by that famous conqueror in all the games of Greece: after which enumeration, he begs of Jupiter, in a ſolemn prayer, to grant Diagoras the love of his country, and the admiration of all the world, as a reward for the many virtues for which he and his family had always been diſtinguiſhed, and for which their country had ſo often triumphed: and then, as if he had been a witneſs of the extravagant tranſports of the Rhodians (to which, not the feſtival only occaſioned by the triumphal entry of their countryman, and the glory reflected upon them by his victories, but much more the flattering and extraordinary elogiums beſtowed upon the whole nation in this Ode, might have given birth), the Poet on a ſudden changes his hand, and checks their pride by a moral reflection on the viciſſitude of fortune, with which he exhorts them to moderation, and ſo concludes.

HEROIC STANZAS.

As when a father in the golden vaſe,
The pride and glory of his wealthy ſtores,
Bent his lov'd daughter's nuptial torch to grace,
The vineyard's purple dews profuſely pours;

Then to his lips the foaming chalice rears,
With bleſſings hallow'd, and auſpicious vows,
And mingling with the draught tranſporting tears,
On the young bridegroom the rich gift beſtows;

The precious earneſt of eſteem ſincere,
Of friendly union and connubial love:
The bridal train the ſacred pledge revere,
And round the youth in ſprightly meaſures move.

He to his home the valued preſent bears,
The grace and ornament of future feaſts;
Where, as his father's bounty he declares,
Wonder ſhall ſeize the gratulating gueſt.

Thus on the valiant, on the ſwift, and ſtrong,
Caſtalia's genuine nectar I beſtow;
And, pouring forth the Muſe-deſcended ſong,
Bid to their praiſes the rich numbers flow.

Grateful to them reſounds th' harmonic Ode,
The gift of friendſhip and the pledge of fame.
Happy the mortal, whom th' Aonian God
Cheers with the muſic of a glorious name!

The Muſe her piercing glances throws around,
And quick diſcovers every worthy deed:
And now ſhe wakes the lyre's inchanting ſound,
Now fills with various ſtrains the vocal reed:

But here each inſtrument of ſong divine,
The vocal reed and lyre's inchanting ſtring,
She tunes; and bids their harmony combine
Thee, and thy Rhodos, Diagoras, to ſing;

Thee and thy country, native of the flood,
Which from bright Rhodes draws her honour'd name,
Fair nymph, whoſe charms ſubdued the Delphic God,
Fair blooming daughter of the Cyprian dame:

To ſing thy triumphs in th' Olympic ſand,
Where Alpheus ſaw thy giant-temples crown'd;
Fam'd Pythia too proclaim'd thy conquering hand,
Where ſweet Caſtalia's myſtic currents ſound.

Nor Damagetus will I paſs unſung,
Thy ſire, the friend of Juſtice and of Truth;
From noble anceſtors whoſe lineage ſprung,
The chiefs who led to Rhodes the Argive youth.

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There near to Aſia's wide-extended ſtrand,
Where jutting Embolus the waves divides,
In three diviſions they poſſeſs'd the land,
Enthron'd amid the hoarſe-reſounding tides.

To their deſcendants will I tune my lyre,
The offspring of Alcides bold and ſtrong;
And from Tlepolemus, their common ſire,
Deduce the national hiſtoric ſong.

Tlepolemus of great Alcides came,
The fruits of fair Aſtydameia's love,
Jove-born Amyntor got the Argive dame:
So either lineage is deriv'd from Jove.

But wrapt in error is the human mind,
And human bliſs is ever inſecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the preſent ſhall endure?

For lo! the * founder of the Rhodian ſtate,
Who from Saturnian Jove his being drew,
While his fell boſom ſwell'd with vengeful hate,
The baſtard-brother of Alcmena ſlew.

With his rude mace, in fair Tiryntha's walls,
Tlepolemus inflicts the horrid wound:
Ev'n at his mother's door Licymnius falls, [ground.
Yet warm from her embrace, and bites the

Paſſion may oft the wiſeſt heart ſurpriſe;
Conſcious and trembling for the murderous deed,
To Delphi's Oracle the hero flies,
Solicitous to learn what Heaven decreed.

Him bright-hair'd Phœbus, from his odorous fane.
Bade ſet his flying ſails from Lerna's ſhore,
And, in the boſom of the Eaſtern Main,
That ſea-girt region haſten to explore;

That bliſsful iſland where a wonderous cloud
Once rain'd, at Jove's command, a golden
What time, aſſiſted by the Lemnian God, [ſhower;
The King of Heaven brought forth the Virgin Power.

By Vulcan's art the father's teeming head
Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous ſprung,
And ſhouted fierce and loud, the warrior Maid:
Old Mother Earth and Heaven affrighted rung.

Then Hyperion's ſon, pure fount of day,
Did to his children the ſtrange tale reveal:
He warn'd them ſtrait the ſacrifice to ſlay,
And worſhip the young Power with earlieſt zeal,

So would they ſooth the mighty father's mind,
Pleas'd with the honours to his daughter paid;
And ſo propitious ever would they find
Minerva, warlike formidable maid.

On ſtaid precaution, vigilant and wiſe,
True virtue and true happineſs depend;
But oft Oblivion's darkening clouds ariſe,
And from the deſtin'd ſcope our purpoſe bend.

The Rhodians, mindful of their ſire's beheſt,
Strait in the citadel an altar rear'd;
But with imperfect rites the power addreſs'd,
And without fire their ſacrifice prepar'd.

Yet Jove approving o'er th' aſſembly ſpread
A yellow cloud, that dropp'd with golden dews;
While in their opening hearts the blue-ey'd maid
Deign'd her celeſtial ſcience to infuſe.

* Tlepolemus.

Thence in all arts the ſons of Rhodes excel,
Tho' beſt their forming hands the chiſſel guide;
This in each ſtreet the breathing marbles tell,
The ſtranger's wonder, and the city's pride.

Great praiſe the works of Rhodian artiſts find,
Yet to their heavenly miſtreſs much they owe;
Since art and learning cultivate the mind,
And make the ſeeds of genius quicker grow.

Some ſay, that when by lot th' immortal gods
With Jove theſe earthly regions did divide,
All undiſcover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes,
Whelm'd deep beneath the ſalt Carpathian tide;

That, abſent on his courſe, the God of Day
By all the heavenly ſynod was forgot,
Who, his inceſſant labours to repay,
Nor land nor ſea to Phœbus did allot;

That Jove reminded would again renew
Th' unjuſt partition, but the God deny'd;
And ſaid, beneath yon hoary ſurge I view
An iſle emerging through the briny tide:

A region pregnant with the fertile ſeed
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful grain;
Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks ſhall feed;
Unnumber'd men poſſeſs each flowery plain.

Then ſtrait to Lacheſis he gave command,
Who binds in golden cauls her jetty hair;
He bade the fatal ſiſter ſtretch her hand,
And by the Stygian rivers bade her ſwear;

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree,
Which to his rule that fruitful iſland gave,
When from the oozy bottom of the ſea
Her head ſhe rear'd above the Lycian wave.

The fatal ſiſter ſwore, nor ſwore in vain;
Nor did the tongue of Delphi's Prophet err;
Up-ſprung the blooming iſland through the main;
And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.

In this fam'd iſle, the radiant ſire of light,
The god whoſe reins the fiery ſteeds obey,
Fair Rhodos ſaw, and, kindling at the ſight,
Seiz'd, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous prey:

From whoſe divine embraces ſprung a race
Of mortals, wiſeſt of all human-kind;
Seven ſons, endow'd with every noble grace;
The noble graces of a ſapient mind.

Of theſe Ialyſus and Lindus came,
Who with Camirus ſhar'd the Rhodian lands
Apart they reign'd, and ſacred to his name
Apart each brother's royal city ſtands.

Here a ſecure retreat from all his woes
Aſtydameia's hapleſs offspring found;
Here, like a God in undiſturb'd repoſe,
And like a God with heavenly honours crown'd.

His prieſts and blazing altars he ſurveys,
And hecatombs, that feed the odorous flame;
With games, memorial of his deathleſs praiſe;
Where twice Diagoras, unmatch'd in fame,

Twice on thy head the livid poplar ſhone,
Mix'd with the darkſome pine, that binds the brows
Of Iſthmian victors, and the Nemean crown,
And every palm that Attica beſtows.

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Diagoras th' Arcadian vaſe obtain'd;
Argos to him adjudg'd her brazen ſhield;
His mighty hands the Theban tripod gain'd,
And bore the prize from each Bœotian field.

Six times in rough Ægina he prevail'd;
As oft Pellene's robe of honour won;
And ſtill at Megara in vain aſſail'd,
He with his name hath fill'd the victor's ſtone.

O thou, who, high on Atabyrius thron'd,
Seeſt from his ſummits all this happy iſle,
By thy protection be my labours crown'd;
Vouchſafe, Saturnius, on my verſe to ſmile!

And grant to him whoſe virtue is my theme,
Whoſe valiant heart th' Olympic wreaths proclaim,
At home his country's favour and eſteem,
Abroad, eternal, univerſal fame.

For well to thee Diagoras is known;
Ne'er to injuſtice have his paths declin'd;
Nor from his ſires degenerates the ſon;
Whoſe precepts and examples fire his mind.

Then from obſcurity preſerve a race,
Who to their country joy and glory give;
Their country, that in them views every grace,
Which from their great forefather's they receive.

Yet as the gales of Fortune various blow,
To-day tempeſtuous, and to-morrow fair,
Due bounds, ye Rhodians, let your tranſports know;
Perhaps to-morrow comes a ſtorm of care.

THE ELEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Ageſidamus of Locris, who, in the Seventy-fourth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exerciſe of the Cæſtus, and in the claſs of boys.

The preceding Ode in the original is inſcribed to the ſame perſon; and in that we learn, that Pindar had for a long time promiſed Ageſidamus an Ode upon his victory, which he at length paid him, acknowledging himſelf to blame for having been ſo long in his debt. To make him ſome amends for having delayed payment ſo long, he ſent him by way of intereſt, together with the preceding Ode, which is of ſome length, the ſhort one that is here tranſlated, and which in the Greek title is for that reaſon ſtyled τόκος, or intereſt.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, by two compariſons, with which he begins his Ode, inſinuates how acceptable to ſucceſsful merit thoſe ſongs of triumph are, which give ſtability and duration to their fame: then declaring that theſe ſongs are due to the Olympic Conquerors, he proceeds to celebrate the victory of Ageſidamus, and the praiſes of the Locrians, his countrymen, whom he commends for their having been always reputed a brave, wiſe, and hoſpitable nation; from whence he inſinuates, that their virtues being hereditary and innate, there was no more likelihood of their departing from them, than there was of the fox and lion's changing their natures.

STROPHE.

To wind-bound mariners moſt welcome blow
The breezy zephyrs through the whiſtling ſhrouds:
Moſt welcome to the thirſty mountains flow
Soft ſhowers, the pearly daughters of the clouds;
And when on virtuous toils the gods beſtow
Succeſs, moſt welcome ſound mellifluous odes,
Whoſe numbers ratify the voice of Fame.
And to illuſtrious worth inſure a laſting name.

ANTISTROPHE.

Such fame, ſuperior to the hoſtile dart
Of canker'd envy, Piſa's Chiefs attends.
Fain would my Muſe the immortal boon impart,
Th' immortal boon which from high Heaven deſcends.
And now inſpir'd by Heaven thy valiant heart,
Ageſidamus, ſhe to Fame commends;
Now adds the ornament of tuneful praiſe,
And decks thy olive-crown with ſweetly-ſounding lays.

EPODE.

But while thy bold atchievements I rehearſe,
Thy youthful victory in Piſa's ſand,
With thee partaking in the friendly verſe
Not unregarded ſhall thy Locris ſtand.
Then haſte, ye Muſes, join the choral band
Of feſtive youths upon the Locrian plain;
To an uncivilis'd and ſavage land
Think not I now invite your virgin train,
Where barbarous ignorance and foul diſdain
Of ſocial Virtue's hoſpitable lore
Prompts the unmanner'd and inhuman ſwain
To drive the ſtranger from his churliſh door.
A nation ſhall ye find, renown'd of yore
For martial valour, and for worthy deeds;
Rich in a vaſt and unexhauſted ſtore
Of innate wiſdom, whoſe prolific ſeeds
Spring in each age. So Nature's laws require;
And the great laws of Nature ne'er expire.
Unchang'd the lion's valiant race remains,
And all his father's wiles the youthful fox retains.

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THE TWELFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Ergoteles, the Son of Philanor of Himera, who, in the Seventy-ſeventh Olympiad, gained the prize in the Foot Race called Dolichos, or the Long Courſe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ergoteles was originally of Crete, but being driven from thence by the fury of a prevailing faction, he retired to Himera, a town of Sicily, where he was honourably received, and admitted to the freedom of the city; after which he had the happineſs to obtain, what the Greeks eſteemed the higheſt pitch of glory, the Olympic Crown. Pauſanius ſays he gained two Olympic Crowns; and the ſame number in each of the other three ſacred Games, the Pythian, Iſthmian, and Nemean. From theſe remarkable viciſſitudes of Fortune in the life of Ergoteles, Pindar takes occaſion to addreſs himſelf to that powerful directreſs of all human affairs, imploring her protection for Himera, the adopted country of Ergoteles. Then, after deſcribing in general terms the univerſal influence of that deity upon all the actions of mankind, the uncertainty of events, and the vanity of hope, ever fluctuating in ignorance and error, he aſſigns a reaſon for that vanity, viz. That the gods have not given to mortal men any certain evidence of their future fortunes, which often happen to be the very reverſe both of their hopes and fears. Thus, ſays he, it happened to Ergoteles, whoſe very misfortunes were to him the occaſion of happineſs and glory; ſince, had he not been baniſhed from his country, he had probably paſſed his life in obſcurity, and waſted in domeſtic broils and quarrels that ſtrength and activity, which his more peaceful ſituation at Himera enabled him to improve, and employ for the obtaining the Olympic Crown.

This Ode, one of the ſhorteſt, is, at the ſame time, in its order and connection, the cleareſt and moſt compact of any to be met with in Pindar.

STROPHE.

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,
To thee my ſupplications I prefer!
For potent Himera my ſuit I move;
Protectreſs fortune, hear!
Thy deity along the pathleſs main
In her wild courſe the rapid veſſel guides;
Rules the fierce conflict on the embattled plain,
And in deliberating ſtates preſides.
Toſs'd by thy uncertain gale
On the ſeas of error ſail
Human hopes now mounting high
On the ſwelling ſurge of joy;
Now with unexpected woe
Sinking to the depths below.

ANTISTROPHE.

For ſure preſage of things to come
None yet on mortals have the gods beſtow'd;
Nor of futurity's impervious gloom
Can wiſdom pierce the cloud.
Oft our moſt ſanguine views th' event deceives,
And veils in ſudden grief the ſmiling ray:
Oft, when with woe the mournful boſom heaves,
Caught in a ſtorm of anguiſh and diſmay,
Paſs ſome fleeting moments by,
All at once the tempeſts fly:
Inſtant ſhifts the clouded ſcene;
Heaven renews its ſmiles ſerene;
And on Joy's untroubled tides
Smooth to port the veſſel glides.

EPODE.

* Son of Philanor! in the ſecret ſhade
Thus had thy ſpeed unknown to fame decay'd;
Thus, like the † creſted bird of Mars, at home
Engag'd in foul domeſtic jars,
And waſted with inteſtine wars,
Inglorious hadſt thou ſpent thy vigorous bloom;
Had not ſedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,
And driven thee with more glorious toils
Th' Olympic crown in Piſa's plain to meet.
With olive now, with Pythian laurels grac'd,
And the dark chaplets of the Iſthmian pine,
In Himera's adopted city plac'd,
To all, Ergoteles, thy honours ſhine,
And raiſe her luſtre by imparting thine.

* Ergoteles. † The Cock.

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Aſophicus, the Son of Cleodemus of Orchodemus, who, in the Seventy-ſixth Olympiad, gained the victory in the ſimple Foot Race, and in the Claſs of Boys.

THE ARGUMENT.

ORCHOMENUS, a city of Bœotia, and the country of the victor Aſophicus, being under the protectio of the Graces, her tutelary deities, to them Pindar addreſſes this Ode; which was probably ſung

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the very temple of those goddesses, at a sacrifice offered by Asophicus on occasion of his victory. The Poet begins this invocation with styling the Graces queens of Orchomenus, and guardians of the children of Minyas, the first king of that city; whose fertile territories, he says, were by lot assigned to their protection. Then, after describing in general the properties and operations of these deities, both in earth and heaven, he proceeds to call upon each of them by name to assist at the singing of this Ode; which was made, he tells them, to celebrate the victory of Asophicus, in the glory of which Orchomenus had her share. Then addressing himself to Echo, a nymph that formerly resided on the banks of Cephisus, a river of that country, he charges her to repair to the mansion of Proserpine, and impart to Cleodemus, the father of Asophicus (who from hence appears to have been dead at that time) the happy news of his son's victory; and so concludes.

MONOSTROPHAIC.

STROPHE I.

Ye powers, o'er all the flowery meads,
Where deep Cephisus rolls his lucid tide,
Allotted to preside,
And haunt the plains renown'd for beauteous steeds,
Queens of Orchomenus the fair,
And sacred guardians of the ancient line
Of Minyas divine,
Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my prayer!
All that's sweet and pleasing here
Mortals from your hands receive:
Splendor ye and fame confer,
Genius, wit, and beauty give.
Nor, without your shining train,
Ever on th' ætherial plain
In harmonious measures move
The celestial choirs above;
When the figur'd dance they lead,
Or the nectar'd banquet spread.
But with thrones immortal grac'd,
And by Pythian Phœbus plac'd,
Ordering through the blest abodes
All the splendid works of gods,
Sit the sisters in a ring,
Round the golden-shafted king:
And with reverential love
Worshipping th' Olympian throne,
The majestic brow of Jove
With unfading honours crown.

STROPHE II.

Aglaia, graceful virgin, hear!
And thou, Euphrosyne, whose ear
Delighted listens to the warbled strain!
Bright daughters of Olympian Jove,
The best, the greatest power above;
With your illustrious presence deign
To grace our choral song!
Whose notes to victory's glad sound
In wanton measures lightly bound.
Thalia, come along!
Come, tuneful maid! for, lo! my string
With meditated skill prepares
In softly soothing Lydian airs
Asophicus to sing;
Asophicus, whose speed by thee sustain'd
The wreath for his Orchomenus obtain'd.
Go then, sportive Echo, go,
To the sable dome below,
Proserpine's black dome, repair,
There to Cleodemus bear
Tidings of immortal fame:
Tell, how in the rapid game
O'er Pisa's vale his son victorious fled;
Tell, for thou saw'st him bear away
The winged honours of the day;
And deck'd with wreaths of fame his youthful head.

THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Ætna, King of Syracuse, who, in the Twenty-ninth Pythiad, (which answers to the Seventy-eighth Olympiad) gained the Victory in the Chariot Race.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, addressing himself in the first place to his harp, launches out immediately into a description of the wonderful effects produced in heaven by the enchanting harmony of that divine instrument, when played upon by Apollo, and accompanied by the Muses; these effects, says he, are to celestial minds delight and rapture; but the contrary to the wicked, who cannot hear, without horror, this heavenly music. Having mentioned the wicked, he falls into an account of the punishment of Typhœus, an impious giant; who, having presumed to defy Jupiter, was by him cast into Tartarus, and then chained under Mount Ætna, whose fiery eruptions he ascribes to this giant, whom he therefore styles Vulcanian Monster. The description of these eruptions of Mount Ætna, he closes with a short prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple upon that mountain, and from thence passes to, what indeed is more properly the subject of this Ode, the Pythian victory of Hiero. This part of the Poem is connected with what went before by the means of Ætna, a city built by Hiero, and named after the mountain whose neighbourhood it stood. Hiero had ordered himself to be styled of Ætna, by the herald who proclaimed his victory in the Pythian Games; from which glorious beginning, says Pindar, the happy city presages to herself all kinds of glory and felicity for the

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future. Then addreſſing himſelf to Apollo, the patron of the Pythian Games, he beſeeches him to make the citizens of Ætna great and happy; all human excellencies being the gifts of heaven. To Hiero, in like manner, he wiſhes felicity and proſperity for the future, not to be diſturbed by the return or remembrance of any paſt afflictions. The toils indeed and troubles which Hiero had undergone, before he and his brother Gelo obtained the ſovereignty of Syracuſe, having been crowned with ſucceſs, will doubtleſs, ſays Pindar, recur often to his memory with great delight: and then taking notice of the condition of Hiero, who, it ſeems, being at that time troubled with the ſtone, was carried about in the army in a litter, or chariot, he compares him to Philoctetes: this hero, having been wounded in the foot by one of Hercules's arrows, ſtaid in Lemnos to get cured of his wound; but it being decreed by the Fates, that Troy ſhould not be taken without thoſe arrows, of which Philoctetes had the poſſeſſion, the Greeks fetched him from Lemnos, lame and wounded as he was, and carried him to the ſiege. As Hiero reſembled Philoctetes in one point, may he alſo, adds the Poet, reſemble him in another, and recover his health by the aſſiſtance of a divinity. Then addreſſing himſelf to Dinomenes, the ſon of Hiero, whom that prince intended to make king of Ætna, he enters into an account of the colony, which Hiero had ſettled in that city: the people of this colony being originally deſcended from Sparta, were, at their own requeſt, governed by the laws of that famous commonwealth. To this account Pindar ſubjoins a prayer to Jupiter, imploring him to grant that both the king and people of Ætna may, by anſwerable deeds, maintain the glory and ſplendor of their race; and that Hiero, and his ſon Dinomenes, taught to govern by the precepts of his father, may be able to diſpoſe their minds to peace and unity. For this purpoſe, continues he, do thou, O Jupiter, prevent the Carthaginians and the Tuſcans from invading Sicily any more, by recalling to their minds the great loſſes they had lately ſuſtained from the valour of Hiero and his brothers; into a more particular detail of whoſe courage and virtue, Pindar inſinuates he would gladly enter, was he not afraid of being too prolix and tedious; a fault which is apt to breed in the reader ſatiety and diſguſt; and though, continues he, exceſſive fame produces often the ſame effects in envious minds, yet do not thou, O Hiero! upon that conſideration, omit doing any great or good action; it being far better to be envied than to be pitied. With this, and ſome precepts uſeful to all kings in general, and others more particularly adapted to the temple of Hiero, whom, as he was ſomewhat inclined to avarice, he encourages to acts of generoſity and munificence, from the conſideration of the ſame accruing to the princes of that character, and the infamy redounding to tyrants, he concludes; winding up all with obſerving, that the firſt of all human bleſſings conſiſts in being virtuous; the ſecond in being praiſed; and that he who has the happineſs to enjoy both theſe at the ſame time, is arrived at the higheſt point of earthly felicity.

DECADE I.

HAIL, golden lyre! whoſe heaven-invented ſtring
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in ſweet chorus round their tuneful king
Mix with thy ſounding chords their ſacred ſongs.
The dance, gay queen of pleaſure, thee attends;
Thy jocund ſtrains her liſtening feet inſpire:
And each melodious tongue its voice ſuſpends
Till thou, great leader of the heavenly quire,
With wanton art preluding giv'ſt the ſign—
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their ſtreaming lightnings all diſarm'd,
The ſmoaldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the muſic of thy Numbers charm'd,
The birds' fierce monarch * drops his vengeful ire;
Perch'd on the ſceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle ſleep his cloſing eyelid ſeals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in looſe array
To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

DECADE III.

Ev'n Mars, ſtern god of violence and war,
Soothes with thy lulling ſtrains his furious breaſt,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His poiſted lance conſigns to peaceful reſt.

* The eagle,

Nor leſs enraptur'd each immortal mind
Owns the ſoft influence of inchanting ſong,
When, in melodious ſymphony combin'd,
Thy ſon, Latona, and the tuneful throng
Of Muſes, ſkill'd in wiſdom's deepeſt lore,
The ſubtle powers of verſe and harmony explore.

DECADE IV.

But they, on earth, or the devouring main,
Whom righteous Jove with deteſtation views,
With envious horror hear the heavenly ſtrain,
Exil'd from praiſe, from virtue, and the Muſe.
Such is Typhœus, impious foe of Gods,
Whoſe hundred-headed form Cilicia's cave
Once foſter'd in her infamous abodes;
Till daring with preſumptuous arms to brave
The might of thundering Jove, ſubdued he fell,
Plung'd in the horrid dungeons of profoundeſt hell.

DECADE V.

Now under ſulphurous Cuma's ſea-bound coaſt,
And vaſt Sicilia's lies his ſhaggy breaſt;
By ſnowy Ætna, nurſe of endleſs froſt,
The pillar'd prop of heaven, for ever preſs'd:
Forth from whoſe nitrous caverns iſſuing riſe
Pure liquid fountains of tempeſtuous fire,
And veil in ruddy miſts the noon-day ſkies,
While wrapt in ſmoke the eddying flames aſpire,
Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar
Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.

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DECADE VI.

But he, Vulcanian Monſter, to the clouds
The fierceſt, hotteſt inundations throws,
While, with the burthen of incumbent woods
And Ætna's gloomy cliffs o'erwhelm'd, he glows.
There on his flinty bed outſtretch'd he lies,
Whoſe pointed rock his toſſing carcaſe wounds:
There with diſmay he ſtrikes beholding eyes,
Or frights the diſtant ear with horrid ſounds.
O ſave us from thy wrath, Sicilian Jove!
Thou, that here reign'ſt, ador'd in Ætna's ſacred grove!

DECADE VII.

Ætna, fair forehead of this fruitful land!
Whoſe borrow'd name adorns the royal town,
Rais'd by illuſtrious Hiero's generous hand,
And render'd glorious with his high renown.
By Pythian heralds were her praiſes ſung,
When Hiero triumph'd in the duſty courſe,
When ſweet Caſtalia with applauſes rung,
And glorious laurels crown'd the conquering horſe.
The happy city for her future days
Preſages hence increaſe of victory and praiſe.

DECADE VIII.

Thus when the mariners to proſperous winds,
The port forſaking, ſpread the ſwelling ſails;
The fair departure cheers their jocund minds
With pleaſing hopes of favourable gales,
While o'er the dangerous deſarts of the main,
To their lov'd country they purſue their way.
Ev'n ſo, Apollo, thou, whom Lycia's plain,
Whom Delus, and Caſtalia's ſprings obey,
Theſe hopes regard, and Ætna's glory raiſe
With valiant ſons, triumphant ſteeds, and heavenly lays!

DECADE IX.

For human virtue from the gods proceeds;
They the wiſe mind beſtow'd, and ſmooth'd the tongue
With elocution, and for mighty deeds
The nervous arm with manly vigour ſtrung.
All theſe are Hiero's: theſe to rival lays
Call forth the Bard: ariſe then, Muſe, and ſpeed
To this contention; ſtrive in Hiero's praiſe,
Nor fear thy efforts ſhall his worth exceed;
Within the lines of truth ſecure to throw,
Thy dart ſhall ſtill ſurpaſs each vain attempting foe.

DECADE X.

So may ſucceeding ages as they roll,
Great Hiero ſtill in wealth and bliſs maintain,
And, joyous health recalling, on his ſoul
Oblivion pour of life-conſuming pain.
Yet may thy memory with ſweet delight
The various dangers and the toils recount,
Which in inteſtine wars and bloody fight
Thy patient virtue, Hiero, did ſurmount;
What time, by heaven above all Grecians crown'd, [found.
The prize of ſovereign ſway with thee thy † brother

DECADE XI.

Then like the ſon of Pæan didſt thou war,
Smit with the arrows of a ſore diſeaſe;

† Gelo,

While, as along ſlow rolls thy ſickly car,
Love and amaze the haughtieſt boſoms ſeize,
In Lemnos pining with th' envenom'd wound
The ſon of Pæan, Philoctetes, lay:
There, after tedious queſt, the heroes found,
And bore the limping archer thence away;
By whom fell Priam's towers (ſo fate ordain'd)
And the long haraſs'd Greeks their wiſh'd repoſe obtain'd.

DECADE XII.

May Hiero too, like Pæan's ſon, receive
Recover'd vigour from celeſtial hands!
And may the healing god proceed to give
The power to gain whate'er his wiſh demands.
But now, O Muſe, addreſs thy ſounding lays
To young Dinomenes, his virtuous heir.
Sing to Dinomenes, his father's praiſe;
His father's praiſe ſhall glad his filial ear.
For him hereafter ſhalt thou touch the ſtring,
And chant in friendly ſtrains fair Ætna's future king.

DECADE XIII.

Hiero, for him th' illuſtrious city rear'd,
And fill'd with ſons of Greece her ſtately towers,
Where, by the free-born citizen rever'd,
The Spartan laws exert their virtuous powers.
For by the ſtatutes, which their fathers gave,
Still muſt the reſtive Dorian youth be led;
Who dwelling once on cold Eurotas' wave,
Where proud Taygetus exalts his head,
From the great ſtock of Hercules divine
And warlike Pamphilus deriv'd their noble line.

DECADE XIV.

Theſe, from Theſſalian Pindus ruſhing down,
The walls of fam'd Amyclæ once poſſeſs'd,
And, rich in fortune's gifts and high renown,
Dwelt near the twins of Leda, where they preſs'd
Their milky courſers, and the paſtures o'er
Of neighbouring Argos rang'd, in arms ſupreme.
To king and people on the flowery ſhore
Of lucid Amena, Sicilian ſtream,
Grant the like fortune, Jove, with like deſert
The ſplendor of their race and glory to aſſert.

DECADE XV.

And do thou aid Scilia's hoary Lord
To form and rule his ſon's obedient mind;
And ſtill in golden chains of ſweet accord,
And mutual peace the friendly people bind,
Then grant, O Son of Saturn, grant my prayer!
The bold Phœnician on his ſhore detain;
And may the hardy Tuſcan never dare
To vex with clamorous war Sicilia's main;
Remembering Hiero, how on Cuma's coaſt
Wreck'd by his ſtormy arms their groaning fleets were loſt.

DECADE XVI.

What terrors! what deſtruction them aſſail'd!
Hurl'd from their riven decks what numbers dy'd!
When o'er their might Sicilia's Chief prevail'd,
Their youth o'erwhelming in the foamy tide;

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Greece from impending ſervitude to ſave.
Thy favour, glorious Athens! to acquire,
Would I record the Salaminian wave
Fam'd in thy triumphs: and my tuneful lyre
To Sparta's ſons with ſweeteſt praiſe ſhould tell,
Beneath Cithæron's ſhade what Mediſh archers fell.

DECADE XVII.

But on fair Himera's wide-water'd ſhores
Thy ſons, Dinomenes, my lyre demand,
To grace their virtues with the various ſtores
Of ſacred verſe, and ſing th' illuſtrious band
Of valiant brothers, who from Carthage won
The glorious meed of conqueſt, deathleſs praiſe.
A pleaſing theme! but cenſure's dreaded frown
Compels me to contract my ſpreading lays.
In verſe conciſeneſs pleaſes every gueſt,
While each impatient blames and lothes a tedious feaſt.

DECADE XVIII.

Nor leſs diſtaſteful is exceſſive fame
To the ſour palate of the envious mind;
Who hears with grief his neighbour's goodly name,
And hates the fortune that he ne'er ſhall find.
Yet in thy virtue, Hiero, perſevere!
Since to be envied is a nobler fate
Than to be pitied: Let ſtrict Juſtice ſteer
With equitable hand the helm of ſtate,
And arm thy tongue with truth: O King, beware
Of every ſtep! a Prince can never lightly err.

DECADE XIX.

O'er many nations art thou ſet, to deal
The goods of Fortune with impartial hand;
And, ever watchful of the public weal,
Unnumber'd witneſſes around thee ſtand.
Then, would thy virtuous ear for ever feaſt
On the ſweet melody of well-earn'd fame,
In generous purpoſes confirm thy breaſt,
Nor dread expences that will grace thy name;
But, ſcorning ſordid and unprincely gain,
Spread all thy bounteous ſails, and launch into the Main.

DECADE XX.

When in the mouldering urn the monarch lies,
His fame in lively characters remains,
Or grav'd in monumental hiſtories,
Or deck'd and painted in Aonian ſtrains.
Thus freſh, and fragrant, and immortal, blooms
The virtue, Croeſus, of thy gentle mind:
While fate to infamy and hatred dooms
Sicilia's tyrant, ſcorn of human kind;
Whoſe ruthleſs boſom ſwell'd with cruel pride,
When in his brazen bull the broiling wretches dy'd.

DECADE XXI.

Him therefore nor in ſweet ſociety
The generous youth converſing ever name;
Nor with the harp's delightful melody
Mingle his odious inharmonious fame.
The firſt, the greateſt bliſs on man conferr'd
Is, in the acts of virtue to excel;
The ſecond, to obtain their high reward,
The ſoul-exalting praiſe of doing well.
Who both theſe lots attains, is bleſs'd indeed,
Since Fortune here below can give no richer meed.

THE FIRST NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Chromius of Ætna (a city of Sicily) who gained the victory in the Chariot-Race, in the Nemean Games.

THE ARGUMENT.

From the praiſes of Ortygia (an iſland near Sicily, and part of the city of Syracuſe, to which it was joined by a bridge) Pindar paſſes to the ſubject or occaſion of this Ode, viz. the Victory obtained by Chromius in the Nemean Games; which, as it was the firſt of that kind gained by him, the Poet ſtyles the baſis of his future fame, laid by the co-operation of the Gods, who aſſiſted and ſeconded his divine virtues; and, adds he, if Fortune continues to be favourable, he may arrive at the higheſt ſummit of glory: by which is meant chiefly, though not ſolely, the gaining more prizes in the Great or Sacred Games (particularly the Olympic), where the Muſes conſtantly attend to celebrate and record the Conquerors. From thence, after a ſhort digreſſion to the general praiſe of Sicily, he comes to an enumeration of the particular virtues of Chromius, viz. his hoſpitality, liberality, prudence in council, and courage in war. Then, returning to the Nemean Victory, he takes occaſion from ſo auſpicious a beginning, to promiſe Chromius a large increaſe of glory, in like manner as Tireſias, the famous Poet and Prophet of Thebes (the country of Pindar) upon viewing the firſt exploit of Hercules, which was killing in his cradle the two ſerpents ſent by Juno to devour him, foretold the ſubſequent achievements of that hero; and the great reward he ſhould receive for all his labours, by being admitted into the number of the Gods, and married to Hebe; with which ſtory he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

Sister of Delos! pure abode
Of Virgin Cynthia, Goddeſs of the chaſe!
In whoſe receſſes reſts th' emerging flood
Of Alpheus, breathing from his amorous race!

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Divine Ortygia! to thy name
The Muſe preluding tunes her ſtrings,
Pleas'd with the ſweet preamble of thy fame,
To uſher in the verſe, that ſings
Thy triumphs, Chromius; while Sicilian Jove
Hears with delight through Ætna's ſounding grove
The gratulations of the hymning choir,
Whom thy victorious car and Nemea's palms inſpire.

ANTISTROPHE I.

The baſis of his future praiſe
Aſſiſted by the Gods hath Chromius laid;
And to its height the towering pile may raiſe,
If Fortune lends her favourable aid:
Aſſur'd that all th' Aonian train
Their wonted friendſhip will afford,
Who with delight frequent the liſted plain,
The toils of Virtue to record,
Mean time around this iſle, harmonious Muſe!
The brighteſt beams of ſhining verſe diffuſe:
This fruitful iſland, with whoſe flowery pride
Heaven's awful King endow'd great Pluto's beauteous bride.

EPODE I.

Sicilia with tranſcendent plenty crown'd
Jove to Proſerpina conſign'd;
Then with a nod his ſolemn promiſe bound,
Still farther to enrich her fertile ſhores
With peopled cities, ſtately towers,
And ſons in arts and arms refin'd;
Skill'd to the dreadful works of war
The thundering ſteed to train;
Or mounted on the whirling car
Olympia's all-priz'd olive to obtain.—
Abundant is my theme; nor need I wrong
The fair occaſion with a flattering ſong.

STROPHE II.

To Chromius no unwelcome gueſt
I come, high ſounding my Dircæan chord;
Who for his Poet hath prepar'd the feaſt,
And ſpread with luxury his friendly board,
For never from his generous gate
Unentertain'd the ſtranger flies.
While Envy's ſcorching flame, that blaſts the great,
Quench'd with his flowing bounty, dies.
But Envy ill becomes the human mind;
Since various parts to various men aſſign'd
All to perfection and to praiſe will lead,
Would each thoſe paths purſue, which Nature bids him tread.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In action thus heroic might,
In council ſhines the mind ſagacious, wiſe,
Which to the future caſts her piercing ſight,
And ſees the train of conſequences riſe,
With either talent Chromius bleſt
Suppreſſes not his active powers.
I hate the miſer, whoſe unſocial breaſt
Locks from the world his uſeleſs ſtores.
Wealth by the bounteous only is enjoy'd,
Whoſe treaſures in diffuſive good employ'd
The rich returns of fame and friends procure;
And 'gainſt a ſad reverſe, a ſafe retreat inſure.

EPODE II.

Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praiſe,
And theſe firſt-fruits of Fame inſpire
The Muſe to promiſe for thy future days
A large increaſe of merit and renown.
So when of old Jove's mighty ſon,
Worthy his great immortal ſire,
Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
With his twin-brother came,
Safe through life's painful entrance led
To view the dazzling Sun's reviving flame,
Th' imperial cradle Juno quick ſurvey'd,
Where ſlept the twins in ſaffron bands array'd.

STROPHE III.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
The gold-enthron'd Empreſs of the Gods
Her eager thirſt of vengeance to aſſuage,
Straight to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
Bade her vindictive ſerpents haſte.
They through the opening valves with ſpeed
On to the chamber's deep receſſes paſt,
To perpetrate their murderous deed:
And now in knotty mazes to infold
Their deſtin'd prey, on curling ſpires they roll'd,
His dauntleſs brow when young Alcides rear'd,
And for their firſt attempt his infant arms prepar'd.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Faſt by the azure necks he held
And grip'd in either hand his ſcaly foes;
Till from their horrid carcaſſes expell'd,
At length the poiſonous ſoul unwilling flows.
Mean time intolerable dread
Congeal'd each female's curdling blood,
All who, attendant on the genial bed,
Around the languid mother ſtood.
She with diſtracting fear and anguiſh ſtung,
Forth from her ſickly couch impatient ſprung
Her cumberous robe regardleſs off ſhe threw,
And to protect her child with fondeſt ardour flew.

EPODE III.

But, with her ſhrill, diſtreſsful cries alarm'd,
In ruſh'd each bold Cadmean Lord,
In braſs refulgent, as to battle arm'd;
With them Amphitryon, whoſe tumultuous breaſt
A crowd of various cares infeſt:
High brandiſhing his gleaming ſword
With eager, anxious ſtep he came;
A wound ſo near his heart
Shook with diſmay his inmoſt frame,
And rous'd the active ſpirits in every part.
To our own ſorrows ſerious heed we give;
But for another's woe ſoon ceaſe to grieve.

STROPHE IV.

Amaz'd the trembling father ſtood,
While doubtful pleaſure, mix'd with wild ſurpriſe,
Drove from his troubled heart the vital flood:
His ſon's ſtupenduous deed with wondering eyes
He view'd, and how the gracious will
Of Heaven to joy had chang'd his fear
And falſify'd the meſſengers of ill.
Then ſtraight he calls th' unerring ſeer,
Divine Tireſias, whoſe prophetic tongue
Jove's ſacred mandates from the Tripod ſung;
Who then to all th' attentive throng explain'd
What fate th' immortal Gods for Hercules ordain'd.

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ANTISTROPHE IV.

What fell deſpoilers of the land
The Prophet told, what monſters of the Main
Should feel the vengeance of his righteous hand:
What ſavage, proud, pernicious tyrant ſlain
To Hercules ſhould bow his head,
Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,
Whoſe glittering pomp his curs'd ambition fed,
And made indignant nations groan.
Laſt, when the giant ſons of earth ſhall dare
To wage againſt the gods rebellious war,
Pierc'd by his rapid ſhafts on Phlegra's plain
With duſt their radiant locks the haughty foe ſhall ſtain.

EPODE IV.

Then ſhall his generous toils for ever ceaſe;
With fame, with endleſs life repaid;
With pure tranquillity and heavenly peace;
Then led in triumph to his ſtarry dome,
To grace his ſpouſal bed ſhall come,
In Beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
Immortal Hebe, ever young.
In Jove's auguſt abodes
Then ſhall he hear the bridal ſong;
Then, in the bleſt ſociety of Gods,
The nuptial banquet ſhare, and, rapt in praiſe
And wonder, round the glittering manſion gaze.

THE ELEVENTH NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Ariſtagoras, upon occaſion of his entering on his office of Preſident or Governor of the iſland of Tenedos; ſo that, although it is placed among the Nemean Odes, it has no ſort of relation to thoſe games, and is indeed properly an Inauguration Ode, compoſed to be ſung by a Chorus at the Sacrifices and the Feaſt made by Ariſtagoras and his colleagues, in the Town-hall, at the time of their being inveſted with the Magiſtracy, as is evident from many expreſſions in the firſt Strophe and Antiſtrophe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar opens this Ode with an invocation to Veſta (the Goddeſs who preſided over the Courts of Juſtice, and whoſe ſtatue and altar were for that reaſon placed in the Town-halls, or Prytanæums, as the Greeks called them); beſeeching her to receive favourably Ariſtagoras and his colleagues, who were then coming to offer ſacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of Prytans or magiſtrates of Tenedos; which office continuing for a year, he begs the Goddeſs to take Ariſtagoras under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or diſgrace. From Ariſtagoras Pindar turns himſelf, in the next place, to his father Arceſilas, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon account of his ſon's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments, and good fortune; ſuch as beauty, ſtrength, courage, riches, and glory reſulting from his many victories in the games. But, leſt he ſhould be too much puffed up with theſe praiſes, he reminds him at the ſame time of his mortality, and tells him that his clothing of fleſh is periſhable, and that he muſt ere long be clothed with earth, the end of all things; and yet, continues he, it is but juſtice to praiſe and celebrate the worthy and deſerving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as Ariſtagoras, for inſtance, who hath rendered both himſelf and his country illuſtrious by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of ſixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, ſays the Poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious even in the Pythian and Olympic Games, had he not been reſtrained from engaging in thoſe famous liſts by the too timid and cautious love of his parents; upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of men's hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their ſtrength, which accordingly iſſue in their diſgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequently reſtrained by unreaſonable and ill-grounded fears, from enterprizes, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to Ariſtagoras, by ſaying it was very eaſy to foreſee what ſucceſs he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was deſcended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father Arceſilas, whom he had before repreſented as ſtrong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games, he obſerves, that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illuſtrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue ſhould ſucceed; whence it comes to paſs that men, out of ſelf-conceit and preſumption, are perpetually laying ſchemes, and forming enterpriſes, without previouſly conſulting Prudence or Wiſdom, whoſe ſtreams, ſays he, lie remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our deſires, and ſet bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the Ode.

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STROPHE I.

DAUGHTER of Rhea! thou, whose holy fire
Before the awful seat of Justice flames!
Sister of Heaven's Almighty Sire!
Sister of Juno, who co-equal claims
With Jove to share the empire of the gods!
O Virgin Vesta! To thy dread abodes,
Lo! Aristagoras directs his pace!
Receive, and near thy sacred sceptre place
Him, and his colleagues, who with honest zeal
O'er Tenedos preside, and guard the public weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! with frequent offerings they adore
Thee, first invok'd in every solemn prayer!
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with odorous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in festive songs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and sounding lyre.
While still, prolong'd with hospitable love,
Are solemniz'd the rites of Genial Jove:
Then guard him, Vesta, through his long career,
And let him close in joy his ministerial year?

EPODE I.

But hail, Arcesilas! all hail
To thee! bless'd father of a son so great!
Thou, whom on Fortune's highest scale
The favourable hand of Heaven hath set,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.
Yet let not man too much presume,
Tho' grac'd with Beauty's fairest bloom;
Though for superior strength renown'd;
Though with triumphal chaplets crown'd;
Let him remember, that in flesh array'd
Soon shall he see that mortal vestment fade;
Till last imprison'd in the mouldering urn
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STROPHE II.

Yet should the worthy from the public tongue
Receive their recompence of virtuous praise;
By every zealous patriot sung,
And deck'd with every flower of heavenly lays.
Such retribution in return for fame.
Such, Aristagoras, thy virtues claim;
Claim from thy country, on whose glorious brows
The wrestler's chaplet still unfaded blows:
Mix'd with the great Pancratiastic crown,
Which from the neighbouring youth thy early valour won.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love.
Distrusting ever his too forward hand,
Forbade their tender son to prove
The toils of Pythia, or Olympia's sand)
Now by the Gods I swear, his valorous might
Had 'scap'd victorious in each bloody fight:
And from Castalia, or where dark with shade
The Mount of Saturn rears its olive-head,
Great and illustrious home had he return'd;
While by his fame eclips'd his vanquish'd foes hall mourn'd.

EPODE II.

Then his triumphal tresses bound
With the dark verdure of th' Olympic grove,
With joyous banquets had he crown'd
The great Quinquennial Festival of Jove;
And cheer'd the solemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute, which the Muse to Virtue pays.
But, such is man's prepostrous fate!
Now with o'er-weening pride elate
Too far he aims his shaft to throw,
And straining bursts his feeble bow.
Now pusillanimous, depress'd with fear,
He checks his virtue in the mid-career;
And of his strength distrustful coward flies
The contest, though empower'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in prophecying good
Of him, whose undegenerating breast
Swells with a tide of Spartan blood,
From fire to fire in long succession trac'd
Up to Pisander: who in days of yore
From old Amyclæ to the Lesbian shore
And Tenedos, collegued in high command
With great Orestes, led th' Æolian band?
Nor was his mother's race less strong and brave,
Sprung from a stock that grew on fair Imenus' wave.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though for long intervals obscur'd, again
Oft-times the seeds of lineal worth appear.
For neither can the furrow'd plain
Full harvests yield with each returning year:
Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom
Invest the smiling tree with rich perfume.
So, barren often and inglorious pass
The generations of a noble race;
While Nature's vigour, working at the root,
In after-ages swells, and blossoms into fruit.

EPODE III.

Nor hath Jove given us to foreknow
When the rich years of virtue shall succeed;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
Contriving schemes of many a mighty deed.
While Hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
And self-opinion, active, rash, and blind,
Hold up a false illusive ray,
That leads our dazzled feet astray
Far from the springs, where calm and slow
The secret streams of wisdom flow.
Hence should we learn our ardour to restrain:
And limit to due bounds the thirst of gain.
To rage and madness oft that passion turns,
Which with forbidden flames despairing burns.

THE SECOND ISTHMIAN ODE.

This Ode was written upon occasion of a victory obtained in the Charriot-Race by Xenocrates of Agrigentum in the Isthmian games; it is however addressed not to Xenocrates himself, but to his son

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Thraſybulus; from whence, and from Pindar's always ſpeaking of Xenocrates in the perfect tenſe, it is moſt probable it was written after the death of Xenocrates; and for this reaſon it has, by ſome, been reckoned among the Θρῆνοι or Elegies of Pindar.

THE ARGUMENT.

The introduction contains a ſort of an apology for a Poet's taking money for his compoſitions; a thing, ſays Pindar, not practiſed formerly by the ſervants of the Muſes, who drew their inſpiration from love alone, and wrote only from the heart: but as the world is grown intereſted, ſo are the Poets become mercenary; obſerving the truth of that famous ſaying of Ariſtodemus the Spartan, "Money "makes the man:" a truth, he ſays, which he himſelf experienced, having with his riches loſt all his friends; and of this truth, continues Pindar, you, Thraſybulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wiſe man: I ſhall therefore ſay no more about it, but proceed to celebrate the victories of Xenocrates: after an enumeration of which, he paſſes on to the mention of the virtues of Xenocrates, whom he praiſes for his benevolence, his public ſpirit, his devotion to the gods, and his conſtant uninterrupted courſe of hoſpitality in all changes of fortune. Theſe virtues of his father he encourages Thraſybulus not to conceal through the fear of exciting the envy of mankind, and bids Nicaſippus (by whom this Ode was ſent to Thraſybulus) to tell him to publiſh it; concluding with obſerving, that a Poem is not made to continue always, like a mute and motionleſs ſtatue, in one place.

STROPHE I.

THEE, Thraſybulus, who in ancient days
Triumphant mounted in the Muſes' car,
Tuning their harps to ſoft and tender lays,
Aim'd their ſweet numbers at the young and fair;
Whoſe beauties, ripe for love, with rapurous fires
Their wanton hearts inflam'd, and waken'd ſtrong deſires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muſe, deſpiſing ſordid gain,
Strung not for gold her mercenary lyre:
Nor did Terpiſichore adorn her ſtrain
In gilded curteſy and gay attire,
With fair appearances to move the heart,
And recommend to ſale her proſtituted art.

EPODE I.

But now ſhe ſuffers all her tuneful train
Far other principles to hold;
And with the Spartan Sage maintain,
That Man is worthleſs without Gold.
This truth himſelf by ſad experience prov'd,
Deſerted in his need by thoſe he lov'd.
Nor to thy wiſdom is this truth unknown,
No longer therefore ſhall the Muſe delay
To ſing the rapid ſteeds, and Iſthmian crown,
Which the great monarch of the briny flood
On lov'd Xenocrates beſtow'd
His generous cares with honour to repay.

STROPHE II.

Him too, his Agrigentum's brighteſt ſtar,
Latona's ſon with favourable eyes
At Criſa view'd, and bleſs'd his conquering car;
Nor, when, contending for the noble prize,
Nicomachus, on Athens' craggy plain, [rein.
With dextrous art control'd the chariot-ſteering

ANTISTROPHE II.

Did Phœbus blame the driver's ſkilful hand;
But with Athenian palms his maſter grac'd:
His maſter, greeted in th' Olympic ſand;
And evermore with grateful zeal embrac'd
By the great prieſts, whoſe herald voice proclaims
Th' Elean feaſts of Jove, and Piſa's ſacred games.

EPODE II.

Him, on the golden lap of victory
Reclining his illuſtrious head,
They hail'd with ſweeteſt melody;
And through the land his glory ſpread,
Through the fam'd Altis of Olympic Jove;
Where in the honours of the ſacred grove
The children of Æneſidamus ſhar'd;
For not unknown to victory and praiſe
Oft, Thraſybulus, hath thy manſion heard
The pleaſing concerts of the youthful choir,
Attemper'd to the warbling lyre,
And the ſweet mixture of triumphal lays.

STROPHE III.

In ſmooth and flowry paths th' encomiaſt treads,
When to the manſions of the good and great
In pomp the nymphs of Helicon he leads:
Yet thee, Xenocrates, to celebrate,
Thy all-ſurpaſſing gentleneſs to ſing
In equal ſtrains, requires an all-ſurpaſſing ſtring.

ANTISTROPHE III.

To all benevolent, revered, belov'd,
In every ſocial virtue he excell'd;
And with his conquering ſteeds at Corinth prov'd,
How ſacred the decrees of Greece he held;
With equal zeal th' immortals he ador'd,
And ſpread with frequent feaſts his conſecrated board.

EPODE III.

Nor did he e'er when roſe a ſtormy gale
Relax his hoſpitable courſe,
Or gather in his ſwelling ſail:
But, finding ever ſome reſource
The fierce extremes of fortune to allay,
Held on with equal pace his conſtant way.
Permit not then, through dread of envious tongues,
Thy father's worth to be in ſilence loſt;
Nor from the public keep theſe choral ſongs,
Not in one corner is the Poet's ſtrain
Form'd, like a ſtatue, to remain,
This, Nicaſippus, tell my honour'd hoſt.

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THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL,

Containing his

PASTORALS, GEORGICS, AND ÆNEIS;

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

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TO Mr. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

WHENE'ER great Virgil's lofty verſe I ſee,
The pompous ſcene charms my admiring eye:
There different beauties in perfection meet;
The thoughts as proper, as the numbers ſweet:
And when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgment ſteps in, and moderates her flight.
Wiſely he manages his wealthy ſtore,
Still ſays enough, and yet implies ſtill more:
For though the weighty ſenſe be cloſely wrought,
The reader's left t'improve the pleaſing thought.
Hence we deſpair to ſee an Engliſh dreſs
Should e'er his nervous energy expreſs;
For who could that in fetter'd rhyme encloſe,
Which without loſs can ſcarce be told in proſe!
But you, great Sir, his manly genius raiſe;
And make your copy ſhare an equal praiſe.
Oh how I ſee thee in ſoft ſcenes of love,
Renew thoſe paſſions he alone could move!
Here Cupid's charms are with new art expreſt,
And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful reſt:
Leaves her Elyſium, as if glad to live,
To love, and wiſh, to ſigh, deſpair, and grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive.
Nor does the mighty Trojan leſs appear
Than Mars himſelf amidſt the ſtorms of war.
Now his fierce eyes with double fury glow,
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
The Daunian chiefs their eager rage abate,
And, though unwounded, ſeem to feel their fate.
Long the rude fury of an ignorant age,
With barbarous ſpite, profan'd his ſacred page.
The heavy Dutchmen, with laborious toil,
Wreſted his ſenſe, and cramp'd his vigorous ſtyle;
No time, no pains, the drudging pedants ſpare;
But ſtill his ſhoulders muſt the burden bear.
While through the mazes of their commets led,
We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
Yet, through theſe ſhades of undiſtinguiſh'd night
Appear'd ſome glimmering intervals of light;
Till mangled by a vile tranſlating ſect,
Like babes by witches in effigy rackt;
Till Ogleby, mature in dulneſs, roſe,
And Holborn doggrel, and low chiming proſe,
His ſtrength and beauty did at once depoſe.
But now the magic ſpell is at an end,
Since ev'n the dead in you hath found a friend;
You free the Bard from rude oppreſſors' power,
And grace his verſe with charms unknown before:
He, doubly thus oblig'd, muſt doubting ſtand,
Which chiefly ſhould his gratitude command;
Whether ſhould claim the tribute of his heart,
The Patron's bounty, or the Poet's art.
Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
The Roman genius in thy verſe renew'd
We ſaw thee raiſe ſoft Ovid's amorous fire,
And fit the tuneful Horace to thy lyre:
We ſaw new gall imbitter Juvenal's pen,
And crabbed Perſeus made politely plain:
Virgil alone was thought too great a taſk;
What you could ſcarce perform, or we durſt aſk:
A taſk! which Waller's Muſe could ne'er engage;
A taſk! too hard for Denham's ſtronger rage:
Sure of ſucceſs they ſome ſlight ſallies try'd,
But the fenc'd coaſt their bold attempts defy'd.
With fear their o'er-match'd forces back they drew,
Quitted the province Fate reſerv'd for you.
In vain thus Philip did the Perſians ſtorm;
A work his ſon was deſtin'd to perform.
" O had Roſcommon liv'd to hail the day,
" And ſing loud Pæans through the crowded way;
" When you in Roman majeſty appear, [near:"
" Which none know better, and none come ſo
The happy author would with wonder ſee,
His rules were only prophecies of thee:
And were he now to give tranſlator's light,
He'd bid them only read thy work, and write.
For this great taſk our loud applauſe is due;
We own old favours, but muſt preſs for new:
Th' expecting world demands one labour more;
And thy lov'd Homer does thy aid implore,
To right his injur'd works, and ſet them free
From the lewd rhymes of groveling Ogleby.
Then ſhall his verſe in grateful pomp appear,
Nor will his birth renew the ancient jar;
On thoſe Greek cities we ſhall look with ſcorn,
And in our Britain think the Poet born.

TO

Mr. DRYDEN,

On his Tranſlation of Virgil.

WE read, how dreams and viſions heretofore
The Prophet and the Poet could inſpire;
And make them in unuſual rapture ſoar,
With rage divine, and with poetic fire.
O could I find it now;—Would Virgil's ſhade
But for a while vouchſafe to bear the light;
To grace my numbers, and that Muſe to aid,
Who ſings the Poet that has done him right.
It long has been this ſacred Author's fate,
To lie at every dull Tranſlator's will; [weight
Long, long his Muſe has groan'd beneath the
Of mangling Ogleby's preſumptuous quill.
Dryden, at laſt, in his defence aroſe;
The father now is righted by the ſon:
And while his Muſe endeavours to diſcloſe
That Poet's beauties, ſhe declares her own.

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In your ſmooth, pompous numbers dreſt, each line,
Each thought, betrays ſuch a majeſtic touch,
He could not, had he finiſh'd his deſign,
Have wiſh'd it better, or have done ſo much.

You, like his Hero, though yourſelf were free;
And diſentangled from the war of wit;
You, who ſecure might other dangers ſee,
And ſafe from all malicious cenſures ſit.

Yet becauſe ſacred Virgil's noble Muſe,
O'erlay'd by fools, was ready to expire;
To riſk your fame again, you boldly chooſe,
Or to redeem, or periſh with your fire.

Ev'n firſt and laſt, we owe him half to you,
For that his Æneids miſs'd their threaten'd fate,
Was—that his friends by ſome prediction knew,
Hereafter, who correcting ſhould tranſlate.

But hold, my Muſe, thy needleſs flight reſtrain,
Unleſs, like him, thou couldſt a verſe indite:
To think his fancy to deſcribe is vain,
Since nothing can diſcover light, but light.

'Tis want of genius that does more deny:
'Tis fear my praiſe ſhould make your glory leſs,
And therefore, like the modeſt Painter, I
Muſt draw the veil, where I cannot expreſs.

HENRY GRAHME.

TO

MR. DRYDEN.

No undiſputed Monarch govern'd yet
With univerſal ſway the realms of wit;
Nature could never ſuch expence afford;
Each ſeveral province own'd a ſeveral lord.
A Poet then had his poetic wife,
One Muſe embrac'd, and married for his life.
By the ſtale thing his appetite was cloy'd,
His fancy leſſen'd, and his fire deſtroy'd.
But nature grown extravagantly kind,
With all her treaſures did adorn your mind.
The different powers were then united found,
And you Wit's univerſal monarch crown'd,
Your mighty ſway your great deſert ſecures,
And every Muſe and every Grace is yours,
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
Sated with this, you to another fly.
So Sultan-like in your ſeraglio ſtand,
While wiſhing Muſes wait for your command.
Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
Sublime your fancy, boundleſs is your mind.
Not all the blaſts of time can do you wrong;
Young, ſpite of age; in ſpite of weakneſs, ſtrong.
Time, like Alcides, ſtrikes you to the ground:
You, like Antæus, from each fall rebound.

H. ST. JOHN.

TO

MR. DRYDEN,

On his Virgil.

'Tis ſaid that Phidias gave ſuch living grace
To the carv'd image of a beauteous face,
That the cold marble might even ſeem to be
The life; and the true life, the imagery.

You paſs'd that artiſt, Sir, and all his powers,
Making the beſt of Roman Poets ours;
With ſuch effect, we know not which to call
The imitation, which th' original.

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal weight,
The charming beauty of the coin no leſs;
And ſuch the majeſty of your impreſs,
You ſeem the very author you tranſlate.

'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,
And did revolving deſtiny conſtrain,
To dreſs his thoughts in Engliſh o'er again,
Himſelf could write no otherwiſe than thus.

His old encomium never did appear
So true as now; Romans and Greeks, ſubmit.
Something of late is in our language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd Iliads were.

JA. WRIGHT.

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VIRGIL'S PASTORALS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HUGH LORD CLIFFORD,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH.

My Lord,

I have found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such Patrons as I desire for my translation. For though England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet such are my unhappy circumstances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice. To the greater part, I have not the honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot show at present, by any public act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of fortune, since in the midst of that abundance I could not possibly have chosen better, than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourished in the opinion of the world; though with small advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduced me to Augustus: and though he soon dismissed himself from state-affairs, yet in the short time of his administration he shone so powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Russian summer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate; and gave me wherewithal to subsist at least, in the long winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your Lordship is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study, and oppressed by fortune: without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian. You, my Lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promised Europe. I can only hear of that blessing: for years, and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elysium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter: and if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please those whom I respect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may give your Lordship some delight, though made English by one, who scarce remembers that passion which inspired my author when he wrote them. These were his first essay in poetry, (if the Ceiras was not his); and it was more excusable in him to describe love when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two, and I begin this work in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any modern language. And though this version is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent, in those Eclogues, wherein my master has raised himself above that humble style in which Pastoral delights, and which I must confess is proper to the education and converse of Shepherds: for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his Georgics, and his Æneis. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty, as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently circling in the air, and singing to the ground. Like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights: still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better music. The fourth, the sixth, and the eighth Pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first he contains himself within his bounds; but addressing to Pollio, his great Patron, and himself no vulgar Poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his native character, which is sublimity. Putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sibyl, whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the Paulo Majora, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage; but what avails an express command to a youthful courage which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds farther in the sixth, and invades the province of Philosophy. And notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing of wars, as he there confesses, yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover; the latter a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in their original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holiday shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed, both in the Pollio, and the Silenus; where the similitudes are drawn

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from the woods and meadows. They ſeem to me to repreſent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and dreſſed himſelf in his beſt habit to appear before his Patron; ſomewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its ſimplicity. In the ninth Paſtoral he collects ſome beautiful paſſages, which were ſcattered in Theocritus, which he could not inſert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they ſhould be loſt. In all the reſt he is equal to his Sicilian maſter, and obſerves like him a juſt decorum, both of the ſubject and the perſons. As particularly in the third Paſtoral, where one of his ſhepherds deſcribes a bowl, or mazer, curiouſly carved.

" In medio duo ſigna: Conon, et quis fuit alter
" Deſcripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem."

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on ſet purpoſe (whether he means Aniximander or Eudoxus I diſpute not); but he was certainly forgotten, to ſhow his country ſwain was no great ſcholar.

After all, I muſt confeſs that the booriſh dialect of Theocritus has a ſecret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate, though Virgil has drawn it down as low as poſſibly he could: as in the Cujum Pecus, and ſome other words, for which he was ſo unjuſtly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not ſee the beauties of that Merum Rus, which the poet deſcribed in thoſe expreſſions. But Theocritus may juſtly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modeſtly contents himſelf with the ſecond place, and glories only in being the firſt who tranſplanted Paſtoral into his own country; and brought it there to bear as happily as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus

Our own nation has produced a third Poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the Shepherd's Calendar of Spenſer is not to be matched in any modern language. Not even by Taſſo's Amyntas, which infinitely tranſcends Guarini's Paſtor Fido, as having more of nature in it, and being almoſt wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will ſay nothing of the Piſcatory Eclogues, becauſe no modern Latin can bear criticiſm. It is no wonder that rolling down through ſo many barbarous ages, from the ſpring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordure of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monſieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his maſter Lucian, without attempting to compare our miſerable age with that of Virgil, or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

" ——Si Pergama dextrâ
" Defendi poſſent, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent."

But Spenſer being maſter of our northern dialect, and ſkilled in Chaucer's Engliſh, has ſo exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that paſſion which God infuſed into both ſexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate: and could not have been induced by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleaſure, and I dare ſay, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a maſter. You have added to your natural endowments, which, without flattery, are eminent, the ſuperſtructures of ſtudy, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity are inherent in you. Theſe virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient houſe of Cumberland, from whence you are deſcended, and of which our chronicles make ſo honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaſter. Your foreſathers have aſſerted the party which they choſe till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have beſides the freſh remembrance of your noble father; from whom you never can degenerate.

" ——Nec imbellem feroces
" Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam."

It being almoſt morally impoſſible for you to be other than you are by kind; I need neither praiſe nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman hiſtory, and know without my information that patronage and clientſhip always deſcended from the fathers to the ſons, and that the ſame plebeian houſes had recourſe to the ſame patrician line, which had formerly protected them; and followed their principles and fortunes to the laſt. So that I am your lordſhip's by deſcent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to ſerve you, adds to your paternal right; for I was wholly yours from the firſt moment when I had the happineſs and honour of being known to you. Be pleaſed therefore to accept the Rudiments of Virgil's Poetry: coarſely tranſlated, I confeſs, but which yet retains ſome beauties of the author, which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unſkilfulneſs, could ſo much ſully, but that they ſometimes appear in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The ſubject is not unſuitable to your youth, which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your preſent ſcene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleaſures of a man who is early wiſe; and gives fortune no more hold of him, than of neceſſity he muſt. It is good, on ſome occaſions, to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the preſent as will not endanger our futurity, and to provide ourſelves with the Virtuoſo's ſaddle, which will be ſure to amble, when the world is upon the hardeſt trot. What I humbly offer to your lordſhip, is of this nature. I wiſh it pleaſant, and am ſure it is innocent. May you ever continue your eſteem for Virgil; and not leſſen it, for the faults of his tranſlator; who is, with all manner of reſpect and ſenſe of gratitude,

My Lord,
Your lordſhip's
moſt humble and
moſt obedient ſervant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

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THE

LIFE OF PUB. VIRGILIUS MARO.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.

VIRGIL was born at Mantua, which city was built no leſs than three hundred years before Rome; and was the capital of the New Hetruria, as himſelf, no leſs antiquary, than poet, aſſures us. His birth is ſaid to have happened in the firſt conſulſhip of Pompey the Great, and Lic Craſſus; but ſince the relater of this preſently after contradicts himſelf, and Virgil's manner of addreſſing to Octavius, implies a greater difference of age than that of ſeven years, as appears by his firſt Paſtoral, and other places; it is reaſonable to ſet the date of it ſomething backwarder: And the writer of his life having no certain memorials to work upon, ſeems to have pitched upon the two moſt illuſtrious conſuls he could find about that time, to ſignalize the birth of ſo eminent a man. But it is beyond all queſtion, that he was born on, or near, the fifteenth of October. Which day was kept feſtival in honour to his memory, by the Latin, as the birth day of Homer was by the Greek poets. And ſo near a reſemblance there is betwixt the lives of theſe two famous Epic writers, that Virgil ſeems to have followed the fortune of the other, as well as the ſubject and manner of his writing. For Homer is ſaid to have been of very mean parents, ſuch as got their bread by day-labour; ſo is Virgil. Homer is ſaid to be baſe-born; ſo is Virgil. The former to have been born in the open air, in a ditch, or by the bank of a river; ſo is the latter. There was a poplar planted near the place of Virgil's birth, which ſuddenly grew up to an unuſual height and bulk, and to which the ſuperſtitious neighbourhood attributed marvellous virtue. Homer had his poplar too, as Herodotus relates, which was viſited with great veneration. Homer is deſcribed by one of the ancients, to have been of a ſlovenly and neglected mien and habit; ſo was Virgil. Both were of a very delicate and ſickly conſtitution: Both addicted to travel, and the ſtudy of aſtrology: Both had their compoſitions uſurped by others: Both envied and traduced during their lives. We know not ſo much as the true names of either of them with any exactneſs: for the critics are not yet agreed how the word [Virgil] ſhould be written; and of Homer's name there is no certainty at all. Whoſoever ſhall conſider this parallel in ſo many particulars, (and more might be added) would be inclined to think, that either the ſame ſtars ruled ſtrongly at the nativities of them both; or, what is a great deal more probable, that the Latin grammarians wanting materials for the former part of Virgil's life, after the legendary faſhion, ſupplied it out of Herodotus; and, like ill-face painters, not being able to hit the true features, endeavoured to make amends by a great deal of impertinent landſcape and drapery.

Without troubling the reader with needleſs quotations, now, or afterwards; the moſt probable opinion is, that Virgil was the ſon of a ſervant, or aſſiſtant to a wandering aſtrologer, who practiſed phyſic. For Medicus, Magus, as Juvenal obſerves, uſually went together; and this courſe of life was followed by a great many Greeks and Syrians; of one of which nations it ſeems not improbable, that Virgil's father was. Nor could a man of that profeſſion have choſen a fitter place to ſettle in, than that moſt ſuperſtitious tract of Italy; which by her ridiculous rites and ceremonies as much enſlaved the Romans, as the Romans did the Hetrurians by their arms. This man, therefore, having got together ſome money, which ſtock he improved by his ſkill in planting and huſbandry, had the good fortune, at laſt, to marry his maſter's daughter, by whom he had Virgil; and this woman ſeems, by her mother's ſide, to have been of good extraction; for ſhe was nearly related to Quintilius Varus, whom Paterculus aſſures us to have been of an illuſtrious, though not patrician family; and there is honourable mention made of it in the hiſtory of the ſecond Carthaginian war. It is certain, that they gave him very good education, to which they were inclined, not ſo much by the dreams of his mother, and thoſe preſages which Donatus relates, as by the early indications which he gave of a ſweet diſpoſition, and excellent wit. He paſſed the firſt ſeven years of his life at Mantua, not ſeventeen, as Scaliger miſcorrects his author; for the initia ætatis can hardly be ſuppoſed to extend ſo far. From thence he removed to Cremona, a noble Roman colony; and afterwards to Milan. In all which places he proſecuted his ſtudies with great application; he read over all the beſt Latin and Greek authors, for which he had the convenience by the no remote diſtance of Marſeilles, that famous Greek colony, which maintained its

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politeneſs, and purity of language, in the midſt of all thoſe barbarous nations amongſt which it was ſeated: and ſome tincture of the latter ſeems to have deſcended from them down to the modern French. He frequented the moſt eminent profeſſors of the Epicurean philoſophy, which was then much in vogue, and will be always, in declining and ſickly ſtates. But finding no ſatisfactory account from his maſter Syron, he paſſed over to the Academic ſchool, to which he adhered the reſt of his life, and deſerved, from a great emperor, the title of the Plato of Poets. He compoſed at leiſure hours a great number of verſes on various ſubjects, and deſirous rather of a great than early fame, he permitted his kinſman, and fellow ſtudent Varus, to derive the honour of one of his tragedies to himſelf. Glory neglected in proper time and place, returns often with large increaſe; and ſo he found it: For Varus afterwards proved a great inſtrument of his riſe. In ſhort, it was here that he formed the plan, and collected the materials of all thoſe excellent pieces which he afterwards finiſhed, or was forced to leave leſs perfect by his death. But whether it were the unwholſomeneſs of his native air, of which he ſomewhere complains, or his too great abſtinence, and night-watchings at his ſtudy, to which he was always addicted, as Auguſtus obſerves; or poſſibly the hopes of improving himſelf by travel, he reſolved to remove to the moſt ſouthern tract of Italy; and it was hardly poſſible for him not to take Rome in his way; as is evident to any one who ſhall caſt an eye on the map of Italy: and therefore the late French editor of his works is miſtaken, when he aſſerts that he never ſaw Rome till he came to petition for his eſtate. He gained the acquaintance of the maſter of the horſe to Octavius; and cured a great many diſeaſes of horſes, by methods they had never heard of. It fell out, at the ſame time, that a very fine colt, which promiſed great ſtrength and ſpeed, was preſented to Octavius: Virgil aſſured them, that he came of a faulty mare, and would prove a jade; upon trial it was found as he had ſaid: his judgment proved right in ſeveral other inſtances, which was the more ſurpriſing, becauſe the Romans knew leaſt of natural cauſes of any civilized nation in the world: And thoſe meteors and prodigies, which coſt them incredible ſums to expiate, might eaſily have been accounted for, by no very profound naturaliſt. It is no wonder, therefore, that Virgil was in ſo great reputation, as to be at laſt introduced to Octavius himſelf. That prince was then at variance with Marc Antony, who vexed him with a great many libelling letters, in which he reproacheth him with the baſeneſs of his parentage, that he came of a ſcrivener, a ropemaker, and a baker, as Suetonius tells us. Octavius finding that Virgil had paſſed ſo exact a judgment upon the breed of dogs and horſes, thought that he poſſibly might be able to give ſome light concerning his own. He took him into his cloſet, where they continued in private a conſiderable time. Virgil was then a great mathematician, which, in the ſenſe of thoſe times, took in aſtrology: and if there be any thing in that art, which I can hardly believe; if that be true which the ingenious De la Chambre aſſerts confidently, that from the marks on the body, the configuration of the planets at a nativity may be gathered, and the marks might be told by knowing the nativity, never had one of thoſe artiſts a fairer opportunity to ſhow his ſkill, than Virgil now had; for Octavius had moles upon his body, exactly reſembling the conſtellation called Urſa Major. But Virgil had other helps: the predictions of Cicero, and Catullus, and that vote of the ſenate had gone abroad, that no child born at Rome, in the year of his nativity, ſhould be bred up; becauſe the ſeers aſſured them that an emperor was born that year. Beſides this, Virgil had heard of the Aſſyrian and Egyptian prophecies (which, in truth, were no other but the Jewiſh), that about that time a great king was to come into the world. Himſelf takes notice of them, Æn. vi. where he uſes a very ſignificant word (now in all liturgies) hujus in adventu, ſo in another place, adventu propriore Dei.

At his foreſeen approach already quake
Aſſyrian kingdoms, and Mœotis' lake.
Nile hears him knocking at his ſeven-fold gates:

Every one knows whence this was taken: it was rather a miſtake, than impiety in Virgil, to apply theſe prophecies, which belonged to the Saviour of the world, to the perſon of Octavius, it being a uſual piece of flattery for near a hundred years together, to attribute them to their emperors, and other great men. Upon the whole matter, it is very probable, that Virgil predicted to him the empire at this time. And it will appear yet the more, if you conſider that he aſſures him of his being received into the number of the Gods, in his firſt Paſtoral, long before the thing came to paſs; which prediction ſeems grounded upon his former miſtake. This was a ſecret, not to be divulged at that time, and therefore it is no wonder that the ſlight ſtory in Donatus was given abroad to palliate the matter. But certain it is, that Octavius diſmiſſed him with great marks of eſteem, and earneſtly recommended the protection of Virgil's affairs to Pollio, then lieutenant of the Ciſ-Alpine Gaul, where Virgil's patrimony lay. This Pollio, from a mean original, became one of the moſt conſiderable perſons of his time; a good general, orator, ſtateſman, hiſtorian, poet, and favourer of learned men; above all, he was a man of honour in thoſe critical times. He had joined with Octavius and Antony, in revenging the barbarous aſſaſſination of Julius Cæſar: when they two were at variance, he would neither follow Antony, whoſe courſes he deteſted, nor join with Octavius againſt him, out of a grateful ſenſe of ſome former obligations. Auguſtus, who thought it his intereſt to oblige men of principles, notwithſtanding this, received him afterwards into favour, and promoted him to the higheſt honours. And thus much I thought fit to ſay of Pollio, becauſe he was one of Virgil's greateſt friends. Being therefore eaſed of domeſtic cares, he purſues his journey to Naples: The charming ſituation of that place, and view of the

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beautiful villas of the Roman nobility, equalling the magnificence of the greateſt kings; the neighbourhood of the Baiæ, whether the ſick reſorted for recovery, and the ſtateſman when he was politicly ſick, whither the wanton went for pleaſure, and witty men for good company; the wholeſomeneſs of the air, and improving converſation, the beſt air of all, contributed not only to the re-eſtabliſhing his health, but to the forming of his ſtyle, and rendering him maſter of that happy turn of verſe, in which he much ſurpaſſes all the Latins, and, in a leſs advantageous language, equals even Homer himſelf. He propoſed to uſe his talent in poetry, only for ſcaffolding to build a convenient fortune, that he might proſecute with leſs interruption, thoſe nobler ſtudies to which his elevated genius led him, and which he deſcribes in theſe admirable lines:

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant, cœlique vias et ſidera monſtrent,
Defectus ſolis varios, lunæque labores;
Unde tremor terris, &c.

But the current of that martial age, by ſome ſtrange antiperiſtaſis, drove ſo violently towards poetry, that he was at laſt carried down with the ſtream. For not only the young nobility, but Octavius, and Pollio, Cicero in his old age, Julius Cæſar, and the ſtoical Brutus, a little before, would needs be tampering with the Muſes, the two latter had taken great care to have their poems curiouſly bound, and lodged in the moſt famous libraries; but neither the ſacredneſs of thoſe places, nor the greatneſs of their names, could preſerve ill poetry. Quitting, therefore, the ſtudy of the law, after having pleaded but one cauſe with indifferent ſucceſs, he reſolved to puſh his fortune this way, which he ſeems to have diſcontinued for ſome time, and that may be the reaſon why the Culex, his paſtoral, now extant, has little beſides the novelty of the ſubject, and the moral of the fable, which contains an exhortation to gratitude, to recommend it; had it been as correct as his other pieces, nothing more proper and pertinent could have at that time been addreſſed to the young Octavius: for the year in which he preſented it, probably at the Baiæ, ſeems to be the very ſame, in which that prince conſented (though with ſeeming reluctance) to the death of Cicero, under whoſe conſulſhip he was born, the preſerver of his life, and chief inſtrument of his advancement. There is no reaſon to queſtion of its being genuine, as the late French editor does; its meanneſs, in compariſon of Virgil's other works, (which is that writer's only objection) confutes himſelf; for Martial, who certainly ſaw the true copy, ſpeaks of it with contempt; and yet that Paſtoral equals at leaſt the addreſs to the Dauphin, which is prefixed to the late edition. Octavius, to unbend his mind from application to public buſineſs, took frequent turns to Baiæ, and Sicily; where he compoſed his poem called Sicelides, which Virgil ſeems to allude to, in the Paſtoral beginning Sicelides Muſæ; this gave him opportunity of refreſhing that prince's memory of him, and about that time he wrote his Ætna. Soon after he ſeems to have made a voyage to Athens, and at his return preſented his Ceiris, a more elaborate piece, to the noble and eloquent Meſſala. The fore-mentioned author groundleſsly taxes this as ſuppoſititious: for beſides other critical marks, there are no leſs than fifty or ſixty verſes, altered indeed and poliſhed, which he inſerted in the Paſtorals, according to his faſhion; and from thence they were called Eclogues, or ſelect Bucolics. We thought fit to uſe a title more intelligible, the reaſon of the other being ceaſed; and we are ſupported by Virgil's own authority, who expreſsly calls them Carmina Paſtorum. The French editor is again miſtaken, in aſſerting, that the Ceiris is borrowed from the ninth of Ovid's Metamorphoſis: he might have more reaſonably conjectured it to be taken from Parthenius, the Greek poet, from whom Ovid borrowed a great part of his work. But it is indeed taken from neither, but from that learned, unfortunate poet, Apollonius Rhodius, to whom Virgil is more indebted than to any other Greek writer, excepting Homer. The reader will be ſatisfied of this, if he conſults that author in his own language, for the tranſlation is a great deal more obſcure than the original.

Whilſt Virgil thus enjoyed the ſweets of a learned privacy, the troubles of Italy cut off his little ſubſiſtence; but by a ſtrange turn of human affairs, which ought to keep good men from ever deſpairing, the loſs of his eſtate proved the effectual way of making his fortune. The occaſion of it was this; Octavius, as himſelf relates, when he was but nineteen years of age, by a maſterly ſtroke of policy, had gained the veteran legions into his ſervice, (and by that ſtep, outwitted all the republican ſenate.) They grew now very clamorous for their pay: the treaſury being exhauſted, he was forced to make aſſignment upon lands, and none but in Italy itſelf would content them. He pitched upon Cremona as the moſt diſtant from Rome; but that not ſufficing, he afterwards threw in part of the ſtate of Mantua. Cremona was a rich and noble colony, ſettled a little before the invaſion of Hannibal. During that tedious and bloody war, they had done ſeveral important ſervices to the commonwealth. And when eighteen other colonies, pleading poverty and depopulation, refuſed to contribute money, or to raiſe recruits, they of Cremona voluntarily paid a double quota of both. But paſt ſervices are a fruitleſs plea; civil wars are one continued act of ingratitude: in vain did the miſerable mothers, with their famiſhing infants in their arms, fill the ſtreets with their numbers, and the air with lamentations; the craving legions were to be ſatisfied at any rate. Virgil, involved in the common calamity, had recourſe to his old patron Pollio; but he was, at this time, under a cloud; however, compaſſionating ſo worthy a man, not of a make to ſtruggle through the world, he did what he could, and recommended him to Mecænas, with whom he ſtill kept a private correſpondence. The name of this great man being much better known than one part of his character, the reader, I preſume, will not be diſpleaſed if I ſupply it in this place,

Though he was of as deep reach, and eaſy diſpatch of buſineſs as any in his time, yet he de-

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ſignedly lived beneath his true character. Men had oftentimes meddled in public affairs, that they might have more ability to furniſh for their pleaſures: Mecænas, by the honeſteſt hypocriſy that ever was, pretended to a life of pleaſure, that he might render more effectual ſervice to his maſter. He ſeemed wholly to amuſe himſelf with the diverſions of the town, but under that maſk was the greateſt miniſter of his age. He would be carried in a careleſs, effeminate poſture, through the ſtreets in his chair, even to the degree of a proverb, and yet there was not a cabal of ill diſpoſed perſons which he had not early notice of; and that too in a city as large as London and Paris, and perhaps two or three more of the moſt populous put together. No man better underſtood that art ſo neceſſary to the great; the art of declining envy: being but of a gentleman's family, not patrician, he would not provoke the nobility by accepting invidious honours; but wiſely ſatisfied himſelf that he had the ear of Auguſtus, and the ſecret of the empire. He ſeems to have committed but one great fault, which was the truſting of a ſecret of high conſequence to his wife; but his maſter, uxorious himſelf, made his own frailty more excuſable by generouſly forgiving that of his favourite. He kept in all his greatneſs exact meaſures with his friends; and chooſing them wiſely, found by experience, that good ſenſe and gratitude are almoſt inſeparable. This appears in Virgil and Horace; the former, beſides the honour he did him to all poſterity, returned his liberalities at his death: The other, whom Mecænas recommended with his laſt breath, was too generous to ſtay behind, and enjoy the favour of Auguſtus: he only deſired a place in his tomb, and to mingle his aſhes with thoſe of his deceaſed benefactor. But this was ſeventeen hundred years ago. Virgil, thus powerfully ſupported, thought it mean to petition for himſelf alone, but reſolutely ſolicits the cauſe of his whole country, and ſeems, at firſt, to have met with ſome encouragement: but the matter cooling, he was forced to ſit down contented with the grant of his own eſtate. He goes, therefore, to Mantua, produces his warrant to a captain of foot, whom he found in his houſe. Arrius who had eleven points of the law, and fierce of the ſervices he had rendered to Octavius, was ſo far from yielding poſſeſſion, that words growing betwixt them, he wounded him dangerouſly, forced him to fly, and at laſt to ſwim the river Mincius to ſave his life. Virgil, who uſed to ſay, that no virtue was ſo neceſſary as patience, was forced to drag a ſick body half the length of Italy, back again to Rome, and by the way, probably, compoſed his ninth Paſtoral, which may ſeem to have been made up in haſte, out of the fragments of ſome other pieces; and naturally enough repreſents the diſorder of the poet's mind, by its diſjointed faſhion, though there be another reaſon to be given elſewhere of its want of connection. He handſomely ſtates his caſe in that poem, and with the pardonable reſentments of injured innocence, not only claims Octavius's promiſe, but hints to him the uncertainty of human greatneſs and glory: all was taken in good part by that wiſe prince. At laſt effectual orders were given. About this time, he compoſed that admirable poem, which is ſet firſt, out of reſpect to Cæſar; for he does not ſeem either to have had leiſure, or to have been in the humour of making ſo ſolemn an acknowledgement, till he was poſſeſſed of the benefit. And now he was in ſo great reputation and intereſt, that he reſolved to give up his land to his parents, and himſelf to the court. His Paſtorals were in ſuch eſteem, that Pollio, now again in high favour with Cæſar, deſired him to reduce them into a volume. Some modern writer that has a conſtant flux of verſe, would ſtand amazed how Virgil could employ three whole years in reviſing five or ſix hundred verſes, moſt of which, probably, were made ſome time before; but there is more reaſon to wonder how he could do it ſo ſoon in ſuch perfection. A coarſe ſtone is preſently faſhioned; but a diamond of not many carats, is many weeks in ſawing, and in poliſhing many more. He who put Virgil upon this, had a politic good end in it.

The continued civil wars had laid Italy almoſt waſte; the ground was uncultivated and unſtocked: upon which enſued ſuch a famine, and inſurrection, that Cæſar hardly eſcaped of being ſtoned at Rome; his ambition being looked upon by all parties as the principal occaſion of it. He ſet himſelf, therefore, with great induſtry to promote country improvements; and Virgil was ſerviceable to his deſign, as the good keeper of the bees, Geor. iv.

Tinnituſque cie, et matris quate cymbala circum,
Ipſe conſident——

That emperor afterwards thought it matter worthy a public inſcription

Rediit cultus agris.

Which ſeems to be the motive that induced Mecænas, to put him upon writing his Georgics, or books of huſbandry; a deſign as new in Latin verſe, as Paſtorals, before Virgil were in Italy; which work, took up ſeven of the moſt vigorous years of his life, for he was now at leaſt thirty-four years of age; and here Virgil ſhines in his meridian. A great part of this work, ſeems to have been rough drawn before he left Mantua, for an ancient writer has obſerved, that the rules of huſbandry laid down in it, are better calculated for the ſoil of Mantua, than for the more ſunny climate of Naples, near which place, and in Sicily, he finiſhed it. But leſt his genius ſhould be depreſſed by apprehenſions of want, he had a good eſtate ſettled upon him, and a houſe in the pleaſanteſt part of Rome; the principal furniture of which, was a well-choſen library, which ſtood open to all comers of learning and merit: and what recommended the ſituation of it moſt, was the neighbourhood of his Mecænas; and thus he could either viſit Rome, or return to his privacy at Naples, through a pleaſant road adorned on each ſide with pieces of antiquity, of which he was ſo great a lover, and in the intervals of them ſeemed almoſt one continued ſtreet of three days journey.

Cæſar having now vanquiſhed Sextus Pompeius, a ſpring-tide of proſperities breaking in upon him,

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before he was ready to receive them as he ought, fell ſick of the imperial evil, the deſire of being thought ſomething more than man. Ambition is an infinite folly: when it has attained to the utmoſt pitch of human greatneſs, it ſoon falls to making pretenſions upon heaven. The crafty Livia would needs be drawn in the habit of a prieſteſs by the ſhrine of the new God: and this became a faſhion not to be diſpenſed with amongſt the ladies: the devotion was wondrous great amongſt the Romans, for it was their intereſt, and, which ſometimes avails more, it was the mode. Virgil, though he deſpiſed the heathen ſuperſtitions, and is ſo bold as to call Saturn and Janus by no better a name than that of old men, and might deſerve the title of ſubverter of ſuperſtitions, as well as Varo, thought fit to follow the maxim of Plato his maſter, that every one ſhould ſerve the Gods after the uſuage of his own country; and therefore was not the laſt to preſent his incenſe, which was of too rich a compoſition for ſuch an altar; and by his addreſs to Cæſar on this occaſion, made an unhappy precedent to Lucan and the other poets which came after him, Geor. i. and iii. And this poem being now in great forwardneſs, Cæſar, who, in imitation of his predeceſſor Julius, never intermitted his ſtudies in the camp, and much leſs in other places, refreſhing himſelf by a ſhort ſtay in a pleaſant village of Campania, would needs be entertained with the rehearſal of ſome part of it. Virgil recited with a marvellous grace, and ſweet accent of voice, but his lungs failing him, Mecænas himſelf ſupplied his place for what remained. Such a piece of condeſcenſion, would now be very ſurpriſing, but it was no more than cuſtomary amongſt friends, when learning paſſed for quality. Lelius, the ſecond man of Rome in his time, had done as much for that poet, out of whoſe droſs, Virgil would ſometimes pick gold; as himſelf ſaid, when one found him reading Ennius: (the like he did by ſome verſes of Varo and Pacuvius, Lucretius and Cicero, which he inſerted into his works.) But learned men then lived eaſy and familiarly with the great: Auguſtus himſelf would ſometimes ſit down between Virgil and Horace, and ſay, jeſtingly, that he ſat betwixt ſighing and tears, alluding to the aſthma of the one, and the rheumatic eyes of the other; he would frequently correſpond with them, and never leave a letter of theirs unanſwered: nor were they under the conſtraint of formal ſuperſcriptions in the beginning, nor of violent ſuperlatives at the cloſe of their letters: the invention of theſe is a modern refinement. In which this may be remarked, in paſſing, that (humble ſervant) is reſpect, but (friend) an affront, which notwithſtanding implies the former, and a great deal more. Nor does true greatneſs loſe by ſuch familiarity; and thoſe who have it not, as Mecænas and Pollio had, are not to be accounted proud, but rather very diſcreet, in their reſerves. Some playhouſe beauties do wiſely to be ſeen at a diſtance, and to have the lamps twinkle betwixt them and the ſpectators.

But now Cæſar, who, though he were none of the greateſt ſoldiers, was certainly the greateſt traveller, of a prince, that had ever been, (for which Virgil ſo dexterouſly compliments him, Æneid vi.) takes a voyage to Egypt, and having happily finiſhed the war, reduces that mighty kingdom into the form of a province; over which he appointed Gallus his lieutenant. This is the ſame perſon to whom Virgil addreſſes his tenth Paſtoral; changing, in compliance to his requeſt, his purpoſe of limiting them to the number of the Muſes. The praiſes of this Gallus took up a conſiderable part of the fourth book of the Georgics, according to the general conſent of antiquity: but Cæſar would have it put out, and yet the ſeam in the poem is ſtill to be diſcerned; and the matter of Areſteus's reccovering his bees, might have been diſpatched in leſs compaſs, without fetching the cauſes ſo far, or intereſting ſo many gods and goddeſs in that affair. Perhaps ſome readers may be inclined to think this, though very much laboured, not the moſt entertaining part of that work; ſo hard it is for the greateſt maſters to paint againſt their inclination. But Cæſar was contented that he ſhould be mentioned in the laſt Paſtoral, becauſe it might be taken for a ſatyrical ſort of commendation; and the character he there ſtands under, might help to excuſe his cruelty, in putting an old ſervant to death for no very great crime.

And now having ended, as he begins his Georgics, with ſolemn mention of Cæſar, an argument of his devotion to him: he begins his Æneis, according to the common account, being now turned of forty. But that work had been, in truth, the ſubject of much earlier meditation. Whilſt he was working upon the firſt book of it, this paſſage, ſo very remarkable in hiſtory, fell out, in which Virgil had a great ſhare.

Cæſar, about this time, either cloyed with glory, or terrified by the example of his predeceſſor, or to gain the credit of moderation with the people, or poſſibly to feel the pulſe of his friends, deliberated whether he ſhould retain the ſovereign power, or reſtore the commonwealth. Agrippa who was a very honeſt man, but whoſe view was of no great extent, adviſed him to the latter; but Mecænas, who had thoroughly ſtudied his maſter's temper, in an eloquent oration, gave contrary advice. That emperor was too polite, to commit the overſight of Cromwell, in a deliberation ſomething reſembling this. Cromwell had never been more deſirous of the power than he was afterwards of the title of king: and there was nothing in which the heads of the parties, who were all his creatures, would not comply with him: but by too vehement allegation of arguments againſt it, he, who had outwitted every body beſides, at laſt outwitted himſelf, by too deep diſſimulation: for his council, thinking to make their court by aſſenting to his judgment, voted unanimouſly againſt their inclination; which ſurpriſed and troubled him to ſuch a degree, that as ſoon as he had got into his coach, he fell into a ſwoon. But Cæſar knew his people better; and his council being thus divided, he aſked Virgil's advice. Thus a poet had the honour of determining the greateſt point that ever was in debate, betwixt the ſon-in-law and favourite of Cæſar. Virgil delivered his opinion in words to this effect. "The change of a

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" popular into an abſolute government has ge-
" nerally been of very ill conſequence; for be-
" twixt the hatred of the people, and injuſtice of
" the prince, it of neceſſity comes to paſs that
" they live in diſtruſt, and mutual apprehenſions.
" But if the commons knew a juſt perſon, whom
" they entirely confided in, it would be for the
" advantage of all parties, that ſuch a one ſhould
" be their ſovereign: wherefore if you ſhould
" continue to adminiſter juſtice impartially, as
" hitherto you have done, your power will prove
" ſafe to yourſelf, and beneficial to mankind."
This excellent ſentence, which ſeems taken out of Plato, (with whoſe writings the gramarians were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reaſonably be ſuſpected of forgery in this matter) contains the true ſtate of affairs at that time: for the commonwealth maxims were now no longer practicable; the Romans had only the haughtineſs of the old commonwealth left, without one of its virtues. And this ſentence we find, almoſt in the ſame words, in the firſt book of the Æneis, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of his commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a tempeſt to a popular inſurrection, as Cicero had compared a ſedition to a ſtorm, a little before.

At veluti magno in populo, cum ſæpe coorta eſt
Seditio, ſævitaque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces, ac ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat:
Tum pietate gravem, et meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere ſilent, arrectiſque aribus adſtant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

Piety and merit were the two great virtues which Virgil every where attributes to Auguſtus, and in which that prince, at leaſt politically, if not ſo truly, fixed his character, as appears by the Marmor Ancyr, and ſeveral of his medals. Frienſhemius, the learned ſupplementor of Livy, has inſerted this relation into his hiſtory; nor is there any good reaſon, why Ruæus ſhould account it fabulous. The title of a poet in thoſe days did not abate, but heighten the character of the graveſt ſenator. Virgil was one of the beſt and wiſeſt men of his time, and in ſo popular eſteem that one hundred thouſand Romans roſe when he came into the theatre, and paid him the ſame reſpect they uſed to Cæſar himſelf, as Tacitus aſſures us. And if Auguſtus invited Horace to aſſiſt him in writing his letters, and every body knows that the Reſcripta Imperatorum were the laws of the empire, Virgil might well deſerve a place in the cabinet-council.

And now Virgil proſecutes his Æneis which had anciently the title of the Imperial Poem, or Roman Hiſtory, and deſervedly; for though he were too artful a writer to ſet down events in exact hiſtorical order, for which Lucan is juſtly blamed; yet are all the moſt conſiderable affairs and perſons of Rome compriſed in this poem. He deduces the hiſtory of Italy from before Saturn to the reign of king Latinus; and reckons up the ſucceſſors of Æneas, who reigned at Alba, for the ſpace of three hundred years, down to the birth of Romulus; deſcribes the perſons and principal exploits of all the kings, to their expulſion, and the ſettling of the commonwealth. After this he touches promiſcuouſly the moſt remarkable occurences at home and abroad, but inſiſts more particularly upon the exploits of Auguſtus; inſomuch that though this aſſertion may appear, at firſt, a little ſurpriſing, he has in his works deduced the hiſtory of a conſiderable part of the world from its original, through the fabulous and heroic ages, through the monarchy and commonwealth of Rome, for the ſpace of four thouſand years, down to within leſs than forty of our Saviour's time, of whom he has preſerved a moſt illuſtrious prophecy. Beſides this, he points at many remarkable paſſages of hiſtory under feigned names: the deſtruction of Alba, and Veii, under that of Troy: the ſtar of Venus, which, Varo ſays, guided Æneas in his voyage to Italy, in that verſe,

Matre dea monſtrante viam.

Romulus's lance taking root, and budding, is deſcribed in that paſſage concerning Polydorus, Æneid. iii.

————Confixum ferrea texit
Telorum ſejes, et jaculis increvit acutis.

The ſtratagem of the Trojans boring holes in their ſhips, and ſinking them, leſt the Latins ſhould burn them, under that fable of their being tranſformed into ſea-nymphs: and therefore the ancients had no ſuch reaſon to condemn that fable as groundleſs and abſurd. Cocles ſwimming the river Tyber, after the bridge was broken down behind him, is exactly painted in the four laſt verſes of the ninth book, under the character of Turnus. Marius hiding himſelf in the moraſs of Minturnæ, under the perſon of Simon:

Limoſoque lacu per noctem obſcuris in ulva
Delitui——

Thoſe verſes in the ſecond book concerning Priam;

Jacet ingens littore truncus, &c.

ſeem originally made upon Pompey the Great. He ſeems to touch the impious and intriguing humour of the empreſs Livia, under the character of Juno. The irreſolute and weak Lepidus is well repreſented under the perſon of king Latinus; Auguſtus with the character of Pont. Max. under that of Æneas; and the raſh courage (always unfortunate in Virgil) of Marc Antony in Turnus; the railing eloquence of Cicero in his Philippics is well imitated in the oration of Drances; the dull faithful Agrippa, under the perſon of Achates; accordingly his character is flat; Achates kills but one man, and himſelf receives but one ſlight wound, but neither ſays nor does any thing very conſiderable in the whole poem. Curio, who ſold his country for about two hundered thouſand pounds, is ſtigmatized in that verſe:

Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
Impoſuit————

Livy relates that, preſently after the death of the two Scipios in Spain, when Martius took upon him the command, a blazing meteor ſhone

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ground his head, to the astonishment of his soldiers: Virgil transfers this to Æneas:

Lætasque vomunt duo tempora flammas.

It is strange that the commentators have not taken notice of this. Thus the ill omen which happened a little before the battle of Thrasimen, when some of the centurions' lances took fire miraculously, is hinted in the like accident which befel Acestes, before the burning of the Trojan fleet in Sicily. The reader will easily find many more such instances. In other writers there is often well covered ignorance; in Virgil, concealed learning.

His silence of some illustrious persons is no less worth observation. He says nothing of Scævola, because he attempted to assassinate a king, though a declared enemy. Nor of the younger Brutus; for he effected what the other endeavoured. Nor of the younger Cato, because he was an implacable enemy of Julius Cæsar; nor could the mention of him be pleasing to Augustus; and that passage,

His dantem jura Catonem,

may relate to his office, as he was a very severe censor. Nor would he name Cicero, when the occasion of mentioning him came full in his way, when he speaks of Catiline; because he afterwards approved the murder of Cæsar, though the plotters were too wary to trust the orator with their design. Some other poets knew the art of speaking well; but Virgil, beyond this, knew the admirable secret of being eloquently silent. Whatsoever was most curious in Fabius Pictor, Cato the elder, Varo, in the Ægyptian antiquities, in the form of sacrifice, in the solemnities of making peace and war, is preserved in this poem. Rome is still above ground, and flourishing in Virgil. And all this he performs with admirable brevity. The Æneas was once near twenty times bigger than he left it; so that he spent as much time in blotting out, as some moderns have done in writing whole volumes. But not one book has his finishing strokes: the sixth seems one of the most perfect, the which, after long entreaty, and sometimes threats of Augustus, he was at last prevailed upon to recite: this fell out about four years before his own death: that of Marcellus, whom Cæsar designed for his successor, happened a little before this recital: Virgil, therefore, with his usual dexterity, inserted his funeral panegyric in those admirable lines, beginning

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum,
&c.

His mother, the excellent Octavia, the best wife of the worst husband that ever was, to divert her grief, would be of the auditory. The poet artificially deferred the naming Marcellus, till their passions were raised to the highest; but the mention of it put both her and Augustus into such a passion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further; Virgil answered, that he had already ended that passage. Some relate, that Octavia fainted away; but afterwards she presented the poet with two thousand one hundred pounds, odd money; a round sum for twenty-seven verses. But they were Virgil's. Another writer says, that with a royal magnificence, she ordered him massy plate, unweighed, to a great value.

And now he took up a resolution of travelling into Greece, there to set the last hand to this work; proposing to devote the rest of his life to philosophy, which had been always his principal passion. He justly thought it a foolish figure for a grave man to be overtaken by death, whilst he was weighing the cadence of words and measuring verses; unless necessity should constrain it, from which he was well secured by the liberality of that learned age. But he was not aware, that whilst he allotted three years for the reviving of his poem, he drew bills upon a failing bank: for unhappily meeting Augustus at Athens, he thought himself obliged to wait upon him into Italy, but being desirous to see all he could of the Greek antiquities, he fell into a languishing distemper at Megara; this neglected at first, proved mortal. The agitation of the vessel, for it was now autumn, near the time of his birth, brought him so low, that he could hardly reach Brindisi. In his sickness he frequently, and with great importunity, called for his scrutore, that he might burn his Æneis; but Augustus interposing by his royal authority, he made his last will, of which something shall be said afterwards. And considering probably how much Homer had been disfigured by the arbitrary compilers of his works, obliged Tucca and Varius to add nothing, nor so much as fill up the breaks he left in his poem. He ordered that his bones should be carried to Naples, in which place he had passed the most agreeable part of his life. Augustus, not only as executor and friend, but according to the duty of the Pont. Max. when a funeral happened in his family, took care himself to see the will punctually executed. He went out of the world with all that calmness of mind with which the ancient writers of his life says he came into it: making the inscription of his monument himself; for he began and ended his poetical compositions with an epitaph. And this he made exactly according to the law of his master Plato on such occasions, without the least ostentation.

I sung flocks, tillage, heroes; Mantua gave
Me life, Brundusium death, Naples a grave.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF

His Person, Manners, and Fortune.

He was of a very swarthy complexion, which might proceed from the southern extraction of his father; tall and wide shouldered, so that he may be thought to have described himself under the character of Musæus, whom he calls the best of poets.

—— Medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.

His sicklines, studies, and the troubles he met with, turned his heir gray before the usual time; he had an hesitation in his speech, as many other

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great men: it being rarely found that a very fluent elocution, and depth of judgment meet in the same person. His aspect and behaviour rustic and ungraceful: and this defect was not likely to be rectified in the place where he first lived, nor afterwards, because the weakness of his stomach would not permit him to use his exercises; he was frequently troubled with the headach, and spitting of blood; spare of diet, and hardly drank any wine. Bashful to a fault; and when people crowded to see him, he would slip into the next shop, or bye passage, to avoid them. As this character could not recommend him to the fair sex, he seems to have as little consideration for them as Euripides himself. There is hardly the character of one good woman to be found in his poems: he uses the word [Mulier] but once in the whole Æneis, then too by way of contempt, rendering literally a piece of a verse out of Homer. In his Pastorals he is full of invectives against love: in the Georgics he appropriates all the rage of it to the females. He makes Dido, who never deserved that character, lustful and revengeful to the utmost degree; so as to die devoting her lover to destruction; so changeable, that the Destinies themselves could not fix the time of her death; but Iris, the emblem of inconstancy, must determine it. Her sister is something worse. He is so far from paying such a compliment upon Helen, as the grave old counsellor in Homer does, after nine years war, when upon the sight of her he breaks out into this rapture in the presence of king Priam;

None can the cause of these long wars despise;
The cost bears no proportion to the prize:
Majestic charms in every feature shine;
Her hair, her port, her accent is divine.
However, let the fatal beauty go, &c.

Virgil is so far from this complaisant humour, that his hero falls into an unmanly and ill-timed deliberation, whether he should not kill her in a church; which directly contradicts what Deiphobus says of her, Æneid vi. in that place where every body tells the truth. He transfers the dogged silence of Ajax's ghost, to that of Dido; though that be no very natural character to an injured lover, or a woman. He brings in the Trojan matrons setting their own fleet on fire; and running afterwards, like witches on their Sabbat, into the woods. He bestows indeed some ornaments on the character of Camilla; but soon abates his favour, by calling her "aspero et horrendo virgo:" He places her in the front of the line for an ill omen of the battle, as one of the ancients has observed. We may observe, on this occasion, it is an art peculiar to Virgil, to intimate the event by some preceding accident. He hardly ever describes the rising of the sun, but with some circumstance which foresignifies the fortune of the day. For instance, when Æneas leaves Africa and queen Dido, he thus describes the fatal morning.

Tithori croceum linquens aurora cubile.

[And for the remark, we stand indebted to the curious pencil of Pollio] the Mourning fields (Æneid. vi.) are crowded with ladies of a lost reputation: hardly one man gets admittance, and that is Cæneus, for a very good reason. Latinus's queen is turbulent, and ungovernable, and at last hangs herself: and the fair Lavinia is disobedient to the oracle, and to the king, and looks a little flickering after Turnus. I wonder at this the more, because Livy represents her as an excellent person, and who behaved herself with great wisdom in her regency during the minority of her son: so that the poet has done her wrong, and it reflects on her posterity. His goddesses make as ill a figure; Juno is always in a rage, and the fury of heaven: Venus grows so unreasonably confident, as to ask her husband to forge arms for her bastard son; which were enough to provoke one of a more phlegmatic temper than Vulcan was. Notwithstanding all this raillery of Virgil's, he was certainly of a very amorous disposition, and has described all that is most delicate in the passion of love; but he conquered his natural inclinations by the help of philosophy; and refined it into friendship, to which he was extremely sensible. The reader will admit of or reject the following conjecture, with the free leave of the writer, who will be equally pleased with either way. Virgil had too great an opinion of the influence of the heavenly bodies: and, as an ancient writer says, he was born under the sign of Virgo, with which nativity he much pleased himself, and would exemplify her virtues in his life. Perhaps it was thence that he took his name of Virgil and Parthenias, which does not necessarily signify base-born. Donatus, and Servius, very good grammarians, give a quite contrary sense of it. He seems to make allusion to this original of his name in that passage,

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope.

And this may serve to illustrate his compliment to Cæsar, in which he invites him into his own constellation,

Where, in the void of heaven, a place is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion, and the Maid, for thee.

Thus placing him betwixt Justice and Power, and in a neighbouring mansion to his own; for Virgil supposed souls to ascend again to their proper and congenial stars. Being therefore of this humour, it is no wonder that he refused the embraces of the beautiful Plotia, when his indiscreet friend almost threw her into his arms.

But however he stood affected to the ladies, there is a dreadful accusation brought against him for the most unnatural of all vices, which, by the malignity of human nature, has found more credit in latter times than it did near his own. This took not its rise so much from the Alexis, in which Pastoral there is not one immodest word; as from a sort of ill nature that will not let any one be without the imputation of some vice; and principally because he was so strict a follower of Socrates and Plato. In order, therefore, to his vindication, I shall take the matter a little higher.

The Cretans were anciently much addicted to navigation, insomuch that it became a Greek proverb, (though omitted, I think, by the indus-

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trious Eraſmus), A Cretan that does not know the ſea. Their neighbourhood gave them occaſion of frequent commerce with the Phœnicians, that accurſed people, who infected the weſtern world with endleſs ſuperſtitions, and groſs immoralities. From them it is probable, that the Cretans learned this infamous paſſion, to which they were ſo much addicted, that Cicero remarks, in his Book de Rep. that it was a diſgrace for a young gentleman to be without lovers. Socrates, who was a great admirer of the Cretan conſtitutions, ſet his excellent wit to find out ſome good cauſe, and uſe of this evil inclination, and therefore gives an account wherefore beauty is to be loved, in the following paſſage; for I will not trouble the reader, weary perhaps already, with a long Greek quotation: "There is "but one eternal, immutable, uniform beauty; "in contemplation of which our ſovereign happineſs does conſiſt: and therefore a true lover "conſiders beauty and proportion as ſo many "ſteps and degrees, by which he may aſcend "from the particular to the general, from all "that is lovely of feature, or regular in proportion, or charming in ſound, to the general "fountain of all perfection. And if you are ſo "much tranſported with the ſight of beautiful "perſons, as to wiſh neither to drink, but to paſs "your whole life in their converſation; to what "ecſtacy would it raiſe you to behold the original beauty, not filled up with fleſh and blood, "or varniſhed with a fading mixture of colours, "and the reſt of mortal trifles and fooleries, but "ſeparate, unmixed, uniform, and divine, &c." Thus far Socrates, in a ſtrain much beyond the Socrate Cretien of Mr. Balſac: and thus that admirable man loved his Phædon, his Charmedes, and Theætetus; and thus Virgil loved his Alexander, and Cebes, under the feigned name of Alexis: He received them illiterate, but returned them to their maſters, the one a good poet; and the other an excellent grammarian; and to prevent all poſſible miſinterpretations, he warily inſerted into the livelieſt Epiſode in the whole Æneis, theſe words,

Niſus amore pio pueri.

And in the ſixth, Quique pii vates. He ſeems fond of the words, cattus, pius, virgo, and the compounds of it; and ſometimes ſtretches the uſe of that word further than one would think he reaſonably ſhould have done, as when he attributes it to Paſiphae herſelf.

Another vice he is taxed with, is avarice; becauſe he died rich; and ſo indeed he did in compariſon of modern wealth; his eſtate amounts to near ſeventy-five thouſand pounds of our money: but Donatus does not take notice of this as a thing extraordinary; nor was it eſteemed ſo great a matter, when the caſh of a great part of the world lay at Rome. Antony himſelf beſtowed at once two thouſand acres of land in one of the beſt provinces of Italy, upon a ridiculous ſcribbler, who is named by Cicero and Virgil. A late cardinal uſed to purchaſe ill flattery at the expence of 100,000 crowns a year. But beſides Virgil's other benefactors, he was much in favour with Auguſtus, whoſe bounty to him had no limits, but ſuch as the modeſty of Virgil preſcribed to it. Before he had made his own fortune, he ſettled his eſtate upon his own parents and brothers; ſent them yearly large ſums, ſo that they lived in great plenty and reſpect; and at his death divided his eſtate betwixt duty and gratitude, leaving one half to his relations, and the other to Mecenas, to Tucca and Varius, and a conſiderable legacy to Auguſtus, who had introduced a politic faſhion of being in every body's will; which alone was a fair revenue for a prince. Virgil ſhows his deteſtation of this vice, by placing in the front of the damned thoſe who did not relieve their relations and friends; for the Romans hardly ever extended their liberality farther; and therefore I do not remember to have met in all the Latin poets, one character ſo noble as that ſhort one in Homer.

——Φίλος δ' ὠκείωσεν ἑταίρῳ,
Πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκε——

On the other hand, he gives a very advanced place in Elyſium to good patriots, &c. obſerving in all his poem, that rule ſo ſacred amongſt the Romans, that there ſhould be no art allowed, which did not tend to the improvement of the people in virtue; and this was the principle too of our excellent Mr. Waller, who uſed to ſay, that he would raze any line out of his poems, which did not imply ſome motive to virtue; but he was unhappy in the choice of the ſubject of his admirable vein in poetry. The Counteſs of Carliſle was the Helen of her country. There is nothing in Pagan philoſophy more true, more juſt, and regular than Virgil's Ethics; and it is hardly poſſible to ſit down to the ſerious peruſal of his works, but a man ſhall riſe more diſpoſed to virtue and goodneſs, as well as moſt agreeably entertained. The contrary to which diſpoſition may happen ſometimes upon the reading of Ovid, of Martial, and ſeveral other ſecond rate poets. But of the craft and tricking part of life with which Homer abounds, there is nothing to be found in Virgil; and therefore Plato, who gives the former ſo many good words, perfumes, crowns, but at laſt complimentally baniſhes him his commonwealth, would have entreated Virgil to ſtay with him, (if they had livid in the ſame age), and intruſted him with ſome important charge in his government. Thus was his life as chaſte as his ſtyle, and thoſe who can critic his poetry, can never find a blemiſh in his manners; and one would rather wiſh to have that purity of mind, which the ſatyriſt himſelf attributes to him; that friendly diſpoſition, and evenneſs of temper, and patience, which he was maſter of in ſo eminent a degree, than to have the honour of being author of the Æneis, or even of the Georgics themſelves.

Having, therefore, ſo little reliſh for the uſual amuſements of the world, he proſecuted his ſtudies without any conſiderable interruption, during the whole courſe of his life, which one may reaſonably conjecture to have been ſomething longer

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than fifty-two years; and therefore it is no wonder that he became the moſt general ſcholar that Rome ever bred, unleſs ſome one ſhould except Varo. Beſides the exact knowledge of rural affairs, he underſtood medicine, to which profeſſion he was deſigned by his parents. A curious florift, on which ſubject one would wiſh he had writ, as he once intended: ſo profound a naturaliſt, that he has ſolved more phænomena of nature upon ſound principles, than Ariſtotle in his phyſics. He ſtudied geometry, the moſt oppoſite of all ſciences to a poetic genius, and beauties of a lively imagination; but this promoted the order of his narrations, his propriety of language, and clearneſs of expreſſion, for which he was juſtly called the pillar of the Latin tongue. This geometrical ſpirit was the cauſe, that to fill up a verſe he would not inſert one ſuperfluous word; and therefore deſerves that character which a noble and judicious writer has given him, * "That he never ſays too little, nor too much." Nor could any one ever fill up the verſes he left imperfect. There is one ſupplied near the beginning of the firſt book; Virgil left the verſe thus,

——Hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit——

the reſt is none of his.

He was ſo good a geographer, that he has not only left us the fineſt deſcription of Italy that ever was; but, beſides, was one of the few ancients who knew the true ſyſtem of the earth, its being inhabited round about, under the torid zone, and near the poles. Metrodorus, in his five Books of the Zones, juſtifies him from ſome exceptions made againſt him by aſtronomers. His rhetoric was in ſuch general eſteem, that lectures were read upon it in the reign of Tiberius, and the ſubject of declamations taken out of him. Pollio himſelf, and many other ancients, commented him. His eſteem degenerated into a kind of ſuperſtition. The known ſtory of Mr. Cowley is an inſtance of it. But the Sortes Virgilianæ were condemned by St. Auſtin, and other caſuiſts. Abienus, by an odd deſign, put all Virgil and Livy into Iambic verſe; and the pictures of thoſe two were hung in the moſt honourable place of public libraries; and the deſign of taking them down, and deſtroying Virgil's works, was looked upon as one of the moſt extravagant amongſt the many brutiſh frenzies of Caligula.

* Eſſay of Poetry by the Marquis of Normandy.

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PREFACE

TO THE

PASTORALS,

WITH A

SHORT DEFENCE OF VIRGIL, AGAINST SOME OF THE REFLECTIONS OF MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.

As the writings of greateſt antiquity are in verſe, ſo of all ſorts of poetry, Paſtorals ſeem the moſt ancient; being formed upon the model of the firſt innocence and ſimplicity, which the moderns, better to diſpenſe themſelves from imitating, have wiſely thought fit to treat as fabulous, and impracticable; and yet they, by obeying the unſophiſticated dictates of nature, enjoyed the moſt valuable bleſſings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a conſtant ſerenity and freedom of mind; whilſt we, with all our fanciful refinements, can ſcarcely paſs an autumn without ſome acceſs of a fever, or a whole day, not ruffled by ſome unquiet paſſion. He was not then looked upon as a very old man, who reached to a greater number of years, than in theſe times an ancient family can reaſonably pretend to; and we know the names of ſeveral, who ſaw, and practiſed the world for a longer ſpace of time, than we can read the accounts of in any one intire body of hiſtory. In ſhort, they invented the moſt uſeful Arts, Paſturage, Tillage, Geometry, Writing, Muſic, Aſtronomy, &c. Whilſt the moderns, like extravagant heirs, made rich by their induſtry, ingratefully deride the good old gentleman who left them the eſtate. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that Paſtorals are fallen into diſeſteem, together with that faſhion of life, upon which they were grounded. And, methinks, I ſee the reader already uneaſy at this part of Virgil, counting the pages, and poſting to the Æneis; ſo delightful an entertainment is the very relation of public miſchief and ſlaughter now become to mankind: and yet Virgil paſſed a much different judgment on his own works; he valued moſt this part, and his Georgics, and depended upon them for his reputation with poſterity: but cenſures himſelf, in one of his letters to Auguſtus, for meddling with heroics, the invention of a degenerating age. This is the reaſon that the rules of paſtoral are ſo little known, or ſtudied. Ariſtotle, Horace, and the eſſay of Poetry, take no notice of it. And Mr. Boileau, one of the moſt accurate of the moderns, becauſe he never loſes the ancients out of his ſight, beſtows ſcarce half a page on it.

It is the deſign, therefore, of the few following pages, to clear this ſort of writing from vulgar prejudices; to vindicate our author from ſome unjuſt imputations; to look into ſome of the rules of this ſort of poetry, and inquire what ſort of verſification is moſt proper for it, in which point we are ſo much inferior to the ancients, that this conſideration alone were enough to make ſome writers think as they ought, that is, meanly of their own performances.

As all ſorts of poetry conſiſt in imitation; Paſtoral is the imitation of a ſhepherd conſidered under that character: it is requiſite therefore to be a little informed of the condition and qualifications of theſe ſhepherds.

One of the ancients has obſerved truely, but ſatyrically enough, that, mankind is the meaſure of every thing; and thus, by a gradual improvement of this miſtake, we come to make our own age and country the rule and ſtandard of others, and ourſelves at laſt the meaſure of them all. We figure our ancient countrymen like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education: but men had quite different notions of theſe things, for the firſt four thouſand years of the world; health and ſtrength were then in more eſteem than the refinements of pleaſure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of ſheep, than to diſſolve in wantonneſs, and effeminating ſloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it, and is become the moſt important buſineſs in the life of a gentleman; anciently it was quite otherwiſe. Mr. Fleury has ſeverely remarked, that this extravagant paſſion for hunting, is a ſtrong proof of our Gothic extraction, and ſhows an affinity of humour with the ſavage Americans. The barbarous Franks and other Germans, (having neither corn, nor

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wine of their own growth), when they paſſed the Rhine, and poſſeſſed themſelves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diverſion, as they had done before for their neceſſary ſubſiſtence. The Engliſh gave this uſuage the ſacred ſtamp of faſhion, and from hence it is that moſt of our terms of hunting are French. The reader will, I hope, give me his pardon for my freedom on this ſubject, ſince an ill accident, occaſioned by hunting, kept England in pain, theſe ſeveral months together, for one of the † beſt, and greateſt peers which ſhe has bred for ſome ages; no leſs illuſtrious for civil virtues, and learning, than his anceſtors were for all their victories in France.

But there are ſome prints ſtill left of the ancient eſteem for huſbandry, and their plain faſhion of life, in many of our ſurnames, and in the eſcutcheons of the moſt ancient families, even thoſe of the greateſt kings, the roſes, the lilies, the thiſtle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal cauſes of depoſing Mahomet the IVth, was, that he would not allot part of the day to ſome manual labour, according to the law of Mahomet, and ancient practice of his predeceſſors. He that reflects on this, will be the leſs ſurpriſed to find that Charlemagne, eight hundred years ago, ordered his children to be inſtructed in ſome profeſſion. And eight hundred years yet higher, that Auguſtus wore no clothes but ſuch as were made by the hands of the empreſs and her daughters; and Olympius did the ſame for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans, in great exigency, ſent for their dictator from the plough, whoſe whole eſtate was but of four acres; too little a ſpot now for the orchard or kitchen garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known, that the founders of three the moſt renowned monarchies in the world, were ſhepherds: and the ſubject of huſbandry has been adorned by the writings and labours of more than twenty kings. It ought not therefore, to be matter of ſurpriſe to a modern writer, that kings, the ſhepherds of the people in Homer, laid their firſt rudiments, in tending their mute ſubjects; nor that the wealth of Ulyſſes conſiſted in flocks and herds, the intendants over which were then in equal eſteem with officers of ſtate in latter times. And therefore Eumæus is called Διος ὑφορβος in Homer; not ſo much becauſe Homer was a lover of a country life, to which he rather ſeems averſe, but by reaſon of the dignity and greatneſs of his truſt, and becauſe he was the ſon of a king, ſtolen away, and ſold by the Phœnician pirates; which the ingenious Mr. Cowley ſeems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it ſeem ſtrange that the maſter of the horſe to king Latinus, in the ninth Æneid, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when the news of the firſt ſkirmiſh betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of ſuch quality, they cannot be ſuppoſed ſo very ignorant and unpoliſhed; the learning and good breeding of the world was then in the hands of ſuch people. He who was choſen by the conſent of all parties to arbitrate ſo delicate an affair, as which was the faireſt of the three celebrated beauties of heaven; he who had the addreſs to debauch away Helen from her huſband, her native country, and from a crown, underſtood what the French call by the too ſoft name of Galanterie; he had accompliſhments enough, how ill uſe ſoever he made of them. It ſeems, therefore, that Mr. Fontenelle had not duly conſidered the matter, when he reflected ſo ſeverely upon Virgil, as if he had not obſerved the laws of decency in his Paſtorals, in making ſhepherds ſpeak to things beſide their character, and above their capacity. "He ſtands amazed "that ſhepherds ſhould thunder out, (as he ex- "preſſes himſelf,) the formation of the world, "and that too according to the ſyſtem of Epicu- "rus." "In truth, (ſays he, page 176,) I can- "not tell what to make of this whole piece "(the ſixth Paſt): I can neither comprehend the "deſign of the author, nor the connexion of the "parts; firſt come the ideas of philoſophy, and "preſently after thoſe incoherent fables, &c." To expoſe him yet more, he ſubjoins, "It is Sile- "nus himſelf who makes all this abſurd diſcourſe. "Virgil ſays, indeed, that he had drank too "much the day before; perhaps the debauch "hung in his head when he compoſed this poem, "&c." Thus far Mr. Fontenelle, who, to the diſgrace of reaſon, as himſelf ingeniouſly owns, firſt built his houſe, and then ſtudied architecture; I mean, firſt compoſed his eclogues, and then ſtudied the rules. In anſwer to this, we may obſerve, firſt, that this very Paſtoral which he ſingles out to triumph over, was recited by a famous player on the Roman theatre, with marvellous applauſe, inſomuch that Cicero who had heard part of it only, ordered the whole to be rehearſed; and, ſtruck with admiration of it, conferred then upon Virgil the glorious title of

Magnæ ſpes altera Romæ.

Nor is it old Donatus only who relates this, we have the ſame account from another very creditable and ancient author; ſo that here we have the judgment of Cicero, and the people of Rome, to confront the ſingle opinion of this adventurous critic. A man ought to be well aſſured of his own abilities, before he attacks an author of eſtabliſhed reputation. If Mr. Fontenelle had peruſed the fragments of the Phœnician antiquity, traced the progreſs of learning through the ancient Greek writers, or ſo much as conſulted his learned countryman Huetius, he would have found (which falls out unluckily for him) that a Chaldæan ſhepherd diſcovered to the Ægyptians and Greeks the creation of the world. And what ſubject more fit for ſuch a Paſtoral, than that great affair which was firſt notified to the world by one of that profeſſion? Nor does it appear, (what he takes for granted) that Virgil deſcribes the original of the world according to the hypotheſis of Epicurus; he was too well ſeen in antiquity to commit ſuch a groſs miſtake; there is not the leaſt mention of chance in that whole paſſage, nor of the Clinamen Principiorum, ſo peculiar to Epicurus's hypotheſis. Virgil had

† The Duke of Shrewſbury.

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not only more piety, but was of too nice a judgment to introduce a God denying the power and providence of the Deity, and singing a hymn to the atoms and blind chance. On the contrary, his description agrees very well with that of Moſes; and the eloquent commentator D'Acier, who is confident that Horace had peruſed the ſacred hiſtory, might with greater reaſon have affirmed the ſame thing of Virgil. For, beſides the famous paſſage in the ſixth Æneid, (by which this may be illuſtrated) where the word Principio is uſed in front of both by Moſes and Virgil, and the ſeas are firſt mentioned, and the "ſpiritus intus alit," which might not improbably, as Mr. D'Acier would ſuggeſt, allude to the ſpirit moving upon the face of the waters; but omitting this parallel place, the ſucceſſive formation of the world is evidently deſcribed in theſe words:

Rerum paulatim ſumere formas:

And it is hardly poſſible to render more literally that verſe of Moſes,

"Let the waters be gathered into one place, "and let the dry land appear," than in this of Virgil,

Jam durare ſolum, et diſcludere Nerea Ponto.

After this the formation of the ſun is deſcribed (exactly in the Moſaical order), and next the production of the firſt living creatures, and that too in a ſmall number, (ſtill in the ſame method),

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the aforeſaid author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly the Moſaic ſyſtem, than an ingenious writer, who will by no means allow mountains to be coæval with the world. Thus much will make it probable at leaſt that Virgil had Moſes in his thoughts rather than Epicurus, when he compoſed this poem. But it is further remarkable, that this paſſage was taken from a ſong attributed to Apollo, who himſelf too unluckily had been a ſhepherd, and he took it from another yet more ancient, compoſed by the firſt inventor of muſic, and at that time a ſhepherd too; and this is one of the nobleſt fragments of Greek antiquity: and becauſe I cannot ſuppoſe the ingenious Mr. Fontenelle one of their number who pretend to cenſure the Greeks, without being able to diſtinguiſh Greek from Epheſian characters, I ſhall here ſet down the lines from which Virgil took this paſſage, though none of the commentators have obſerved it.

——————ἰρατὸ δ' ὁ λινὸς φάτο,
Κρέιων ἀθανάτης τε Θεὸς, καὶ λαὸν ἰέμην,
Ὡτάπρὸτα γένετο, κὶ ὡς λόχος μοιρανίασε, &c.

Thus Linus too began his poem, as appears by a fragment of it preſerved by Diogenes Laertius; and the like may be inſtanced in Muſæus himſelf.

So that our poet here, with great judgment, as always, follows the ancient cuſtom of beginning their more ſolemn ſongs with the creation, and does it too moſt properly under the perſon of a ſhepherd; and thus the firſt and beſt employment of poetry was, to compoſe hymns in honour of the great Creator of the univerſe.

Few words will ſuffice to anſwer his other objections. He demands why thoſe ſeveral tranſformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fable then the life and ſoul of poetry? Can himſelf aſſign a more proper ſubject of Paſtoral than the Saturnia Regna, the age and ſcene of this kind of poetry? What theme more fit for the ſong of a God, or to imprint religious awe, than the omnipotent power of transforming the ſpecies of creatures at their pleaſure: their families lived in groves, near the clear ſprings; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young ſhepherds, than that they ſhould not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous looking-glaſs, for fear of being ſtolen by the water-nymphs, that is, falling and being drowned, as Hylas was? Paſiphae's monſtrous paſſion for a bull is certainly a ſubject enough fitted for Bucolics. Can Mr. Fontenelle tax Silenus for fetching too far the transformation of the ſiſters of Phaeton into trees, when perhaps they ſat at that very time under the hoſpitable ſhade of thoſe alders and poplars? Or the metatmorphoſis of Philomela into that raviſhing bird, which makes the ſweeteſt muſic of the groves? If he had looked into the ancient Greek writers, or ſo much as conſulted honeſt Servius, he would have diſcovered that under the allegory of this drunkenneſs of Silenus, the refinement and exaltation of men's minds by philoſophy was intended. But if the author of theſe reflections can take ſuch flights in his wine, it is almoſt pity that drunkenneſs ſhould be a ſin, or that he ſhould ever want good ſtore of burgundy and champaign. But indeed he ſeems not to have ever drank out of Silenus's tankard, when he compoſed either his Critique or Paſtorals.

His cenſure on the fourth ſeems worſe grounded than the other; it is intituled in ſome ancient manuſcripts, The Hiſtory of the Renovation of the World; he complains "That he cannot un-"derſtand what is meant by thoſe many figura-"tive expreſſions:" but if he had conſulted the younger Voſſius's diſſertation on this paſtoral, or read the excellent oration of the emperor Conſtantine, made French by a good pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all thoſe figurative expreſſions; and withal, very ſtrong proofs of the truths of the Chriſtian religion; ſuch as converted heathens, as Valerianus, and others: and upon account of this piece, the moſt learned of all the Latin fathers calls Virgil a Chriſtian, even before Chriſtianity. Cicero takes notice of it in his books of divination, and Virgil probably had put it in verſe a conſiderable time before the edition of his paſtorals. Nor does he appropriate it to Pollio, or his ſon, but complimentally dates it from his conſulſhip. And therefore ſome one who had not ſo kind thoughts of Mr. Fontenelle as I, would be inclined to think him as bad a catholic as critic in this place.

But, in reſpect to ſome books he has wrote ſince, I paſs by a great part of this, and ſhall on-

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ly touch briefly ſome of the rules of this ſort of poem.

The firſt is, that an air of piety upon all occaſions ſhould be maintained in the whole poem: this appears in all the ancient Greek writers; as Homer, Heſiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is ſo exact in the obſervation of it, not only in this work, but in his Æneis too, that a celebrated French writer taxes him for permitting Æneas to do nothing without the aſſiſtance of ſome God. But by this it appears at leaſt, that Mr. St. Evremond is no Janſeniſt.

Mr. Fontenelle ſeems a little defective in this point; he brings in a pair of ſhepherdeſſes diſputing very warmly, whether Victoria be a goddeſs, or a woman. Her great condeſcenſion and compaſſion, her affability and goodneſs, none of the meaneſt attributes of the Divinity, paſs for convincing arguments that ſhe could not poſſibly be a goddeſs.

Les deeſſes toujours fieres et mepriſantes
Ne raſſureroient point les bergeres tremblantes
Par d'obligeans diſcours, des ſouris gracieux;
Mais tu l'as veu; cette auguſte perſonne
Qui vient de paroiſtre en ces lieux
Prend ſoin de raſſurer au moment qu'elle etonne,
Sa bonte deſcendant ſans peine juſqu'a nous.

In ſhort, ſhe has too many divine perfections to be a Deity, and therefore ſhe is a mortal [which was the thing to be proved.] It is directly contrary to the practiſe of all ancient poets, as well as to the rules of decency and religion, to make ſuch odious preferences. I am much ſurpriſed therefore that he ſhould uſe ſuch an argument as this:

Cloris, as tu veu des deeſſes
Avoir un air ſi facile et ſi doux.

Was not Aurora, and Venus, and Luna, and I know not how many more of the heathen deities, too eaſy of acceſs to Tithonus, to Anchiſes, and to Endymion? Is there any thing more ſparkiſh and better-humoured than Venus accoſting her ſon in the deſerts of Libya? or than the behaviour of Pallas to Diomedes, one of the moſt perfect and admirable pieces of all the Iliads; where ſhe condeſcends to rail him ſo agreeably; and notwithſtanding her ſevere virtue, and all the enſigns of majeſty, with which ſhe ſo terribly adorns herſelf, condeſcends to ride with him in his chariot? But the Odyſſeys are full of greater inſtances of condeſcenſion than this.

This brings to mind that famous paſſage of Lucan, in which he prefers Cato to all the Gods at once.

Victrix cauſa diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

Which Brœleuf has rendered ſo flatly, and which may be thus paraphraſed;

Heaven meanly with the conqueror did comply,
But Cato rather than ſubmit would die.

It is an unpardonable preſumption in any ſort of religion, to compliment their princes at the expence of their deities.

But letting that paſs, this whole Eclogue is but a long paraphraſe of a trite verſe in Virgil, and Homer.

Nec vox hominem ſonat, O Dea certe.

So true is that remark of the admirable Earl of Roſcommon, if applied to the Romans, rather I fear than to the Engliſh, ſince his own death.

————one ſterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages ſhine.

Another rule is, that the characters ſhould repreſent that ancient innocence, and unpractiſed plainneſs which was then in the world. P. Rapin has gathered many inſtances of this out of Theocritus and Virgil; and the reader can do it as well as himſelf. But Mr. Fontenelle tranſgreſſed this rule, when he hid himſelf in the thicket to liſten to the private diſcourſe of the two ſhepherdeſſes. This is not only ill-breeding at Verſailles; the Arcadian ſhepherdeſſes themſelves would have ſet their dogs upon one for ſuch an unpardonable piece of rudeneſs.

A third rule is, that there ſhould be ſome ordonance, ſome deſign, or little plot, which may deſerve the title of a paſtoral ſcene. This is every where obſerved by Virgil, and particularly remarkable in the firſt Eclogue, the ſtandard of all paſtorals; a beautiful landſcape preſents itſelf to your view, a ſhepherd with his flock around him, reſting ſecurely under a ſpreading beach, which furniſhed the firſt food to our anceſtors. Another in a quite different ſituation of mind and circumſtances, the ſun ſetting, the hoſpitality of the more fortunate ſhepherd, &c. And here Mr. Fontenelle ſeems not a little wanting.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate ſort of writing, is, that there be choice diverſity of ſubjects; that the Eclogue, like a beautiful proſpect, ſhould charm by its variety. Virgil is admirable in this point, and far ſurpaſſes Theocritus, as he does every where, when judgment and contrivance have the principal part. The ſubject of the Firſt Paſtoral is hinted above.

The ſecond contains the love of Corydon for Alexis, and the ſeaſonable reproach he gives himſelf, that he left his vines half-pruned, (which according to the Roman rituals, derived a curſe upon the fruit that grew upon it) whilſt he purſued an object undeſerving his paſſion.

The third, a ſharp contention of two ſhepherds for the prize of poetry.

The fourth contains the diſcourſe of a ſhepherd comforting himſelf in a declining age, that a better was enſuing.

The fifth a lamentation for a dead friend, the firſt draught of which is probably more ancient than any of the Paſtorals now extant, his brother being at firſt intended; but he afterwards makes his court to Auguſtus, by turning it into an hypotheoſis of Julius Cæſar.

The ſixth is the Silenus.

The ſeventh, another poetical diſpute, firſt compoſed at Mantua.

The eighth is the deſcription of a deſpairing lover, and a magical charm.

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He ſets the ninth after all theſe, very modeſtly, becauſe it was particular to himſelf; and here he would have ended that work, if Gallus had not prevailed upon him to add one more in his favour.

Thus curious was Virgil in diverſifying his ſubjects. But Mr. Fontenelle is a great deal too uniform; begin where you pleaſe, the ſubject is ſtill the ſame. We find it true what he ſays of himſelf.

Toujours, toujours de l'amour.

He ſeems to take paſtorals and love-verſes for the ſame thing. Has human nature no other paſſion? does not fear, ambition, avarice, pride, a capricio of honour, and lazineſs itſelf often triumph over love? But this paſſion does all, not only in paſtorals, but in modern tragedies too. A hero can no more fight, or be ſick, or die, than he can be born, without a woman. But dramatics have been compoſed in compliance to the humour of the age, and the prevailing inclination of the great, whoſe example has a more powerful influence, not only in the little court behind the ſcenes, but on the great theatre of the world. However, this inundation of love-verſes is not ſo much an effect of their amorouſneſs, as of immoderate ſelf-love; this being the only ſort of poetry, in which the writer can, not only without cenſure, but even with commendation, talk of himſelf. There is generally more of the paſſion of Narciſſus than concern for Chloris and Corrina, in this whole affair. Be pleaſed to look into almoſt any of thoſe writers, and you ſhall meet every where the eternal 'moy,' which the admirable Paſchal ſo judiciouſly condemns. Homer can never be enough admired for this one ſo particular quality, that he never ſpeaks of himſelf, either in the Iliad, or the Odyſſeys; and if Horace had never told us his genealogy, but left it to the writer of his life, perhaps he had not been a loſer by it. This conſideration might induce thoſe great critics, Varius and Tucca, to raze out the firſt verſion of the Æneis, in great meaſure, for the ſake of that unlucky "ille ego." But extraordinary geniuſes have a ſort of prerogative, which may diſpenſe them from laws binding to ſubject wits. However, the ladies have leſs reaſon to be pleaſed with thoſe addreſſes, of which the poet takes the greater ſhare to himſelf. Thus the beau preſſes into their dreſſing-room, but it is not ſo much to adore their fair eyes, as to adjuſt his own ſteenkirk and peruke, and ſet his countenance in their glaſs.

A fifth rule, (which one may hope will not be conteſted) is, that the writer ſhould ſhow in his compoſitions, ſome competent ſkill of the ſubject matter, that which makes the character of perſons introduced. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and œconomy of a poem, Virgil much excels his maſter Theocritus. The poet is ſtill better ſkilled in huſbandry than thoſe that get their bread by it. He deſcribes the nature, the diſeaſes, the remedies, the proper places, and ſeaſons, of feeding, of watering their flocks; the furniture, diet; the lodging and paſtimes of his ſhepherds. But the perſons brought in by Mr. Fontenelle are ſhepherds in maſquerade, and handle their ſheep-hook as aukwardly, as they do their oaten reed. They ſaunter about with their "chers moutons," but they relate as little to the buſineſs in hand, as the painter's dog, or a Dutch ſhip, does to the hiſtory deſigned. One would ſuſpect ſome of them, that inſtead of leading out their ſheep into the plains of Mount-Briſon, and Marcilli, to the flowery banks of Lignon, or the Charanthe; that they are driving directly a la Boucherie, to make money of them. I hope hereafter Mr. Fontenelle will chooſe his ſervants better.

A ſixth rule is, that as the ſtyle ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it ſhould have ſome peculiar reliſh of the ancient faſhion of writing. Parables in thoſe times were frequently uſed, as they are ſtill by the eaſtern nations, philoſophical queſtions, ænigma's, &c. and of this we find inſtances in the ſacred writings, in Homer, contemporary with king David, in Herodotus, in the Greek tragedians; this piece of antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgment and diſcretion: he has propoſed one riddle, which has never yet been ſolved by any of his commentators. Though he knew the rules of rhetoric as well as Cicero himſelf, he conceals that ſkill in his Paſtorals, and keeps cloſe to the character of antiquity: nor ought the connections and tranſitions to be very ſtrict and regular; this would give the Paſtorals an air of novelty; and of this neglect of exact connections, we have inſtances in the writings of the ancient Chineſe, of the Jews and Greeks, in Pindar, and other writers of dithyrambics, in the choruſes of Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If Mr. Fontenelle and Ruæus had conſidered this, the one would have ſpared his critique of the ſixth, and the other, his reflections upon the ninth Paſtoral. The overſcrupulous care of connections, makes the modern compoſitions oftentimes tedious and flat: and by the omiſſion of them it comes to paſs, that the Penſees of the incomparable Mr. Paſchal, and perhaps of Mr. Bruyere, are two of the moſt entertaining books which the modern French can boaſt of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the character of antiquity, but copies after nature herſelf. Thus a meadow, where the beauties of the ſpring are profuſely blended together, makes a more delightful proſpect, than a curious parterre of ſorted flowers in our gardens, and we are much more tranſported with the beauty of the heavens, and admiration of their Creator, in a clear night, when we behold ſtars of all magnitudes, promiſcuouſly moving together, than if thoſe glorious lights were ranked in their ſeveral orders, or reduced into the fineſt geometrical figures.

Another rule omitted by P. Rapin, as ſome of his are by me, (for I do not deſign an entire treatiſe in this preface) is, that not only the ſentences ſhould be ſhort and ſmart, upon which account he juſtly blames the Italian, and French, as too talkative, but that the whole piece ſhould be ſo too. Virgil tranſgreſſed this rule in his firſt Paſtorals, I mean thoſe which he compoſed at Mantua, but rectified the fault in his riper years. This appears by the Culex, which is as long as five of his

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Paſtorals put together. The greater part of thoſe he finiſhed, have leſs than an hundred verſes, and but two of them exceed that number. But the Silenus, which he ſeems to have deſigned for his maſterpiece, in which he introduces a god ſinging, and he too full of inſpiration, which is intended by that ebriety, (which Mr. Fontenelle ſo unreaſonably ridicules), though it goes through ſo vaſt a field of matter, and compriſes the mythology of near two thouſand years, conſiſts but of fifty lines; ſo that its brevity is no leſs admirable, than the ſubject matter; the noble faſhion of handling it, and the Deity ſpeaking. Virgil keeps up his characters in this reſpect too, with the ſtricteſt decency. For poetry and paſtime was not the buſineſs of men's lives in thoſe days, but only their ſeaſonable recreation after neceſſary labours. And therefore the length of ſome of the modern Italian, and Engliſh compoſitions, is againſt the rules of this kind of poeſy.

I ſhall add ſomething very briefly, touching the verſification of Paſtorals, though it be a mortifying conſideration to the moderns. Heroic verſe, as it is commonly called, was uſed by the Greeks in this ſort of poem, as very ancient and natural; lyrics, iambics, &c. being invented afterwards: but there is ſo great a difference in the numbers of which it may be compounded, that it may paſs rather for a genus, than ſpecies, of verſe. Whoſoever ſhall compare the numbers of the three following verſes, will quickly be ſenſible of the truth of this obſervation.

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

The firſt of the Georgics,

Quid faciat lætas ſegetes, quo ſydere terram,

and of the Æneis,

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

The ſound of the verſes is almoſt as different as the ſubjects But the Greek writers of Paſtoral uſually limited themſelves to the example of the firſt; which Virgil found ſo exceeding difficult, that he quitted it, and left the honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call rhyme, is the moſt ancient ſort of poetry; and learned men have given good arguments for it; and therefore a French hiſtorian commits a groſs miſtake, when he attributes that invention to a king of Gaul, as an Engliſh gentleman does, when he makes a Roman emperor the inventor of it. But the Greeks, who underſtood fully the force and power of numbers, ſoon grew weary of this childiſh ſort of verſe, as the younger Voſſius juſtly calls it, and therefore thoſe rhyming hexameters, which Plutarch obſerves in Homer himſelf, ſeem to be the remains of a barbarous age. Virgil had them in ſuch abhorrence, that he would rather make a falſe ſyntax, than what we call a rhyme. Such a verſe as this,

Vir precor uxori, frater ſuccurre ſorori,

was paſſable in Ovid, but the nicer ears in Auguſtus's court could not pardon Virgil for

At regina pyra.

So that the principal ornament of modern poetry was accounted deformity by the Latins and Greeks; it was they who invented the different terminations of words, thoſe happy compoſitions, thoſe ſhort monoſyllables, thoſe tranſpoſitions for the elegance of the ſound and ſenſe, which are wanting ſo much in modern languages. The French ſometimes crowd together ten or twelve monoſyllables into one diſjointed verſe; they may underſtand the nature of, but cannot imitate, thoſe wonderful ſpondees of Pythagoras, by which he could ſuddenly pacify a man that was in a violent tranſport of anger; nor thoſe ſwift numbers of the prieſts of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the moſt ſedate and phlegmatic tempers. Nor can any modern put into his own language the energy of that ſingle poem of Catullus.

Super alta vectus Atys, &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; and the French, Spaniſh, and Italian, a corruption of Latin; and therefore a man might as well go about to perſuade me that vinegar is a nobler liquor than wine, as that the modern compoſitions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latin itſelf. The Greek tongue very naturally falls into iambics, and therefore the diligent reader may find ſix or ſeven and twenty of them in thoſe accurate orations of Iſocrates. The Latin as naturally falls into heroic; and therefore the beginning of Livy's hiſtory is half an hexameter, and that of Tacitus an entire one. * The Roman hiſtorian, deſcribing the glorious effort of a colonel to break through a brigade of the enemies, juſt after the defeat at Cannæ, falls unknowingly into a verſe not unworthy Virgil himſelf.

Hæc ubi dicti dedit, ſtringit gladium, cuneoque
Facto per medios, &c.

Ours and the French can at beſt but fall into blank verſe, which is a fault in proſe. The misfortune indeed is common to us both, but we deſerve more compaſſion, becauſe we are not vain of our barbarities. As age brings men back into the ſtate and infirmities of childhood, upon the fall of their empire the Romans doted into rhyme, as appears ſufficiently by the hymns of the Latin church; and yet a great deal of the French poetry does hardly deſerve that poor title. I ſhall give an inſtance out of a poem which had the good luck to gain the prize in 1685, for the ſubject deſerved a nobler pen.

Tous les jours ce grand roy des outres roys l'exemple,
S'ouvre nouveau chemin au faiſte de un top temple, &c.

The judicious Malherbe exploded this ſort of verſe near eighty years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that paſſage of a famous academician, in which he, moſt compaſſionately, excuſes the ancients for their not being ſo exact in their compoſitions as the modern French, becauſe they wanted a dictionary, of which the French are at

* Livy.

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laſt happily provided. If Demoſthenes and Cicero had been ſo lucky as to have had a dictionary, and ſuch a patron as Cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aſpired to the honour of Balzac's Legacy of Ten Pounds, "le prix de l'eloquence." On the contrary, I dare aſſert that there are hardly ten lines in either of thoſe great orators, or even in the catalogue of Homer's ſhips, which is not more harmonious, more truly rythmical, than moſt of the French or Engliſh ſonnets; and therefore they loſe, at leaſt, one half of their native beauty by tranſlation.

I cannot but add one remark on this occaſion, that the French verſe is oftentimes not ſo much as rhyme, in the loweſt ſenſe; for the childiſh repetition of the ſame note cannot be called muſic; ſuch inſtances are infinite, as in the forecited poem.

'Epris	Trophee	cache;
Mepris	Orphee	cherche.

Mr. Boileau himſelf has a great deal of this *paronomia*, not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultineſs and poverty of the French tongue. Mr. Fontenelle at laſt goes into the exceſſive paradoxes of Mr. Perrault, and boaſts of the vaſt number of their excellent ſongs, preferring them to the Greek and Latin. But an ancient writer of as good credit has aſſured us, that ſeven lives would hardly ſuffice to read over the Greek odes; but a few weeks would be ſufficient, if a man were ſo very idle, as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I ſhould be very glad to ſee a catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

* Exact propriety of word and thought.

Notwithſtanding all the high encomiums and mutual gratulations which they give one another (for I am far from cenſuring the whole of that illuſtrious ſociety, to which the learned world is much obliged), after all thoſe golden dreams at the L'Ouvre, that their pieces will be as much valued ten or twelve ages hence, as the ancient Greek or Roman, I can no more get it into my head, that they will laſt ſo long, than I could believe the learned Dr. H——K. [of the Royal Society], if he ſhould pretend to ſhow me a butterfly that had lived a thouſand winters.

When Mr. Fontenelle wrote his Eclogues, he was ſo far from equalling Virgil or Theocritus, that he had ſome pains to take before he could underſtand in what the principal beauty an graces of their writings do conſiſt.

† Eſſay of Poetry.

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VIRGIL's PASTORALS.

THE FIRST PASTORAL;

OR,

TITYRUS AND MELIBOEUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The occaſion of the firſt Paſtoral was this. When Auguſtus had ſettled himſelf in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their paſt ſervice, he diſtributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right owners for having ſided with his enemies. Virgil was a ſufferer among the reſt; who afterwards recovered his eſtate by Mæcenas's interceſſion, and, as an inſtance of his gratitude, compoſed the following Paſtoral; where he ſets out his own good fortune in the perſon of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBOEUS.

BENEATH the ſhade which beechen boughs diſ-
You, Tityrus, entertain your ſylvan Muſe: [fuſe,
Round the wide world in baniſhment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleaſing fields and native home:
While ſtretch'd at eaſe you ſing your happy loves;
And Amarillis fills the ſhady groves.

TIT. Theſe bleſſings, friend, a Deity beſtow'd:
For never can I deem him leſs than God.
The tender firſtlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain;
And to my pipe renew'd the rural ſtrain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That while the raging ſword and waſteful fire
Deſtroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hoſtile arms approach your happy ground.
Far different is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forſaken cotes:
And this you ſee I ſcarcely drag along,
Who yeaning on the rocks has left her young;
(The hope and promiſe of my failing fold.)
My loſs by dire portents the gods foretold:
For had I not been blind, I might have ſeen
Yon riven oak, the faireſt of the green,
And the hoarſe raven, on the blaſted bough,
By croaking from the left preſag'd the coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preſerv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TIT. Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their ſires and dams expreſs:
And ſo the great I meaſur'd by the leſs.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like ſhrubs when lofty cypreſſes are near.

MEL. What great occaſion call'd you hence to Rome! [ſlow to come:

TIT. Freedom, which came at length, though
Nor did my ſearch of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor Amarillis would vouchſafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpleſs, hopeleſs, homely ſwain,
I fought not freedom, nor aſpir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheeſe to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I ſpent,
And ſtill return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We ſtood amaz'd to ſee your miſtreſs mourn;
Unknowing that ſhe pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why ſhe kept her fruit ſo long,
For whom ſo late th' ungather'd apples hung;
But now the wonder ceaſes, ſince I ſee
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling ſprings appear'd to mourn,
And whiſpering pines made vows for thy return.

TIT. What ſhould I do, while here I was enchain'd,
No glimpſe of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god ſo preſent to my prayer.
There firſt the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd,
He heard my vows, and graciouſly decreed
My grounds to be reſtor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MEL. O fortunate old man! whoſe farm remains
For you ſufficient, and requites your pains:
Though ruſhes overſpread the neighbouring plains.
Though here the marſhy grounds approach your
And there the ſoil a ſtony harveſt yields, [fields,
Your teeming ewes ſhall no ſtrange meadows try,
Nor fear a rott from tainted company.
Behold yon bordering fence of ſallow trees
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with bees:

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The busy bees with a soft murmuring strain
Invite to gentle sleep the labouring swain.
While from the neighbouring rock, with rural songs
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TIT. Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air shall range,
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink:
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MEL. But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone.
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold;
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.
The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rolling years return?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?
Or shall we mount again the rural throng,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our own!
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow;
Good heaven, what dire effects from civil discord flow!
Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewell my pastures, my paternal stock;
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock:
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!
No more extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew:
Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world adieu!

TIT. This night, at least, with me forget your care;
Chesnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare:
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;
And boughs shall wave a covering for your head.
For see yon sunny hill the shade extends
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

THE SECOND PASTORAL;

OR,

ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples: but when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome armour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,
And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
And Thestylis wild thyme and garlick beats
For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats:
While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain,
The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fry with heat, and I with fierce desire.
How much more easy was it to sustain
Proud Amarillis and her haughty reign,
The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass:
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
My passion is thy scorn: nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow:
What stores my dairies and my folds contain;
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain:
New milk that all the winter never fails,
And all the summer overflows the pails:
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were still, and if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.
O leave the noisy town, O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me!

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o wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browzing goats:
To pipe and ſing, and in our country ſtrain
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax, unequal reeds,
Pan loves the ſhepherds, and their flocks he feeds:
Nor ſcorn the pipe; Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kiſſes would my ſkill have bought.
Of ſeven ſmooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damætas gave:
And ſaid, This, Corydon I leave to thee;
For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.
His eyes Amyntas durſt not upward lift,
For much he grudg'd the praiſe, but more the gift.
Beſides two kids that in the valley ſtray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd.
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And theſe ſhall be companions of thy play.
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian ſtrain,
Which Theſtylis had often begg'd in vain:
And ſhe ſhall have them if again ſhe ſues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuſe,
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
And take the preſents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full caniſters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple ſpring.
The daughters of the flood have ſearch'd the mead,
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies head;
The ſhort narciſſus, and fair daffodil,
Panſies to pleaſe the ſight, and caſſia ſweet to ſmell;
And ſet ſoft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To ſhade marſh marigolds of ſhining hue.
Some bound in order, others looſely ſtrow'd,
To dreſs thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
Myſelf will ſearch our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the gloſſy plumb:
And thraſh the cheſnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amarillis us'd to love,
The laurel and the myrtle ſweets agree;
And both in noſegays ſhall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy ſwain,
Alexis will thy homely gifts diſdain:
Nor, ſhould'ſt thou offer all thy little ſtore,
Will rich Iolus yield, but offer more.
What have I done to name that wealthy ſwain,
So powerful are his preſents, mine ſo mean!
The boar amidſt my cryſtal ſtreams I bring;
And ſouthern winds to blaſt my flowery ſpring.
Ah cruel creature, whom doſt thou deſpiſe?
The gods to live in woods have left the ſkies.
And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd Oenone's love.
In cities which ſhe built, let Pallas reign;
Towers are for gods, but foreſts for the ſwain.
The greedy lioneſs the wolf purſues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browſe:
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon;
All follow ſeveral games, and each his own.
See from afar the fields no longer ſmoke,
The ſweating ſteers unharneſs'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The ſhadows lengthen as the ſun goes low.
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove;
Ah, cruel heaven! that made no cure for love!
I wiſh for balmy ſleep, but wiſh in vain;
Love has no bounds in pleaſure, or in pain.
What frenzy, ſhepherd, has thy ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undreſs'd.
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanſwer'd fire:
Mind what the common wants of life require:
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
And find an eaſier love, though not ſo fair.

THE THIRD PASTORAL;

OR,

PALAEMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after ſome ſmart ſtrokes of country raillery, reſolve to try who has the moſt ſkill at a ſong; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances: who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himſelf unfit for the deciſion of ſo weighty a controverſy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

Ho! ſwain, what ſhepherd owns thoſe ragged ſheep? [keep.

DAM. Ægon's they are, he gave them me to

MEN. Unhappy ſheep of an unhappy ſwain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts, in vain,
And fears that I the damſel ſhall obtain.
Thou, varlet, doſt thy maſter's gains devour:
Thou milk'ſt his ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of graſs and fodder thou defraud's the dams;
And of their mother's dugs, the ſtarving lambs.

DAM. Good words, young Catamite, at leaſt to men:
We know who did your buſineſs, how, and when.
And in what chapel too you plaid your prize;
And what the goats obſerv'd with leering eyes:
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there your ſafety lies.

MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the Leis;
Cut Micon's tender vines, and ſtole the ſtays.

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DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the ſhafts you broke:
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And, but for miſchief, you had dy'd for ſpite.
MEN. What nonſenſe would the fool thy maſter prate,
When thou, his knave, canſt talk at ſuch a rate!
Did I not ſee you, raſcal, did I not?
When you lay ſnug to ſnap young Damon's goat?
His mungrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes; ſtop, ſtop the thief!
Diſcover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You ſkulk'd behind the fence, and ſneak'd away.
DAM. An honeſt man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by ſinging fairly won.
A ſolemn match was made; he loſt the prize.
Aſk Damon, aſk if he the debt denies;
I think he dares not; if he does, he lies.
MEN. Thou ſing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was ſo profan'd to touch that blubber'd lip:
Dunce at the beſt; in ſtreets but ſcarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy ſtraw, the ſtupid crowd.
DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our ſkill, our voices, to compare?
My brinded heifer to the ſtake I lay;
Two thriving calves ſhe ſuckles twice a day:
And twice beſides her beaſtings never fail
To ſtore the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your ſinging with an equal ſtake.
MEN. That ſhould be ſeen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common ſtock;
A ſtepdame too I have, a curſed ſhe,
Who rules my hen-peck'd ſire, and orders me.
Both number twice a-day the milky dams;
At once ſhe takes the tale of all the lambs.
But ſince you will be mad, and ſince you may
Suſpect my courage, if I ſhould not lay,
The pawn I profer ſhall be full as good;
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
The ivy's ſtem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
In various ſhapes around the curious work.
Two figures on the ſides emboſs'd appear;
Conon, and, what's his name who made the ſphere,
And ſhow'd the ſeaſons of the gliding year,
Inſtructed in his trade the labouring ſwain,
And when to reap, and when to ſow the grain?
DAM. And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The wood the ſame, from the ſame hand they come:
The kimbo handles ſeem with bears-foot carv'd;
And never yet to table have been ſerv'd:
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beaſts encompaſs'd, and a dancing grove:
But theſe, not all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I ſet to ſtake.
MEN. No more delays, vain boaſter, but begin:
I prophecy before-hand I ſhall win.
Palæmon ſhall be judge how ill you rhyme:
I'll teach you how to brag another time.
DAM. Rhymer, come on, and do the worſt you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With ſilence, neighbour, and attention wait:
For 'tis a buſineſs of a high debate.

PAL. Sing then; the ſhade affords a proper place;
The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with graſs;
The bloſſoms blow; the birds on buſhes ſing;
And nature has accompliſh'd all the ſpring.
The challenge to Damætas ſhall belong,
Mænalcas ſhall ſuſtain his under-ſong:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muſes love to ſing.
DAM. From the great Father of the gods above
My Muſe begins; for all is full of Jove;
To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs;
My flocks he bleſſes and he loves my ſongs.
MEN. Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muſe inſpires;
And in her ſongs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him the god of ſhepherds and their ſheep,
My bluſhing hyacinths and my bays I keep.
DAM. My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies,
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies:
And wiſhes to be ſeen before ſhe flies.
MEN. But fair Amyntas comes unaſk'd to me,
And offers love; and ſits upon my knee:
Not Delia to my dogs is known ſo well as he.
DAM. To the dear miſtreſs of my loveſick mind,
Her ſwain a pretty preſent has deſign'd:
I ſaw two ſtock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the neſt, and hers ſhall be the young.
MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And ſtood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
I ſent Amyntas all my preſent ſtore;
And will, to-morrow, ſend as many more.
DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all ſhe ſaid and did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heaven her accents bear!
Such words as heaven alone is fit to hear.
MEN. Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when abſent from my ſight!
I hold the nets, while you purſue the prey;
And muſt not ſhare the dangers of the day.
DAM. I keep my birth-day: ſend my Phillis home;
At ſhearing-time, Iolas, you may come.
MEN. With Phillis I am more in grace than [you:
Her ſorrow did my parting ſteps purſue:
Adieu, my dear, ſhe ſaid, a long adieu!
DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and ſtorms, and winter-wind.
MEN. The kids with pleaſure browſe the buſhy plain,
The ſhowers are grateful to the ſwelling grain:
To teeming ewes the ſallow's tender tree;
But more than all the world my love to me.
DAM. Pollio my rural verſe vouchſafes to read:
A heifer, Muſes, for your patron breed.
MEN. My Pollio writes himſelf; a bull he bred
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head.
DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muſe admires
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full deſires;
Let myrrh inſtead of thorn his fences fill,
And ſhowers of honey from his oaks diſtil.
MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and thee:
The ſame ill taſte of ſenſe ſhould ſerve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and ſhear the ſwine.

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DAM. Ye boys who pluck the flowers, and ſpoil the ſpring,
Beware the ſecret ſnake that ſhoots a ſting.
MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly ſheep,
The ground is falſe, the running ſtreams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.
DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and ſling your ſtone;
Anon I'll waſh them in the ſhallow brook.
MEN. To fold, my flock; when milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.
DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous paſture come!
But love, that drains the herd, deſtroys the groom.
MEN. My flocks are free from love; yet look ſo thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their ſkin.
What magic has bewitch'd the wooly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?
DAM. Say, where the round of heaven which all contains,
To three ſhort ells on earth our ſight reſtrains:
Tell that, and riſe a Phœbus for thy pains.
MEN. Nay, tell me firſt, in what new region ſprings
A flower that bears inſcrib'd the names of kings:
And thou ſhall gain a preſent as divine
As Phœbus' ſelf; for Phillis ſhall be thine.
PAL. So nice a difference in your ſinging lies,
That both have won, or both deſerv'd, the prize.
Reſt equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter ſweets and pleaſing pains of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods reſtrain:
Their moiſture has already drench'd the plain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL;

OR,

POLLIO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonius, the ſon of Pollio, born in the conſulſhip of his father, after the taking of Solonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verſes are tranſlated from one of the Sibyls, who prophefied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muſe, begin a loftier ſtrain!
Though lowly ſhrubs and trees that ſhade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muſe, prepare
To make the vocal woods deſerve a conſul's care.
The laſt great age, foretold by ſacred rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd courſe; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
From their firſt orb, in radiant circles run.
The baſe degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven deſcends:
O chaſte Lucina, ſpeed the mother's pains;
And haſte the glorious birth; thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auſpicious face!
Shall Pollio's conſulſhip and triumph grace;
Majeſtic months ſet out with him to their appointed race.
The father baniſh'd virtue ſhall reſtore,
And crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The ſon ſhall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes ſeen, and gods and heroes ſee.
The jarring nations he in peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth ſhall wreathing ivy bring
And fragrant herbs (the promiſes of ſpring),
As her firſt offerings to her infant king.
The goats, with ſtrutting dugs, ſhall homeward
And lowing herds ſecure from lions feed. [ſpeed,
His cradle ſhall with riſing flowers be crown'd;
The ſerpent's brood ſhall die: the ſacred ground
Shall weeds and poiſonous plants refuſe to bear,
Each common buſh ſhall Syrian roſes wear.
But when heroic verſe his youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to hereditary praiſe,
Unlabour'd harveſts ſhall the fields adorn,
And cluſter'd grapes ſhall bluſh on every thorn.
The knotted oak ſhall ſhowers of honey weep,
And through the matted graſs the liquid gold ſhall creep.
Yet of old fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities ſhall with walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd ſhares ſhall vex the fruitful ground,
Another Typhis ſhall new ſeas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian ſhore.
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he ſhall grow,
The greedy ſailor ſhall the ſeas forego;
No keel ſhall cut the waves for foreign ware;
For every ſoil ſhall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen ſhall disjoin,
No plough ſhall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine,
Nor wool ſhall in diſſembled colours ſhine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece ſhall proudly ſweat:
And under Tyrian robes the lamb ſhall bleat.

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The Fates, when they this happy web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the ſacred clue, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celeſtial ſeed! O ſoſter ſon of Jove!
See, labouring nature calls thee to ſuſtain [main;
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and
See, to their baſe reſtor'd, earth, ſeas, and air,
And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks appear, [long,
To ſing thy praiſe, would heaven my breath pro-
Infuſing ſpirits worthy ſuch a ſong;
Not Thracian Orpheus ſhould tranſcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;
Though each his heavenly parent ſhould inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verſe, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges ſhould their God condemn.
Begin, auſpicious boy, to caſt about [ſingle out;
Thy infant eyes, and, with a ſmile, thy mother
Thy mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſeous qualms of ten long months and travel to requite.
Then ſmile; the frowning infant's doom is read,
No god ſhall crown the board, nor goddeſs bleſs the bed.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL;

OR,

DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopſus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a ſong, begin one by conſent to the memory of Daphnis; who is ſuppoſed, by the beſt critics, to repreſent Julius Cæſar. Mopſus laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue conſiſting of an elegy and an apotheoſis.

MENALCUS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And ſince my voice can match your tuneful reed.
Why ſit we not beneath the grateful ſhade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?
MOPS. Whether you pleaſe that ſylvan ſcene to take,
Where whiſtling winds uncertain ſhadows make:
Or will you to the cooler cave ſucceed,
Whoſe mouth the curling vines have overſpread?
MEN. Your merit and your years command
Amyntas only rivals you in voice. [the choice:
MOPS. What will not that preſuming ſhepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?
MEN. Begin you firſt; if either Alcon's praiſe,
Or dying Phyllis, have inſpir'd your lays:
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
Begin, and Tityrus your flock ſhall tend.
MOPS. Or ſhall I rather the ſad verſe repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ:
I writ, and ſung betwixt; now bring the ſwain
Whoſe voice you boaſt, and let him try the ſtrain.
MEN. Such as the ſhrub to the tall olive ſhows,
Or the pale ſallow to the bluſhing roſe;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in ſweetneſs and in height.
MOPS. No more, but ſit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
The nymphs about the breathleſs body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witneſs to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haſte,
Came running, and his lifeleſs limbs embrac'd.
She ſigh'd, ſhe ſobb'd, and, furious with deſpair,
She rent her garments, and ſhe tore her hair:
Accuſing all the gods, and every ſtar.
The ſwains forgot their ſheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirſty cattle, of themſelves, abſtain'd
From water, and their graſſy fare diſdain'd.
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore,
They caſt the ſound to Libya's deſert ſhore;
The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
And firſt with curling ivy dreſs'd the ſpear;
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus firſt ordain;
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn:
So bright a ſplendor, ſo divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis caſt on his illuſtrious race.
When envious Fate the godlike darkneſs took,
Our guardian Gods the fields and plains forſook:
Pales no longer ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen in the plain;
No fruitful crop the ſickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choke the riſing corn.
And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burrs and thorns diſgrace the ground.
Come, ſhepherds come, and ſtrow with leaves the plain;
Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypreſs boughs the cryſtal fountains hide,
And ſoftly let the running waters glide,
A laſting monument to Daphnis raiſe,
With this inſcription to record his praiſe;
Daphnis, the fields delight, the ſhepherd's love,
Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above,
Whoſe flock excell'd the faireſt on the plains,
But leſs than he himſelf ſurpaſs'd the ſwains.
MEN. O heavenly poet! ſuch thy verſe appears,
So ſweet, ſo charming to my raviſh'd ears,
As to the weary ſwain with cares oppreſt,
Beneath the ſylvan ſhade, refreſhing reſt:

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As to the fev'riſh traveller, when firſt
He finds a cryſtal ſtream to quench his thirſt.
In ſinging, as in piping, you excel;
And ſcarce your maſter could perform ſo well.
O fortunate young man! at leaſt your lays
Are next to his, and claim the ſecond praiſe.
Such as they are, my rural ſongs I join,
To raiſe our Daphnis to the powers divine;
For Daphnis was ſo good to love whate'er was mine.

MOPS. How is my ſoul with ſuch a promiſe rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear like him, ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a ſong.

MEN. Daphnis, the gueſt of heaven, with wondering eyes
Views in the milky way the ſtarry ſkies,
And far beneath him, from the ſhining ſphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with cheerful cries the woods reſound;
The purple ſpring arrays the various ground;
The nymphs and ſhepherds dance; and Pan himſelf is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly ſpoils,
Nor birds the ſpringes fear, nor ſtags the toils:
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unſhorn, the flocks rejoice;
The lowly ſhrubs partake of human voice.
Aſſenting nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and ſalutes the new-admitted god.
Be ſtill propitious, ever good to thine;
Behold four hallow'd altars we deſign;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus riſe;
On both are offered annual ſacrifice.
The holy prieſts, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk and two of oil ſhall bear;
And I myſelf the gueſts with friendly bowls will cheer.
Two goblets will I crown with ſparkling wine,
The generous vintage of the Chian vine;
Theſe will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
In winter ſhall the genial feaſt be made
Before the fire; by ſummer in the ſhade.
Damætas ſhall perform the rites divine:
And Lictian Ægon in the ſong ſhall join.
Alphesibeus, tripping, ſhall advance;
And mimic ſatyrs in his antic dance.
When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we ſurvey:
While ſavage boars delight in ſhady woods,
And finny fiſh inhabit in the floods;
While bees on thyme, and locuſts feed on dew,
Thy grateful ſwains theſe honours ſhall renew.
Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, ſhall be thine.
Such annual honours ſhall be given; and thou
Shalt hear, and ſhalt condemn thy ſuppliants to their vow.

MOPS. What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find!
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the ſouthern wind,
That play through trembling trees delight me more;
Nor murmuring billows on the ſounding ſhore;
Nor winding ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And the ſcarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.
Receive you firſt this tuneful pipe; the ſame
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.
The ſame that ſung Neæra's conquering eyes;
And, had the judge been juſt, had won the prize.

MOPS. Accept from me this ſheephook, in exchange,
The handle braſs, the knobs in equal range;
Antigenes, with kiſſes often try'd
To beg this preſent in his beauty's pride;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuſe to his requeſt,
Is yours unaſk'd, for you deſerve it beſt.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL;

OR,

SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this Paſtoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong, in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurpriſing transformations which have happened in nature ſince her birth. This Paſtoral was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian ſtrains:
Nor bluſh'd the Doric Muſe to dwell on Mantuan plains.
But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings, and bloody battles ſung;
Apollo check'd my pride: and bad me feed
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admoniſh'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praiſes, Varus and thy wars,

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My Paſtoral Muſe her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninſpir'd ſhe ſings.
For all who read, and, reading, not diſdain
Theſe rural poems, and their lowly ſtrain,
The name of Varus, oft inſcrib'd ſhall ſee,
In every grove, and every vocal tree;
And all the ſylvan reign ſhall ſing of thee.
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muſes known,
Shall in the front of every page be ſhown;
For he who ſings thy praiſe, ſecures his own.
Proceed, my Muſe: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, their ſire Silenus found.
Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him ſnoring in his dark abode:
And ſeiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His roſy wreath was dropt not long before,
Born by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty cann, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boaſt the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unſtring, and bind his hands:
For, by the fraudful god deluded long,
They now reſolve to have their promis'd ſong.
Ægle came in, to make their party good;
The faireſt Nais of the neighbouring flood,
And, while he ſtares around, with ſtupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a ſmile, demands
On what deſign the boys had bound his hands.
"Looſe me," he cry'd, "'twas impudence to find
"A ſleeping god, 'tis ſacrilege to bind.
"To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
"The nymph ſhall be rewarded in her way."
He rais'd his voice; and ſoon a numerous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the ſong;
And ſylvan Fauns, and ſavage beaſts advanced,
And nodding foreſts to the numbers danced.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,
With deeper ſilence, or with more regard.
He ſung the ſecret ſeeds of Nature's frame;
How ſeas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender ſoil then ſtiffening by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding ſeas.
Then earth and ocean various forms diſcloſe;
And a new ſun to the new world aroſe.
And miſts condens'd to clouds obſcure the ſky;
And clouds diſſolv'd, the thirſty ground ſupply.
The riſing trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the ſavage race,
Yet few, and ſtrangers, in th' unpeopled place.
From thence the birth of man the ſong purſued,
And how the world was loſt, and how renew'd.
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage;
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd,
With whoſe repeated name the ſhores reſound.
Then mourns the madneſs of the Cretan queen:
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, ſeiz'd thy breaſt?
The maids of Argos (though, with rage poſſeſs'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet ſhunn'd the guilt of thy prepoſterous love.
Nor ſought the youthful huſband of the herd,
Though labouring yokes on their own necks they fear'd;
And felt for budding horns on their ſmooth foreheads rear'd.
Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathleſs wood;
While on a flowery bank he chews the cud:
Or ſleeps in ſhades, or through the foreſt roves;
And roars with anguiſh for his abſent loves.
Ye nymphs, with toils his foreſt-walk ſurround,
And trace his wandering footſteps on the ground.
But ah! perhaps my paſſion he diſdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We ſearch th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
While they at home ſuſtain his happy load.
He ſung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the ſex, betray'd:
The ſiſter's mourning for the brother's loſs;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moſs.
How each a riſing alder now appears:
And o'er the Po diſtils her gummy tears.
Then ſung, how Gallus by a Muſes hand
Was led and welcom'd to the ſacred ſtrand.
The ſenate, riſing to ſalute their gueſt;
And Linus thus their gratitude expreſs'd,
Receive this preſent, by the Muſes made;
The pipe on which th' Aſcræan paſtor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the ſavage train,
And call'd the mountain aſhes to the plain.
Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble ſtood.
On this his ancient oracles rehearſe,
And with new numbers grace the God of verſe.
Why ſhould I ſing the double Scylla's fate,
The firſt by love transform'd, the laſt by hate.
A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
What vengeance on the paſſing fleet ſhe pour'd,
The maſter frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then raviſh'd Philomel the ſong expreſt;
The crime reveal'd; the ſiſters cruel feaſt:
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns;
The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
While Progne makes on chimney tops her moan;
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever ſongs beſides, the Delphian God
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
Silenus ſung: the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the ſkies the ſacred ſound.
And now the ſetting ſun had warn'd the ſwain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet ſtill th' unwearied ſire purſues the tuneful ſtrain.
Till unperceiv'd the heavens with ſtars were hung:
And ſudden night ſurpris'd the yet unfiniſh'd ſong.

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THE SEVENTH PASTORAL;

OR,

MELIBOEUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Meliboeus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon; at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly swains;
Their fleecy and goats together graz'd the plains;
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I inquir'd; he, smiling, said,
Dismiss your fear, and pointed where he fed:
And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind,
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will seek the neighbouring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds:
And see from yon old oak, that mates the skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.
What should I do! nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
To house, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams?
Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains:
And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

COR. Ye muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus O inspire my breast,
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or if my wishes have presumed too high,
And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign:
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYR. Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths; though surly Codrus frown.
Or if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;
Lest his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poison or bewitch my growing song.

COR. These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untry'd before)
Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy shrine;
But speed his hunting with thy power divine.
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYR. This bowl of milk, these cakes, (our country fare,)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,)
Because a little garden is thy care.
But if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

COR. Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet;
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.
Come when my lated sheep at night return;
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYR. May I become as abject in thy sight,
As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field for shame: the flock deserves
No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

COR. Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains keep,
Defend my flock; the summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear,

THYR. With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

COR. Our woods with juniper and chestnuts crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores around.
But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.

COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazle Phillis crowns her flowing hair;
And while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall compare,

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TEYR. The towering aſh is faireſt in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
But if my Lycidas will eaſe my pains,
And often viſit our forſaken plains,
To him the towering aſh ſhall yield in woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MEL. Theſe rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquiſh'd Thyrſis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the ſwains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE EIGHTH PASTORAL;

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Paſtoral contains the ſongs of Damon and Alphefibœus. The firſt of them bewails the loſs of his miſtreſs, and repines at the ſucceſs of his rival Mopſus. The other repeats the charms of ſome Enchantreſs, who endeavoured, by her ſpells and magic, to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muſe of two deſpairing ſwains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains,
To which the ſavage lynxes liſtening ſtood,
The rivers ſtood on heaps, and ſtopp'd the running flood:
The hungry herd their needful food refuſe;
Of two deſpairing ſwains I ſing the mournful Muſe.
Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finiſh'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coaſt,
Whatever land or ſea thy preſence boaſt;
Is there an hour in fate reſerv'd for me,
To ſing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearſe
Thy lofty tragic ſcenes, thy labour'd verſe;
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer ſhould behold in me:
Amidſt thy laurels let this ivy twine,
Thine was my earlieſt Muſe; my lateſt ſhall be thine.
Scarce from the world the ſhades of night withdrew,
Scarce were the flocks refreſh'd with morning dew,
When Damon ſtretch'd beneath an olive ſhade,
And wildly ſtaring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Againſt the conſcious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid:
Star of the morning, why doſt thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day!
While I my Niſa's perjur'd faith deplore;
Witneſs, ye Powers, by whom ſhe falſely ſwore!
The gods, alas! are witneſſes in vain;
Yet ſhall my dying breath to heaven complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verſe, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their God complain;
Who ſuffer'd not the reeds to riſe in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
Mopſus triumphs; he weds the willing fair:
When ſuch is Niſa's choice, what lover can deſpair!
Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall ſee the hound and hind their thirſt aſſwage
Promiſcuous at the ſpring: prepare the lights,
O Mopſus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the ſcrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the ſun declines: O happy ſwain!
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
O, Niſa! juſtly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom haſt thou taken, whom haſt thou contemn'd;
For him, thou haſt refus'd my browſing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my ſhaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon ſighs, and ſings in vain:
While Niſa thinks no God regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
I view'd thee firſt, how fatal was the view!
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.
Then ſcarce the bending branches I could win,
The callow down began to clothe my chin;
I ſaw, I periſh'd; yet indulg'd my pain:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
I know thee, love; in deſarts thou wert bred;
And at the dugs of ſavage tigers fed.
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrains.
Relentleſs love the cruel mother led
The blood of her unhappy babes to ſhed:
Love lent the ſword; the mother ſtruck the blow;
Inhuman ſhe; but more unhappy thou.
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrains.
Old doting Nature, change thy courſe anew,
And let the trembling lamb the wolf purſue:
Let oaks now glitter with Heſperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder ſhoot.
Fat amber let the tamariſk diſtil:
And hooting howls contend with ſwans in ſkill.
Hoarſe Tityrus ſtrive with Orpheus in the woods;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.

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Or, oh! let nature ceaſe, and chaos reign:
Begin with me, the flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
Let earth be ſea; and let the whelming tide
The lifeleſs limbs of luckleſs Damon hide:
Farewell, ye ſecret woods and ſhady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conſcious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main;
Take the laſt preſent of thy dying ſwain:
And ceaſe, my ſilent flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
Now take your turns, ye Muſes, to rehearſe
His friend's complaints; and mighty magic verſe.
Bring running water; bind thoſe altars round
With fillets; and with vervain ſtrow the ground:
Make fat with frankincenſe the ſacred fires,
To re-inflame my Daphnis with deſires.
'Tis done, we want but verſe. Reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Pale Phœbe, drawn by verſe from Heaven deſcends;
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulyſſes' friends.
Verſe breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern ſplits the ſnake.
Verſe fires the frozen veins: reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Around his waxen image firſt I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd:
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the ſacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers pleaſe the gods: my charms,
Reſtore my Daphnis to my longing arms.
Knit with three knots the fillets, knit them ſtraight;
Then ſay, Theſe knots to love I conſecrate.
Haſte, Amaryllis, haſte; reſtore my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As fire this figure hardens, made of clay;
And this of wax with fire conſumes away;
Such let the ſoul of cruel Daphnis be;
Hard to the reſt of women; ſoft to me.
Crumble the ſacred mole of ſalt and corn,
Next in the fire the bays with brimſtone burn.
And while it crackles in the ſulphur, ſay,
This, I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away.
This laurel is his fate: reſtore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with deſire, purſues her wandering love;
Faint at the laſt, ſhe ſeeks the weedy pools
To quench her thirſt, and on the ruſhes rolls:
Careleſs of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitleſs fires perfidious Daphnis burn.
While I ſo ſcorn his love; reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Theſe garments once were his; and left to me;
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty:
Which underneath my threſhold I beſtow;
Theſe pawns, O ſacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe.
As theſe were his, ſo mine is he: my charms,
Reſtore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.
Theſe poiſonous plants, for magic uſe deſign'd,
(The nobleſt and the beſt of all the baneful kind),
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic ſtrand,
And cull'd the miſchief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with theſe powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train:
And oft the mighty necromancer boaſts,
With theſe, to call from tombs the ſtalking ghoſts;
And from the roots to tear the ſtanding corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to diſtant fields is borne.
Such is the ſtrength of ſpells: reſtore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Bear out theſe aſhes; caſt them in the brook;
Caſt backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
Since neither gods, nor godlike verſe can move,
Break out, ye ſmother'd fires, and kindle ſmother'd love.
Exert your utmoſt power, my lingering charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.
See, while my laſt endeavours I delay,
The waking aſhes riſe, and round our altars play!
Run to the threſhold, Amaryllis; hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark. [lieve;
Good heaven! may lovers what they wiſh be-
Or dream their wiſhes, and thoſe dreams deceive!
No more, my Daphnis comes; no more, my charms;
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my deſiring arms.

THE NINTH PASTORAL;

OR,

LYCIDAS AND MOERIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Auguſtus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take poſſeſſion, he was in danger to be ſlain by Arius the Centurion, to whom thoſe lands were aſſigned by the Emperor, in reward of his ſervice againſt Brutus and Caſſius. This Paſtoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard uſage; and the perſons introduced, are the Bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

Ho, Mœris; whither on thy way ſo faſt?
This leads to town.

MOER. O Lycidas, at laſt
The time is come I never thought to ſee,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me)

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When the grim captain, in a ſurly tone,
Cries out, Pack up, ye raſcals! and be gone.
Kick'd out, we ſet the beſt face on't we cou'd,
And theſe two kids t' appeaſe his angry mood
I bear, of which the Furies give him good!

Lyc. Your country friends were told another
That from the ſloping mountain to the vale, [tale;
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas ſav'd his fortune with a ſong.

Morr. Such was the news, indeed; but ſongs and rhymes
Prevail as much in theſe hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that riſe
Againſt an eagle ſouſing from the ſkies.
And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the croak
Of an old raven, from a hollow oak,
To ſhun debate, Menalcas had been ſlain,
And Mœris not ſurviv'd him, to complain.

Lyc. Now heaven defend! could barbarous rage induce
The brutal ſon of Mars t' inſult the ſacred Muſe!
Who then ſhould ſing the nymphs, or who rehearſe
The waters gliding in a ſmoother verſe!
Or Amaryllis praiſe, that heavenly lay,
That ſhorten'd, as we went, our tedious way.
O Tityrus, tend my herd, and ſee them fed;
To morning paſtures, evening waters, led:
And 'ware the Libyan ridgel's butting head.

Morr. Or what unfiniſh'd he to Varus read;
Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder Powers
Preſerve our plains, and ſhield the Mantuan towers,
(Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime),
The wings of ſwans, and ſtronger pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.

Lyc. Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd.
So may thy ſwarms the baleful yew avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags diſtend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At leaſt, the ſhepherds ſeem to like my lays,
But I diſcern their flattery from their praiſe:
I nor to Cinno's ears, nor Varus' dare aſpire;
But gabble like a gooſe, amidſt the ſwan-like quire.

Morr. 'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
Nor are the verſes of a vulgar kind.
Come, Galatea, come, the ſeas forſake;
What pleaſures can the tides with their hoarſe murmurs make?
See, on the ſhore inhabits purple ſpring,
Where nightingales their love-ſick ditty ſing;
See, meads with purling ſtreams, with flowers the ground,
The grottos cool, with ſhady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.
Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar,
Let the wild ſurges vainly beat the ſhore.

Lyc. O that ſweet ſong I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry night;
The tune I ſtill retain, but not the words.

Morr. Why, Daphnis, doſt thou ſearch in old records,
To know the ſeaſons when the ſtars ariſe?
See Cæſar's lamp is lighted in the ſkies:
The ſtar, whoſe rays the bluſhing grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
Under this influence graft the tender ſhoot;
Thy childrens children ſhall enjoy the fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my ſoul to rhyme:
I could have once ſung down a ſummer's ſun,
But now the chime of poetry is done.
My voice grows hoarſe; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had ſeen me firſt to-day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.

Lyc. Thy faint excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the waves roll ſilent to the ſhore:
Huſht winds the topmoſt branches ſcarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful ſong they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can diſcern Bianor's tomb; [bow'r
Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a
Of wreathing trees, in finging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down;
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:
Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A ſong will help the beating ſtorm to bear.
And that thou may'ſt not be too late abroad,
Singing, I'll eaſe thy ſhoulders of thy load.

Morr. Ceaſe to requeſt me; let us mind our way:
Another ſong requires another day. [Another
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE TENTH PASTORAL,

OR,

GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris; and who had forſaken him for the company of a ſoldier. The poet therefore ſuppoſes his friend Gallus retired in his height of melancholy into the ſolitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated ſcene of Paſtorals); where he repreſents him in a very languiſhing condition, with all the rural Deities about him, pitying his hard uſage, and condoling his misfortune.

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THY ſacred ſuccour, Arethuſa, bring,
To crown my labour: 'tis the laſt I ſing.
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;
The Muſe is mournful, though the numbers few.
Refuſe me not a verſe, to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy ſilver ſtreams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny ſeas, ſecurely glide.
Sing then, my Gallus, and his hopeleſs vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browſe.
The vocal grove ſhall anſwer to the ſound,
And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid?
Nor ſteepy Pindus cou'd retard your courſe,
Nor cleft Parnaſſus, nor th' Aonian ſource:
Nothing that owns the Muſes cou'd ſuſpend
Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel ſtands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly ſhrub appears.
Menalian pines the godlike ſwain bemoan;
When ſpread beneath a rock he ſigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every drooping ſtone.
The ſheep ſurround their ſhepherd, as he lies:
Bluſh not, ſweet poet, nor the name deſpiſe:
Along the ſtreams his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty bleſt his bed.
The ſwains and tardy neat-herds came, and laſt
Menalcas, wet with beating winter maſt.
Wondering they aſk'd from whence aroſe thy flame;
Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Fluſh'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes:
Is ſhe thy care? is ſhe thy care? he cries.
Thy falſe Lycoris flies thy love and thee:
And for thy rival tempts the raging ſea,
The forms of horrid war, and heaven's inclemency.
Sylvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too.
His cheeks and temples of vermillion hue.
Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief, he cry'd:
Think'ſt thou that love with tears is ſatisfy'd?
The meads are ſooner drunk with morning dews;
The bees with flowery ſhrubs, the goats with browſe.
Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes he mourn'd:
He paus'd, and then theſe broken words return'd.
'Tis paſt; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian ſwains, ſhall ſing my grief:
And on your hills my laſt complaints renew;
So ſad a ſong is only worthy you.
How light would lie the turf upon my breaſt,
If you my ſufferings in your ſongs expreſt?
Ah! that your birth and buſineſs had been mine;
To penn the ſheep, and preſs the ſwelling vine!
Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain.
Or any nymph, or any ſhepherd on the plain,
Though Phyllis brown, though black Amyntas were,
Are violets not ſweet, becauſe not fair?
Beneath the ſallows, and the ſhady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine;
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And ſoft Amyntas ſung away my care.
Come, ſee what pleaſures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half ſo true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am ſent afar,
And ſtrive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you, (alas, that I ſhould find it ſo!)
To ſhun my ſight, your native ſoil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal ſnow.
Ye froſts and ſnows, her tender body ſpare;
Thoſe are not limbs for iſicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deſerts are my choice;
The Muſes, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
There will I ſing, forſaken and alone,
The rocks and hollow caves ſhall echo to my moan.
The rind of every plant her name ſhall know;
And as the rind extends, the love ſhall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chaſe
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the ſavage race.
Nor cold ſhall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er ſteepy rocks I go,
And ruſh through ſounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow:
As if with ſports my ſufferings I could eaſe,
Or by my pains the God of love appeaſe.
My frenzy changes, I delight no more
On mountain tops to chaſe the tuſky boar;
No game but hopeleſs love my thoughts purſue:
Once more, ye nymphs, and ſongs, and ſounding woods, adieu.
Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze;
Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian ſnow.
Or when the barks of elms are ſcorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan ſheep.
In hell, and earth, and ſeas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we muſt yield to love.
My Muſes, here your ſacred raptures end:
The verſe was what I ow'd my ſuffering friend.
This while I ſung, my ſorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending oſiers into baſkets weav'd.
The ſong, becauſe inſpir'd by you, ſhall ſhine:
And Gallus will approve, becauſe 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and every moment riſe in view:
As alders, in the ſpring, their boles extend;
And heave ſo fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us riſe, for hoarſeneſs oft invades
The ſinger's voice who ſings beneath the ſhades.
From juniper unwholeſome dews diſtil,
That blaſt the ſooty corn: the withering herbage kill;
Away, my goats, away: for you have brows'd your fill.

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VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

My Lord,

I cannot begin my addreſs to your lordſhip, better than in the words of Virgil,

" ——Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo
" Auderet, volvenda dies; en, attulit ultro."

Seven years together I have concealed the longing which I had to appear before you: a time as tedious as Æneas paſſed in his wandering voyage, before he reached the promiſed Italy. But I conſidered, that nothing which my meanneſs could produce, was worthy of your patronage. At laſt this happy occaſion offered, of preſenting to you the beſt poem of the beſt poet. If I balked this opportunity, I was in deſpair of finding ſuch another; and if I took it, I was ſtill uncertain whether you would vouchſafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made; in deſiring your permiſſion to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my raſhneſs has ſucceeded beyond my hopes: and you have been pleaſed not to ſuffer an old man to go diſcontented out of the world, for want of that protection, of which he had ſo long been ambitious. I have known a gentleman in diſgrace, and not daring to appear before King Charles the Second, though he much deſired it. At length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his majeſty, that under her protection he had preſumed to wait on him. With the ſame humble confidence I preſent myſelf before your lordſhip, and attending on Virgil, hope a gracious reception. The gentleman ſucceeded, becauſe the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he ſhould intercede for me. I would have tranſlated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phraſes, I fear I have traduced him. It is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where he had endeavoured to do a ſervice. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full ſtrength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had, (according to our homely ſaying) his full ſwing at this poem, beginning it about the age of thirty-five; and ſcarce concluding it before he arrived at forty. It is obſerved both of him and Horace, and I believe it will hold in all great poets; that though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inſpired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digeſted. There is required a continuance of warmth to ripen the beſt and nobleſt fruits. Thus Horace, in his Firſt and Second Book of Odes, was ſtill riſing, but came not to his meridian till the Third. After which his judgment was an overpoiſe to his imagination: he grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he deſcended in his Fourth by ſlow degrees, and in his Satires and Epiſtles, was more a philoſopher and a critic than a poet. In the beginning of ſummer the days are almoſt at a ſtand, with little variation of length or ſhortneſs, becauſe at that time the diurnal motion of the ſun partakes more of a right line, than of a ſpiral. The ſame is the method of nature in the frame of man. He ſeems at forty to be fully in his ſummer tropic; ſomewhat before, and ſomewhat after, he finds in his ſoul but ſmall increaſes or decays. From fifty to threeſcore the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates: for he loſes not much in fancy; and judgment, which is the effect of obſervation, ſtill increaſes: his ſucceeding years afford him little more than the ſtubble of his own harveſt: yet if his conſtitution be healthful, his mind may ſtill retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in compariſon with others, will ſurpaſs the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this ſomewhere, by a bold metaphor, a green old age; but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure.

" Jam ſenior; ſed cruda Deo, viridiſque ſe-
" nectus."

Among thoſe few who enjoy the advantage of a latter ſpring, your lordſhip is a rare example: who being now arrived at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the leaſt decay of your excellent judgment, and comprehenſion of all things which are within the compaſs of human underſtanding. Your converſation is as eaſy as it is inſtructive; and I could never obſerve the leaſt vanity or the leaſt aſſuming in any thing you ſaid: but a natural unaffected modeſty, full of good ſenſe, and well digeſted;—a clearneſs of notion, expreſſed in ready and unſtudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have diſcourſed too long on any ſubject: for you leave in us an eagerneſs of learning more; pleaſed with

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what we hear, but not satisfied, because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your lordship from this fault; for though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his readers to supply: that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written, than at first they could, and think they had added to his thoughts when it was all there before-hand, and he only saved himself the expence of words. However it was, I never went from your lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curse to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing when it was my interest, as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your youth. For too much of heat is required at first, that there may not too little be left at last. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains: and yours, my lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not so fierce as at the first, but the smoke is wholly vanished; and your friends who stand about you, are not only sensible of a cheerful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small observations of mankind, I have ever found, that such as are not rather too full of spirit when they are young, degenerate to dullness in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the watery matter, but an insipid manhood, and a stupid old infancy; discretion in leading strings, and a confirmed ignorance on crutches? Virgil, in his Third Georgic, when he describes a colt, who promises a courser for the race, or for the field of battle, shows him the first to pass the bridge, which trembles under him, and to stem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings must be in rashness; a noble fault: but time and experience will correct that error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weighed courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your lordship is a man of honour, not only so unstained, but so unquestioned, that you are the living standard of that heroic virtue; so truly such, that if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generosity and probity; but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made those principles the rule and measure of all your actions. The world knows this, without my telling; yet poets have a right of recording it to all posterity.

"Dignum laude virum, Musa vetat mori."

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Cæsars, were not esteemed the worse commanders, for having made philosophy and the liberal arts their study. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both these virtues, and to have improved them both, with a softness of manners, and a sweetness of conversation, few of our nobility can fill that character: one there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

"Digito monstrari, et dicier hic est."

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and descent are no inheritance. A long series of ancestors shows the native with great advantage at the first; but if he any way degenerate from his line, the least spot is visible on ermine. But to preserve this whiteness in its original purity, you, my lord, have, like that ermine, forsaken the common track of business, which is not always clean: you have chosen for yourself a private greatness, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been observed in former times, that none have been so greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have least deserved their stations. But such only merit to be called patriots, under whom we see their country flourish. I have laughed sometimes (for who would always be an Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on those men, who from time to time have shot themselves into the world. I have seen many successions of them; some bolting out upon the stage with vast applause, and others hissed off, and quitting it with disgrace. But while they were in action, I have constantly observed, that they seemed desirous to retreat from business: greatness they said was nauseous, and a crowd was troublesome; a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them I believe said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their age with ease: they saw the happiness of a private life, and promised to themselves a blessing, which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deferred it, and lingered still at court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy; they would have more, and laid in to make their solitude luxurious. A wretched philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden: they loved the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession; they would first be old, and made as sure of health and life, as if both of them were at their disposal. But put them to the necessity of present choice, and they preferred continuance in power: like the wretch who called Death to his assistance, but refused him when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion, who indeed sought honours in his youth, and endured the fatigues with which he purchased them. He served his country when it was in need of his courage and conduct, until he thought it was time to serve himself: but dismounted from the saddle when he found the beast which bore him began to grow restive and ungovernable. But your lordship has given us a better example of moderation. You saw betimes that ingratitude is not confined to commonwealths; and therefore, though you were formed alike for the greatest of civil employments, and military commands, yet you pushed not your fortune to rise in either; but contented yourself with be-

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ing capable, as much as any whoſoever, of defending your country with your ſword, or aſſiſting it with your counſel, when you were called. For the reſt, the reſpect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happineſs to know you, was a wiſe exchange for the honours of the court: a place of forgetfulneſs, at the beſt, for well-deſervers. It is neceſſary for the poliſhing of manners, to have breathed that air; but it is infectious even to the beſt morals to live always in it. It is a dangerous commerce, where an honeſt man is ſure at the firſt of being cheated; and he recovers not his loſſes, but by learning to cheat others. The undermining ſmile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plauſible converſation, is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet it is good to have been a looker-on, without venturing to play; that a man may know falſe dice another time, though he never means to uſe them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who forſakes it becauſe he knows it. A young man deſerves no praiſe, who out of melancholy zeal leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloiſter, is ſometimes apt to loſe it there, and to repent of his repentance. He only is like to endure auſterities, who has already found the inconvenience of pleaſures. For almoſt every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life: and the danger is the leſs when we are young; for, having tried it early, we ſhall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your lordſhip therefore may properly be ſaid to have choſen a retreat, and not to have choſen it until you had maturely weighed the advantages of riſing higher with the hazards of the fall. "Res "non parta labore, ſed relicta," was thought by a poet to be one of the requiſites to a happy life. Why ſhould a reaſonable man put it in the power of fortune to make him miſerable, when his anceſtors have taken care to releaſe him from her? let him venture, ſays Horace, "qui zonam per-"didit." He who has nothing, plays ſecurely; for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loſes. But he who is born to a plentiful eſtate, and is ambitious of offices at court, ſets a ſtake to Fortune, which ſhe can ſeldom anſwer: if he gains nothing, he loſes all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.

In ſhort, however he ſucceeds, it is covetouſneſs that induced him firſt to play, and covetouſneſs is the undoubted ſign of ill ſenſe at bottom. The odds are againſt him, that he loſes; and one loſs may be of more conſequence to him than all his former winnings. It is like the preſent war of the Chriſtians againſt the Turk; every year they gain a victory, and by that a town; but if they are once defeated, they loſe a province at a blow, and endanger the ſafety of the whole empire. You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leiſure of thinking, but the pleaſure to think of nothing which can diſcompoſe your mind. A good conſcience is a port which is land-locked on every ſide, and where no winds can poſſibly invade, no tempeſts can ariſe. There a man may ſtand upon the ſhore, and not only ſee his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undiſturbed and ſilent waters. Reaſon was intended for a bleſſing, and ſuch it is to men of honour and integrity, who deſire no more than what they are able to give themſelves; like the happy old Coricyan, whom my author deſcribes in his Fourth Georgic; whoſe fruits and ſallads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth, and his own plantation. Virgil ſeems to think that the bleſſings of a country life are not complete, without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

"O fortunatos nimiùm, bona ſi ſua norint,
"Agricolas!"

It is but half poſſeſſion not to underſtand that happineſs which we poſſeſs: a foundation of good ſenſe, and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a ſeaſoning to retirement, and make us taſte the bleſſing. God has beſtowed on your lordſhip the firſt of theſe, and you have beſtowed on yourſelf the ſecond. Eden was not made for beaſts, though they were ſuffered to live in it, but for their maſter, who ſtudied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the devil have been happy there with all his knowledge, for he wanted innocence to make him ſo. He brought envy, malice, and ambition, into paradiſe, which ſoured to him the ſweetneſs of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their paſſions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for ſolitude; and in that ſolitude is prepared for them

"Et ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita."

As I began this dedication with a verſe of Virgil, ſo I conclude it with another. The continuance of your health, to enjoy that happineſs which you ſo well deſerve, and which you have provided for yourſelf, is the ſincere and earneſt wiſh of

Your lordſhip's
moſt devoted, and
moſt obedient ſervant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

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ESSAY ON THE GEORGICS,

BY MR. ADDISON.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the firſt who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three of the greateſt maſters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have ſtill diſputed for the advantage over him in paſtoral and heroic, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Heſiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the ſweetneſs and ruſticity of a paſtoral cannot be ſo well expreſſed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect, nor can the majeſty of an heroic poem any where appear ſo well as in this language, which has a natural greatneſs in it, and can be often rendered more deep and ſonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle ſtyle, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we ſee how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the ſame way with him.

There has been abundance of criticiſm ſpent on Virgil's Paſtorals and Æneids, but the Georgics are a ſubject which none of the critics have ſufficiently taken into their conſideration; moſt of them paſſing it over in ſilence, or caſting it under the ſame head with Paſtoral; a diviſion by no means proper, unleſs we ſuppoſe the ſtyle of a huſbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a ſhepherd is in a Paſtoral. But though the ſcene of both theſe poems lies in the ſame place, the ſpeakers in them are of a quite different character, ſince the precepts of huſbandry are not to be delivered with the ſimplicity of a ploughman, but with the addreſs of a poet. No rules therefore that relate to Paſtoral can any way affect the Georgics, which fall under that claſs of poetry, which conſiſts in giving plain and direct inſtructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as thoſe of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philoſophical ſpeculations, as thoſe of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as thoſe of Heſiod and Virgil. Among theſe different kinds of ſubjects, that which the Georgics goes upon, is, I think, the meaneſt and leaſt improving, but the moſt pleaſing and delightful. Precepts of morality, beſides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averſe to them, are ſo abſtracted from ideas of ſenſe, that they ſeldom give an opportunity for thoſe beautiful deſcriptions and images which are the ſpirit and life of poetry. Natural philoſophy has indeed ſenſible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with a multitude of its diſputes. But this kind of poetry I am now ſpeaking of, addreſſes itſelf wholly to the imagination; it is altogether converſant among the fields and woods, and has the moſt delightful part of nature for its province. It raiſes in our minds a pleaſing variety of ſcenes and landſcapes, whilſt it teaches us; and makes the drieſt of its precepts look like a deſcription. "A Georgic therefore is ſome part of the ſcience "of huſbandry put into a pleaſing dreſs, and ſet "off with all the beauties and embelliſhments of "poetry." Now, ſince this ſcience of huſbandry is of a very large extent, the poet ſhows his ſkill in ſingling out ſuch precepts to proceed on, as are uſeful, and at the ſame time moſt capable of ornament. Virgil was ſo well acquainted with this ſecret, that to ſet off his firſt Georgic, he has run into a ſet of precepts, which are almoſt foreign to his ſubject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the ſigns in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be ſo much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is ſo much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and ſhow themſelves in the beſt and moſt advantageous light. They ſhould all be ſo finely wrought together in the ſame piece, that no coarſe ſeam may diſcover where they join, as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by ſuch juſt degrees, and another riſes ſo inſenſibly, that we ſee the variety without being able to diſtinguiſh the total vaniſhing of the one from the firſt appearance of the other. Nor is it ſufficient to range and diſpoſe this body of precepts into a clear and eaſy method, unleſs they are delivered to us in the moſt pleaſing and agreeable manner: for there are ſeveral ways of conveying the ſame truth to the mind of man; and to chooſe the pleaſanteſt of theſe ways, is that which chiefly diſtinguiſhes poetry from proſe, and makes Virgil's rules of huſbandry pleaſanter to read than Varro's. Where the proſe-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a deſcription, and repreſents his countryman performing the action in which he would inſtruct his reader. Where the one ſets out as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us, the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing circumſtance of this truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the underſtanding. I ſhall give one inſtance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may ſee the different ways Virgil has taken to expreſs the ſame thing, and how much pleaſanter every manner of expreſſion is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the ſecond Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et ſæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.

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——Steriles Platani malos geſſere valentes,
Caſtaneæ fagos, ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: glandemque ſuis fregere ſub ulmis.
——Nec longum tempus: et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos:
Miraturque novas frondes, et non ſua poma.

Here we ſee the poet conſidered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the moſt ſurpriſe, and by conſequence the moſt delight in it, to expreſs the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in uſe among the poets, and is particularly practiſed by Virgil, who loves to ſuggeſt a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it; to let us ſee juſt ſo much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the underſtanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a bye-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own diſcoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and ſeems to work out the reſt by the ſtrength of her own faculties.

But ſince the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tireſome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet muſt take care not to encumber his poem with too much buſineſs; but ſometimes to relieve the ſubject with a moral reflection, or let it reſt a while, for the ſake of a pleaſant and pertinent digreſſion. Nor is it ſufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digreſſions (as it is generally thought) unleſs they are brought in aptly, and are ſomething of a piece with the main deſign of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at leaſt to the ſubject, that ſo the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We ſhould never quite loſe ſight of the country, though we are ſometimes entertained with a diſtant proſpect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's deſcriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulneſs of Italy, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally riſe out of the principal argument and deſign of the poem. I know no one digreſſion in the Georgics that may ſeem to contradict this obſervation, beſides that in the latter end of the firſt book, where the poet launches out into a diſcourſe of the battle of Pharſalia, and the actions of Auguſtus: but it is worth while to conſider how admirably he has turned the courſe of his narration into its proper channel, and made his huſbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in thoſe inimitable lines.

Scilicet ex tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exeſa inveniet ſcabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

And afterwards, ſpeaking of Auguſtus's actions, he ſtill remembers that agriculture ought to be ſome way hinted at throughout the whole poem,

——Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: ſqualent abductis arva colonis,
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.

We now come to the ſtyle which is proper to a Georgic: and indeed this is the part on which the poet muſt lay out all his ſtrength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he deſcribes may immediately preſent itſelf, and riſe up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his ſubject debaſe his ſtyle, and betray him into a meanneſs of expreſſion, but every where to keep up his verſe in all the pomp of numbers and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phraſe or ſaying in common talk, ſhould be admitted into a ſerious poem; becauſe it takes off from the ſolemnity of the expreſſion, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much leſs ought the low phraſes and terms of art, that are adapted to huſbandry, have any place in ſuch a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural ſimplicity and nakedneſs of its ſubject, but in the pleaſanteſt dreſs that poetry can beſtow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make uſe of "tempore" but "ſydere" in his firſt verſe, and every where elſe abounds with metaphors, Greciſms, and circumlocutions, to give his verſe the greater pomp, and preſerve it from ſinking into a plebeian ſtyle. And herein conſiſts Virgil's maſter-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himſelf, in the language of his Georgics, where we receive more ſtrong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themſelves: and find our imaginations more affected by his deſcriptions, than they would have been by the very ſight of what he deſcribes.

I ſhall now, after this ſhort ſcheme of rules, conſider the different ſucceſs that Heſiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us ſome further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Heſiod; if we may gueſs at his character from his writings, he had much more of the huſbandman than the poet in his temper; he was wonderfully grave, diſcreet, and frugal; he lived altogether in the country, and was, probably for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. Theſe principles of good huſbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandiſe, for the ſubject of that which is the moſt celebrated of them. He is every where bent on inſtruction, avoids all manner of digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in diſcribing month after month with its proper ſeaſons and employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurpriſe and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather, and may beforehand gueſs whether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſun-ſhine, in the next deſcription. His deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. Thus, when he ſpeaks of January, "The "wild beaſts," ſays he, "run ſhivering through "the woods with their heads ſtooping to the

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" ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; " the goats and oxen are almoſt flead with cold; " but it is not ſo bad with the ſheep, becauſe they " have a thick coat of wool about them. The " old men too are bitterly pinched with the wea- " ther, but the young girls feel nothing of it, who " ſit at home with their mothers by a warm fire- " ſide." Thus does the old gentleman give himſelf up to a looſe kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a juſt poetical deſcription. Nor has he ſhown more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are ſown ſo very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of circumſtances, that they weaken and un-nerve his verſe. But after all, we are beholden to him for the firſt rough ſketch of a Georgic: where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the antiqueneſs of the work; but if we would ſee the deſign enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finiſhed, we muſt expect it from a greater maſter's hands.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Heſiod has diſpatched in half a one: but has ſo raiſed the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his ſubject, with ſuch a ſignificancy of expreſſion, ſuch a pomp of verſe, ſuch variety of tranſitions, and ſuch a ſolemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a downright countryman, and in the other, ſomething of a ruſtic majeſty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and toſſes the dung about with an air of graceſulneſs. His prognoſtications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may ſee how judiciouſly he has picked out thoſe that are moſt proper for his huſbandman's obſervation; how he has enforced the expreſſion, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The ſecond book has more wit in it, and a greater boldneſs in its metaphors than any of the reſt. The poet with a great beauty applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, deſire, and the like, to his trees. The laſt Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not ſo daring as this; for human thoughts and paſſions may be more naturally aſcribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleaſures of a country life, as they are deſcribed by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can ſcarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philoſopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his diſcription, for he ſeems to have been in a ſweat at the writing of it.

——O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Hæmi
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleaſures, the coolneſs of his ſhades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the deſcription of a ſunny hill and fire-ſide.

The third Georgic ſeems to be the moſt labour-ed of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and ſpirit in the deſcription of the horſe and chariot-race. The force of love is repreſented in noble inſtances, and very ſublime expreſſions. The Scythian winter-piece appears ſo very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can ſcarce look on it without ſhivering. The murrain at the end has all the expreſſiveneſs that words can give. It was here that the poet ſtrained hard to out-do Lucretius in the deſcription of his plague; and if the reader would ſee what ſucceſs he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil ſeems no where ſo well pleaſed as when he has got among his bees in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of ſo trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the moſt important concerns of mankind. His verſes are not in a greater noiſe and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two ſwarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labour of his Trojans to thoſe of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to thoſe of the Cyclops In ſhort, the laſt Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well ſhowed what the poet could do in the deſcription of what was really great, by his deſcribing the mock-grandeur of an inſect with ſo good a grace. There is more pleaſantneſs in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the ſpacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The ſpeech of Proteus, at the end, can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude ſo divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I ſhould, in the next place, endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are ſome few parts in it that are not ſo beautiful as the reſt, I ſhall not preſume to name them, as rather ſuſpecting my own judgment, that I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay ſo long under Virgil's correction, and had his laſt hand put to it. The firſt Georgic was probably burleſqued in the author's lifetime; for we ſtill find in the ſcholiaſts a verſe that ridicules part of a line tranſlated from Heſiod; " nudus ara, ſere nudus."—And we may eaſily gueſs at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his cenſuring this particular precept. We may be ſure Virgil would not have tranſlated it from Heſiod, had he not diſcovered ſome beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I before obſerved to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept ſo indirectly, and ſingling out the particular circumſtances of ſowing and ploughing naked, to ſuggeſt to us that theſe employments are proper only in the hot ſeaſon of the year.

I ſhall not here compare the ſtyle of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may ſee already done in the Preface to the ſecond volume of Miſcellany Poems; but ſhall conclude this poem to be the moſt complete, elaborate and finiſhed piece of all antiquity. The Æneis indeed is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but thoſe of the Georgic are more exquiſite. In ſhort, the Georgic has all the perfections that can be expected in a poem written by the greateſt poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment ſettled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

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BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general design of each Georgic: and, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them. Instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death. And shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.
Ye Deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct;
Bacchus and fostering Ceres, Powers divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine:
Ye Fawns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succour, for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,
And made a passage for the courser's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan shore sustains
The milky herds, that graze the flowery plains;
And thou, the shepherds tutelary god,
Leave for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough and ploughman's toil;
And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress
Come all ye gods and goddesses that wear [rear;
The rural honours, and increase the year.
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain:
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state
Is yet the business of the gods debate;
Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide;
Powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main;
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray,
Ev'n utmost Thule shall thy power obey;
And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.
The watery virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And, seated near the balance, poise the days:
Where in the void of heaven a space is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee.
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of heaven thou shalt obtain;
For let not hell presume of such a reign;
Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above.
Though Greece admires Elysium's bleak retreat,
Though Proserpine affects her silent seat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to those above.
But thou, propitious Cæsar! guide my course,
And, to my bold endeavours, add thy force.
Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's cares,
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our prayers.
While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain-snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is bury'd in the soil.
That crop rewards the greedy peasants pains,
Which twice the sun, and twice the cold sustains,
And bursts the crowded barns, with more than (promis'd gains.
But ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
The various course of seasons must be found;
The weather, and the setting of the winds,
The culture suiting to the several kinds
Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
And what the genius of the soil denies.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with grass, unbidden decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India, black ebon and white ivory bears;
And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war.
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is th' original contract; these the laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,

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On ſundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the deſart world:
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn:
And early with thy team the glebe in furrows turn.
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding ſuns muy bake the mellow ground.
But if the ſoil be barren, only ſcar
The ſurface, and but lightly print the ſhare,
When cold Arcturus riſes with the ſun:
Leſt wicked weeds the corn ſhould over-run
In watery ſoils; or leſt the barren ſand
Should ſuck the moiſture from the thirſty land.
Both theſe unhappy ſoils the ſwain forbears,
And keeps a ſabbath of alternate years:
That the ſpent earth may gather heat again;
And, better'd by ceſſation, bear the grain.
At leaſt, where vetches, pulſe, and tares have ſtood,
And ſtalks of lupines grew (a ſtubborn wood),
Th' enſuing ſeaſon, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden year.
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And ſleepy poppies harmful harveſts yield.
But ſweet viciſſitudes of reſt and toil
Make eaſy labour, and renew the ſoil.
Yet ſprinkle ſordid aſhes all around,
And load with fattening dung thy fallow ground.
Thus change of ſeeds for meagre ſoils is beſt;
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at reſt.
Long practice has a ſure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground;
When the light ſtubble, to the flames reſign'd,
Is driven along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with ſecret ſtrength for better birth;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire;
Or that the warmth diſtends the chinks, and makes [takes;
New breathings, whence new nouriſhment ſhe
Or that the heat the gaping ground conſtrains,
New knits the ſurface, and new ſtrings the veins,
Leſt ſoaking ſhowers ſhould pierce her ſecret ſeat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat;
Or ſcorching ſuns too violently beat.
Nor is the profit ſmall, the peaſant makes,
Who ſmooths with harrows, or who pounds with rakes
The crumbling clods: nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye;
Nor his, who plows acroſs the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds;
For he with frequent exerciſe commands
Th' unwilling ſoil, and tames the ſtubborn lands.
Ye ſwains, invoke the Powers who rule the ſky,
For a moiſt ſummer, and a winter dry:
For winter drought rewards the peaſant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
Hence Myſia boaſts her harveſts, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When firſt the ſoil receives the fruitful ſeed,
Make no delay, but cover it with ſpeed:
So ſoon'd from cold; the pliant furrows break,
Before the ſurly clod reſiſts the rake.
And call the floods from high, to ruſh amain
With pregnant ſtreams, to ſwell the teeming grain.
Then when the fiery ſuns too fiercely play,
And ſhrivel'd herbs on withering ſtems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watery ſtores, huge torrents flow;
And, rattling down the rocks, large moiſture yield,
Tempering the thirſty fever of the field.
And leſt the ſtem, too feeble for the freight,
Should ſcarce ſuſtain the head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t' invade
The riſing bulk of the luxuriant blade;
Ere yet th' aſpiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain:
And drains the ſtanding waters, when they yield
Too large a beverage to the drunken field.
But moſt in autumn, and the ſhowery ſpring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring:
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells baſty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with-ſlime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places ſpue their watery ſtore.
Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labouring ſteer,
Suſtain alone the hazards of the year;
But glutton geeſe, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops, invade the tender grain:
And towering weeds malignant ſhadows yield;
And ſpreading ſuccory chokes the riſing field.
The fire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with eaſe:
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exerciſe, with pains, the grudging ſoil.
Himſelf invented firſt the ſhining ſhare,
And whetted human induſtry by care:
Himſelf did handicrafts and arts ordain,
Nor ſuffer'd ſloth to ruſt his active reign.
Ere this, no peaſant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found:
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Diſtinguiſh'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood, [flood:
And ſwell'd, with raging ſtorms, the peaceful
Commiſſion'd hungry wolves t' infeſt the fold,
And ſhook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.
Remov'd from human reach the cheerful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire:
That ſtudious need might uſeful arts explore;
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodfull ſtore:
And force the veins of claſhing flints t' expire
The lurking ſeeds of their celeſtial fire.
Then firſt on ſeas the hollow'd alder ſwam;
Then ſailors quarter'd heaven, and found a name
For every fix'd and every wandering ſtar:
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
Then toils for beaſts, and lime for birds were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did foreſt-walks ſurround:
And caſting nets were ſpread in ſhallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then ſaws were tooth'd, and ſounding axes made,
(For wedges firſt did yielding wood invade);
And various arts in order did ſucceed.
(What cannot endleſs labour, urg'd by need?)

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First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to sow,
And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough,
When now Dodonian oaks no more supply'd
Their mast, and trees their forest-fruits deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was borne.
Then burs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field subdue:
And oats unbleft, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining ears.
So that unleft the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field;
Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
And heaven invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,
On other crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long abandon'd oak.
Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.
The crooked plough, the share, the towering height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight;
The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail.
These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms with early force in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam prepare,
On either side the head produce an ear,
And sink a socket for the shining share,
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke.
I could be long in precepts, but I fear
So mean a subject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your thrashing-floor:
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er;
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To smooth the surface of the unequal ground;
Left crack'd with summer heats the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise.
For sundry foes the rural realms surround:
The field-mouse builds her garner under ground,
For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad;
The corn-devouring weasel here abides,
And the wise ant her wintry store provides.
Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood;
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will thy harvest be:
In vain the hind shall vex the thrashing-floor,
For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.
Some steep their seed, and some in cauldrons boil
With vigorous nitre, and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires; th' exuberant joice to drain,
And swell the flattering husks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
Though chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd;
Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
Or Fate's decree, degenerate still to worse.
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.
Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus rise,
Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Through Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-breeding sea.
But when Astrea's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain;
Till cold December comes with driving rain,
Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
And millet, rising from your annual toil:
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The bull beats down the barriers of the year;
And Argos and the Dog forsake the northern sphere.
But if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her sisters first descend,
And the bright Gnosian diadem downward bend;
Before you trust in earth your future hope:
Or else expect a listless lazy crop. [found
Some swains have sown before, but most have
A husky harvest, from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean;
Begin when the slow Waggoner descends;
Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends:
For this, through twelve bright signs Apollo guides
The year, and earth in several climes divides.
Five girdles bind the skies; the torrid zone
Glows with the passing and repassing sun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heaven,
To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are given.
Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
Two habitable seats for human kind:
And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies.
The first sublime in heaven, the last is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding stream the Bears divides;
The less and greater, who by Fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the southern sea;
There, as they say, perpetual night is found
In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when Aurora leaves our northern sphere,
She lights the downward heaven, and rises there.
And when on us she breathes the living light,
Red vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain seasons we may know;
And when to reap the grain, and when to sow;

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Or when to fell the furzes; when 'tis meet
To ſpread the flying canvaſs for the fleet.
Obſerve what ſtars ariſe or diſappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But when cold weather, and continued rain,
The labouring huſband in his houſe reſtrain,
Let him forecaſt his work with timely care,
Which elſe is huddled when the ſkies are fair:
Then let him mark the ſheep, or whet the
ſhining ſhare,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His ſacks. or meaſure his increaſing ſtore;
Or ſharpen ſtakes, or head the forks, or twine
The ſallow twigs to tie the ſtraggling vine;
Or wicker baſkets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can reſtrain
From neceſſary works the labouring ſwain.
Ev'n holidays and feaſts permiſſion yield,
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, ſnare the birds, and ſteep
In wholeſome water-falls the woolly ſheep.
And oft the drudging aſs is driven, with toil,
To neighbouring towns with apples and with oil:
Returning late, and loaden home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.
The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labour chooſe: the fifth be ſure to ſhun:
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, againſt the ſkies, the ſons of earth.
With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they
ſtrove
To ſcale the ſteepy battlements of Jove:
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demoliſh'd works in ruin laid.
The ſeventh is, next the tenth, the beſt to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then, weavers, ſtretch your ſtays upon the weſt:
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done;
Or when the morning dew prevents the ſun.
Parch'd meads and ſtubble mow by Phœbe's light,
Which both require the coolneſs of the night;
For moiſture then abounds, and pearly rains
Deſcend in ſilence to refreſh the plains.
The wife and huſband equally conſpire,
To work by night, and rake the winter fire:
He ſharpens torches in the glimmering room:
She ſhoots the flying ſhuttle through the loom:
Or boils in kettles muſt of wine, and ſkims
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims.
And till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She ſings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm weather, when the ſkies are clear,
By day-light reap the product of the year:
And in the ſun your golden grain diſplay,
And threſh it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, ſwain, and naked ſow the land,
For lazy winter numbs the labouring hand.
In genial winter, ſwains enjoy their ſtore,
Forget their hardſhips, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleaſure ſpends.
So ſailors, when eſcap'd from ſtormy ſeas,
Firſt crown their veſſels, then indulge their eaſe.
Yet that's the proper time to thraſh the wood
For maſt of oak, your father's homely food.
To gather laurel-berries, and the ſpoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to preſs your oil.
For ſtalking cranes to ſet the guileful ſnare,
T' incloſe the ſtags in toils, and hunt the hare.
With Balearic ſlings, or Gnoſian bow,
To perſecute from far the flying doe.
Then, when the fleecy ſkies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of ruſtling ice came rolling down the
flood.
Now ſing we ſtormy ſtars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and ſhortens days;
And ſuns declining ſhine with feeble rays:
What cares muſt then attend the toiling ſwain;
Or when the lowering ſpring, with laviſh rain,
Beats down the ſlender ſtem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly ſwell'd
With milky moiſture, overlooks the field!
Ev'n when the farmer, now ſecure of fear,
Sends in the ſwains to ſpoil the finiſh'd year:
Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden ſheaves in brittle bands:
Oft have I ſeen a ſudden ſtorm ariſe,
From all the warring winds that ſweep the ſkies:
The heavy harveſt from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter ſtubble born;
With ſuch a force the flying rack is driven,
And ſuch a winter wears the face of heaven:
And oft whole ſheets deſcend of fluicy rain,
Suck'd by the ſpongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty ſkies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring ſound
The riſing rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling ſeas
rebound.
The Father of the Gods his glory ſhrouds;
Involv'd in tempeſts, and a night of clouds;
And from the middle darkneſs flaſhing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beaſts in foreſts ſeek abode:
Deep horror ſeizes every human breaſt,
Their pride is humbled and their fear confeſs'd:
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.
In fear of this, obſerve the ſtarry ſigns,
Where Saturn houſes, and where Hermes joins.
But firſt to heaven thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when cheerful hours
Awake the ſpring, the ſpring awakes the flowers.
On the green turf thy careleſs limbs diſplay,
And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
For then the hills with pleaſing ſhades are crown'd,
And ſleeps are ſweeter on the ſilken ground:
With milder beams the ſun ſecurely ſhines;
Fat are the lambs, and luſcious are the wines.
Let every ſwain adore her power divine,
And milk and honey mix with ſparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the ſhow,
In long proceſſions, ſhouting as they go;

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Invoking her to bleſs their yearly ſtores,
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the ſpring, and thus in ſummer's heat,
Before the ſickles touch the ripening wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the labouring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind:
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praiſe,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain ſigns we may preſage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The ſovereign of the heavens has ſet on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the ſky:
When ſouthern blaſts ſhall ceaſe, and when the ſwain
Should near their folds his feeding flocks reſtrain.
For, ere the riſing winds begin to roar,
The working ſeas advance to waſh the ſhore:
Soft whiſpers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whiſtle to the murmuring floods:
Ev'n then the doubtful billows ſcarce abſtain
From the toſs'd veſſel on the troubled main;
When crying cormorants forſake the ſea,
And, ſtretching to the covert, wing their way;
When ſportful coots run ſkimming o'er the ſtrand;
When whatchful herons leave their watery ſtand;
And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the ſkies, and ſoar above the ſight.
And oft before tempeſtuous winds ariſe,
The ſeeming ſtars fall headlong from the ſkies;
And, ſhooting through the darkneſs, gild the night
With ſweeping glories, and long trails of light:
And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and eaſt and weſt engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are cruſh'd, a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And ſailors furl their dropping ſheets amain.
Wet weather ſeldom hurts the moſt unwiſe,
So plain the ſigns, ſuch prophets are the ſkies:
The wary crane foreſees it firſt, and ſails
Above the ſtorm, and leaves the lowly vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find,
The change of heaven, and ſnuffs it in the wind.
The ſwallow ſkims the river's watery face,
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
The careful ant her ſecret cell forſakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
Huge flocks of riſing rooks forſake their food,
And, crying, ſeek the ſhelter of the wood.
Beſides, the ſeveral ſorts of watery fowls,
That ſwim the ſeas, or haunt the ſtanding pools:
The ſwans that ſail along the ſilver flood,
And dive with ſtretching necks to ſearch their food,
Then lave their backs with ſprinkling dews in vain,
And ſtera the ſtream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow, with clamorous cries, the ſhower demands,
And ſingle ſtalks along the deſert ſands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel ſhe plies,
Foreſees the ſtorm impending in the ſkies,
When ſparkling lamps their ſputtering light advance.
And in the ſockets oily bubbles dance.
Then after ſhowers, 'tis eaſy to deſcry
Returning ſuns, and a ſerener ſky:
The ſtars ſhine ſmarter, and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her ſharpen'd horns.
The ſilmy goſſamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons baſk on the ſhort ſunny ſhore:
Their litter is not toſs'd by ſows unclean,
But a blue draughty miſt deſcends upon the plain.
And owls, that mark the ſetting-ſun, declare
A ſtar-light evening, and a morning fair.
Towering aloft, avenging Niſus flies,
While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Niſus follows, and purſues his prey.
Where injur'd Niſus takes his airy courſe,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and ſhuns his force.
This puniſhment purſues th' unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the ſettled fair.
Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the ſun: and ſeiz'd with ſecret joy,
When ſtorms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forſaken neſts, and callow care.
Not that I think their breaſts with heavenly ſouls
Inſpir'd, as man, who deſtiny controls;
But with the changeful temper of the ſkies,
As rains condenſe, and ſunſhine ratifies;
To turn the ſpecies in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and diſcompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and friſking lambs rejoice.
Obſerve the daily circle of the ſun,
And the ſhort year of each revolving moon:
By them thou ſhalt foreſee the following day;
Nor ſhall a ſtarry night thy hopes betray.
When firſt the moon appears, if then ſhe ſhrouds
Her ſilver creſcent, tipp'd with ſable clouds;
Conclude ſhe bodes a tempeſt on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or if her face with fiery flaſhing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But four nights old, (for that's the ſureſt ſign,)
With ſharpen'd horns if glorious then ſhe ſhine;
Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempeſts both by land and ſea,
And ſailors in the port their promis'd vows ſhall pay.
Above the reſt, the ſun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the ſkies;
For, if he riſe, unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and ſpots upon his face;
Or if through miſts he ſhoots his ſullen beams,
Frugal of light, in looſe and ſtraggling ſtreams:
Suſpect a driſling day, with ſouthern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale ſickly cheek, ſalute the ſkies,
How ſhall the vine, with tender leaves defend
Her teeming cluſters, when the ſtorms deſcend;
When ridgy roofs and tiles can ſcarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?

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But, more than all, the ſetting-ſun ſurvey,
When down the ſteep of heaven he drives the day.
For oft we find him finiſhing his race
With various colours erring on his face;
If fiery red his glowing globe deſcends,
High winds and furious tempeſts he portends:
But if his cheeks are ſwoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his watery hue;
If duſky ſpots are vary'd on his brow,
And ſtreak'd with red a troubled colour ſhow;
That ſullen mixture ſhall at once declare,
Winds, rain, and ſtorms, and elemental war.
What deſperate madmen then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the ſhore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heaven reſigns to quiet night;
No riſing winds or falling ſtorms, are nigh:
But northern breezes through the foreſts fly;
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled ſky.
Th' unerring ſun by certain ſigns declares,
What the late ev'n, or early morn prepares:
And when the ſouth projects a ſtormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away
The ſun reveals the ſecrets of the ſky;
And who dares give the ſource of light the lie?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treaſons, open wars:
He firſt the fate of Cæſar did foretel,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæſar fell.
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herſelf ſtood forth, and ſeconded the ſun.
Earth, air, and ſeas, with prodigies were ſign'd,
And birds obſcene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German ſkies afar,
Of arms and armies, ruſhing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the ſolid Alps below,
And from their ſummits ſhook th' eternal ſnow:
Pale ſpectres in the cloſe of night were ſeen;
And voices heard of more than mortal men.
In ſilent groves, dumb ſheep and oxen ſpoke,
And ſtreams ran backward, and their beds forſook:
The yawning earth diſcloſ'd th' abyſs of hell:
The weeping ſtatues did the wars foretel;
And holy ſweat from brazen idols fell.
Then riſing in his might, the king of floods
Ruſh'd through the foreſts, tore the lofty woods;
And rolling onward, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bore houſes, herds, and labouring hinds away.
Blood ſprang from wells; wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the prieſts affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky lightnings flaſh'd from ſuch a ſullen ſky.
Red meteors ran acroſs th' ethereal ſpace;
Stars diſappear'd, and comets took their place.
For this, th' Emathian plains once more were ſtrow'd [good
With Roman bodies; and juſt heaven thought
To fatten twice thoſe fields with Roman blood.
Then, after length of time, the labouring ſwains,
Who turn the turfs of thoſe unhappy plains,
Shall ruſty piles from the plough'd furrows take;
And over empty helmets paſs the rake,
Amaz'd at antique titles on the ſtones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.
Ye homeborn deities, of mortal birth!
Thou, father Romulus, and mother Earth,
Goddeſs unmov'd! whoſe guardian arms extend
O'er Tuſcan Tiber's courſe, and Roman towers defend;
With youthful Cæſar your joint powers engage,
Nor hinder him to ſave the ſinking age.
O! let the blood, already ſpilt, atone
For the paſt crimes of curſt Laomedon!
Heaven wants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, Cæſar, to the world below:
Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound;
Where impious arms from every part reſound,
And monſtrous crimes in every ſhape are crown'd.
The peaceful peaſant to the wars is preſt;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious reſt:
The plain no paſture to the flock affords,
The crooked ſcythes are ſtraighten'd into ſwords:
And there Euphrates her ſoft offspring arms,
And here the Rhine re-bellows with alarms;
The neighbouring cities range on ſeveral ſides,
Perfidious Mars long plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the waſted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce courſers ſtarting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which argument, the Poet ſhews all the different methods of raiſing trees: deſcribes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the ſoils in which the ſeveral plants thrive beſt: and thence takes occaſion to run out into the praiſes of Italy. After which he gives ſome directions for diſcovering the nature of every ſoil; preſcribes rules for dreſſing of vines, olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

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Thus far of tillage, and of heavenly signs;
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of generous vines:
The shady groves, the woodland progeny;
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.
Great father Bacchus! to my song repair;
For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine;
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come strip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at every pore.
Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe;
For some without the pains of planting grow.
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
From the same principle gray willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But some from seeds incles'd in earth arise;
For thus the mastful chesnut mates the skies.
Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.
Some from the root a rising wood disclose;
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.
These ways of planting, Nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found:
Some cut the shoot, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mold:
Some cloven stakes, and (wondrous to behold),
Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
And the dry poles produce a living race.
Some bow their vines, which, bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in distant arches rise again.
Others no root require, the labourer cuts
Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.
Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis usual now, an inmate graff to see
With insolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crab tree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.
Then let the learned gardener mark with care
The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will bear,
Explore the nature of each several tree;
And known, improve with artful industry;
And let no spot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground.
For open Ismarus will Bacchus please;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive trees.
The virtues of the several soils I sing.
Mæcenas, now thy needful succour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown,
Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown;
Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
With flying sails, and breezes from the shore:
Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
So large a subject fully can embrace:
Not though I were supply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
And coast along the shore in sight of land.
Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees, which of themselves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but strongly built, and fair:
Because the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
Yet these, receiving graffs of other kind,
Or thence transplanted, change their savage mind;
Their wildness lose, and, quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.
The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots
In open fields, transplanted bear their fruits.
For where they grow, the native energy
Turns all into the substance of the tree,
Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
The plant that shoots from seed, a sullen tree
At leisure grows, for late posterity;
The generous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
And savage grapes are made the birds ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
Old stakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
By the same methods Paphian myrtles live:
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazles, and from cyons rise
Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies:
Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.
The thin-leav'd arbute, hazle-graffs receives,
And plains huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chesnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears,
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.
But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows;
Just in that space a narrow slit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the smoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree;
And in the solid wood the slip include,
The battening bastard shoots again and grows;
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies.
The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.
Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the same species are of several minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd,
So funeral cypress rising like a shrowd,
Fat olive trees of sundry sorts appear,
Of sundry shapes their unctuous berries bear.
Radii long olives, Orchites round produce,
And bitter Pausia, pounded for the juice.
Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamotes and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,
Or taste, or flavour of the Lesbian grape.

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The Thaſian vines in richer ſoils abound,
The Meriotique grow in barren ground.
The Pſythian grape we dry: Lagæan juice
Will ſtammering tongues and ſtaggering feet produce.
Rathe ripe are ſome, and ſome of later kind;
Of golden ſome, and ſome of purple rind.
How ſhall I praiſe the Rætbian grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine!
Th' Aminean many a conſulſhip ſurvives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus king of Chian growth:
But for large quantities and laſting both,
The leſs Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, ſacred to the ſolemn day,
In ſecond ſervices is pour'd to Jove;
And beſt accepted by the gods above.
Nor muſt Bumaſtus his old honours loſe,
In length and largeneſs like the dugs of cows.
I paſs the reſt, whoſe every race and name,
And kinds, are leſs material to my theme.
Which who would learn, as ſoon may tell the ſands,
Driven by the weſtern wind on Lybian lands;
Or number, when the bluſtering Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian ſhores.
Nor every plant on every ſoil will grow:
The ſallow loves the watery ground, and low;
The marſhes, alders; Nature ſeems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild aſh's reign;
The baleful yew to northern blaſts aſſigns;
To ſhores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
Regard th' extremeſt cultivated coaſt,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian froſt:
All ſorts of trees their ſeveral countries know;
Black ebony only will in India grow:
And odorous frankincenſe on the Sabæan bough.
Balm ſlowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy ſhrubs, in Idumæan plains.
The green Egyptian thorn, for medicine good;
With Ethiops hoary trees and wooly wood,
Let others tell: and how the Seres ſpin
Their fleecy foreſts in a ſlender twine.
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian ſhores,
Whoſe height above the feather'd arrow ſoars,
Shot from the tougheſt bow; and by the brawn
Of expert archers with vaſt vigour drawn,
Sharp taſted citrons Median climes produce:
Bitter the rind, but generous is the juice:
A cordial fruit, a preſent antidote
Againſt the direful ſtepdame's deadly draught:
Who, mixing wicked deeds with words impure,
The fate of envy'd orphans would procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And did it not a different ſcent diſcloſe,
A laurel were: the fragrant flowers contemn
The ſtormy winds, tenacious of their ſtem.
With this the Medes to labouring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the fourneſs of the breath.
But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden ſand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy ſtores Arabia yields;
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with ſweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls, whoſe noſtrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf; no teeth of ſerpents here
Were ſown, an armed hoſt, an iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,
And harveſts heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green,
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are ſeen.
The warrior-horſe, here bred, is taught to train:
There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain;
Whoſe waves for triumphs after proſperous war,
The victim ox and ſnowy ſheep prepare.
Perpetual ſpring our happy climate ſees;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And ſummer ſuns recede by ſlow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nouriſhes the lion's angry ſeed;
Nor poiſonous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in ſo vaſt a length our ſerpents glide,
Or rais'd on ſuch a ſpiry volume ride.
Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,
Their coſtly labour and ſtupendous frame:
Our forts on ſteepy hills, that far below
See wanton ſtreams in winding valleys flow.
Our two-fold ſeas, that, waſhing either ſide,
A rich recruit of foreign ſtores provide.
Our ſpacious lakes; thee, Larius, firſt; and next
Benacus, with tempeſtuous billows vext.
Or ſhall I praiſe thy ports, or mention make
Of the vaſt mound that binds the Lucrian lake;
Or the diſdainful ſea, that, ſhut from thence,
Roars round the ſtructure, and invades the fence;
There, where ſecure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
Our quarries deep in earth, were fam'd of old
For veins of ſilver, and for ore of gold.
Th' inhabitants themſelves their country grace;
Hence roſe the Marſian and Sabellian race:
Strong-limb'd and ſtout, and to the wars inclin'd,
And hard Ligurians, a laborous kind;
And Volſcians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
Beſides an offſpring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name;
And mighty Cæſar, whoſe victorious arms
To fartheſt Aſia carry fierce alarms:
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome;
Triumph abroad, ſecure our peace at home.
Hail, ſweet Saturnian ſoil! of fruitful grain
Great Parent, greater of illuſtrious men;
For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſcloſ'd in ancient days:
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring,
And old Aſcræan verſe in Roman cities ſing.
The nature of their ſeveral ſoils now ſee,
Their ſtrength, their colour, their fertility:
And firſt for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty ſtones abound;
Where the poor ſoil all ſuccour ſeems to want,
Yet this ſuffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted ſigns of ſuch a ſoil are found,
For here wild olive ſhoots o'erſpread the ground,
And heaps of berries ſtrew the fields around.
But where the ſoil, with fattening moiſture fill'd,
Is cloth'd with graſs, and fruitful to be till'd;
Such as in cheerful vales we view from high;
Which dripping rocks with rolling ſtreams ſupply,
And feed with ooze, where riſing hillocks run
In length, and open to the ſouthern ſun;

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Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough,
That gentle ground to generous grapes allow;
Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice;
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the cheerful hour;
Then when the bloated Thuscan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.
If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
Then seek Tarentum's lawns and farthest coast,
Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost:
Where silver swans sail down the watery road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood,
There crystal streams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep.
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and loose above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Resembling nature in an easy soil.
No land for seed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village-lord!
No toiling teams from harvest-labour come
So late at night, so heavy laden home.
The like of forest land is understood,
From whence the surly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle stood.
Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat,
And flying from their nests their callow young forget.
The coarse lean gravel on the mountain sides,
Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides:
Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of snakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The soil exhaling clouds of subtle dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews:
Which rusts not iron, and whose mould is clean;
Well clothed with cheerful grass, and ever green,
Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
Embracing husband elms, in amorous twines!
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
And equal to the pasture and the plough.
Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius yields;
And such a country could Acerra boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coast,
I teach thee next the differing soils to know;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Choose first a place for such a purpose fit,
There dig the solid earth, and sink a pit.
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in;
Then if it rise not to the former height
Of superfice, conclude that soil is light;
A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
But if the sullen earth, so press'd, repines,
Within its native mansion to retire,
And stays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that asks,
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious tasks.
Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.
Sweet grapes degenerate there, and fruits declin'd
From their first flavorous taste, renounce their kind.
This truth by sure experiment is try'd:
For first an osier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (such toiling peasants twine, [wine);
When through strait passages they strain their
In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholesome water first:
Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
And by the bitter taste disclose the ground.
The fatter earth by handling we may find,
With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind:
Poor soil will crumble into dust, the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land so large a promise boast,
Lest the lank ears in length of stem be lost.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd:
'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight,
The colour of the soil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants, that prosper there, will show;
Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful yew.
These rules consider'd well, with early care
The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that cast a rising mound:
The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
For putrid earth will best in vineyards take,
And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds will rot the mellow soil.
Some peasants, not t' omit the nicest care,
Of the same soil their nursery prepare,
With that of their plantation; lest the tree
Translated, should not with the soil agree.
Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heaven's four quarters on the tender bark;
And to the north or south restore the side,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.
So strong is custom, such effects can use
In tender souls of pliant plants produce.
Choose next a province for thy vineyard's design,
On hills above, or in the lowly plain:
If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In close plantations there. But if the vine
On rising grounds be plac'd, or hills supine,
Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either side:
But marshal'd all in order as they stand,
And let no soldier straggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front display,
To try the fortune of some doubtful day.
And move to meet their foes with sober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider space;
Before the battle joins; while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of sword;
So let thy vines in intervals be set,
But not their rural discipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,
That their extremest lines may scarce embrace:

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Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
And make a pleasing prospect for the sight:
But for the ground itself, this only way
Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
Which, crowded, want the room their branches to display.
How deep they must be planted, would'st thou know?
In shallow furrows vines securely grow.
Not so the rest of plants; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
And, next the lower skies, a bed profound;
High as his topmast boughs to heaven ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows.
For length of ages lasts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal man contend in vain.
Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands;
His shade protects the plains, his head the hills commands.
The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard shun;
Nor plant it to receive the setting sun:
Nor break the topmost branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands:
For sparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands,
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds.
For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives,
Ascending thence, 't crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoky fires,
But most, when driven by winds, the flaming storm
Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies,
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise:
Nor will the wither'd stock be green again,
But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful plain.
Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.
But when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear;
That season deem the best to plant thy vines,
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines;
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.
The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves,
The womb of earth the genial seed receives.
For then Almighty Jove descends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful showers;
And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her birth with kindly juice, and softers teeming seeds.
Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love.
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And, while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound,
The grass securely springs above the ground;
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail
Unhurt by southern showers or northern hail.
They spread their gems the genial warmth to share,
And boldly trust the buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king:
In prime of all the year, and holidays of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear;
Nor other was the tenour of the year:
When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wintery breath suspend:
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds:
And golden stars flew up to light the skies,
And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
Nor could the tender, new creation, bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year;
But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the spring requir'd.
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.
For what remains, in depth of earth secure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;
And shells and gravel in the ground enclose;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of stones above to lay
And press the plants with shreds of potter's clay.
This fence against immoderate rain they found:
Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.
Be mindful, when thou hast entomb'd the shoot,
With store of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row
To mount on reeds and wands, and, upward led,
On ashen poles to raise their forky head.
On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, swerving upwards, with a stronger stalk,
They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leafs, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nurseling spare.
Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth:
But when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandmen, be bold
To lop the disobedient bows, that stray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
While yet the tender germs but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;
Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away;

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And, worſe than both, become th' unworthy browſe,
Of buffalos, ſalt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's froſt that burns the boughs,
Nor Dog-days parching heat that ſplits the rocks,
Are half ſo harmful as the greedy flocks;
Their venom'd bite, and ſcars indented on the ſtocks.
For this the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the ſtreets the reeling actors ran;
In country villages, and croſſing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays:
And glad, with Bacchus, on the graſſy ſoil,
Leapt o'er the ſkins of goats beſmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes expreſs their joy:
With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience pleaſe,
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praiſe the God of wine,
Whoſe earthen images adorn the pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine:
A madneſs ſo devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow vallies and on riſing hills;
On whate'er ſide he turns his honeſt face,
And dances in the wind, thoſe fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue reſound his praiſe.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whoſe offer'd entrails ſhall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatneſs from the hazle broach.
To dreſs thy vines new labour is requir'd,
Nor muſt the painful huſbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at leaſt, in compaſs of a year,
Thy vineyard muſt employ the ſturdy ſteer,
To turn the glebe; beſides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the ſurface plain:
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That ſuck the vital moiſture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peaſant's pain,
And the year rolls within itſelf again.
Ev'n in the loweſt mouths, when ſtorms have ſhed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:
Ev'n then the naked vine he perſecutes;
His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be firſt to dig the ground, be firſt to burn
The branches lopt, and firſt the props return
Into thy houſe, that bore the burden'd vines;
But laſt to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'erſhade
Th' incumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade;
Hard labour both! commend the large exceſs
Of ſpacious vineyards; cultivate the leſs.
Beſides, in woods the ſhrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut; for vineyards uſeful found,
To ſtay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free,
When huſbands have ſurvey'd the laſt degree,
And utmoſt files of plants; and order'd every tree;
Ev'n when they ſing at eaſe in full content,
Inſulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet ſtill they find a future taſk remain;
To turn the ſoil, and break the clods again:
And after all, their joys are unſincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite oppoſite to theſe are olives found,
No dreſſing they require, and dread no wound;
No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The ſoil itſelf due nouriſhment ſupplies:
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits ariſe:
Content with ſmall endeavours till they ſpring,
Soft peace they figure, and ſweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas ſing.
Thus apple-trees, whoſe trunks are ſtrong to bear
Their ſpreading boughs, exert themſelves in air;
Want no ſupply, but ſtand ſecure alone,
Not truſting foreign forces, but their own;
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches groan.
Thus trees of nature, and each common buſh,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries bluſh;
Vile ſhrubs are ſhorn for browſe: the towering height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And ſhall we doubt (indulging eaſy ſloth)
To ſow, to ſet, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
Are for the ſhepherd or the ſheep deſign'd.
Ev'n humble broom and oſiers have their uſe,
And ſhade for ſheep, and food for flocks, produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees:
Beſides the pleaſing proſpect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves! with what delight are ſeen
Narycian woods of pitch, whoſe gloomy ſhade
Seems for retreat of heavenly Muſes made!
But much more pleaſing are thoſe fields to ſee,
That need not ploughs, nor human induſtry.
Ev'n old Caucaſean rocks with trees are ſpread,
And wear green foreſts on their hilly head.
Though bending from the blaſt of eaſtern ſtorms,
Though ſhent their leaves, and ſhatter'd are their arms;
Yet heaven their various plants for uſe deſigns:
For houſes cedars, and for ſhipping pines.
Cypreſs provides for ſpokes, and wheels of wains:
And all for keels of ſhips that ſcour the watery plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war from ſtubborn myrtle ſhafts receives:
From cornels javelins; and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes, without their uſe are made,
Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and ſteel with eaſe invade.
Light alder ſtems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide,
Now balance, with theſe gifts the ſumy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noiſe.

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Wine urg'd to lawleſs luſt the Centaurs train,
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine were ſlain.
O happy, if he knew his happy ſtate!
The ſwain, who, free from buſineſs and debate
Receives his eaſy food from nature's hand,
And juſt returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early viſitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they paſs,
The breathing figures of Corinthian braſs.
No ſtatues threaten from high pedeſtals;
No Perſian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic veſts; which, through their ſhady fold,
Betray the ſtreaks of ill-diſſembled gold.
He boaſts no wool, whoſe native white is dy'd
With purple poiſon of Aſſyrian pride.
No coſtly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign ſcents the ſweetneſs of his oil.
But eaſy quiet, a ſecure retreat.
A harmleſs life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleſs,
And rural pleaſures crown his happineſs.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads and ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite,
And after toilſome days a ſoft repoſe at night.
Wild beaſts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardſhip, and to homely fare,
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Aſtrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing ſteps appear.
Ye ſacred Muſes, with whoſe beauty fir'd,
My ſoul is raviſh'd, and my brain inſpir'd;
Whoſe prieſt I am, whoſe holy fillets wear,
Would you your poet's firſt petition hear;
Give me the ways of wandering ſtars to know:
The depths of heaven above, and earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark receſs they ſhrink again.
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood reſtrain the flight
Of my free ſoul, aſpiring to the height
Of nature and unclouded fields of light;
My next deſire is, void of care and ſtrife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a cryſtal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the ſacred ſhades,
Where bacchanals are ſung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hemus' hilly crown;
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down:
Or lead me to ſome ſolitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
Happy the man, who, ſtudying nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the ſecret cauſe.
His mind poſſeſſing in a quiet ſtate,
Fearleſs of Fortune, and reſign'd to Fate.
And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of ſylvans and adores the rural powers:
Whoſe mind, unmov'd the bribes of courts can ſee;
Their glittering baits and purple ſlavery.
Nor hopes the people's praiſe, nor fears their frown,
Nor when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will ſet up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults and diſcents, and diſtant war:
Nor with a ſuperſtitious fear is aw'd,
For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy ſtore,
Nor his own peace diſturbs, with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
The Senate's mad decrees he never ſaw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the ſeas and ſome to camps reſort,
And ſome with impudence invade the court.
In foreign countries others ſeek renown;
With wars and taxes others waſte their own,
And houſes burn, and houſehold gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchaſe;
To loll on couches, rich with Cytron ſteds,
And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds,
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hovering and brooding on his bury'd ſtore.
Some patriot fools to popular praiſe aſpire,
Of public ſpeeches, which worſe fools admire.
While from both benches, with redoubled ſounds
Th' applauſe of lords and commoners abounds.
Some through ambition, or through thirſt of gold,
Have ſlain their brothers, or their country ſold;
And leaving their ſweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another ſun.
The peaſant, innocent of all theſe ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
And the round year with daily labour fills.
And hence the country-markets are ſupply'd:
Enough remains for houſehold charge beſide;
His wife and tender children to ſuſtain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deſerving train.
Nor ceaſe his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harveſt yield;
A crop ſo plenteous as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus every ſeveral ſeaſon is employ'd:
Some ſpent in toil, and ſome in eaſe enjoy'd.
The yeaning ewes prevent the ſpringing year;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harveſt yields,
Bak'd in the ſun-ſhine of aſcending fields.
The winter comes, and then the falling maſt
For greedy ſwine provides a full repaſt.
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatneſs boaſt,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the froſt.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliſs;
His little children climbing for a kiſs,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaſte delight.
His kine, with ſwelling udders, ready ſtand,
And lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmleſs battles in his homely yard:

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Himself in ruſtic pomp, on holidays,
To rural Powers a juſt oblation pays;
And on the green his careleſs limbs diſplays.
The hearth is in the midſt; the herdſmen round
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
The groom his fellow groom at buts defies;
And bends his bows, and levels with his eyes.
Or ſtript for wreſtling, ſmears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred:
From whom th' auſtere Etrurian virtue roſe,
And this rude life our homely fathers choſe.
Old Rome from ſuch a race deriv'd her birth,
(The ſeat of empire, and the conquer'd earth;)
Which now on ſeven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compaſs all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel ſon uſurp'd the ſkies,
When beaſts were only ſlain for ſacrifice,
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
Ere ſounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman ſword:
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
The good old god his hunger did aſſwage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age;
But, over-labour'd with ſo long a courſe,
'Tis time to ſet at eaſe the ſmoking horſe.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book begins with the invocation of ſome rural Deities, and a compliment to Auguſtus: after which Virgil directs himſelf to Mæcenas, and enters on his ſubject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horſes, oxen, ſheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves ſeveral pleaſant deſcriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the diſeaſes incident to cattle; and ends with the deſcription of a fatal murrian that formerly raged among the Alps.

Thy fields, propitious Pales, I rehearſe;
And ſing thy paſtures in no vulgar verſe.
Amphryſian ſhepherd; the Lycæan woods;
Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleaſing floods.
All other themes that careleſs minds invite,
Are worn with uſe, unworthy me to write.
Buſiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eureſtheus, every reader ſees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring iſle,
And Pelops' ivory ſhoulder, and his toil
For fair Hippodame, with all the reſt
Of Grecian tales, by poets are expreſt;
New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
I, firſt of Romans, ſhall in triumph come
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home:
With foreign ſpoils adorn my native place;
And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
Of Parian ſtone a temple will I raiſe,
Where the ſlow Mincius through the valley ſtrays:
Where cooling ſtreams invite the flocks to drink:
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
Full in the midſt ſhall mighty Cæſar ſtand:
Hold the chief honours; and the dome command.
Then I, conſpicuous in my Tyrian gown,
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)
A hundred courſers from the goal will drive;
The rival chariots in the race ſhall ſtrive.
All Greece ſhall flock from far, my games to ſee;
The whorlbat and the rapid race ſhall be
Reſerv'd for Cæſar, and ordain'd by me.
Myſelf, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear;
Ev'n now methinks the public ſhouts I hear;
The paſſing pageants and the pomps appear.
I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
The ſacrifice and ſacrificers view;
From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres diſcloſe the ſcene:
Which interwoven Britons ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhow the triumph which their ſhame diſplays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd ſhall Cæſar's Indian war behold;
The Nile ſhall flow beneath; and on the ſide
His ſhatter'd ſhips on brazen pillars ride,
Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,
And dropping ſage, ſhall his Armenia mourn;
And Aſian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthian ſhall be there;
And, ſpurring from the fight, confeſs their fear.
A double wreath ſhall crown our Cæſar's brows,
Two differing trophies, from two differing foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame ſhall join;
But neither ſhore his conqueſt ſhall confine.
The Parian marble, there, ſhall ſeem to move,
In breathing ſtatues, not unworthy Jove;
Reſembling heroes, whoſe ethereal root
Is Jove himſelf, and Cæſar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the ſculptor ſhall employ;
And he the god, who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herſelf, at laſt grown pale and dumb,
(By Cæſar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hands; and fear the curling ſnakes
Of laſhing furies, and the burning lakes:
The pains of famiſh'd Tantalus ſhall feel;
And Siſyphus that labours up the hill
The rolling rock in vain; and curſt Ixion's wheel.

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Mean time we muſt purſue the Sylvan lands,
(Th' abode of nymphs untouch'd by former hands;
For ſuch, Mæcenas, are thy hard commands.
Without thee nothing lofty can I ſing;
Come then, and with thyſelf thy genius bring;
With which inſpir'd, I brook no dull delay,
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and purſue their prey.
High Epidaurus urges on my ſpeed,
Fam'd for his hills and for his horſes breed:
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound:
For echo hunts along and propagates the ſound.
A time will come, when my maturer muſe
In Cæſar's wars, a nobler theme ſhall chooſe.
And through more ages bear my ſovereign's praiſe,
Than hath from Tithon paſt to Cæſar's days.
The generous youth, who, ſtudious of the prize,
The race of running courſers multiplies;
Or to the plough the ſturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.
The mother cow muſt wear a lowering look,
Sour-headed, ſtrongly neck'd to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin deſcends:
And at her thighs the ponderous burden ends.
Long as her ſides and large, her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
Her colour ſhining black, but fleck'd with white;
She toſſes from the yoke: provokes the fight:
She riſes in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's reſemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a ſtar is crown'd;
And with her length of tail ſhe ſweeps the ground.
The bull's inſult at four ſhe may ſuſtain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain.
Six ſeaſons uſe; but then releaſe the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the labouring plough.
Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the luſty ſire;
Watch the quick motions of the friſking tail,
Then ſerve their fury with the ruſhing male,
Indulging pleaſure leſt the breed ſhould fail.
In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliſs is fugitive!
Diſcolour'd ſickneſs, anxious labour come.
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
Still propagate, for ſtill they fall away,
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
Like diligence require the courſer's race;
In early choice, and for a longer ſpace.
The colt, that for a ſtallion is deſign'd,
By ſure preſages ſhows his generous kind,
Of able body, ſound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks on paſterns firm and ſtraight,
His motions eaſy; prancing in his gait.
The firſt to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To paſs the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood.
Dauntleſs at empty noiſes; lofty-neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd,
Brawny his cheſt, and deep: his colour gray;
For beauty dappled, or the brighteſt bay:
Paint white and dun will ſcarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courſer, when he hears from far
The ſprightly trumpets and the ſhouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight,
On his right ſhoulder his thick main reclin'd,
Ruffles at ſpeed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double; ſtarting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his noſtrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.
Such was the ſteed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd;
Such courſers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And ſuch, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In ſuch a ſhape, grim Saturn did reſtrain
His heavenly limbs, and ſlow'd with ſuch a mane;
When, half-ſurpris'd, and fearing to be ſeen,
The letcher gallop'd from his jealous queen;
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain,
And with ſhrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring plain.
But worn with years when dire diſeaſes come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home:
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains:
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For when his blood no youthful ſpirits move,
He languiſhes and labours in his love.
And when the ſprightly ſeed ſhould ſwiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
In vain he burns like haſty ſtubble fires;
And in himſelf his former ſelf requires.
His age and courage weigh: nor thoſe alone,
But note his father's virtues and his own;
Obſerve, if he diſdains to yield the prize;
Of loſs impatient, proud of victories.
Haſt thou beheld, when from the goal they ſtart,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Ruſh to the race; and panting, ſcarcely bear
Th' extremes of fev'riſh hope, and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reigns, and laſh with all their force;
The flying chariot kindles in the courſe:
And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through air, and ſeem to touch the ſky.
No ſtop, no ſtay, but clouds of ſand ariſe,
Spurn'd and caſt backward on the follower's eyes.
The hindmoſt blows the foam upon the firſt;
Such is the love of praiſe, an honourable thirſt.
Bold Ericthonius was the firſt, who join'd
Four horſes for the rapid race deſign'd;
And o'er the duſty wheels preſiding ſate;
The Lapithæ to chariots, add the ſtate
Of bits and bridles; taught the ſteed to bound;
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round.
To ſtop, to fly, the rules of war to know:
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.
To chooſe a youthful ſteed, with courage fir'd;
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd maſters, and in ſundry ways:
Their labours equal, and alike their praiſe.
But once again the batter'd horſe beware,
The weak old ſtallion will deceive thy care.
Though famous in his youth for force and ſpeed
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himſelf proceed.

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Theſe things premis'd, when now the nuptial
Approaches for the ſtately ſteed to climb; [time
With food enable him to make his court;
Diſtend his chine, and pamper him for ſport.
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canſt find,
Of generous warmth, and of ſalacious kind.
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirſt again, with bran.
Inſtructed thus, produce him to the fair:
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the ſire be faint, or out of caſe,
He will be copied in his famiſh'd race:
And ſink beneath the pleaſing taſk aſſign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)
As for the females, with induſtrious care
Take down their mettle, keep them lean and bare;
When conſcious of their paſt delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the ſport again;
With ſcanty meaſure then ſupply their food;
And, when athirſt, reſtrain them from the flood;
Their bodies harraſs, ſink them when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the ſun.
Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groan;
And winnow'd chaff by weſtern winds is blown;
For fear the rankneſs of the ſwelling womb
Should ſcant the paſſage, and confine the room.
Leſt the fat furrows ſhould the ſenſe deſtroy
Of genial luſt, and dull the ſeat of joy.
But let them ſuck the ſeed with greedy force,
And cloſe involve the vigour of the horſe.
The male has done; thy care muſt now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
Firſt let them run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough,
Let them not leap the ditch, or ſwim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads or croſs the wood:
But range the foreſt, by the ſilver ſide
Of ſome cool ſtream, where nature ſhall provide
Green graſs, and fattening clover for their fare,
And moſſy caverns for their noon-tide lare:
With rocks above to ſhield the ſharp nocturnal air.
About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen:
This flying plague (to mark its quality)
Oeſtros the Grecians call: Aſylus, we:
A fierce loud buzzing breeze; their ſtings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
Seiz'd with unuſual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagrus haſtens thence, and leaves his channel
This curſe the jealous Juno did invent, [dry.
And firſt employ'd for Io's puniſhment.
To ſhun this ill, the cunning leach ordains
In ſummer's ſultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, ere the ſun ariſe,
Or late at night, when ſtars adorn the ſkies.
When ſhe has calv'd, then ſet the dam aſide;
And for the tender progeny provide.
Diſtinguiſh all betimes, with branding fire;
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the ſire.
Whom to reſerve for huſband of the herd,
Or who ſhall be to ſacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou ſhalt to turn thy glebe allow;
To ſmooth the furrows, and ſuſtain the plough:
The reſt, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in paſtures, and at pleaſure feed,
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade;
Set him betimes to ſchool, and let him be
Inſtructed there in rules of huſbandry:
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has ſeen.
Early begin the ſtubborn child to break;
For his ſoft neck a ſupple collar make
Of bending oſiers; and (with time and care
Inur'd that eaſy ſervitude to bear)
Thy flattering method on the youth purſue:
Join'd with his ſchool-fellows by two and two,
Perſuade them firſt to lead an empty wheel,
That ſcarce the duſt can raiſe, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the labouring yoke
And ſhining ſhares, that make the furrow ſmoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus reſtrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marſhy weed,
But with thy ſickle reap the rankeſt land:
And miniſter the blade with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parſimony won
To follow what our homely ſires have done;
Who fill'd the pail with beeſtings of the cow:
But all her udder to the calf allow,
If to the warlike ſteed thy ſtudies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend;
Near Piſa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The generous labours of the courſer, firſt
Muſt be with ſight of arms and ſound of trumpets nurs'd:
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
And let him claſhing whips in ſtables hear.
Sooth him with praiſe, and make him underſtand
The loud applauſes of his maſter's hand:
This from his weaning let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a ſoft ſnaffle wrought:
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit,
But when to four full ſprings his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
To turn, to bound in meaſure, and curvet.
Let him, to this, with eaſy pains be brought:
And ſeem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus, form'd for ſpeed, he challenges the wind;
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He ſcours along the field, with looſen'd reins;
And treads ſo light, he ſcarcely prints the plains.
Like Boreas in his race, when ruſhing forth,
He ſweeps the ſkies, and cleats the cloudy north:
The waving harveſt bends beneath his blaſt;
The foreſt ſhakes, the groves their honours caſt;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Purſues the foaming ſurges to the ſhore.
Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horſe
Impels the flying car, and wins the courſe.
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way;
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.
When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt ſides ſupply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his ſtout ſtomach with his food will grow;

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The pamper'd colt will diſcipline diſdain,
Impatient of the laſh, and reſtiff to the rein.
Wouldſt thou their courage and their ſtrength improve,
Top ſoon they muſt not feel the ſtings of love.
Whether the bull or courſer be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull muſt wander in the wood;
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood:
Or, in the ſtall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his miſtreſs burns his breaſt;
He looks, and languiſhes, and leaves his reſt;
Forſakes his food and pining for the laſs,
Is joyleſs of the grove, and ſpurns the growing graſs.
The ſoft ſeducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.
A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The ſtooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their claſhing horns; with dreadful ſound
The foreſt rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they puſh, and puſhing loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their ſides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquiſh'd bull his claim releaſe:
But, feeding in his breaſt his ancient fires,
And curſing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land, to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage reſents his wounds;
His ignominious flight, the victor's boaſt,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he loſt.
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleaſing kingdoms once his own.
And therefore to repair his ſtrength he tries:
Hardening his limbs with painful exerciſe,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on ſharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet ſore, he tries againſt a tree:
And meditates his abſent enemy.
He ſnuffs the wind, his heels the ſand excite,
But, when he ſtands collected in his might,
He roars, and promiſes a more ſucceſsful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careleſs foe.
Not with more madneſs, rolling from afar,
The ſpumy waves proclaim the watery war,
And, mounting upwards with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and inſult the rocky ſhore.
They mate the middle region with their height;
And fall no leſs than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and belching from below
Black ſands, as from a forceful engine throw.
Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The ſecret joys of ſweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or ſwim the ſea,
Or haunt the deſert, ruſh into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame.
'Tis with this rage, the mother lion ſtung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardleſs of her young:
Demanding rites of love; ſhe ſternly ſtalks;
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the ſhapeleſs bear his den forſakes,
In woods and fields a wild deſtruction makes.
Boars whet their tuſks, to battle tigers move;
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him, that in the deſert land
Of Libya travels, o'er the burning ſand.
The ſtallion ſnuffs the well-known ſcent afar,
And ſports and trembles for the diſtant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage reſtrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents and unforded ſtreams.
The briſtled boar, who feels the pleaſing wound,
New grinds his arming tuſks, and digs the ground.
The ſleepy leacher ſhuts his little eyes;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles riſe:
He rubs his ſides againſt a tree; prepares
And hardens both his ſhoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when love's unerring dart
Tranſfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his watery way he took;
About him, and above, the billows broke;
The ſluices of the ſky were open ſpread,
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
The raging tempeſt call'd him back in vain,
And every boding omen of the main.
Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal courſe.
No, not the dying maid, who muſt deplore
His floating carcaſe on the Seſtian ſhore.
I paſs the wars that ſpotted linxes make
With their fierce rivals, for the females' ſake:
The howling wolves, the maſtiffs amorous rage;
When ev'n the fearful ſtag dares for his hind engage.
But, far above the reſt, the furious mare,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with deſpair.
For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harneſs, and ſhe rends the rein;
For this (when Venus gave them rage and power),
Their maſters' mangled members they devour;
Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love they force through thickets of the wood,
They climb the ſteepy hills, and ſtem the flood.
When at the ſpring's approach their marrow burns
(For with the ſpring their genial warmth returns),
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
And with wide noſtrils ſnuff the weſtern air:
When (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the ſtallion, propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight
Thro' plains, and mount the hills unequal height;
Nor to the north, nor to the riſing ſun,
Nor ſouthward to the rainy regions run;
But boring to the weſt, and hovering there,
With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air:
With which impregnate, from their groins they ſhed
A ſlimy juice, by falſe conception bred.
The ſhepherd knows it well; and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
This, gathered in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and ſpell'd with words of power,
Dire ſtepdames in the magic bowl infuſe;
And mix, for deadly draughts, the poiſonous juice.
But time is loſt, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleaſing path purſue;
Surveying nature with too nice a view.

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Let this ſuffice for herds: our following care
Shall woolly flocks and ſhaggy goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what oil I muſt beſtow,
To raiſe my ſubject from a ground ſo low:
And the mean matter which my theme affords,
T' embelliſh with magnificence of words.
But the commanding Muſe my chariot guides:
Which o'er the dubious cliff ſecurely rides:
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take:
But firſt the way to new diſcoveries make.
Now, ſacred Pales, in a lofty ſtrain
I ſing the rural honours of thy reign.
Firſt, with aſſiduous care, from winter keep
Well fodder'd in the ſtalls, thy tender ſheep:
Then ſpread with ſtraw, the bedding of thy fold;
With fern beneath, to ſend the bitter cold.
That free from gouts thou may'ſt preſerve thy care,
And clear from ſcabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next let thy goats officiouſly be nurs'd:
And led to living ſtreams, to quench their thirſt.
Feed them with winter-browſe, and for their lare
A cote that opens to the ſouth prepare:
Where, baſking in the ſunſhine, they may lie,
And the ſhort remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's driſly reign be done:
Till the new ram receives th' exalted ſun:
For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly ſheep, and aſk an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice
Is dearly ſold: but not for needful uſe:
For the ſalacious goat increaſes more;
And twice as largely yields her milky ſtore.
The ſtill-diſtended udders never fail;
But, when they ſeem exhauſted, ſwell the pail.
Mean time the paſtor ſhears their hoary beards;
And eaſes of their hair, the loaden herds.
Their camelots, warm in tents, the ſoldier hold;
And ſhield the ſhivering mariner from cold.
On ſhrubs they browſe, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
Attended with their bleating kids they come
At night unaſk'd, and mindful of their home;
And ſcarce their ſwelling bags the threſhold overcome.
So much the more thy diligence beſtow
In depth of winter to defend the ſnow:
By how much leſs the tender helpleſs kind,
For their own ills, can fit proviſion find.
Then miniſter the browſe, with bounteous hand;
And open let thy ſtacks all winter ſtand.
But when the weſtern winds with vital power
Call forth the tender graſs, and budding flower;
Then, at the laſt, produce in open air
Both flocks, and ſend them to their ſummer fare.
Before the ſun, while Heſperus appears;
Firſt let them ſip from herbs the pearly tears
Of morning dews; and after break their faſt
On green-ſward ground (a cool and grateful taſte):
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the ſun's fultry heat their thirſt renews;
When creaking graſhoppers on ſhrubs complain,
Then lead them to their watering-troughs again.
In ſummer's heat ſome bending valley find,
Clos'd from the ſun, but open to the wind:
Or ſeek ſome ancient oak, whoſe arms extend
In ample breadth thy cattle to defend:
Or ſolitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To ſhield them with its venerable ſhade.
Once more to watering lead; and feed again
When the low ſun is ſinking to the main.
When riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver dews,
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews;
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful ſound,
And hollow ſhores the halcyon's voice rebound.
Why ſhould my Muſe enlarge on Libyan ſwains;
Their ſcatter'd cottages, and ample plains?
Where oft the flocks without a leader ſtray;
Or through continued deſarts take their way;
And, feeding, add the length of night to day.
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hoſpitable harbour know;
Such an extent of plains, ſo vaſt a ſpace
Of wilds unknown, and of untaſted graſs,
Allures their eyes: the ſhepherd laſt appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:
His houſe and houſehold gods! his trade of war,
His bow and quiver; and his truſty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long, laborious marches overcome:
Cheerly their tedious travels undergo;
And pitch their ſudden camp before the foe.
Not ſo the Scythian ſhepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold:
Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian ſtrand;
Or where proud Iſter rolls his yellow ſand.
Early they ſtall their flocks and herds; for there
No graſs the fields, no leaves the foreſts wear:
The frozen earth lies buried there below
A hilly heap, ſeven cubits deep in ſnow:
And all the Weſt allies of ſtormy Boreas blow.
The ſun from far peeps with a ſickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chaſe;
When up the ſkies he ſhoots his roſy head,
Or in the rudy ocean ſeeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with ſudden ice conſtrain'd;
And ſtudded wheels are on its back ſuſtain'd.
An hoſtry now for waggons, which before
Tall ſhips of burden on its boſom bore.
The brazen cauldrons with the froſt are flaw'd;
The garment, ſtiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
With axes firſt they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight, the ſolid portions they diſpenſe.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long iſicles depend, and crackling ſounds are heard,
Mean time perpetual ſleet, and driving ſnow,
Obſcure the ſkies, and hang on herds below.
The ſtarving cattle periſh in their ſtalls,
Huge oxen ſtand enclos'd in wintery walls
Of ſnow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there;
Of mighty ſtags, and ſcarce their horns appear.
The dextrous huntſman wounds not theſe afar,
With ſhafts or darts, or makes a diſtant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to ſtop their flight:
But cloſe engages in unequal fight.
And while they ſtrive in vain to make their way
Through hills of ſnow, and pitifully bray;
Aſſaults with dint of ſword, or pointed ſpears:
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
The men to ſubterranean caves retire;
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire;

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With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They paſs, to drive the tedious hours away.
And their cold ſtomachs with crown'd goblets
Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer. [cheer
Such are the cold Riphean race; and ſuch
The ſavage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
Where ſkins of beaſts the rude barbarians wear,
The ſpoils of foxes, and the furry bear.
Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where buſhes are, where burs and thiſtles grow;
Nor in too rank a paſture let them feed:
Then of the pureſt white ſelect thy breed.
Ev'n though a ſnowy ram thou ſhalt behold,
Prefer him not in haſte for huſband to thy fold.
But ſearch his mouth; and if a ſwarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, leſt he darken all the flock;
And ſubſtitute another from thy ſtock.
'Twas thus with fleeces milky white (if we
May truſt report), Pan god of Arcady
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didſt thou diſdain,
When call'd in woody ſhades, to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy deſign; with plenteous hand
Bring clover-graſs; and from the marſhy land
Salt herbage for the foddering-rack provide
To fill their bags, and ſwell the milky tide:
Theſe raiſe their thirſt, and to the taſte reſtore
The ſavour of the ſalt, on which they fed before.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their ſoft mouths reſtrain.
Their morning milk, the peaſants preſs at night:
Their evening meal before the riſing light
To market bear; or ſparingly they ſteep
With ſeaſoning ſalt, and ſtor'd, for winter keep.
Nor laſt, forget thy faithful dogs; but feed
With fattening whey the maſtiff's generous breed;
And Spartan race; who, for the fold's relief,
Will proſecute with cries the nightly thief:
Repulſe the prouling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers, ruſhing to the prey,
With cries of hounds, thou may'ſt purſue the fear
Of flying hares, and chaſe the fallow deer;
Rouſe from their deſert dens the briſtled rage
Of boars, and beamy ſtags in toils engage.
With ſmoke of burning cedar ſcent thy walls,
And fume with ſtinking galbanum thy ſtalls:
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race.
For often under ſtalls unmov'd they lie,
Obſcure in ſhades, and ſhunning heaven's broad eye.
And ſnakes, familiar to the hearth ſucceed,
Diſcloſe their eggs, and near the chimney breed.
Whether to rooſy houſes they repair,
Or ſun themſelves abroad in open air,
In all abodes of peſtilential kind
To ſheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
Take, ſhepherd, take, a plant of ſtubborn oak;
And labour him with many a ſturdy ſtroke:
Or with hard ſtones, demoliſh from afar
His haughty creſt, the ſeat of all the war;
Invade his hiſſing throat, and winding ſpires;
'Till, ſtretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides:
And in ſome ſecret crany ſlowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows, his back and batter'd ſides.
In fair Calabria's woods a ſnake is bred,
With curling creſt, and with advancing head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly ſpotted, burniſh'd is his back:
While ſprings are broken, while the ſouthern air
And dropping heavens the moiſten'd earth repair,
He lives on ſtanding lakes and trembling bogs;
He fills his maw with fiſh, or with loquacious frogs.
But when, in muddy pools, the water ſinks;
And the chapp'd earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground;
And hiſſing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirſt inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide deſtruction threats.
O let not ſleep my cloſing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the ſecret ſhade,
When he, renew'd in all the ſpeckled pride
Of pompous youth, has caſt his ſlough aſide,
And in his ſummer livery rolls along,
Erect, and brandiſhing his forky tongue,
Leaving his neſt, and his imperfect young;
And thoughtleſs of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poiſon, for the following year.
The cauſes and the ſigns ſhall next be told,
Of every ſickneſs that infects the fold.
A ſcabby tetter on their pelts will ſtick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
Or ſearching froſts have eaten through the ſkin;
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within:
Or when the fleece is ſhorn, if ſweat remains
Unwaſh'd, and ſoaks into their empty veins:
When their defenceleſs limbs the brambles tear;
Short of their wool, and naked from the ſheer.
Good ſhepherds, after ſheering, drench their ſheep, [leap)
And their flock's father (forc'd from high to
Swims down the ſtream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or from the founts where living ſulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs;
With ſcum that on the molten ſilver ſwims,
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to theſe
Beſides the waxen labour of the bees:
And hellebore, and ſquills deep rooted in the ſeas,
Receipts abound, but, ſearching all thy ſtore,
The beſt is ſtill at hand—to lance the ſore,
And cut the head, for till the core be found,
The ſecret vice is fed, and gathers ground:
While, making fruitleſs moan, the ſhepherd ſtands,
And, when the lancing knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle prayers, from heaven demands.
Deep in their bones when fevers fix their ſeat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian ſhepherds found:
Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,

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The Gelons uſe it, when for drink and food
They mix their cruddled milk with horſes blood.
But, when thou ſee'ſt a ſingle ſheep remain
In ſhades aloof, or crouch'd upon the plain;
Or liſtleſsly to crop the tender graſs;
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultleſs flock the dire contagion ſpread.
On winter ſeas we fewer ſtorms behold,
Than foul diſeaſes that infect the fold.
Nor do thoſe ills on ſingle bodies prey;
But oftener bring the nation to decay; [away.
And ſweep the preſent ſtock and future hope
A dire example of this truth appears:
When, after ſuch a length of rolling years,
We ſee the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of ſcatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains:
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the ſhepherd's happy reigns.
Here from the vicious air, and ſickly ſkies,
A plague did on the dumb creation riſe:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle, and the beaſts of nature ſlew.
Poiſoning the ſtanding lakes, and pools impure:
Nor was the foodful graſs in fields ſecure.
Strange death! For when the thirſty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were ſhrunk;
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, even then
A wateriſh humour ſwell'd and ooz'd again;
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by nature for a better uſe.
The victim ox, that was for altars preſt,
Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands dreſt,
Sunk of himſelf, without the gods command:
Preventing the ſlow ſacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inſpected entrails could no fates foretel:
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames ariſe;
But clouds of ſmouldering ſmoke forbade the ſacrifice,
Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poiſon ſtain'd the ſandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forſake,
And render their ſweet ſouls before the plenteous rack.
The fawning dog runs mad, the weaſing ſwine
With coughs is chok'd, and labours from the chine:
The victor horſe, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground, and, on his hanging ears,
A doubtful ſweat in clammy drops appears:
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the ſymptoms of the young diſeaſe;
But in time's proceſs, when his pains increaſe,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient ſobbing, and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath; which from his lungs ſupply'd,
And fetch'd from far, diſtends his labouring ſide.
To his rough palate, his dry tongue ſucceeds,
And roapy gore he from his noſtrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with ſucceſs been us'd;
And through a horn the generous juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his cloſing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cauſe.
For the too vigorous doſe too fiercely wrought;
And added fury to the ſtrength it brought.
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own fleſh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men diſpoſe,
And turn that impious error on our foes!
The ſteer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies; and dying ſpews a flood
Of foamy madneſs, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, curſing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins:
With many a groan forſakes his fruitleſs care,
And in th' unfiniſh'd furrow leaves the ſhare.
The pining ſteer no ſhades of lofty woods,
Nor flowery meads, can eaſe; nor cryſtal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decreaſe;
His eyes are ſettled in a ſtupid peace.
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deſerving toil,
To turn the glebe, or ſmooth the rugged ſoil!
And yet he never ſupp'd in ſolemn ſtate,
Nor undigeſted feaſts did urge his fate;
Nor day to night luxuriouſly did join;
Nor ſurfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his beverage, homely was his food;
The wholeſome herbage, and the running flood.
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;
His pains by day ſecur'd his reſt by night.
'Twas then that buffaloes, ill-pair'd, were ſeen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the labouring ſwain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain:
And cover'd with his hand the ſhallow ſeed again.
He yokes himſelf, and up the hilly height,
With his own ſhoulders draws the waggon's weight.
The nightly wolf, that round th' encloſure proul'd
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold:
Tam'd with a ſharper pain, the fearful doe
And flying ſtag, amidſt the greyhounds go:
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The ſcaly nations of the ſea profound,
Like ſhipwreck'd carcaſes are driven aground:
And mighty Phocæ, never ſeen before
In ſhallow ſtreams, are ſtranded on the ſhore.
The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceleſs was the ſhelter of the ground.
The water-ſnake, whom fiſh and paddocks fed,
With ſtaring ſcales lies poiſon'd in his bed:
To birds their native heavens contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their ſouls above.
Beſides, to change their paſture 'tis in vain;
Or truſt to phyſic; phyſic is their bane.
The learned leaches in deſpair depart:
And ſhake their heads, deſponding of their art.
Tiſiphone, let looſe from under ground,
Majeſtically pale, now treads the round;
Before her drives diſeaſes and affright;
And every moment riſes to the ſight:
Aſpiring to the ſkies, encroaching on the light.
The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings, and with dying bleats reſound.

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At length, ſhe ſtrikes an univerſal blow;
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horſes fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing ſpecies in confuſion lie.
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathſome carrion under ground,
For, uſeleſs to the currier were their hides:
Nor could their tainted fleſh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth: nor could Vulcanian flame
The ſtench aboliſh, or the ſavour tame.

Nor ſafely could they ſhear their fleecy ſtore
(Made drunk with poiſonous juice, and ſtiff with gore);
Or touch the web: but if the veſt they wear,
Red bliſters riſing on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles and noiſome ſweat,
And clammy dews, that loathſome lice beget:
Till the ſlow creeping evil eats his way,
Conſumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raiſe the ſubject of the Georgic: In the firſt he has only dead matter on which to work. In the ſecond he juſt ſteps on the world of life, and deſcribes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals: and in the laſt ſingles out the bee, which may be reckoned the moſt ſagacious of them, for his ſubject.

In this Georgic he ſhows us what ſtation is moſt proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how to call them home when they ſwarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occaſion to diſcover their different kind; and, after an excurſion, relates their prudent and politic adminiſtration of affairs, and the ſeveral diſeaſes that often rage in their hives, with the proper ſymptoms and remedies of each diſeaſe. In the laſt place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, ſuppoſing their whole breed loſt, and gives at large the hiſtory of its invention.

The gifts of heaven my following ſong purſues,
Aërial honey, and ambroſial dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that ſings
Embattled ſquadrons and adventurous kings;
A mighty pomp, though made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners I diſcloſe,
And how they war, and whence the people roſe:
Slight is the ſubject, but the praiſe not ſmall,
If heaven aſſiſt, and Phœbus hear my call.

Firſt, for thy bees a quiet ſtation find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive.
Far from the cows and goats inſulting crew,
That trample down the flowers, and bruſh the dew:
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
The titmouſe, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Progne, with her boſom ſtain'd in blood:
Theſe rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air;
And for their callow young a cruel feaſt prepare.
But near a living ſtream their manſion place,
Edg'd round with moſs, and tufts of matted graſs:
And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to ſtop),
Wild olive trees, or palms, before the buſy ſhop.
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the venturous colony to ſwarm;
When firſt their way through yielding air they wing,
New to the pleaſures of their native ſpring;
The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw ſoldiers from the ſcalding heat:
And neighbouring trees, with friendly ſhade, invite
The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running ſtream, or ſtanding lake,
A paſſage for thy weary people make;
With oſier floats the ſtanding water ſtrow;
Of maſſy ſtones make bridges, if it flow:
That baſking in the ſun thy bees may lie,
And reſting there, their flaggy pinions dry:
When, late returning home, the laden hoſt
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coaſt.
Wild thyme and ſavory ſet around their cell;
Sweet to the taſte, and fragrant to the ſmell;
Set rows of roſemary with flowering ſtem,
And let the purple violets drink the ſtream.
Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twiſted oſiers, or with barks of trees;
Make but a narrow mouth: for as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold;
So 'tis again diſſolv'd by ſummer's heat,
And the ſweet labours both extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' induſtrious kind
With dawby wax and flowers the chinks have lin'd.
And with their ſtores of gather'd glue, contrive
To ſtop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idæan pitch, produce
A more tenacious maſs of clammy juice.
Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own, beneath the ground:
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.
But plaſter thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay,

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Nor place them where too deep a water flows,
Or where the yew their poiſonous neighbour grows:
Nor roaſt red crabs t' offend the niceneſs of their noſe.
Nor near the ſteeming ſtench of muddy ground:
Nor hollow rocks that render back the ſound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.

For what remains, when golden ſuns appear,
And under earth have driven the winter year:
The winged nation wanders through the ſkies,
And o'er the plains and ſhady foreſt flies:
Then, ſtooping on the meads and leafy bowers,
They ſkim the floods, and ſip the purple flowers.
Exalted hence, and drunk with ſecret joy,
The young ſucceſſion all their cares employ:
They breed, they brood, inſtruct, and educate,
And make proviſion for the future ſtate:
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
And labour honey to ſuſtain their lives.
But when thou ſeeſt a ſwarming cloud ariſe,
That ſweeps aloft, and darkens all the ſkies,
The motions of their haſty flight attend;
And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they bend.
Then melfoil beat, and honey-ſuckles pound,
With theſe alluring ſavours ſtrew the ground,
And mix with tinkling braſs, the cymbal's droning ſound.
Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
The reconcil'd deſerters will repair.
But if inteſtine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire ſtrive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murmuring ſounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with diſdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty ſouls contain,
With ſhouts the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarſe alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry ſounds:
Then to their common ſtandard they repair;
The nimble horſemen ſcour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn, they iſſue forth,
And every knight is proud to prove his worth.
Preſs'd for their country's honour, and their king's, [ſtings;
On their ſharp beaks they whet their pointed
And exerciſe their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midſt the haughty monarchs ride,
The truſty guards come up, and cloſe the ſide;
With ſhouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.
Thus in the ſeaſon of unclouded ſpring,
To war they follow their undaunted king:
Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of light,
The ſhocking ſquadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
And heaps of ſlaughter'd ſoldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailſtones lie nor thicker on the plain,
Nor ſhaken oaks ſuch ſhowers of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of ſovereign ſway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midſt of danger go;
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty ſouls in narrow bodies preſt,
They challenge, and encounter breaſt to breaſt;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obſtinately bent to win or die;
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only reign):
Yet all thoſe dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A caſt of ſcatter'd duſt will ſoon allay;
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the chiefs are ſunder'd from the fight,
Then to the lawful king reſtore his right.
And let the waſteful prodigal be ſlain,
That he, who beſt deſerves, alone may reign.
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honeſt open face:
Shap'd to his ſize, and godlike to behold,
His royal body ſhines with ſpecks of gold,
And ruddy ſcales; for empire he deſign'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in diſgrace,
Gaunt are his ſides, and ſullen is his face:
And like their griſly prince appears his gloomy race:
Grim, ghaſtly, rugged, like a thirſty train
That long have travel'd through a deſart plain,
And ſpit from their dry chaps the gather'd duſt again.
The better brood, unlike the baſtard crew,
Are mark'd with royal ſtreaks of ſhining hue;
Glittering and ardent, though in body leſs:
From theſe, at 'pointed ſeaſons, hope to preſs
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only ſweet, but pure, and fit for uſe:
T' allay the ſtrength and hardneſs of the wine.
And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.
But when the ſwarms are eager of their play,
And loathe their empty hives, and idly ſtray,
Reſtrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The taſk is eaſy, but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:
At their command, the people ſwarm away;
Confine the tyrant, and the ſlaves will ſtay.
Sweet gardens, full of ſaffron flowers, invite
The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight.
Beſides the god obſcene, who frights away,
With his lath ſword, the thieves and birds of prey.
With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For ſlips of pines, may ſearch the mountain trees:
And with wild thyme and ſavory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreſhing waters drench the ground.
Now, did I not ſo near my labours end,
Strike ſail, and haſtening to the harbour tend,
My ſong to flowery gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable arts to ſing
The Præſtan roſes, and their double ſpring:
How ſuccory drinks the running ſtream, and how
Green beds of parſley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the ſurface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late Narciſſus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
For where with ſtately towers Tarentum ſtands,
And deep Galeſus ſoaks the yellow ſands,

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I chanc'd an old Corycian ſwain to know,
Lord of few acres, and thoſe barren too;
Unfit for ſheep or vines, and more unfit to ſow:
Yet, labouring well his little ſpot of ground,
Some ſcattering pot-herbs here and there he found:
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholſome poppy-flowers to mend his homely board:
For late returning home he ſupp'd at eaſe,
And wiſely deem'd the wealth of monarchs leſs:
The little of his own, becauſe his own, did pleaſe.
To quit his care, he gather'd firſt of all
In ſpring the roſes, apples in the fall:
And when cold winter ſplit the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did reſtrain,
He ſtripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling weſtern winds, accus'd the ſpring of ſloth;
He therefore firſt among the ſwains was found,
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And ſqueeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were firſt in flowers; his lofty pines,
With friendly ſhade, ſecur'd his tender vines.
For every bloom his trees in ſpring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale reſtor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows:
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to diſpoſe:
And tame to plumbs, the ſourneſs of the ſloes.
With ſpreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To ſhade good fellows from the ſummer's heat.
But, ſtraiten'd in my ſpace, I muſt forſake
This task; for others afterwards to take.
Deſcribe we next the nature of the bees,
Beſtow'd by Jove for ſecret ſervices:
When, by the tinkling ſound of timbrels led,
The King of heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common ſons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common ſtock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a ſeveral ſtall:
All is the ſtate's, the ſtate provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they ſhare the pain:
And hoard, for winter's uſe, the ſummer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preſide,
And ſome are ſent new forage to provide:
Theſe drudge in fields abroad, and thoſe at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, Narciſſus' leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring ſome contrive;
Some nurſe the future nation of the hive:
Sweet honey ſome condenſe, ſome purge the grout;
The reſt, in cells apart, the liquid nectar ſhut.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With envy ſtung, they view each other's deeds:
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
New thunder haſten for their angry god:
Subdued in fire the ſtubborn metal lies,
One brawny ſmith the puffing bellows plies;
And draws, and blows reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hiſſing maſs prepare:
With lifted arms they order every blow,
And chime their ſounding hammers in a row:
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they ſtrike, huge flakes of flames expire,
With tongs they turn the ſteel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and ſuch their buſy care:
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful ſwain, the grave experienc'd bee:
That in the field; this in affairs of ſtate,
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins left the fabric fall:
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The labouring youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme diſtend his thighs:
He ſpoils the ſaffron flowers, he ſips the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common, common is their ſleep;
They ſhake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Ruſh through the city-gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day:
Then, having ſpent the laſt remains of light,
They give their bodies due repoſe at night:
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Diſmiſs the ſleepy ſwains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they ſteep,
No buzzing ſounds diſturb their golden ſleep,
'Tis ſacred ſilence all. Nor dare they ſtay,
When rain is promis'd, or a ſtormy day:
But near the city walls their watering take,
Nor forage far, but ſhort excurſions make.
And as when empty barks on billows float,
With ſandy ballaſt ſailors trim the boat,
So bees bear gravel-ſtones, whoſe poiſing weight
Steers through the whiſtling winds their ſteady flight.
But, what's more ſtrange, their modeſt appetites,
Averſe from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
No luſt enervates their heroic mind,
Nor waſtes their ſtrength on wanton woman-kind,
But in their mouths reſide their genial powers,
They gather children from the leaves and flowers.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal ſeat:
And thus their little citizens create:
And waxen cities build, the palaces of ſtate.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And ſink beneath the burdens which they bear.
Such rage of honey in their boſom beats:
And ſuch a zeal they have for flowery ſweets.
Thus through the race of life they quickly run;
Which in the ſpace of ſeven ſhort years is done;
Th' immortal line in ſure ſucceſſion reigns,
The fortune of the family remains:
And grandſires grandſons the long liſt contains.
Beſides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
With ſervile awe, their idol king adore:
While he ſurvives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no diviſions rent;
But the great monarch's death diſſolves the government.

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All goes to ruin, they themſelves contrive
To rob the honey, and ſubvert the hive.
The king preſides, his ſubjects' toil ſurveys;
The ſervile rout their careful Cæſar praiſe:
Him they extol, they worſhip him alone:
They crowd his levees, and ſupport his throne:
They raiſe him on their ſhoulders with a ſhout:
And when their ſovereign's quarrel calls them out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.
Induc'd by ſuch examples, ſome have taught
That bees have portions of etherial thought:
Endu'd with particles of heavenly fires:
For God the whole created maſs inſpires;
Through heaven, and earth, and ocean's depth he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beaſts, and fowls,
With breath are quicken'd, and attract their ſouls.
Hence take the forms his preſcience did ordain,
And into him at length reſolve again.
No room is left for death, they mount the ſky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.
Now when thou haſt decreed to ſeize their ſtores,
And by prerogative to break their doors:
With ſprinkled water firſt the city choke,
And then purſue the citizens with ſmoke.
Two honey-harveſts fall in every year:
Firſt, when the pleaſing Pleiades appear,
And ſpringing upward ſpurn the briny ſeas:
Again, when their affrighted quire ſurveys
The watery Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of ſtorms, and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep, and ſafe protection find.
Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, aſſault th' agreſſor's face:
And through the purple veins a paſſage find;
There fix their ſtings, and leave their ſouls behind.
But if a pinching winter thou foreſee,
And would preſerve thy famiſh'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to ſave the ſtate.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by ſtealth,
Within the ſuburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards, ſhunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the ſeat.
Or lazy drones, without their ſhare of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain:
Or waſps infeſt the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms:
Or ſecret moths are there in ſilence fed;
Or ſpiders in the vault their ſnary webs have ſpread.
The more oppreſs'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increaſe thy care to ſave the ſinking kind,
With greens and flowers recruit their empty hives,
And ſeek freſh forage to ſuſtain their lives.
But ſince they ſhare with man one common fate,
In health and ſickneſs, and in turns of ſtate;
Obſerve the ſymptoms when they fall away,
And languiſh with inſenſible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they ſtare,
Lean are their looks, and ſhagged is their hair:
And crowds of dead, that never muſt return
To their low'd hides, in decent pomp are borne:
Their friends attend the herſe, the next relations mourn.
The ſick, for air, before the portal gaſp,
Their feeble legs within each other claſp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, or liſtleſs of their gain.
Soft whiſpers then and broken ſounds are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are ſtirr'd;
Such ſtifled noiſe as the cloſe furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou ſeeſt, Galbanean odours uſe,
And honey in the ſickly hive infuſe.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
T' invite the people to their wonted food:
Mix it with thicken'd juice of ſodden wines,
And raiſins from the grapes of Pſythian vines:
To theſe add pounded galls, and roſes dry,
And with Cecropian thyme, ſtrong ſcented centaury.
A flower there is that grows in meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and eaſy to be found:
For from one root the riſing ſtem beſtows
A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs.
The flower itſelf is glorious to behold,
And ſhines on altars like refulgent gold:
Sharp to the taſte, by ſhepherds near the ſtream
Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
Boil this reſtoring root in generous wine,
And ſet beſide the door the ſickly ſtock to dine.
But if the labouring kind be wholly loſt,
And not to be retriev'd with care or coſt,
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian maſter did of old impart:
And how he ſtock'd his empty hives again;
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen ſlain.
An ancient legend I prepare to ſing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal ſpring:
For where, with ſeven-fold horns, myſterious Nile
Surrounds the ſkirts of Ægypt's fruitful iſle,
And where in pomp the ſun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the ſoil with ſlime, and black prolific ſands;
That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a ſure relief have found.
Firſt, in a place, by nature cloſe, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that ſtrike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A ſteer of two years old they take, whoſe head
Now firſt with burniſh'd horns begins to ſpread:
They ſtop his noſtrils, while he ſtrives in vain
To breathe free air, and ſtruggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken ſkin.
Extended thus, in his obſcene abode,
They leave the beaſt; but firſt ſweet flowers are ſtrow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleaſing caſſia juſt renew'd in prime.
This muſt be done, ere ſpring makes equal day,
When weſtern winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or ſwallows twitter on the chimney-tops.

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The tainted blood; in this close prison pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise,
A moving mast at first, and short of thighs;
Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings:
And more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly. [clouds,
At length, like summer storms from spreading
That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When from afar they gall embattled foes,
With such a tempest through the skies they steer,
And such a form the winged squadrons bear.
What God, O Muse! this useful science taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought?
Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled,
His bees with famine, or diseases, dead; [head.
On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy
And while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
Thus mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd:
Mother Cyrene, mother, whose abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood:
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
The third, by him and thee, from heaven's high King?
O! where is all thy boasted pity gone,
And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?
Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate.
Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful plough
The needful aids of human life allow:
So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou.
Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn;
Root up my trees, with blights destroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.
Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shown,
Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son.
But from her mossy bower below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive sound,
Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
One common work they pli'd: their distaffs full
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
Spio with Dryme brown, and Xanthe fair,
And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair:
Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid.
Clio and Beroe, from one father both, [cloth.
Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Nisæa lofty with Ligæa loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad,
And Arethusa once Diana's maid,
But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
To these, Clymene the sweet thief declares
Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares:
And all the rapes of gods, and every love,
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the wooly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful sound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful sound invades the sister's ears:
Starting at once from their green seats they rise;
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes,
But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous head;
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said:
O sister! not with causeless fear possest,
No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands, [hands:
With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded
Upbraiding heaven from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.
Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
Cries out, Conduct my son, conduct him here:
'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes.
At once she wav'd her hand on either side,
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's watery palace leads.
With wondering eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar.
He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
And where, distinguish'd in their several cells,
The fount of Phasis and of Lycus dwells;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tiber his majestic forehead rears.
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
Breaks thro' th' opposing rocks with raging sound.
Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods,
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bulls resemblance bears.
With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone,
Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,
Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With water drawn from their perpetual spring,
From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:
Then load the tables with a liberal feast,
And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.
The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke,
And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.
Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
Then thus, let these be pour'd, with rites divine,
To the great author of our watery line.
To father Ocean, this; and this she said,
Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid,
Who rule the watery plains, and hold the wood-land shade.
She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the vestal fire,
Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun,
With words like these to cheer her drooping son.
In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god;
High o'er the main in watery pomp he rides,
His azure car and finny coursers guides:
Proteous his name: to his Pallenian port
I see from far the weary god resort.
Him, not alone, we river-gods adore,
But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
With sure foresight, and with unerring doom,
He sees what is, and was, and to come.

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This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
His scaly flocks, that graze the watery deep.
Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
The secret cause, and cure of all thy woes.
But first the wily wizard must be caught,
For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for naught;
Nor is with prayers, or bribes, or flattery bought.
Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind;
Then all his frauds will vanish into wind.
I will myself conduct thee on thy way,
When next the soothing sun inflames the day:
When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain;
Then will I lead thee to his secret seat;
When, weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
The wayward sire frequents his cool retreat.
His eyes with heavy slumber overcast;
With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast:
Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold,
The slippery god will try to loose his hold:
And various forms assume to cheat thy sight;
And with vain images of beasts affright.
With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snare,
Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stare:
Or with a wile thy caution to betray,
In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To strain his fetters with a stricter care:
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true shape, in which he first was seen.
This said, with nectar she her son anoints:
Infusing vigour through his mortal joints;
Down from his head the liquid odours ran;
He breath'd of heaven, and look'd above a man.
Within a mountain's hollow womb there lies
A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes;
Where heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide,
In form of war, their watery ranks divide;
And there, like sentries set, without the mouth abide;
A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
Secure within resides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.
Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,
The goddess guides her son, and turns him from the light:
Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
'Twas noon; the sultry dog-star from the sky
Scorch'd Indian swains, the rival'd grass was dry;
The sun, with flaming arrows, pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, back'd the mud:
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves:
His finny flocks about their shepherd play,
And, rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea.
Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,
Then in the shady covert seek repose.
Himself their herdsman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home:
When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war.

Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies:
For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When rushing on, with shouts' he binds in chains
The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
He, not unmindful of his usual art,
First in dissembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beasts and running streams he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having shifted every form to 'scape,
Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape;
And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
Audacious youth, what madness could provoke
A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?
What business brought thee to my dark abode?
To this th' audacious youth: Thou know'st full well
My name, and business, god, nor need I tell:
No man can Proteus cheat; but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command, I come t' implore
Thy help, my perish'd people to restore.
The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage;
And gnash'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar god
Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward,
And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard;
For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife,
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou 'scape
The just revenge of that intended rape.
To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's side:
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound,
Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
And sought, his mournful mind with music to restore.
On thee, dear wife, in deserts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through forests void of light:
And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before the inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
And, listening, crowd the sweet musician's side.
Nor flocks of birds when driven by storms or night,
Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight,
Men, matrons, children, and th'unmarry'd maid,
* The mighty heroes more majestic shade;
And youths on funeral piles before their parents laid.
All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
And baleful Styx encompasses around,
With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance,
The infernal mansions nodding seem to dance:

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normanby's translation.

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The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl,
The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing wheel.
All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
In safety goes with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He first, and close behind him followed she,
For such was Proserpine's severe decree.
When strong desires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd;
A fault which easy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive.
For near the confines of etherial light,
And longing for the glimmering of a sight,
Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign
Of covenants broke, three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: What fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man, to lose thyself and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
An iron slumber shut my swimming eyes.
And now farewell, involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In sweet embraces; ah! no longer thine;
She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air;
And left her hopeless lover in despair.
In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd
To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise:
But she return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes.
Nor would th' infernal Ferry-man once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.
What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
And shivering in the leaky sculler sate.
For seven continued months, if fame say true,
The wretched swain his sorrows did renew;
By Strymon's freezing streams he sate alone,
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs:
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.
So close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone: [thence,
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and
By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.
Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys,
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known;
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.
The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
Of love disdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd,
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length, against his sacred life conspir'd.
Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field,
Then, when his head from his fair shoulders torn,
Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
With his last voice, Eurydice, he cry'd,
Eurydice, the rocks and river banks reply'd.
This answer Proteus gave, nor more he said,
But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
And where he leap'd the waves in circles widely spread.
The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
And bade him banish his superfluous fear;
For now, said she, the cause is known, from whence,
Thy woe succeeded, and for what offence:
The nymphs, companions of the unhappy maid,
This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.
With vows and suppliant prayers their powers
The soft Napæan race will soon repent [appease;
Their anger, and remit the punishment:
The secret in an easy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
Which on Lycæus graze, without a guide;
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd:
For these, four altars in their temple rear,
And then adore the woodland powers with prayer.
From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood:
Nine mornings thence, Lethean poppy bring,
T' appease the manes of the poets king:
And, to propitiate his offended pride,
A fatted calf, and a black ewe provide:
This finish'd, to the former woods repair.
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple visits, and adores with prayer.
Four altars raises, from his herd he culls,
For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and prayers,
The powers aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for, from within
The broken bowels, and the bloated skin,
A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms,
Straight issue thro' the sides assembling swarms,
Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighbouring tree, descending light:
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
And make a large dependence from the bough.
Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of labouring bees:
While mighty Cæsar, thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war;
With conquering arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws:
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heaven pursues.
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise:
And bold, through youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have play'd.

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VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

JOHN

LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c.

AND

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

AN Heroic Poem, truly ſuch, is undoubtedly the greateſt work which the ſoul of a man is capable to perform. The deſign of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example; it is conveyed in verſe, that it may delight while it inſtructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The leaſt and moſt trival epiſodes, or under actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either neceſſary, or convenient, to carry on the main deſign. Either ſo neceſſary, that without them the poem muſt be imperfect; or ſo convenient, that no others can be imagined more ſuitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbiſh, which is of a periſhable kind, deſtructive to the ſtrength; but with brick or ſtone, though of leſs pieces, yet of the ſame nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the leaſt portions of them muſt be of the epic kind; all things muſt be grave, majeſtical and ſublime: nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Ariſtotle and others have inſerted in their poems; by which the reader is miſled into another ſort of pleaſure, oppoſite to that which is deſigned in an epic poem. One raiſes the ſoul and hardens it to virtue; the other ſoftens it again, and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the completing of his work; which he is driving on, labouring and haſtening in every line: the other ſlackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted caſtle, when he ſhould be purſuing his firſt adventure. Statius, as Boſſu has well obſerved, was ambitious of trying his ſtrength with his maſter Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the ſports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occaſions from the ſubject; though, to confeſs the truth, they were both ornamental, or, at beſt, convenient parts of it, rather than of neceſſity ariſing from it. Statius, who, through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment, inſtead of ſtaying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or ſome other of his ſeven champions (who are heroes all alike), or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whoſe exequies the next ſucceſſor had leiſure to perform, when the ſiege was raiſed, and in the interval betwixt the poet's firſt action and his ſecond, went out of his way, as it were on propenſe malice, to commit a fault: for he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant, by the means of a ſerpent (that author of all evil), to make way for thoſe funeral honours which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais; if he had either furthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found ſome ſorry excuſe at leaſt for the detaining the reader from the promiſed ſiege. On theſe terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predeceſſors, and his ſucceſs was anſwerable to his enterpriſe.

If this economy muſt be obſerved in the minuteſt parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, ſeem to be detached from the body, and almoſt independent of it, what ſoul, though ſent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and ſciences, converſant with hiſtories of the dead, and enriched with obſervations on the living, can be ſufficient to inform the whole body of ſo great a work? I touch here but tranſiently, without any ſtrict method, on ſome few of thoſe many rules of imitating nature, which Ariſtotle drew from Homer's Iliads and Odyſſes, and which he fitted to the drama; furniſhing himſelf alſo with obſervations from the practice of the theatre, when it flouriſhed under Æſchylus, Eurypides, and Sophocles. For the original of the ſtage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtleſs, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at firſt was told artfully, was, in proceſs of time, repreſented gracefully to the ſight and hearing. Thoſe epiſodes of Homer, which were proper for the ſtage, the poets

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amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted they enlarged: out of one Hercules were made infinity of pygmies; yet all endued with human ſouls, for from him their great Creator, they have each of them the "divinæ particulum auræ." They flowed from him at firſt, and are at laſt reſolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their meaſure and ſymmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action, was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama: if he finiſhed his orb within the year, it ſufficed to teach them, that their action being leſs, and being alſo leſs diverſified with incidents, their orb of conſequence, muſt be circumſcribed in a leſs compaſs, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day: ſo that as he taught them to amplify what he had ſhortened, by the ſame rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to ſhorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life: an epic poem is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I muſt contract alſo; for, before I was aware, I was almoſt running into a long digreſſion, to prove that there is no ſuch abſolute neceſſity that the time of a ſtage-action ſhould ſo ſtrictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them, for which Ariſtotle contends, and the Grecian ſtage has practiſed. Some longer ſpace, on ſome occaſions, I think may be allowed, eſpecially for the Engliſh theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himſelf, after long practice, was inclined to think, that the time allotted by the ancients was too ſhort to raiſe and finiſh a great action: and better a mechanic rule were ſtretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raiſe, and afterwards to calm the paſſions, to purge the ſoul from pride, by the examples of human miſeries, which befal the greateſt; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compaſſion, are the great effects of tragedy. Great, I muſt confeſs, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? Are radical diſeaſes ſo ſuddenly removed? A mountebank may promiſe ſuch a cure, but a ſkilful phyſician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not ſo much in haſte: it works leiſurely; the changes which it makes are ſlow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I ſaid, are too violent to be laſting. If it be anſwered, that for this reaſon tragedies are often to be ſeen, and the doſe to be repeated; this is tacitly to confeſs, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chemical medicines are obſerved to relieve oftener than to cure; for it is the nature of ſpirits to make ſwift impreſſions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them: they work by their ſubſtance and weight. It is one reaſon of Ariſtotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, becauſe it turns in a ſhorter compaſs; the whole action being circumſcribed within the ſpace of four and twenty hours. He might prove as well that a muſhroom is to be preferred before a peach, becauſe it ſhoots up in the compaſs of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in leſs ſpace than a large machine, becauſe the bulk is not ſo great: is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, becauſe ſhe makes her revolution in leſs than thirty days, and he in little leſs than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their ſeveral magnitudes; and, conſequently, the quickneſs or ſlowneſs of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or leſs perfection. And beſides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem; where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice puniſhed; and thoſe more amply treated, than the narrowneſs of the drama can admit? The ſhining quality of an epic hero, his magnaminity, his conſtancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteriſtical virtue his poet gives him, raiſes firſt our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the heroe's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the cholar and obſtinate deſire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is inſtructive: and beſides, we are informed in the very propoſition of the Iliads, that his anger was pernicious; that it brought a thouſand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is propoſed to imitation, not his pride and diſobedince to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the ſelling his body to his father. We abhor theſe actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only ſhows them like rocks or quick-ſands, to be ſhunned.

By this example, the critics have concluded that it is not neceſſary the manners of the hero ſhould be virtuous. They are poetically good if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is ſet before us, it is more lovely: for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Æneas of our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and ſtatuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to expreſs. Theſe are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with thoſe warts, and moles, and hard features, by thoſe who repreſent him on the ſtage, or he is no more Achilles: for his creator Homer has ſo deſcribed him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the ſtage with all thoſe imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cauſe, it muſt be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the paſſions. The paſſions, as I have ſaid, are violent: and acute diſtempers require medicines of a ſtrong and ſpeedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diſeaſes, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are ſometimes neceſſary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exerciſe, have the greateſt part. The matter being thus ſtated, it will appear that both ſorts of poetry are of uſe

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for their proper ends. The ſtage is more active, the epic poem works at greater leiſure, yet is acted too, when need requires. For dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the diſtemper, and gives a healthful habit. The ſun enlightens and cheers us, diſpels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is ſowed, increaſes, is ripened, and is reaped for uſe in proceſs of time, and in its proper ſeaſon. I proceed from the greatneſs of the action, to the dignity of the actors, I mean the perſons employed in both poems. There likewiſe tragedy will be ſeen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of leſs dignity, becauſe it has not of its own. A ſubject, it is true, may lend to his ſovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, becauſe he wants, and the ſubject ſupplies. And ſuppoſe the perſons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, becauſe it was firſt, and Homer the common father of the ſtage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boaſt above heroic poetry, but that it is repreſented to the view, as well as read: and inſtructs in the cloſet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative: yet I may be allowed to ſay, without partiality, that herein the actors ſhare the poet's praiſe. Your Lordſhip knows ſome modern tragedies which are beautiful on the ſtage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Triphon, the ſtationer, complains they are ſeldom aſked for in his ſhop. The poet who flouriſhed in the ſcene, is damned in the Ruelle; nay more, he is not eſteemed a good poet by thoſe who ſee and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a ſort of ſtately ſuſtain, and lofty childiſhneſs. Nothing but nature can give a ſincere pleaſure; where that is not imitated, it is groteſque painting, the fine woman ends in a fiſh's tail.

I might alſo add, that many things, which not only pleaſe, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear abſurd upon the ſtage: and thoſe not only the "ſpecioſa miracula," as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphanes, and the Leſtrigons, which cannot be repreſented even in operas, but the prowes of Achilles, or Æneas, would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies in Homer, or in Virgil; but "ne "Hercules contra duos" in the drama. I forbear to inſtance in many things, which the ſtage cannot, or ought not to repreſent. For I have ſaid already more than I intended on this ſubject, and ſhould fear it might be turned againſt me; that I plead for the pre-eminence of epic poetry, becauſe I have taken ſome pains in tranſlating Virgil; if this were the firſt time that I had delivered my opinion in this diſpute. But I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two maſters againſt their rivals of the ſcene, even while I wrote tragedies myſelf, and had no thoughts of this preſent undertaking. I ſubmit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controverſy. You come, my Lord, inſtructed in the cauſe, and needed not that I ſhould open it. Your Eſſay of Poetry, which was publiſhed without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much inſtruction: and, without flattering you, or making myſelf more moral than I am, not without ſome envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic poem ſhould be written, or how a tragedy ſhould be contrived and managed, in better verſe, and with more judgment than I could teach others. A native of Parnaſſus, and bred up in the ſtudies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praiſe which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowledge; there is a tincture of malice in his commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confeſs my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good nature, or at leaſt intereſt, encourage the pleadings of a puny counſellor; but he does not willingly commend his brother-ſerjeant at the bar; eſpecially when he controls his law, and expoſes that ignorance which is made ſacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I muſt confeſs: but who can anſwer for me, and for the reſt of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we ſhould not have been better pleaſed to have ſeen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might ſeem to be above the cenſure. We are naturally diſpleaſed with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner; becauſe we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to faſten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all ſorts of oppoſition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as ſome yet can witneſs, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honour to converſe, and that almoſt daily, for ſo many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praiſe, which I ſhould willingly have given had I known you. Nothing had been more eaſy than to commend a patron of a long ſtanding. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were juſt; and if unjuſt, would excuſe a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you againſt my intereſt, was not altogether ſo fair, give me leave to ſay, as it was politic. For, by concealing your quality, you might clearly underſtand how your work ſucceeded; and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you ſtood unſeen behind your own Venus, and received the praiſes of the paſſing multitude: the work was commended, not the author: and I doubt not, this was one of the moſt pleaſing adventures of your life.

I have detained your Lordſhip longer than I intended in this diſpute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama: and yet have not formally anſwered any of the arguments which are brought by Ariſtotle on the other ſide, and ſet in

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the faireſt light by Dacier. But I ſuppoſe, without looking on the book, I may have touched on ſome of the objections. For, in this addreſs to your Lordſhip, I deſign not a treatiſe of heroic poetry, but write in a looſe epiſtolary way, ſomewhat tending to that ſubject, after the example of Horace, in his firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book to Auguſtus Cæſar, and of that to the Piſos, which we call his Art of Poetry. In both of which he obſerves no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinſius, may have ſeen, or rather think they had ſeen. I have taken up, laid down, and reſumed, as often as I pleaſed, the ſame ſubject: and this looſe proceeding I ſhall uſe through all this prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been ſailing with ſome ſide-wind or other toward the point I propoſed in the beginning; the greatneſs and excellency of an heroic poem, with ſome of the difficulties which attend that work. The compariſon, therefore, which I made betwixt the epopee and the tragedy, was not altogether a digreſſion; for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the maſter pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corolary from what has been already ſaid, That the file of heroic poets is very ſhort: all are not ſuch who have aſſumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been ſo eſteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great Ilias, and one Æneis, in ſo many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the Jeruſalem: I mean not ſo much in diſtance of time, as in excellency. After theſe three are entered, ſome Lord Chamberlain ſhould be appointed, ſome critic of authority ſhould be ſet before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets, who preſs for admiſſion, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your Lordſhip's ears, with his

"Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum."

Mere fuſtian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without preſſing forward, and more ſmoke than fire. Pulci, Boyardo, and Arioſto, would cry out, Make room for the Italian poets, the deſcendants of Virgil in a right line. Father Le Moin, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery with his Alaric, for a godly king, and a Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his maid ſhould be refuſed a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenſer has a better plea for his Fairy Queen, had his action been finiſhed, or had been one. And Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, inſtead of Adam, if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his ſtrong hold, to wander through the world with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining perſons than human, in his poem. After theſe, the reſt of our Engliſh poets ſhall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongſt the three whom I have named, and who are eſtabliſhed in their reputation.

Before I quitted the compariſon betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I ſhould have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now caſually remember out of the preface of Segrais before his tranſlation of the Æneis, or out of Boſſu, no matter which. The ſtyle of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama. The critic is certainly in the right, for the reaſon already urged: the work of tragedy is on the paſſions; and, in a dialogue, both of them abhor ſtrong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot ſpeak too plainly on the ſtage: for, "Volat irrevocabile verbum;" the ſenſe is loſt, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone, we have leiſure to digeſt. There an author may beautify his ſenſe by the boldneſs of his expreſſion, which, if we underſtand not fully at the firſt, we may dwell upon it, till we find the ſecret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative phyſic, as I ſaid before, muſt proceed by inſenſible degrees; but that which purges the paſſions, muſt do its buſineſs all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at leaſt in the preſent operation, and without repeated doſes. We muſt beat the iron while it is hot, but we may poliſh it at leiſure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulneſs; and yet the merits of both cauſes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hard-heartedneſs removed.

I muſt now come cloſer to my preſent buſineſs; and not thinking of making more invaſive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies: he has a whole confederacy againſt him, and I muſt endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being againſt his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge againſt the manners of his hero; I ſhall omit the reſt as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worſt but caſual ſlips of a great man's pen, or inconſiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leiſure to review before his death. Macrobius has anſwered what the ancients could urge againſt him; and ſome things I have lately read in Tanneguy, le Fevre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are ſcarce worth anſwering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elſewhere confeſſed, and ſtill muſt own, not to be ſo noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly ſtated; and, without contradicting my firſt opinion, I can ſhow that Virgil's was as uſeful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his; in what time ſoever he may be ſuppoſed to have lived and flouriſhed. Homer's moral was to urge the neceſſity of union, and of a good underſtanding betwixt confederate ſtates and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as alſo of diſcipline in an army, and obedience in their ſeveral chiefs, to the ſupreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he ſets forth the ruinous effects of diſcord in the camp of thoſe allies, occaſioned by the quarrel betwixt the general, and one of the next in office

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under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles repreſents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both puniſhed: the aggreſſor is forced to ſue for peace to his inferior on diſhonourable conditions; the deſerter refuſes the ſatisfaction offered, and his obſtinacy coſts him his beſt friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage againſt him by whom he was laſt affronted, and moſt ſenſibly. The greater anger expels the leſs; but his character is ſtill preſerved. In the mean time the Grecian army receives loſs on loſs, and is half deſtroyed by a peſtilence into the bargain.

" Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

As the poet, in the firſt part of the example had ſhown the bad effects of diſcord, ſo after the reconcilement he gives the good effects of unity. For Hector is ſlain, and then Troy muſt fall. By this it is probable, that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians; and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preſerve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil flouriſhed in the age of Ennius, and addreſſed to Scipio, he had probably taken the ſame moral, or ſome other not unlike it. For then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Aſſyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to conſider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was ſubverted, and a new one juſt eſtabliſhed by Octavius Cæſar; in effect by force of arms, but ſeemingly by the conſent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the firſt prevailed, had almoſt ſhaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Maius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the ſpecious pretence of the public good, and of doing juſtice on the oppreſſors of their liberty, revenged themſelves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proſcribed the heads of the adverſe party: he, too, had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth (for the cauſe of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the Chriſtian prieſthood, refining on the Heathen). Sylla, to be ſure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but ſacrificed the lives, and took the eſtates of all his enemies, to gratify thoſe who brought him into power: ſuch was the reformation of the government by both parties. The ſenate and the commons were the two baſes on which it ſtood; and the two champions of either faction, each deſtroyed the foundations of the other ſide: ſo the fabric of conſequence muſt fall betwixt them, and tyranny muſt be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and conſtitutions. Like him, who, being in good health, lodged himſelf in a phyſician's houſe, and was over-perſuaded by his landlord to take phyſic, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor: " Stavo ben (was written on his monument) ma, perſtar meglio, ſto qui."

After the death of thoſe two uſurpers, the commonwealth ſeemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep conſumption, which is a flattering diſeaſe. Pompey, Craſſus, and Cæſar, had found the ſweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the others growth, ſtruck up a falſe friendſhip amongſt themſelves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to aſſume alone. Theſe were the public-ſpirited men of their age, that is, patriots of their own intereſt. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, ſpread in bulk, and all the while was waſting in the vitals. Not to trouble your Lordſhip with the repetition of what you know: after the death of Craſſus, Pompey found himſelf outwitted by Cæſar; broke with him, overpowered him in the ſenate, and cauſed many unjuſt decrees to paſs againſt him: Cæſar, thus injured, and unable to reſiſt the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermoſt (for he was a Marian) had recourſe to arms; and his cauſe was juſt againſt Pompey, but not againſt his country; whoſe conſtitution ought to have been ſacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed; and heaven declaring for him, he became a providental monarch, under the title of Perpetual Dictator. He being murdered by his own ſon, whom I neither dare commend, nor can juſtly blame (though Dante, in his Inferno, has put him and Caſſius, and Judas Iſcariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth) the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Caſſius, and then ſunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were groſsly gulled, twice or thrice over; and as often enſlaved in one century, and under the ſame pretence of reformation. At laſt the two battles of Philippi gave the deciſive ſtroke againſt liberty; and not long after the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good fortune of Auguſtus. It is true, that the deſpotic power could not have fallen into better hands, than thoſe of the firſt and ſecond Cæſar. Your Lordſhip well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he ſaw, beſide, that the commonwealth was loſt without reſource: the heads of it deſtroyed; the ſenate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thruſting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may ſafely affirm for our great author (as men of good ſenſe are generally honeſt) that he was ſtill of republican principles in his heart—

" Secretiſque piis, his dantem jura Catonem."

I think, I need uſe no other argument to juſtify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the Æneis. If he had not well ſtudied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Auguſtus was not diſcontented, at leaſt that we can find, that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elyſium; and there giving laws to the holy ſouls,

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who deſerved to be ſeparated from the vulgar ſort of good ſpirits. For his conſcience could not but whiſper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at firſt elective, and governed not without a ſenate: that Romulus was no hereditary prince, and though, after his death, he received divine honours, for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making: that the laſt Tarquin was expelled juſtly for overt-acts of tyranny, and male-adminiſtration; for ſuch are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others: being, for my own opinion, of Montaign's principles, That an honeſt man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with thoſe fundamental conſtitutions of it, which he received from his anceſtors, and under which himſelf was born. Though at the ſame time he confeſſed freely, that if he could have choſen his place of birth, it ſhould have been at Venice: which, for many reaſons, I diſlike, and am better pleaſed to have been born an Engliſhman.

But to return from my long rambling: I ſay that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived; that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved: that the preſent ſettlement had the proſpect of a long continuance in the ſame family, or thoſe adopted into it: that he held his paternal eſtate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewiſe enriched, eſteemed, and cheriſhed: that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very beſt of it: that the arts of peace flouriſhed under him: that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in poſſeſſion of the whole, yet he ſhared a great part of his authority with the ſenate: that he would be choſen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them; and prorogued his government from time to time: ſtill, as it were, threatening to diſmiſs himſelf from public cares, which he exerciſed more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatneſs: theſe things, I ſay, being conſidered by the poet, he concluded it to be the intereſt of his country to be ſo governed: to infuſe an awful reſpect into the people towards ſuch a prince: by that reſpect to confirm their obedience to him: and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem: honeſt in the poet: honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honour on the Roman people, whom he derives alſo from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but neceſſary to the preſent age; and likely to be ſuch to their poſterity. That it was the received opinion that the Romans were deſcended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæſar from Iulus the ſon of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not ſo himſelf: or that Æneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifeſtly proves. And Homer, where he ſays that Jupiter hated the houſe of Priam, and was reſolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and ſettling there: but that the Romans valued themſelves on their Trojan anceſtry, is ſo undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the ſeals which we have remaining of Julius Cæſar, which we know to be antique, have the ſtar of Venus over them, though they were all graven after his death, as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reaſon, why Auguſtus ſhould be ſo paſſionately concerned for the preſervation of the Æneis, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his laſt will and teſtament, was, becauſe it did him a real ſervice, as well as an honour; that a work ſhould not be loſt, where his divine original was celebrated in verſe, which had the character of immortality ſtamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families which flouriſhed in his time, leſs obliged to him than the emperor. Your Lordſhip knows with what addreſs he makes mention of them, as captains of ſhips, or leaders in the war; and even ſome of Italian extraction are not forgotten. Theſe are the ſingle ſtars which are ſprinkled through the Æneis: but there are whole conſtellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I tranſlated it, of ſome favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes, in the perſon of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchiſes. I inſiſt not on their names; but am pleaſed to find the Memmii amongſt them, derived from Mneſtheus, becauſe Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which deſtroyed Corinth. I likewiſe either found or formed an image to myſelf of the contrary kind; that thoſe who loſt the prizes, were ſuch as diſobliged the poet, or were in diſgrace with Auguſtus, or enemies to Mæcenas: and this was the poetical revenge he took. For "genus irritabile vatum," as Horace ſays. When a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himſelf juſtice, however dear it coſt him. "Animamque in vulnere ponit." I think theſe are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himſelf. The vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an anceſtry which they affected. We, and the French, are of the ſame humour: they would be thought to deſcend from a ſon, I think, of Hector: and we would have our Britain both named and planted by a deſcendant of Æneas. Spenſer favours this opinion what he can. His prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, and of Taſſo an Italian.

I have tranſgreſſed my bounds, and gone farther than the moral leads me. But if your Lordſhip is not tired, I am ſafe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But as Auguſtus is ſtill ſhadowed in the perſon of Æneas, of which I ſhall ſay more when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero, I muſt prepare that ſubject, by ſhowing how dexterouſly he managed both the prince and people, ſo as to diſpleaſe neither, and to do good to both;

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which is the part of a wife and an honeſt man: and proves, that it is poſſible for a courtier not to be a knave. I ſhall continue ſtill to ſpeak my thoughts like a free-born ſubject, as I am; though ſuch things perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am ſure no Frenchman durſt. I have already told your Lordſhip my opinion of Virgil; that he was no arbitrary man: obliged he was to his maſter for his bounty; and he repays him with good counſel, how to behave himſelf in his new monarchy, ſo as to gain the affections of his ſubjects, and deſerve to be called the father of his country. From this conſideration it is, that he choſe the ground-work of his poem, one empire deſtroyed, and another raiſed from the ruins of it. This was the juſt parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir, in a lineal ſucceſſion: for Anchiſes, the hero's father, was only of the ſecond branch of the royal family; and Helenus, a ſon of Priam, was yet ſurviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his Æneis, the ſon of Polites, youngeſt ſon to Priam; who was ſlain by Pyrrhus, in the ſecond book. Æneas had only married Creüſa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male iſſue were remaining. In this caſe, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans choſe him to lead them forth, and ſettle them in ſome foreign country. Ilioneus, in his ſpeech to Dido, calls him expreſsly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had Auguſtus in his eye, had no deſire he ſhould ſeem to ſucceed by any right of inheritance, derived from Julius Cæſar; ſuch a title being but one degree removed from conqueſt. For what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they ſhould give, than he ſhould take. Since that gift was indeed no more at bottom than a truſt; Virgil gives us an example of this, in the perſon of Mezentius. He governed arbitrarily; he was expelled, and came to the deſerved end of all tyrants. Our author ſhows us another ſort of kingſhip, in the perſon of Latinus: he was deſcended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is deſcribed a juſt and gracious prince; ſolicitous for the welfare of his people; always conſulting with his ſenate, to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall. Speaking firſt, but ſtill demanding their advice, and ſteering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would ſuffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, though he married the heireſs of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. "Pater arma Latinus habeto," &c. are Virgil's words. As for himſelf, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not thoſe of Latium: wherein our divine author ſeems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of thoſe they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high prieſthood, with which Auguſtus was inveſted: and which made his perſon more ſacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the moſt judicious of all poets made that office vacant, by the death of Pantheus, in the ſecond book of the Æneis, for his hero to ſucceed in it; and conſequently for Auguſtus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that paſſage. If they have not, I am ſure they ought; and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the obſervation; the words of Virgil are very plain,

"Sacra, ſuoſque tibi commendat Troja Penates."

As for Auguſtus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by deſcent from Æneas; that title is already out of doors, Æneas ſucceeded not, but was elected. Troy was fore-doomed to fall for ever.

"Poſtquam res Aſiæ, Priamique evertere regnum
"Immeritum viſum Superis,——
Æneis, Lib. III. 1."

Auguſtus, it is true, had once reſolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the ſeat of empire: but Horace writes an ode on purpoſe to deter him from that thought; declaring the place to be accurſed, and that the gods would as often deſtroy it, as it ſhould be raiſed. Hereupon the emperor laid aſide a project ſo ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude, that he had ſtill his pedigree in his head; and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counſel.

I will paſs by many leſs material objections, for want of room to anſwer them: what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge; for it is levelled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the ſame which were eminently ſeen in his Auguſtus: thoſe manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father; love to his relations; care of his people; courage and conduct in the wars; gratitude to thoſe who had obliged him, and juſtice in general to mankind.

Piety, as your Lordſhip ſees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in Latin is more full than it can poſſibly be expreſſed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love and tender affection to relations of all ſorts. As inſtances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and adviſe him; and at laſt he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back; he leads his little ſon; his wife follows him; but, loſing his footſteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midſt of his enemies to find her; and leaves not his purſuit till her ghoſt appears, to forbid his farther ſearch. I will ſay nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his ſorrow for his death; of the games inſtituted in honour of his memory; or ſeeking

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him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elyſian fields. I will not mention his tenderneſs for his ſon, which every where is viſible: of his raiſing a tomb for Polydorus, the obſequies for Miſenus, his pious remembrance of Deiphobus; the funeral of his nurſe; his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwiſe, by his natural compaſſion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain proſpect of his happineſs, while the laſt obſtacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compoſe his character, as a king, or as a general, I need ſay nothing; the whole Æneis is one continued inſtance of ſome one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it ſhould ſuffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine maſter to your Lordſhip, and by you to the reader. But herein, Segrais, in his admirable preface to his tranſlation of the Æneis, as the author of the Dauphin's Virgil juſtly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially ſpeaking, the French are as much better critics than the Engliſh, as they are worſe poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better underſtand the management of a war, than our iſlanders; but we know we are ſuperior to them in the day of battle. They value themſelves on their generals, we on our ſoldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that queſtion, if they make it one. I ſhall perhaps ſay as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Taſſo; and hope to make my aſſertion good, which is but doing juſtice to my country; part of which honour will reflect on your Lordſhip, whoſe thoughts are always juſt; your numbers harmonious, your words choſen, your expreſſions ſtrong and manly, your verſe flowing, and your turns as happy as they are eaſy. If you would ſet us more copies, your examples would make all precepts needleſs. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not over laviſh of praiſe to their contemporaries), as a principal ornament of our language: but the ſweeteſt eſſences are always confined in the ſmalleſt glaſſes.

When I ſpeak of your Lordſhip, it is never a digreſſion, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and ſhall uſe him leſs often than I have occaſion for him. For his preface is a perfect piece of criticiſm, full and clear, and digeſted into an exact method; mine is looſe, and, as I intended it, epiſtolary. Yet I dwell on many things which he durſt not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary maſter; and every patron who has the power of Auguſtus, has not his clemency. In ſhort, my Lord, I would not tranſlate him, becauſe I would bring you ſomewhat of my own. His notes and obſervations on every book are of the ſame excellency; and, for the ſame reaſon, I omit the greater part.

He takes no notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour; and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already ſaid, from Boſſu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man: therefore neither Homer nor Taſſo are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleaſed to their firſt character. But Virgil, who deſigned to form a perfect prince, and would inſinuate that Auguſtus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly ſuch, found himſelf obliged to make him without blemiſh; thoroughly virtuous: and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Taſſo, without queſtion, obſerved this before me; and therefore ſplit his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had choſen another moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles vicious; for his deſign was, to inſtruct in virtue, by ſhowing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have ſaid above. What follows is tranſlated literally from Segrais.

Virgil had conſidered, that the greateſt virtues of Auguſtus conſiſted in the perfect art of governing his people; which cauſed him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He conſidered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all theſe qualities to Æneas. But, knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations, he judged that this ought to be his firſt character, whom he would ſet for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praiſes which ariſe from valour, are ſuperior to thoſe which proceed from any other virtues, have not conſidered (as they ought) that valour, deſtitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true eſteem. That quality, which ſignifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be ſeparated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the ſame cannot be ſaid of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itſelf, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praiſe of valour to a man who ſhould ſee his gods profaned, and ſhould want the courage to defend them? to a man who ſhould abandon his father, or deſert his king in his laſt neceſſity?

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to piety, before valour. I will now follow him where he conſiders this valour, or intrepid courage, ſingly in itſelf; and this alſo Virgil gives to his Æneas, and that in an heroical degree.

Having firſt concluded that our poet did for the beſt in taking the firſt character of his hero from that eſſential virtue on which the reſt dedepend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the ten years war of Troy, he was conſidered as the ſecond champion of his country; allowing Hector the firſt place; and this, even by the confeſſion of Homer, who took all occaſions of ſetting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil (whom Segrais forgot to cite) makes Diomede give him a higher character for ſtrength and courage. His teſtimony is this, in the eleventh book:

——Stetimus tela aſpera contra,

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" Contulimuſque manus: experto credite, quantus
" In clypeum aſſurgat, quo turbine torqueat haſtam.
" Si duo præterea tales Idæa tuliſſet
" Terra viros; ultro Inachias veniſſet ad urbes
" Dardanus, et verſis lugeret Græcia fatis.
" Quicquid apud duræ ceſſatum eſt mœnia Trojæ,
" Hectoris, Æneæque manu victoria Graiûm
" Hæſit, et in decumum veſtigia retulit annum.
" Ambo animis, ambo inſignes præſtantibus armis:
" Hic pietate prior."——

I give not here my tranſlation of theſe verſes; though I think I have not ill ſucceeded in them; becauſe your Lordſhip is ſo great a maſter of the original, that I have no reaſon to deſire that you ſhould ſee Virgil and me ſo near together. But you may pleaſe, my Lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek, and inſinuates, that Homer has done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman; though Diomedes was manifeſtly the ſecond companion of the Grecians; and Ulyſſes preferred him before Ajax, when he choſe him for the champion of his nightly expedition; for he had a head-piece of his own; and wanted only the fortitude of another, to bring him off with ſafety; and that he might compaſs his deſign with honour.

The French tranſlator thus proceeds: they who accuſe Æneas for want of courage, either underſtand not Virgil, or have read him ſlightly; otherwiſe they would not raiſe an objection ſo eaſy to be anſwered. Hereupon he gives ſo many inſtances of the hero's valour, that to repeat them after him would tire your Lordſhip, and put me to the unneceſſary trouble of tranſcribing the greateſt part of the three laſt Æneids. In ſhort, more could not be expected from an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or a whole round table, than he performs. " Proxima quæque metit gladio," is the perfect account of a knight-errant. If it be replied, continued Segrais, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and atchieve ſuch hardy enterpriſes, becauſe he wore enchanted arms; that accuſation, in the firſt place, muſt fall on Homer, ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though he was invulnerable without them: and Arioſto, the two Taſſo's, Bernardo, and Torquato, even our own Spenſer; in a word, all modern poets have copied Homer, as well as Virgil; he is neither the firſt nor laſt; but in the midſt of them; and therefore is ſafe, if they are ſo. Who knows, ſays Segrais, but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and ſignified no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as the aſtrologers will tell us, out of Virgil (who was well verſed in the Chaldean myſteries), under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. But I inſiſt not on this, becauſe I know you believe not there is ſuch an art: though not only Horace and Perſius, but Auguſtus himſelf thought otherwiſe. But, in defence of Virgil, I dare poſitively ſay, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his predeceſſor or his deſcendants. For Æneas was actually wounded in the twelfth of the Æneis; though he had the ſame goldſmith to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It ſeems he was no war-luck, as the Scots commonly call ſuch men, who, they ſay, are iron-free or lead-free. Yet after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cured indeed by his mother's help; becauſe he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus, the poet durſt not carry the miracle too far, and reſtore him wholly to his former vigour: he was ſtill too weak to overtake his enemy; yet we ſee with what courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces and renews the combat. I need ſay no more: for Virgil defends himſelf without needing my aſſiſtance; and proves his hero truly to deſerve that name. He was not then a ſecond-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the firſt virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant; becauſe he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the firſt place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what ſhall I ſay of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles paſs for timorous, becauſe he wept, and wept on leſs occaſions than Æneas? Herein Virgil muſt be granted to have excelled his maſter. For once both heroes are deſcribed, lamenting their loſt loves: Briſeïs was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creüſa was loſt for ever to her huſband. But Achilles went roaring along the ſalt-ſea ſhore; and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he ſhould have revenged his injury by his arms. Æneas took a nobler courſe; for, having ſecured his father and ſon, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if ſhe had been above ground. And here your Lordſhip may obſerve the addreſs of Virgil: it was not for nothing that this paſſage was related with all theſe tender circumſtances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been ſo affectionate a huſband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thouſand ſecret beauties, though I have not leiſure to remark them.

Segrais, on this ſubject of a hero ſhedding tears, obſerves, that hiſtorians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles. And Julius Cæſar is likewiſe praiſed, when, out of the ſame noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But, if we obſerve more cloſely, we ſhall find, that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occaſion. Thus he weeps out of compaſſion, and tenderneſs of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who ſacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the reſt, which I omit. Yet even for theſe tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin-hero, always raining. One of theſe cenſors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice; when, in the beginning of the firſt

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book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching ſtorm.

" Extemplò Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra:
" Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas,"
&c.

But to this I have anſwered formerly; that his fear was not for himſelf, but for his people. And what can give a ſovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempeſt, and he wept; he was promiſed Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accompliſhment of that promiſe. All this in the beginning of a ſtorm; therefore he ſhowed the more early piety, and the quicker ſenſe of compaſſion. Thus much I have urged elſewhere in the defence of Virgil; and ſince I have been informed, by Mr. Moyle, a young gentleman whom I can never ſufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accurſed death. So that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had juſt occaſion for that fear, both in relation to himſelf and to his ſubjects. I think our adverſaries can carry this argument no farther, unleſs they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promiſe of the gods: but how was he aſſured that he had underſtood their oracles aright? Helenus might be miſtaken, Phœbus might ſpeak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might proſecute his voyage, which, if it ſucceeded happily, he ſhould be the founder of an empire. For that ſhe herſelf was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the addreſs ſhe made to Jupiter on his behalf. To which the god makes anſwer in theſe words:

" Parce metu, Cytheræa; manent immota tuorum
" Fata tibi," &c.

Notwithſtanding which, the goddeſs, though comforted, was not aſſured: for even after this, through the courſe of the whole Æneis, ſhe ſtill apprehends the intereſt which Juno might make with Jupiter againſt her ſon. For it was a moot point in heaven, whether he could alter fate or not. And indeed, ſome paſſages in Virgil would make us ſuſpect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it. For, in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her huſband with the power of changing deſtiny. " Tua qua potes, orſa reflectas." To which he graciouſly anſwers:

" Si mora præſentis lethi tempuſque caduco
" Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere ſentis;
" Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque inſtantibus eripe fatis.
" Hactenus indulſiſſe vacat. Sin altior iſtis
" Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
" Mutarive putas bellum, ſpes paſcis inanes."

But that he could not alter thoſe decrees, the king of gods himſelf confeſſes, in the book above cited: when he comforts Hercules, for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid before he threw his lance at Turnus;

" ——Trojæ ſub Mœnibus altis,
" Tot nati cecidere Deûm; quin occidit unâ
" Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam ſua Turnum
" Fata manent, metaſque dati pervenit ad ævi."

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he could not ſave his own ſon, or prevent the death which he foreſaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occaſionally diſcourſed with that excellent perſon Sir Robert Howard; who is better converſant, than any man that I know, in the doctrine of the Stoics, and he ſet me right, from the concurrent teſtimony of philoſophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verſe,

" Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque inſtantibus eripe fatis,"

he replied, and I think with exact judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the preſent danger, it was becauſe he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come: that it was in deſtiny for Juno at that time to ſave him; and that himſelf obeyed deſtiny, in giving her that leave.

I need ſay no more in juſtification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived if he ever be attacked on this ſide of his character again. But he is arraigned with more ſhow of reaſon by the ladies; who will make a numerous party againſt him, for being falſe to love, in forſaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for, to ſay the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her coſt; and, for her ſake, avoid a cave, as the worſt ſhelter they can chooſe from a ſhower of rain, eſpecially when they have a lover in their company.

In the firſt place, Segrais obſerves, with much acuteneſs, that they who blame Æneas for his inſenſibility of love, when he left Carthage, contradict their former accuſation of him, for being always crying, compaſſionate, and effeminately ſenſible of thoſe misfortunes which befel others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to diſcharge themſelves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, ſay they, has ſhown his hero with theſe inconſiſtent characters: acknowledging and ungrateful, compaſſionate and hard-hearted; but, at the bottom, fickle and ſelf-intereſted. For Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before ſhe ſaw him, and given them her protection, but had alſo offered them an equal ſhare in her dominion.

" Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere Regnis?
" Urbem quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt."

This was an obligement never to be forgotton; and the more to be conſidered, becauſe antecedent to her love. That paſſion, it is true, produced the uſual effects of generoſity, gallantry, and care to pleaſe; and thither we refer them. But when ſhe had made all theſe advances, it was ſtill in his power to have refuſed them: after the intrigue of the cave, call it marriage, or enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave, he had ac-

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cepted the favour; and I was obliged to be conſtant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have ſet this argument in the beſt light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Dr. Cudworth, who has raiſed ſuch ſtrong objections againſt the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not anſwered them. You may pleaſe at leaſt to hear the adverſe party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no leſs than an abſolute command from Jupiter could excuſe this inſenſibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks ſo like extreme ingratitude. But, at the ſame time, he does wiſely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the firſt character of Æneas: and this being allowed, as I am afraid it muſt, he was obliged, antecedent to all other conſiderations, to ſearch an aſylum for his gods in Italy, for thoſe very gods, I ſay, who had promiſed to his race the univerſal empire. Could a pious man diſpenſe with the commands of Jupiter, to ſatisfy his paſſion; or, take it in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe, to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, muſt have moral honeſty for its ground-work, or we ſhall be apt to ſuſpect its truth; but an immediate revelation diſpenſes with all duties of morality. All caſuiſts agree, that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet, if I might preſume to mingle things ſacred with profane, the Iſraelites only ſpoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them; becauſe the property was transferred by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confeſs, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for ſhe would not believe, as Virgil makes her ſay, that ever Jupiter would ſend Mercury on ſuch an immortal errand. But this needs no anſwer, at leaſt no more than Virgil gives it:

" Fata obſtant, placidaſque viri Deus obſtruit aures."

This, notwithſtanding, as Segrais confeſſes, he might have ſhown a little more ſenſibility, when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil anſwer for himſelf. He ſtill loved her, and ſtruggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

" ——————Curam ſubcorde premebat,
" Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus
" amore."

Upon the whole matter, and humanely ſpeaking, I doubt there was a fault ſomewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it ſeems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deſerting hero and the forſaken lady to meet together in the lower regions; where he excuſes himſelf when it is too late, and accordingly ſhe will take no ſatisfaction, nor ſo much as hear him. Now Segrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuſes his author, by ſaying that the Æneis is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it, and for that reaſon he had condemned it to the fire: though, at the ſame time, his two tranſlators muſt acknowledge, that the ſixth book is the moſt correct of the whole Æneis. Oh, how convenient is a machine ſometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one, and Virgil was conſtrained to uſe it here, or the honeſty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair ſex, however, if they had the deſerter in their power, would certainly have ſhown him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus. For if too much conſtancy may be a fault ſometimes; then want of conſtancy and ingratitude, after the laſt favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But of machines, more in their proper place; where I ſhall ſhow, with how much judgment they have been uſed by Virgil: and, in the mean time, paſs to another article of his defence, on the preſent ſubject; where, if I cannot clear the hero, I hope at leaſt to bring off the poet; for here I muſt divide their cauſes. Let Æneas truſt to his machine, which will only help to break his fall, but the addreſs is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed ſo much from Homer, and yet concluded for the baniſhment of all poets, would at leaſt have rewarded Virgil, before he ſent him into exile. But I go farther, and ſay, that he ought to be acquitted; and deſerved, beſide, the bounty of Auguſtus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If, after this, the ladies will ſtand out, let them remember, that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the firſt quality in Rome: ſhe was alſo preſent at the reading of the ſixth Æneid, and we know not that ſhe condemned Æneas; but we are ſure ſhe preſented the poet, for his admirable elegy on her ſon Marcellus.

But let us conſider the ſecret reaſons which Virgil had, for thus framing this noble epiſode, wherein the whole paſſion of love is more exactly deſcribed than in any other poet: love was the theme of his fourth book; and though it is the ſhorteſt of the whole Æneis, yet there he has given its beginning, its progreſs, its traverſes, and its concluſion: and had exhauſted ſo entirely this ſubject, that he could reſume it but very ſlightly in the eight enſuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero, ſhe ſmothered thoſe ſparkles out of decency, but converſation blew them up into a flame. Then ſhe was forced to make a confident of her whom ſhe beſt might truſt, her own ſiſter, who approves the paſſion, and thereby augments it; then ſucceeds her public owning it; and, after that, the conſummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I ſay nothing, for they were all machining work: but poſſeſſion having cooled his love, as it increaſed her's, ſhe ſoon perceived the change, or at leaſt grew ſuſpicious of a change: this ſuſpicion ſoon turned to jealouſy, and jealouſy to rage; then ſhe diſdains and threatens, and again is humble and entreats: and, nothing availing, deſpairs, curſes, and at laſt becomes her own executioner. See here the whole proceſs of that paſſion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, leſt I ſhould loſe the connection of my diſcourſe.

To love our native country, and to ſtudy its benefit and its glory, to be intereſted in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther ſtep; for, endea-

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vouring to do honour to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in its cauſe: for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of hiſtory. Homer and Taſſo are juſtly praiſed, for chooſing their heroes out of Greece and Italy. Virgil indeed made his a Trojan, but it was to deſive the Romans and his own Auguſtus from him; but all the three poets are manifeſtly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for Dares Phrygias reports of Hector, that he was ſlain cowardly; Æneas, according to the beſt account, ſlew not Mezentius, but was ſlain by him; and the Chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Eſtè, who conquers Jeruſalem in Taſſo. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was ſo much as preſent at the ſiege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himſelf engaged in honour to eſpouſe the cauſe and quarrel of his country againſt Carthage. He knew he could not pleaſe the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by diſgracing the foundreſs of that city. He ſhows her ungrateful to the memory of her firſt huſband; doting on a ſtranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forſaken by him. This was the original, ſays he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true he colours the falſehood of Æneas by an expreſs command from Jupiter, to forſake the queen, who had obliged him; but he knew the Romans were to be his readers, and them he bribed, perhaps at the expence of the hero's honeſty, but he gained his cauſe however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to ſee their founder falſe to love, for ſtill he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forſook, and ſhe might have forſaken him if he had not got the ſtart of her; ſhe had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus: and "varium & mutabile ſemper fœmina," is the ſharpeſt ſatire in the feweſt words that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and animal muſt be underſtood to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put thoſe words into the mouth of Mercury: if a god had not ſpoken them, neither durſt he have written them, nor I tranſlated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the ſame errand: and the ſecond time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frighted him. It ſeems he feared not Jupiter ſo much as Dido. For your Lordſhip may obſerve, that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he ſtill delayed it, until the meſſenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning. "Notumque furens quid fœmina poſſit;" ſhe was injured, ſhe was revengeful, ſhe was powerful. The poet had likewiſe before hinted, that the people were naturally perfidious: for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of "Punica fides," many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my promiſe, and juſtified the poet, whatever becomes of the falſe knight. And ſure a poet is as much privileged to lie, as an ambaſſador, for the honour and intereſt of his country; at leaſt as Sir Henry Wotton has defined.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachroniſm, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries. For it is certain that the hero lived almoſt two hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Bocaline, ſays, that Virgil was accuſed before Apollo for this error. The god ſoon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reaſon, for the caſe was clear: he therefore gave this middle ſentence; that any thing might be allowed to his ſon Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a diſpenſing power, and pardoned him. But, that this ſpecial act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny ſucceſſors in juſtification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet ſhould preſume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this ſtory, Virgil is the Apollo, who has this diſpenſing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry, but he never made himſelf a ſlave to them: chronology, at beſt, is but a cobweblaw, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wiſely, muſt chooſe, as he did, an obſcure and a remote æra, where they may invent at pleaſure, and not be eaſily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his falſe computation of times can be made out againſt him. This Segrais ſays in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whoſe letter on this ſubject he has printed at the end of the fourth Æneid, to which I refer your Lordſhip and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was ſo great, that he made this fable of his own invention paſs for an authentic hiſtory, or, at leaſt, as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the ſame age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, juſt before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himſelf, is for meaſuring a ſword with a man ſo much ſuperior in force to him on the ſame ſubject. I think I may be judge of this, becauſe I have tranſlated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own: he borrows all from a greater maſter in his own profeſſion; and, which is worſe, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and, being forced to his old ſhift, he has recourſe to witticiſm. This paſſes indeed with his ſoft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their eſteem. But let them like for themſelves, and not preſcribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have ſhown already; and have alſo begun to ſhow that he might make this anachroniſm, by ſuperieding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the ſame reaſon that a monarch may diſpenſe with, or ſuſpend his own laws, when he finds it neceſſary ſo to do; eſpecially if thoſe laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, ſays Ariſtotle, but what is againſt the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil, for having made a fiction againſt the order of

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time, when we commend Ovid and other poets who have made many of their fictions againſt the order of nature? For what are the ſplendid miracles of the Metamorphoſes? Yet theſe are beautiful as they are related; and have alſo deep learning and inſtructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as Virgil does in this epiſode, the original cauſe of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction, after ſo probable a manner, with ſo much beauty, and ſo much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Taſſo, in one of his diſcourſes, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a piece of hiſtory which is known to all the world; as, for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander; but, in the dark receſſes of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign ſuch things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embelliſh that ſubject which he treats. On the other ſide, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, ſuch works can never fail of their deſerved ſucceſs. And ſuch is Virgil's epiſode of Dido and Æneas; where the ſoureſt critic muſt acknowledge, that if he had deprived his Æneis of ſo great an ornament, becauſe he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjuſt cenſure, but had wanted one of the greateſt beauties of his poem. I ſhall ſay more of this in the next article of their charge againſt him, which is, want of invention. In the mean time, I may affirm, in honour of this epiſode, that it is not only now eſteemed the moſt pleaſing entertainment of the Æneis, but was ſo accounted in his own age; and before it was mellowed into that reputation which time has given it; for which I need produce no other teſtimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary.

"Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
"Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor."

Where, by the way, you may obſerve, my Lord, that Ovid in thoſe words, "non legitimo fœdere "junctus amor," will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas: he was in baniſhment when he wrote theſe verſes, which I cite from his letter to Auguſtus: You, Sir, ſaith he, have ſent me into exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over-honeſtly together: may I be ſo bold to aſk your majeſty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to ſhow it in the action? But was Ovid, the court poet, ſo bad a courtier as to find no other plea to excuſe himſelf than by a plain accuſation of his maſter? Virgil confeſſed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers; that Juno, the goddeſs of matrimony, had ratified it by her preſence; for it was her buſineſs to bring matters to that iſſue: that the ceremonies were ſhort, we may believe, for Dido was not only amorous, but a widow. Mercury himſelf, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an innuendo.—"Pulchramque uxorius urbem "extruis."—He calls Æneas not only a huſband, but upbraids him for being a fond huſband, as the word "uxorius" implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordſhip pleaſes, why Virgil is ſo much concerned to make this marriage (for he ſeems to be the father of the bride himſelf, and to give her to the bridegroom), it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid: and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce, which not long before had paſſed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Auguſtus of the ſame family, by ſo remarkable a feature in the ſame place. Thus, as we ſay in our homeſpun Engliſh proverb, "He killed two birds with one "ſtone;" pleaſed the emperor, by giving him the reſemblance of his anceſtor, and gave him ſuch a reſemblance as was not ſcandalous in that age. For to leave one wife and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. "Neque hæc in fœdera "veni," is the very excuſe which Æneas makes when he leaves his lady. I made no ſuch bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage; my buſineſs was Italy, and I never made a ſecret of it. If I took my pleaſure, had not you your ſhare of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort yourſelf with the next ſtranger who happens to be ſhipwrecked on your coaſt: be as kind an hoſteſs as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another huſband. In the mean time, I call the gods to witneſs, that I leave your ſhore unwillingly; for though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forſake you. This is the effect of what he ſaith, when it is diſhonoured out of Latin verſe into Engliſh proſe. If the poet argued not aright, we muſt pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your Lordſhip longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh ſomething in a ſpiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, though the cry is great againſt him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this preſent age: I hinted it before. They lay no leſs than the want of invention to his charge: a capital crime, I muſt acknowledge: for a poet is a maker, as the word ſignifies: and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accuſation look ſo ſtrange at the firſt ſight, is, that he has borrowed ſo many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But, in the firſt place, if invention is to be taken in ſo ſtrict a ſenſe, that the matter of a poem muſt be wholly new, and that in all its parts, then Scaliger hath made out, ſaith Segrais, that the hiſtory of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almoſt a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet or his friends digeſted it into

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this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, must be deprived of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them, as every man hath to air or water. "Quid prohibetis aquas? usus communis aquarum est." But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the economy and disposition of it; these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the Jews Messias will come together. There are parts of the Æneis which resemble some parts both of the Ilias and of the Odysses: as, for example, Æneas descended into hell, and Ulysses had been there before him: Æneas loved Dido, and Ulysses loved Calypso: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's Odysses in his first six books, and in his six last the Ilias. But from hence can we infer, that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of Virgil's Æneas? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his episode of Nisus and Uryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing Æneas into Italy? of establishing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony: to say nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian priestess. "Æneadum Genitrix" was no more unknown to Lucretius, than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero; to give him piety or valour for his manners: and both in so eminent a degree, that, having done what was possible for man to save his king and country, his mother was forced to appear to him and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him in their promised Italy. Neither the invention nor the conduct of this great action were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator, to whom Horace gives no better a name than of animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. Raphael imitated nature; they who copy one of Raphael's pieces, imitate but him, for his work is their original. They translate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael: for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses travelled, so did Æneas; but neither of them were the first travellers; for Cain went into the land of Nod, before they were born: and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to my first similitude: Suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy; might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire? For the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities have been burnt, before either of them were in being. But, to close the simile as I began it, they would not have designed it after the same manner: Apelles would have distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of all the Grecians, and showed him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures; because he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back; his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other; and his wife following (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture as an act of courage): he would have rather drawn him killing Androgeus, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires should have darted full upon his face, to make him conspicuous amongst his Trojans. This, I think, is a just comparison betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged, that I have granted a resemblance in some parts, yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For what are the tears of Calypso, for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be found, in the languishing episode of the Odysses? If this be a copy, let the critics show us the same disposition, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither; he had it from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to show him all the succeeding heroes of his race: and, next to Romulus (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil), his own patron Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with his honour; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Augustus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by so many sign-post daubers, that now it is grown fulsome; rather by their want of skill, than by the commonness.

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In the firſt place, I may ſafely grant, that by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more than if a painter ſtudied Raphael, that he might learn to deſign after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own: but I ſhould endeavour to avoid a ſervile copying. I would not give the ſame ſtory under other names, with the ſame characters, in the ſame order, and with the ſame ſequel; for every common reader to find me out at the firſt ſight for a plagiary, and cry, This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verſe. This is like Merry-Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the ſame tricks which his maſter is ſo dextrouſly performing on the high.

I will trouble your Lordſhip but with one objection more, which I know not whether found in Le Fevre or Valais; but I am ſure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, becauſe I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action, ſuppoſe for example, in deſcribing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raiſe our concernments to the higheſt pitch, turns ſhort on the ſudden into ſome ſimilitude, which diverts, ſay they, your attention from the main ſubject, and miſpends it on ſome trivial image. He pours cold water into the cauldron, when his buſineſs is to make it boil.

This accuſation is general againſt all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil leſs than any. He is too great a maſter of his art to make a blot which may ſo eaſily be hit. Similitudes, as I have ſaid, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the paſſions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they ſhould animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unleſs in comedy: a metaphor is almoſt all the ſtage can ſuffer, which is a kind of ſimilitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raiſe the admiration, which is its proper buſineſs. And admiration is not of ſo violent a nature as fear or hope, compaſſion or horror, or any concernment we can have for ſuch or ſuch a perſon on the ſtage. Not but I confeſs, that ſimilitudes and deſcriptions, when drawn into an unreaſonable length, muſt needs nauſeate the reader. Once I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a ſimilitude of fourteen lines; and his deſcription of Fame is about the ſame number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have obſerved of his ſimilitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobſerving critics tell us, in the heat of any action, but commonly in its declining: when he has warmed us in his deſcription as much as poſſibly he can, then, leſt that warmth ſhould languiſh, he renews it by ſome apt ſimilitude, which illuſtrates his ſubject, and yet palls not his audience. I need give your Lordſhip but one example of this kind, and leave the reſt to your obſervation, when next you review the whole Æneis in the original, unblemiſhed by my rude tranſlation. It is in the firſt book, where the poet deſcribes Neptune compoſing the ocean, on which Æolus had raiſed a tempeſt, without his permiſſion. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their uſurping maſter: he had warned them from the ſeas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace; diſpelled the clouds, reſtored the ſunſhine, while Triton and Cymothoë were heaving the ſhips from off the quickſands, before the poet would offer at a ſimilitude for illuſtration.

" Ac, veluti magno in populo cum ſæpe coorta eſt
" Seditio, ſævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
" Jamque faces, et ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat;
" Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
" Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſque auribus adſtant:
" Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet:
" Sic cunctus pelagi accidit fragor, æquora poſtquam
" Proſpiciens genitor, cœloque invectus aperto
" Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora ſecundo."

This is the firſt ſimilitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longeſt in the whole, for which reaſon I the rather cite it. While the ſtorm was in its fury, any alluſion had been improper; for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itſelf; conſequently he could have made no illuſtration. If he could have illuſtrated, it had been an ambitious ornament out of ſeaſon, and would have diverted our concernment: " Nunc, non erat his locus:" and therefore he deferred it to its proper place.

Theſe are the criticiſms of moſt moment which have been made againſt the Æneis, by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions againſt this or that paſſage, Macrobius and Pontanus have anſwered them already. If I deſired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as eaſy for me to have taken their objections and ſolutions, as it is for a country parſon to take the expoſitions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius. Or not to have named the authors from whence I had them: for ſo Ruæus, otherwiſe a moſt judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has uſed Pontanus, his greateſt benefactor; of whom he is very ſilent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At leaſt Ariſtotle has ſet no preciſe limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months; Taſſo, I am ſure, exceeds not a ſummer: and, if I examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much leſs compaſs. Boſſu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's actions were within the year, or took up ſome months beyond it. Indeed the whole diſpute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But, for the ſatisfaction of the more curious, of which number I am ſure your Lordſhip is one, I will

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translate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable, that the action of the Æneis began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard, and the rest whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and a half, ground their calculation thus: Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. Æneas, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy: he is surprised by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens, and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coasts of Afric: he stays at Carthage all that summer, and almost all the winter following: sets sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the spring; meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time: this part of the action completes the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funeral, and shortly after arrives at Cumæ, and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with Latinus; the overture of the war; the siege of his camp by Turnus; his going for succours to relieve it; his return; the raising of the siege by the first battle; the twelve days truce; the second battle; the assault of Laurentum, and the single fight with Turnus; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five months more; by which account we cannot suppose the entire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned Ruæus, who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of the year when Anchises died, to be in the latter end of winter, or in the beginning of the spring; he acknowledges, that when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confesses farther, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

" Quinetiam hiberno moliris sidere classem."

But whereas Ronsard's followers suppose that when Æneas had buried his father, he set sail immediately for Italy (though the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage), Segrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August, at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea, and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time: for, arriving at Carthage in the latter end of summer, staying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the spring, making a short abode in Sicily the second time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the Ronsardians reply, that having been for seven years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father, after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure? To which Segrais answers, that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days: that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships, after so tedious a voyage, and in refreshing his weather-beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These, indeed, are but suppositions on both sides, yet those of Segrais seem better grounded. For the feast of Dido, when she entertained Æneas first, has the appearance of a summer's night, which seems already almost ended when he begins his story: therefore the love was made in autumn; the hunting followed properly, when the heats of that scorching country were declining: the winter was passed in jollity, as the season and their love required: and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the mouth of the Tiber, which marks the season of the spring; that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds, saluting the dawn; and by the beauty of the place: which the poet seems to have painted expressly in the seventh Æneid:

" Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
" Cùm venti posuere; variæ circumque, su-
" praque
" Assuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,
" Æthera mulcebant cantu."

The remainder of the action required but three months more; for when Æneas went for succour to the Tuscans, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander: so that, according to this calculation, the Æneis takes not up above a year complete, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances, treated more at large by Segrais, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caused the tempest described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the Pastorals, but more particularly in the Georgics, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer according to the knowledge of that age. Now Ilioneus (whom Virgil twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempest to Orion, in his speech to Dido:

" Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion."

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation is when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before day-light. The achronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of the day, and in opposition of the sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of Orion is at present computed to be about the sixth of July; and about

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that time it is, that he either cauſes or preſages tempeſts on the ſeas.

Segrais has obſerved farther, that when Anna counſels Dido to ſtay Æneas during winter, ſhe ſpeaks alſo of Orion:

" Dum pelago deſævit hyems, & aquoſus
" Orion."

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our ſuppoſition, underſtand the heliacal riſing of Orion; Anna muſt mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that conſtellation ſeem to manifeſt. Ilioneus calls him " nimboſus:" Anna " aquoſus." He is tempeſtuous in the ſummer when he riſes heliacally, and rainy in the winter when he riſes achronically. Your Lordſhip will pardon me for the frequent repetition of theſe cant words, which I could not avoid in this abbreviation of Segrais, who, I think, deſerves no little commendation in this new criticiſm. I have yet a word or two to ſay of Virgil's machines, from my own obſervation of them. He has imitated thoſe of Homer, but not copied them. It was eſtabliſhed long before this time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods; and both nations, for the moſt part, worſhipped the ſame deities, as did alſo the Trojans; from whom the Romans, I ſuppoſe, would rather be thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the Grecians, becauſe they thought themſelves deſcended from them. Each of thoſe gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had, in propriety, Ganymede and Mercury, and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new miniſters; he muſt take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be ſaid that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the reſt, whom he uſes as he finds occaſion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occaſions for which he uſes them. Venus, after the deſtruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party; therefore we find him buſy in the beginning of the Æneis, to calm the tempeſt raiſed by Æolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in ſafety, with the loſs only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name thoſe two examples amongſt a hundred which I omit: to prove that Virgil, generally ſpeaking, employed his machines in performing thoſe things which might poſſibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a ſtorm at ſea, upon the riſing of Orion? what wonder, if amongſt ſo many ſhips, there ſhould one be overſet, which was commanded by Orontes, though half the winds had not been there which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall aſleep, and drop into the ſea, having been over-wearied with watching, and ſecure of a quiet paſſage, by his obſervation of the ſkies? at leaſt Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this ſenſe:

" O nimium cœlo & pelago confiſe ſereno,
" Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ."

But machines ſometimes are ſpecious things to amuſe the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwiſe incredible. And beſides, it ſoothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods ſo viſibly concerned in all the actions of their predeceſſors. We who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befals us for the beſt, to be brought to paſs by ſome ſpecial providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles; which I could eaſily demonſtrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leiſure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her ſon Æneas, to behold the gods who combated againſt Troy in that fatal night when it was ſurpriſed, we ſhare the pleaſure of that glorious viſion (which Taſſo has not ill copied in the ſacking of Jeruſalem). But the Greeks had done their buſineſs; though neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas, had given them their divine aſſiſtance. The moſt crude machine which Virgil uſes, is in the epiſode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her miſtreſs, kills Aruns. The next is in the twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her ſon Æneas. But in the laſt of theſe, the poet was driven to a neceſſity; for Turnus was to be ſlain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in ſingle combat, unleſs his hurt had been miraculouſly healed. And the poet had conſidered, that the dittany, which ſhe brought from Crete, could not have wrought ſo ſpeedy an effect, without the juice of ambroſia, which ſhe mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not ſeem too violent, we ſee the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was ſkinned; but the ſtrength of his thigh was not reſtored. But what reaſon had our author to wound Æneas at ſo critical a time? And how came the cuiſſes to be worſe tempered than the reſt of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeymen? Theſe difficulties are not eaſily to be ſolved, without confeſſing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found thoſe errors which he reſolved to mend; but being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his laſt teſtament, that his Æneis ſhould be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was ſhot by a goddeſs, the machine was not altogether ſo outrageous as the wounding Mars and Venus by the ſword of Diomede. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impaſſibility, or at leaſt not have been wounded by any mortal hand. Beſide that the ἰχωρ which they ſhed, were ſo very like our common blood, that it was not to be diſtinguiſhed from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace ſays in his Art of Poetry, that no machines are to be uſed, unleſs on ſome extraordinary occaſion,

" Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice no-
" dus;"

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then ſpeaking; and means no more than this, that when the knot of the play is to be un-

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tied, and no other way is left for making the discovery, then, and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience: but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the Dira, or flying pest, which flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections. For the critics, who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword: that of Turnus was not his own (which was forged by Vulcan for his father) but a weapon which he had snatched in haste, and, by mistake, belonging to his charioteer Metiscus. That, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the fates a collateral security by sending the schreech-owl to discourage him. For which they quote these words of Virgil:

"——Non me tua turbida virtus
" Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis."

In answer to which, I say, that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful, or more poetical, than this description of the three Diræ, or the setting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for first he makes God Almighty set the scales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow: then he makes the good angel's scale descend, and the devil's mount; quite contrary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense.

" Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
" Sustinet; & fata imponit diversa duorum:
" Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere
" lethum."

For I have taken these words, " Quem damnet labor," in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place; " Damnabis tu quoque votis;" to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton: for I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Balshazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digression, and I return to my subject. I said above, that these two machines of the balance and the Dira were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them: for, when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was " impar pugna," and that their chief was over-matched. Whereupon Juturna (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph before hand, that her brother was to fight;

" Imparibus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus æquis;"

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The Dira only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat. And in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken;

" ——Non mea tua, turbida virtus
" Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis."

I doubt not but the adverb (solùm) is to be understood, it is not your valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy. For Turnus fled before when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better; which indeed he could not use; because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear. I wonder Ruæus saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly, for giving Turnus a second sword, to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffered to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the Dira was, to warn Juturna from the field, for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother worsted in the duel. I might further add, that Æneas was so eager in the fight that he left the city, now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the sword: whereas Turnus had manifestly declined the combat, and suffered his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could. I say, not only suffered her, but consented to it; for it is plain he knew her by these words:

" O sorror & dudum agnovi, cùm prima per artem
" Fœdera turbasti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;
" Et nunc nequicquam fallis Dea."

I have dwelt so long on this subject, that I must contract what I have to say, in reference to my translation: unless I would swell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your Lordship, when you see so many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in justification or praise of Virgil, is against myself; for presuming to copy, in my coarse English, the thoughts and beautiful expressions of this inimitable poet, who flourished in an age when his language was brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace, I will give your Lordship my opinion, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epods: for his Satires and Epistles, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style;

" Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri."

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And, therefore, as he himſelf profeſſes, are "ſermoni propriora," nearer proſe than verſe. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verſe, is every where elegant, ſweet, and flowing, in his hexameters. His words are not only choſen, but the places in which he ranks them for the ſound; he who removes them from the ſtation wherein their maſter ſet them, ſpoils the harmony. What he ſays of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his: they muſt be read, in order as they lie; the leaſt breath diſcompoſes them, and ſomewhat of their divinity is loſt. I cannot boaſt that I have been thus exact in my verſes, but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my maſter: and am the firſt Engliſhman, perhaps, who made it his deſign to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the ſweetneſs of the ſound. On this laſt conſideration, I have ſhunned the Cæſura as much as poſſibly I could. For wherever that is uſed, it gives a roughneſs to the verſe; of which we can have little need, in a language which is over-ſtocked with conſonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and conſonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have ſomewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their ſweetneſs with Cæſuras. Such difference there is in tongues, that the ſame figure which roughens one, gives majeſty to another: and that was it which Virgil ſtudied in his verſes. Ovid uſes it but rarely; and hence it is that this verſification cannot ſo properly be called ſweet, as luſcious. The Italians are forced upon it, once or twice in every line, becauſe they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is ſo ſoft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other ſide, for the reaſon already named, it is all we can do to give ſufficient ſweetneſs to our language: we muſt not only chooſe our words for elegance, but for ſound; to perform which, a maſtery in the language is required, the poet muſt have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the beſt advantage, that they may go the farther. He muſt alſo know the nature of the vowels, which are more ſonorous, and much more ſoft and ſweet; and ſo diſpoſe them as his preſent occaſions require: all which, and a thouſand ſecrets of verſification beſide, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is reſolved to follow his own verve (as the French call it) the proverb will fall heavily upon him: Who teaches himſelf, has a fool for his maſter.

Virgil employed eleven years upon his Æneis; yet he left it, as he thought himſelf, imperfect. Which when I ſeriouſly conſider, I wiſh, that inſtead of three years which I have ſpent in the tranſlation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my verſion ſomewhat more tolerable than it is; for a poet cannot have two great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours ſhould ſurvive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor ſickneſs, in excuſe of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to ſay: for one of my ſubſcribers grew ſo clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candour of your Lordſhip, and your often experienced goodneſs to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

"Si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
"Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
"Aut humana parùm cavit natura."

You may pleaſe alſo to obſerve, that there is not, to the beſt of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a Cæſura, in this whole poem: but where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a conſonant, or what is its equivalent; for our W and H aſpirate, and our diphthongs are plainly ſuch; the greateſt latitude I take is in the letter Y, when it concludes a word, and the firſt ſyllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule: that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot ſink the pronunciation of it; as He, She, Me, I, &c. Virgil thinks it ſometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verſe of the third Paſtoral:

"Et ſuccus pecori, & lac ſubducitur agnis."

But, "nobis non licet eſſe tam diſertis:" at leaſt if we ſtudy to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an Engliſh Proſodia, containing all the mechanical rules of verſification, wherein I have treated with ſome exactneſs of the feet, the quantities and the pauſes. The French and Italians know nothing of the two firſt; at leaſt their beſt poets have not practiſed them. As for the pauſes, Malherbe firſt brought them into France, within this laſt century; and we ſee how they adorn their Alexandrians. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle which he leaves unſolved,

"Dic quibus in terris, inſcripti nomina regum
"Naſcantur flores, & Phyllida ſolus habeto,"

ſo will I give your Lordſhip another, and leave the expoſition of it to your acute judgment. I am ſure there are few who make verſes, have obſerved the ſweetneſs of theſe two lines in Cooper's-Hill;

"Tho' deep yet, clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

And there are yet fewer who can find the reaſon of that ſweetneſs. I have given it to ſome of my friends in converſation, and they have allowed the criticiſm to be juſt. But, ſince the evil of falſe quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; ſince the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be uſed in heroic poetry; ſince I have not ſtrictly obſerved thoſe rules myſelf, which I can teach others; ſince I pretend to no dictatorſhip among my fellow-poets; ſince if I ſhould inſtruct ſome of them to make well-running verſes, they want genius to give them ſtrength as well as ſweetneſs; and above all, ſince your Lordſhip has adviſed me not to publiſh that little which I know, I look on your counſel as your command, which I ſhall ob-

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ſerve inviolably, till you ſhall pleaſe to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to myſelf, I muſt acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenſer in Engliſh, have been my maſters. Spenſer has alſo given me the boldneſs to make uſe ſometimes of his Alexandrian line; which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric, becauſe Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his Odes. It adds a certain majeſty to the verſe, when it is uſed with judgment, and ſtops the ſenſe from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten ſyllables, in their heroic verſe; but ſince Ronſard's time, as I ſuppoſe, they found their tongue too weak to ſupport their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it ſomewhat of the run and meaſure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than ſtrength: their language is not ſtrung with ſinews like our Engliſh: it has the nimbleneſs of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a maſtiff. Our men and our verſes overbear them by their weight; and "pondere non numero," is the Britiſh motto. The French have ſet up purity for the ſtandard of their language; and a maſculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in compariſon of the Engliſh; more proper for ſonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epic poem is too ſtately to receive thoſe little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits, but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reſerved for queens and goddeſſes. Virgil is never frequent in thoſe turns, like Ovid; but much more ſparing of them in his Æneis, than in his Paſtorals and Georgics:

"Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes."

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have uſed that licence in his Æneis ſometimes; but I own it as my fault. It was given to thoſe who underſtand no better. It is like Ovid's

"Semivirumque bovem, ſemivobemque virum."

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling ſin which he would not be perſuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accuſed the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great maſter has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wiſe enough to imitate Auguſtus, if he had a Maro. The Triumvir and Proſcriber had deſcended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confeſs the baniſhment of Ovid was a blot in his eſcutcheon: yet he was only baniſhed; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour. Arioſto, who, with all his faults, muſt be acknowledged a great poet, has put theſe words into the mouth of an evangeliſt; but whether they will paſs for goſpel now, I cannot tell:

"Non fu ſi ſanto ni benigno Auguſto,
"Come la tuba di Virgilio ſuona;
"L'haver havuto in poeſia buon guſto,
"La proſcrittione iniqua gli pardona."

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenſer wanted only to have read the rules of Boſſu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to ſupport it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their ſkill: and hitherto we have wanted ſkill to perform better. Segrais, whoſe preface is ſo wonderfully good, yet is wholly deſtitute of elevation; though his verſion is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the reſt who have attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongſt the Italians; yet his tranſlation of the Æneis is moſt ſcandalouſly mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verſe, and freed himſelf from the ſhackles of modern rhyme (if it be modern, for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Pſalms were written in as arrant rhyme as they are tranſlated). Now if a Muſe cannot run when ſhe is unfetter'd, it is a ſign ſhe has but little ſpeed. I will not make a digreſſion here, though I am ſtrangely tempted to it; but will only ſay, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verſe. Rhyme is certainly a conſtraint even to the beſt poets, and thoſe who make it with moſt eaſe: though perhaps I have as little reaſon to complain of that hardſhip as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers. What it adds to ſweetneſs, it takes away from ſenſe: and he who loſes the leaſt by it, may be called a gainer: it often makes us ſwerve from an author's meaning. As if a mark be ſet up for an archer at a great diſtance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the leaſt wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white. I return to our Italian tranſlator of the Æneis: he is a ſoot-poet, he lacquies by the ſide of Virgil at the beſt, but never mounts behind him. Doctor Morelli, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be preſumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed me in this opinion by his judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often miſtaken his maſter's ſenſe. I would ſay ſo, if I durſt, but am afraid I have committed the ſame fault more often, and more groſsly: for I have forſaken Ruæus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expoſitions of my own in ſome, quite contrary to him: of which I will give but two examples, becauſe they are ſo near each other, in the tenth Æneid.

"——Sorti pater æquus utrique."

Pallas ſays it to Turnus, juſt before they fight. Ruæus thinks the word pater is to be referred to Evander the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the ſame thing to Evander, if his ſon were ſlain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the cómmon father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped, would ſtand an

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impartial ſpectator of the combat, and not be more favourable to Turnus, than to him. The ſecond is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to enſue, and which Hercules could not hinder (though the young hero had addreſſed his prayers to him for his aſſiſtance): becauſe the gods cannot controul deſtiny.—The verſe follows:

" Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis."

Which the ſame Ruæus thus conſtrues: Jupiter, after he had ſaid this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutilian fields, and beholds the duel. I have given this place another expoſition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a ſight ſo unpleaſing to him. The word rejicit, I know, will admit of both ſenſes; but Jupiter having confeſſed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in conſideration of Hercules, it ſeems to me that he ſhould avert his eyes, rather than take pleaſure in the ſpectacle. But of this I am not ſo confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's ſenſe.

What I have ſaid, though it has the face of arrogance, yet it is intended for the honour of my country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this Engliſh tranſlation has more of Virgil's ſpirit in it, than either the French, or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have tranſlated epiſodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great ſucceſs. As particularly your Lordſhip, whoſe verſion of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongſt the dead authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roſcommon cannot be too much commended. I ſay nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; it is the utmoſt of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and ſome others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and tranſlate it perfectly, and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my ſhoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, fifth, or eight Paſtoral; the firſt or fourth Georgic; and amongſt the Æneids, the fourth, the fifth, the ſeventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in theſe I think I have ſucceeded beſt.

Long before I undertook this work, I was no ſtranger to the original. I had alſo ſtudied Virgil's deſign, his diſpoſition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the ſober retrenchments of his ſenſe, which always leaves ſomewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleaſure; but, above all, the elegance of his expreſſion, and the harmony of his numbers. For, as I have ſaid in a former diſſertation, the words are in poetry, what the colours are in painting. If the deſign be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the firſt beauty that ſtrikes the eye. Spenſer and Milton are the neareſt in Engliſh to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my ſtyle in imitating their maſters. I will further own to you, my Lord, that my chief ambition is to pleaſe thoſe readers who have diſcernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such ſpirits as he deſired to pleaſe, ſuch would I chooſe for my judges, and would ſtand or fall by them alone. Segrais has diſtinguiſhed the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three claſſes (he might have ſaid the ſame of writers too, if he had pleaſed). In the loweſt form he places thoſe whom he calls Les Petits Eſprits: ſuch things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-houſe: who like nothing but the huſk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before ſolid ſenſe, and elegant expreſſion: theſe are mob-readers: if Virgil and Martial ſtood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greateſt appearance in the field, and cry the loudeſt, the beſt on it is, they are but a ſort of French Hugonots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized: who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnaſſus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the ſame level; fit to repreſent them on a montebank's ſtage, or to be maſters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet theſe are they who have the moſt admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their ſtock of ſenſe (as they may by reading better books, and by converſation with men of judgment) they ſoon forſake them: and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the ſwelling writer is reduced into his ſhallow bed, like the Mancanares at Madrid, with ſcarce water to moiſten his own pebbles. There are a middle ſort of readers (as we hold there is a middle ſtate of ſouls) ſuch as have a farther inſight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I ſpeak not of thoſe who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted); but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived ſo far as to diſcern the difference betwixt ſuſtain, or oſtentatious ſentences, and the true ſublime. Theſe are above liking Martial or Owen's epigrams; but they would certainly ſet Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not ſay their poets are of the ſame taſte with their admirers. They affect greatneſs in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatneſs, like that of the vain man whom Seneca deſcribes—an ill habit of body, full of humours, and ſwelled with dropſy. Even theſe too deſert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themſelves are commonly miſled by their pedagogue at ſchool, their tutor at the univerſity, or their governor in their travels: and many of thoſe three ſorts are the moſt poſitive blockheads in the world. How many of thoſe flatulent writers have I known, who have ſunk in their reputation, after ſeven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great ſucceſs at their firſt appearance; but not being of God, as a wit ſaid formerly, they could not ſtand.

I have already named two ſorts of judges, but Virgil wrote for neither of them: and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleaſing the loweſt or the middle form of readers.

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He chose to please the most judicious; souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding: these are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed, judicious poem, which, at its first appearance, gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed, than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at first, which time wears off; the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's Æneis, and Marini's Adone: and if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the Fame which he describes!

"Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo."

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page; "Sequiturque patrem non passi-"bus æquis:" and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your Lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition which I own, of desiring to please the "Judices Natos," I could never have been able to have done any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him: and we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honour; "Nec "dona moror." For Dampier has informed us, in his voyages, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome.

I had, long since, considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally; and Virgil least of any other; for his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother tongue. It is possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the Æneis is not harsh:

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the last line of Manilius, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame,

Where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable.

It is true, I have been sometimes forced upon it in other places of this work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words: for it seldom happens, but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose, and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase; some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own; yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense. They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare; comprehending in one word, what we are constrained to express in two; which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word "pater," for example, signifies not only a father, but your father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed, that Virgil endeavours to be short and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity; for there is he like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase and literal translation, to keep as near my author as I could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words, and those words, I must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavoured to graft on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has, sometimes, two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroic verse is not capable of receiving more than one: and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in choosing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the French translator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English, as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknowledge with Segrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt accord-

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ing to my desire; yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if, in some sort I may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject, before I end the preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line, I should have added, that I take another licence in my verses; for I frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason, because they bound the sense: and therefore. I generally join these two licences together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindaric: for, besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. Spenser is my example for both these privileges of English verses: and Chapman hath followed him in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given into them after both, and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry; and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity: strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has infinewed their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative; yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings: they may come as near it as their master: not that I would discourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchises; and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say, that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure: but, at the same time, I must excuse him; for, through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel, at an age, when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother-tongue, which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus, by gaining abroad, he lost at home: like the painter in the Arcadia, who, going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off: and returned, says Sir Philip Sidney, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presumed to deviate from him and Spenser. They both make hemistichs (or half verses) breaking off in the middle of a line. I confess there are not many such in the Faery Queen: and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of staff is proper for an heroic poem, as being all too lyrical: yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half verses; of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But, I am confident, our poet never meant to leave him, or any other, such a precedent; and I ground my opinion on these two reasons: first, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his Pastorals or Georgics: for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems. But his Æneis he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it; and, in the second place, I reasonably presume, that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because, in one of them, we find the sense imperfect.

" Quem tibi jam Trojâ——"

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a line of nonsense;

" peperit fumante Creüsa."

For Ascanius must have been born some years before the burning of that city, which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself filled up one line of the sixth Æneid, the enthusiasm seizing him while he was reading to Augustus:

" Misenum Æolidem, quo non præstantior alter
" Ære ciere viros."

To which he added in that transport " Martemque " accendere cantu:" and never was a line more nobly finished, for the reasons which I have given in the book of Painting. On these considerations I have shunned hemistichs; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault; like Alexander's courtiers, who affected to hold their necks awry, because he could not help it. I am confident your Lordship is, by this time, of my opinion; and that you would look on those half lines hereafter, as the imperfect products of a hasty Muse: like the frogs and serpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to digest him better: but give me leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned this answer: that Charlemain, who made the Palladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes, but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your Lordship, in my own defence, that, from the beginning of the first Georgic to the end of the last Æneid, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a stock which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words. I, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words; and often repeated two or three whole verses, which

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he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money; and yet we see that the credit not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for some new word; and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt: so that the latter end must needs be more burdensome than the beginning or the middle; and consequently the twelfth Æneid cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money for want of milled; that is, in the same old words which I had used before. And the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not so sacred, as that one iota must not be added or diminished, on pain of an anathema). But slaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation: we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged: if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thanked; for the proud reader will only say, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for, being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched translator has no such privilege: for being tied to thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression; and for this reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Segrais has observed, in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that "mollis amaracus," on which Venus lays Cupid in the first Æneid. If I should translate it sweet-marjoram, as the word signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: for those village words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies, to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb; and to spread roses under him, and strew lilies over him---a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

" Quem quisquis studet æmulari,
" —— ceratis ope Dedalæâ
" Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
" Nomina ponto."

What modern language, or what poet can express the majestic beauty of this one verse amongst a thousand others?

" Aude hospes contemnere opes, et te quoque
" dignum
" Finge Deo."

For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your Lordship, and all my better sort of judges, when you take up my version, and it will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent: but, like Spenser's false Florimel, made of snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems, that I Latinize too much. It is true, that when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin, or any other language: but when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates; for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament, and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables; therefore if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalised, by using it myself; and, if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish betwixt pedantry and poetry: every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages; and, lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this licence very sparingly; for if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed, not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your Lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late earl of Lauderdale sent me over his new translation of the Æneis, which he had ended before I engaged in the same design; neither did I then intend it: but some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I desired his Lordship's leave that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to show for that permission. He resolved to have printed his work, which he might have done two years before I could publish mine; and had performed it, if death had not prevented him. But having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's

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ſenſe: for no man underſtood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that tranſlation by them; which had they pleaſed to have given the public, the judges muſt have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Beſides this help, which was not inconſiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the Æneis, and compare my verſion with the original. I ſhall never be aſhamed to own that this excellent young man has ſhowed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have eaſily found more, and then my tranſlation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who deſire to have their names concealed, ſeeing me ſtraitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the life of Virgil; the two prefaces to the Paſtorals and the Georgics, and all the arguments in proſe to the whole tranſlation; which, perhaps, has cauſed a report that the two firſt poems are not mine. If it had been true that I had taken their verſes for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the ſame ſtyle being continued through the whole, and the ſame laws of verſification obſerved, are proofs ſufficient that this is one man's work: and your Lordſhip is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your Lordſhip may ſee I was in earneſt when I promiſed to haſten to an end, I will not give the reaſons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-ſervice, or in the cant of any profeſſion. I will only ſay, that Virgil has avoided thoſe proprieties, becauſe he writ not to mariners, ſoldiers, aſtronomers, gardeners, peaſants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the firſt quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing the terms. In ſuch caſes, it is enough for a poet to write ſo plainly that he may be underſtood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the firſt Æneid, becauſe I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and conſequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective "vicina" in the ſecond line, and the ſubſtantive "arva" in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obſcurity too long; and is contrary to the clearneſs of his ſtyle.

"Ut quamvis avido,"

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and,

"Gratum opus agricolis,"

are all words unneceſſary, and independent of what he ſaid before.

"Horrentia Martis arma,"

is worſe than any of the reſt. "Horrentia" is ſuch a flat epithet as Tully would have given us in his verſes. It is a mere filler to ſtop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author ſeems to ſound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:

"Arma, virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus ab
"oris."

Scarce a word without an R, and the vowels for the greater part ſonorous. The prefacer began with "Ille ego," which he was conſtrained to patch up in the fourth line with "At nunc," to make the ſenſe cohere. And if both thoſe words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French tranſlator thinks otherwiſe. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion, that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be anſwered by ſuch as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he aſſerts his title to the Æneis, in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former, in the laſt lines of the fourth Georgic. I will not reply otherwiſe to this, than by deſiring them to compare theſe four lines with the four others, which we know are his, becauſe no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot diſtinguiſh creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid de Ponto in his ſtead. My maſter needed not the aſſiſtance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majeſtic mien diſcovers him to be the king, amidſt a thouſand courtiers. It was a ſuperfluous office, and therefore I would not ſet thoſe verſes in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface:

"I, who before, with ſhepherds in the groves,
"Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
"And iſſuing thence, compell'd the neighbouring
"field
"A plenteous crop of riſing corn to yield,
"Manur'd the glebe, and ſtock'd the fruitful
"plain,
"(A poem grateful to the greedy ſwain)," &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all theſe ſix, the prefacer gave me no occaſion to write better. This is a juſt apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole tranſlation: want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuſes I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot juſtify the boldneſs of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any line! For even my own confeſſion makes againſt me; and it will always be returned upon me, Why then did you attempt it? to which no other anſwer can be made, than that I have done him leſs injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length ſo many times by the daubers of almoſt all nations, and ſtill ſo unlike him, that I ſnatched up the pencil with diſdain; being ſatisfied beforehand that I could make ſome ſmall reſemblance of him, though I muſt be content with a worſe likeneſs. A ſixth Paſtoral, a Pharmaceutria, a ſingle Orpheus, and ſome other features, have been exactly taken; but thoſe holiday-authors write for pleaſure, and only ſhowed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

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Be pleaſed, my Lord, to accept, with your wonted goodneſs, this unworthy preſent which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections: and, though ſome part of them are covered in the verſe (as Ericthonius rode always in a chariot to hide his lameneſs), ſuch of them as cannot be concealed you will pleaſe to connive at, though, in the ſtrictneſs of your judgment, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod ſometimes, in ſo long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall aſleep. You took my Aurengzebe into your protection, with all his faults; and I hope here cannot be ſo many, becauſe I tranſlate an author who gives me ſuch examples of correctneſs. What my jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge; if I had ſaid partial, would your Lordſhip have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the world, that I have many times been obliged to your bounty ſince the Revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to aſk one, either of your Lordſhip or your noble kinſman the earl of Dorſet, much leſs of any other; yet, when I leaſt expected it, you have both remembered me: ſo inherent it is in your family not to forget an old ſervant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that where I have been ſo often obliged, I have appeared ſo ſeldom to return my thanks, and where I was alſo ſo ſure of being well received. Somewhat of lazineſs was in the caſe, and ſomewhat too of modeſty, but nothing of diſreſpect or unthankfulneſs. I will not ſay that your Lordſhip has encouraged me to this preſumption, leſt, if my labours meet with no ſucceſs in public, I may expoſe your judgment to be cenſured. As for my own enemies, I ſhall never think them worth an anſwer; and if your Lordſhip has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce ſomewhat better of their own, than your Eſſay on Poetry. It was on this conſideration that I have drawn out my preface to ſo great a length. Had I not addreſſed to a poet and a critic of the firſt magnitude, I had myſelf been taxed for want of judgment, and ſhamed my patron for want of underſtanding. But neither will you, my Lord, ſo ſoon be tired as any other, becauſe the diſcourſe is on your art: neither will the learned reader think it tedious, becauſe it is "ad clerum." At leaſt, when he begins to be weary, the church-doors are open. That I may purſue the allegory with a ſhort prayer, after a long ſermon,

May you live happily and long, for the ſervice of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry! which cannot be wiſhed more earneſtly by any man, than by

Your Lordſhip's

moſt humble, moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

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BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a ſeven years voyage, ſet ſail for Italy; but are overtaken by the dreadful ſtorm, which Æolus raiſes at Juno's requeſt. The tempeſt ſinks one, and ſcatters the reſt. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the ſea. Æneas, with his own ſhip, and ſix more, arrives ſafe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her ſon's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and ſends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to diſcover the country, meets his mother in the ſhape of an huntreſs, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he ſees his friends whom he thought loſt, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a paſſion for him, and, after ſome diſcourſe with him, deſires the hiſtory of his adventures ſince the ſiege of Troy, which is the ſubject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I ſing, who forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan ſhore;
Long labours, both by ſea and land, he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the deſtin'd town:
His baniſh'd gods reſtor'd to rites divine,
And ſettled ſure ſucceſſion in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majeſtic Rome.
O, Muſe! the cauſes and the crimes relate,
What goddeſs was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To perſecute ſo brave, ſo juſt a man!
Involv'd his anxious life in endleſs cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heavenly minds ſuch high reſentment ſhow;
Or exerciſe their ſpite in human woe?
Againſt the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was ſeated on the ſea:
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and ſtudious of their trade.
Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian ſhore.
Here ſtood her chariot, here, if heaven were kind,
The ſeat of awful empire ſhe deſign'd.
Yet ſhe had heard an ancient rumour fly
(Long cited by the people of the ſky);
That times to come ſhould ſee the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor, thus confin'd, the yoke of ſovereign ſway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war ſhe wag'd of late,
For conquering Greece againſt the Trojan ſtate.
Beſides, long cauſes working in her mind,
And ſecret ſeeds of envy, lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form diſdain'd:
The grace beſtow'd on raviſh'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed;
Each was a cauſe alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far diſtant from the Latian coaſt,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan hoſt:
And ſeven long years th' unhappy wandering train
Were toſs'd by ſtorms, and ſcatter'd through the main.
Such time, ſuch toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for ſo vaſt a frame.
Now ſcarce the Trojan fleet with ſails and oars
Had left behind the fair Sicilian ſhores;
Entering with cheerful ſhouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring ſtill with endleſs diſcontent,
The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent.
Then am I vanquiſh'd, muſt I yield, ſaid ſhe,
And muſt the Trojans reign in Italy?
So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy courſe.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful ſpleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himſelf preſum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath ſhe toſs'd the ſhip,
And bare expos'd the boſom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch yet hiſſing with her father's flame
She ſtrongly ſeiz'd, and, with a burning wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock ſhe bound.
But I, who walk in awful ſtate above,
The majeſty of heaven, the ſiſter-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitleſs force employ
Againſt the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my ſlighted altars lay?
Thus rag'd the goddeſs, and, with fury fraught,
The reſtleſs regions of the ſtorms ſhe ſought;
Where, in a ſpacious cave of living ſtone,
The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the ſtruggling winds,
And ſounding tempeſts in dark priſons binds,

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This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, preſſing for releaſe, the mountains rend:
High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch ſtands,
And ſhakes his ſceptre, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unreſiſted ſway
Would ſweep the world before them in their way:
Earth, air, and ſeas, through empty ſpace would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving ſoul!
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to thoſe dark abodes,
And lock'd them faſe within, oppreſs'd with mountain loads:
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary ſway,
To looſe their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the ſuppliant queen her prayers addreſt,
And thus the tenor of her ſuit expreſs'd.
O Æolus! for to thee the king of heaven
The power of tempeſts and of winds has given:
Thy force alone their fury can reſtrain,
And ſmooth the waves, or ſwell the troubled main:
A race of wandering ſlaves abhorr'd by me,
With proſperous paſſage cut the Thuſcan ſea:
To fruitful Italy their courſe they ſteer,
And for their vanquiſh'd gods deſign new temples there.
Raiſe all thy winds, with night involve the ſkies;
Sink or diſperſe my fatal enemies.
Twice ſeven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my perſon wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wiſh, and ſecond my deſign,
The faireſt, Deiopeia, ſhall be thine;
And make thee father of a happy line.
To this the god—'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
Theſe airy kingdoms, and the wide command,
Are all the preſents of your bounteous hand;
Yours is my ſovereign's grace, and as your gueſt,
I ſit with gods at their celeſtial feaſt;
Raiſe tempeſts at your pleaſure, or ſubdue;
Diſpoſe of empire, which I hold from you!
He ſaid, and hurl'd againſt the mountain ſide
His quivering ſpear, and all the god apply'd!
The raging winds ruſh through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and ſkim along the ground:
Then, ſettling on the ſea, the ſurges ſweep;
Raiſe liquid mountains, and diſcloſe the deep!
South, eaſt, and weſt, with mix'd confuſion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the ſhore.
The cables crack, the ſailors' fearful cries
Aſcend; and ſable night involves the ſkies;
And heaven itſelf is raviſh'd from their eyes!
Loud peals of thunder from the poles enſue,
Then flaſhing fires the tranſient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And preſent death in various forms appears!
Struck with unuſual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief!
And thrice, and four times happy thoſe, he cry'd,
That under Ilian walls before their parents dy'd!
Tydides, braveſt of the Grecian train,
Why could not I by that ſtrong arm be ſlain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain:
O great Sarpedon, in thoſe bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the ſhields
Of heroes, whoſe diſmember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed ſpear!
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove againſt his flying ſails,
And rent the ſheets: the raging billows riſe,
And mount the toſſing veſſel to the ſkies:
Nor can the ſhivering oars ſuſtain the blow;
The galley gives her ſide, and turns her prow:
While thoſe aſtern deſcending down the ſteep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep!
Three ſhips were hurry'd by the ſouthern blaſt,
And on the ſecret ſhelves with fury caſt!
Thoſe hidden rocks, th' Auſonian ſailors knew,
They call'd them altars, when they roſe in view,
And ſhow'd their ſpacious backs above the flood!
Three more fierce Eurus in his angry mood
Daſh'd on the ſhallows of the moving ſand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land!
Orontes' bark that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horid ſight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From ſtem to ſtern, by waves was overborne:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn, [toſt,
Was headlong hurl'd: thrice round, the ſhip was
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was loſt!
And here and there above the waves were ſeen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men!
The ſtouteſt veſſel to the ſtorm gave way,
And ſuck'd thro' looſen'd planks the ruſhing ſea!
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not leſs: their ſhips, with gaping ſeams,
Admit the deluge of the briny ſtreams!
Mean time imperial Neptune heard the ſound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
Diſpleas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main:
Serene in majeſty, then roll'd his eyes
Around this ſpace of earth, and ſeas, and ſkies.
He ſaw the Trojan fleet diſpers'd, diſtreſs'd,
By ſtormy winds and wintry heaven oppreſs'd.
Full well the god his ſiſter's envy knew,
And what her aims, and what her arts purſue:
He ſummon'd Eurus and the weſtern blaſt,
And firſt an angry glance on both he caſt:
Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel inſolence?
Is it for you to ravage ſeas and land,
Unauthoris'd by my ſupreme command?
To raiſe ſuch mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I——But firſt 'tis fit the billows to reſtrain, [reign,
And then you ſhall be taught obedience to my
Hence, to your Lord my royal mandate bear,
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the ſea.
His power to hollow caverns is confin'd,
There let him reign, the jailer of the wind:
With hoarſe commands his breathing ſubjects call,
And boaſt and bluſter in his empty hall! [ſea,
He ſpoke; and while he ſpoke, he ſmooth'd the
Diſpell'd the darkneſs, and reſtor'd the day:
Cymothoë, Triton, and the ſea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, and daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the veſſels with their hands;
The god himſelf with ready trident ſtands,
And opes the deep, and ſpreads the moving ſands;

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Then heaves them off the ſhoals; where'er he guides
His finny courſers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the ſea ſubſides.
As when in tumults riſe the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And ſtones and brands in rattling vollies fly,
And all the ruſtic arms that fury can ſupply;
If then ſome grave and pious man appear,
They huſh their noiſe, and lend a liſtening ear;
He ſooths with ſober words their angry mood,
And quenches their inmate deſire of blood:
So when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the ſeas his ſovereign trident rears,
Their fury fails: he ſkims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and with looſen'd reins
Majeſtic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their ſhatter'd oars
To neareſt land, and make the Libyan ſhores.
Within a long receſs there lies a bay,
An iſland ſhades it from the rolling ſea,
And forms a port ſecure for ſhips to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either ſide:
In double ſtreams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a ſylvan ſcene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is form'd beneath, with moſſy ſeats,
To reſt the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The cryſtal ſtreams deſcend in murmuring falls.
No hawſers need to bind the veſſels here,
Nor bearded anchors, for no ſtorms they fear.
Seven ſhips within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the ſcatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and ſpent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and ſeek their wiſh'd repoſe.
Firſt, good Achates, with repeated ſtrokes
Of claſhing flints, their hidden fire provokes;
Short flame ſucceeds a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying ſparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they riſe,
And, fed with ſtronger food, invade the ſkies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or ſtand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground;
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a proſpect of the ſeas below:
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could ſpy;
Or ſee the ſtreamers of Caïcus fly.
No veſſels there in view: but, on the plain,
Three beamy ſtags commands a lordly train
Of branching heads; the more ignoble throng
Attend their ſtately ſteps, and ſlowly graze along.
He ſtood; and while ſecure they fed below,
He took the quiver, and the truſty bow
Achates uſed to bear; the leaders firſt
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the ſhady plain
Seven mighty bodies with their blood diſtain.
For the ſeven ſhips he made an equal ſhare,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
The jars of generous wine (Aceſtes' gift,
When his Trinacrian ſhores the navy left)
He ſet abroach, and for the feaſt prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'ſon ſhar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief,
With cheerful words, allay'd the common grief:
Endure, and conquer; Jove will ſoon diſpoſe
To future good, our paſt and preſent woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd;
Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd.
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Reſume your courage, and diſmiſs your care.
An hour will come, with pleaſure to relate
Your ſorrows paſt, as benefits of fate.
Through various hazards and events we move
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the ſeat (the promiſe of the ſkies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may riſe.
Endure the hardſhips of your preſent ſtate,
Live, and reſerve yourſelves for better fate.
These words he ſpoke; but ſpoke not from his heart:
His outward ſmiles conceal'd his inward ſmart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the paſt,
The quarry ſhare, there plenteous dinner haſte:
Some ſtrip the ſkin, ſome portion out the ſpoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil:
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the graſſy turf, at eaſe they dine;
Reſtore their ſtrength with meat, and cheer their ſouls with wine.
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their abſent friends;
Alternate hopes and fears their minds poſſeſs,
Whether to deem them dead, or in diſtreſs.
Above the reſt, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain ſtate
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
The day, but not their ſorrows, ended thus.
When, from aloft, almighty Jove ſurveys
Earth, air, and ſhores, and navigable ſeas,
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes:
Whom, pondering thus on human miſeries,
When Venus ſaw, ſhe with a lively look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly fire beſpoke:
O king of gods and men, whoſe awful hand
Diſperſes thunder on the ſeas and land;
Diſpoſes all with abſolute command:
How could my pious ſon thy power incenſe?
Or what, alas! is vaniſh'd Troy's offence?
Our hope of Italy not only loſt
On various ſeas, by various tempeſts toſt,
But ſhut from every ſhore, and barr'd from every coaſt.
You promis'd once, a progeny divine,
Of Romans, riſing from the Trojan line,
In after-times ſhould hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war!
Then fates to fates I could oppoſe; but now,
When fortune ſtill purſues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worſe can ſtill ſucceed?
What end of labours has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midſt of Grecian hoſts,
Could paſs ſecure, and pierce the Illyrian coaſts:
Where, rolling down the ſteep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels diſembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy ſeat,
And gave his Trojans a ſecure retreat:

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There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:
But we, defcended from your facred line,
Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
Are baniſh'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
Are theſe our ſceptres? theſe our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?
To whom, the father of immortal race,
Smiling with that ſerene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the ſkies,
Firſt gave a holy kiſs; then thus replies: [ſtate:
Daughter, diſmiſs thy fears: to thy deſire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and ſtand entire.
Thou ſhalt behold thy with'd Lavinian walls,
And, ripe for heaven, when fate Æneas calls,
Then ſhalt thou bear him up, ſublime, to me:
No councils have revers'd my firm decree.
And, leſt new fears diſturb thy happy ſtate,
Know, I have ſearch'd the myſtic rolls of fate:
Thy ſon (nor is th' appointed ſeaſon far)
In Italy ſhall wage ſucceſsful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And ſovereign laws impoſe, and cities build.
Till, after every foe ſubdued, the ſun
Thrice through the ſigns his annual race ſhall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Aſcanius then,
Now call'd Iulus, ſhall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown ſhall wear:
Then from Lavinium ſhall the ſeat transfer:
And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build;
The throne with his ſucceſſion ſhall be fill'd,
Three hundred circuits more: then ſhall be ſeen,
Ilia the fair, a prieſteſs and a queen.
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws
Shall, at a birth, two goodly boys diſcloſe.
The royal babes a tawny wolf ſhall drain,
Then Romulus his grandfire's throne ſhall gain,
Of martial towers the founder ſhall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them, no bounds of empire I aſſign;
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endleſs broils,
Earth, ſeas, and heaven, and Jove himſelf turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly power ſhall join,
To cheriſh and advance the Trojan line.
The ſubject world ſhall Rome's dominion own,
And, proſtrate, ſhall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When Troy ſhall overturn the Grecian ſtate:
And ſweet revenge her conquering ſons ſhall call,
To cruſh the people that conſpir'd her fall.
Then Cæſar from the Julian ſtock ſhall riſe,
Whoſe empire ocean, and whoſe fame the ſkies,
Alone ſhall bound; whom, fraught with Eaſtern ſpoils,
Our heaven, the juſt reward of human toils,
Securely ſhall repay with rites divine;
And incenſe ſhall aſcend before his ſacred ſhrine.
Then dire debate, and impious war ſhall ceaſe,
And the ſtern age be ſoften'd into peace:
Then baniſh'd faith ſhall once again return,
And veſtal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus ſhall ſuſtain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force reſtrain.
Janus himſelf before his fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful iſſues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Impriſon'd fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd, of uſeleſs arms,
He ſits, and threats the world with vain alarms.
He ſaid, and ſent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan gueſts; leſt, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and ſtate:
Down from the ſteep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves, with all his wings, the yielding ſkies.
Soon on the Libyan ſhore deſcends the god,
Performs his meſſage, and diſplays his rod;
The ſurly murmurs of the people ceaſe,
And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace.
The queen herſelf ſuſpends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cauſe.
Mean time, in ſhades of night Æneas lies;
Care ſeiz'd his ſoul, and ſleep forſook his eyes:
But when the ſun reſtor'd the cheerful day,
He roſe, the coaſt and country to ſurvey,
Anxious and eager to diſcover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated ſhore:
But whether human kind, or beaſts alone
Poſſeſs'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
Tall trees ſurround the mountains ſhady ſides:
The bending brow above a ſafe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his ſteps attends.
Lo, in the deep receſſes of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddeſs mother ſtood:
A huntreſs in her habit and her mien;
Her dreſs a maid, her air conſeſs'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Looſe was her hair, and wanton'd on the wind;
Her hand ſuſtain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind.
She ſeem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With ſuch array Harpalice beſtrode [pid flood.
Her Thracian courſer, and out-ſtripp'd the ra-
Ho! ſtrangers! have you lately ſeen, ſhe ſaid,
One of my ſiſters, like myſelf array'd;
Who croſs'd the lawn, or in the foreſt ſtray'd?
A painted quiver at her back ſhe bore,
Vary'd with ſpots, a lynx's hide ſhe wore:
And at full cry purſu'd the tuſky boar?
Thus Venus: Thus her ſon reply'd again,
None of your ſiſters have we heard or ſeen,
O Virgin! Or what other name you bear
Above that ſtyle; O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celeſtial birth betray!
If, as you ſeem, the ſiſter of the day;
Or one, at leaſt, of chaſte Diana's train.
Let not an humble ſuppliant ſue in vain:
But tell a ſtranger, long in tempeſts toſs'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coaſt?
Then on your name ſhall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall.
I dare not, ſhe reply'd, aſſume the name
Of goddeſs, or celeſtial honours claim:
For Tyrian Virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buſkins o'er their ancles wear.

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Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are:
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate,
Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed: and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd;
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensu'd, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed:
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals:
Then warns the widow and her household gods
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea,
With prosperous winds, a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driven,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heaven!
At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise:
There bought a space of ground, which, Byrsa call'd
From the bull's hide, they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?
To whom; with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate!
Through such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came,
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name:
On various seas, by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast:
The good Æneas am I call'd, a name,
While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes;
To fruitful Italy my course was bent,
And from the king of heaven is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce seven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet:
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone.
His tender parent could no longer bear;
But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.
Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by heaven,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driven,
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success, for more:
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold, in beauteous order move,
And stoop, with closing pinions, from above:
Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And, through the clouds, pursu'd the scattering throng:
Now all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuits of the skies in rings:
Not otherwise your ships, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful, but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view.
Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair; ground,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known.
The prince pursu'd the parting deity,
With words like these: Ah! whither dost thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son!
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own!
Against the goddess these complaints he made;
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds,
With mists, their persons, and involves in clouds:
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
To visit Paphos, and her native clime:
Where garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn prayer,
A hundred altars in her temple smoke,
A thousand bleeding hearts her power invoke.
They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now, at a nearer distance, view the town:
The prince, with wonder, sees the stately towers,
Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely bowers;
The gates and streets; and hears from every part
The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: some extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.
Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which first design'd, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre:
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.

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Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flowery plains;
When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the sun:
Some lead their youth abroad, while some con-
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense.
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise;
Æneas said; and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty towers: then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
And, digging here, a prosperous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreshow:
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build and consecrate:
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wandering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd;
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists and their arts renown:
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he spies,
And fierce Achilles who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said, O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear:
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands?
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.
He said: his tears a ready passage find,
Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind.
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursu'd by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view.
And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword
The centries slew, nor spar'd their slumbering lord.
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troïlus defy'd
Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
Was by his horses hurry'd o'er the plains:
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around,
The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound;
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.
Mean time the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear:
But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with prayer.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son is sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd,
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast:
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire, his helpless hand extend.
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain;
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race;
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes:
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido with a numerous train,
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And, passing with a gracious glance proceeds:
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine;
In crowds around the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines every private cause.
Their tasks, in equal portions, she divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way, by chance, Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends:
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cleanthus strong,
And, at their backs, a mighty Trojan throng;
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And, from the hollow cloud, his friends surveys:
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate;

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And why they came, and what was their request;
For these were sent, commission'd by the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
O queen! indulg'd by favour of the gods,
To found an empire in these new abodes;
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign;
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on every shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore:
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race.
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away:
Nor such our strength, nor such his our desire,
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold:
Th' Oenotrians held it once; by common fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and every warring element
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea ourselves on; the south with mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
Unless your interpose, a shipwreck here;
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barbarous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again!
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Æneas was our prince; a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword:
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we his friends of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars;
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men! the fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main;
And if our young Iülus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore;
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn.
Thus spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew
With cries and clamours his request renew.
The modest queen a while, with down-cast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
Trojans, dismiss your fears: my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes:
Who has not heard the story of your woes?
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valour of the Phrygian race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or, driven by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes' government;
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly powers,
To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers.
My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
And would to heaven the storm, you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wandering king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of every winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest.
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud;
Achates found it; and thus urg'd his way:
From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome sure
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants: and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main!
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid,
The rest agrees with what your mother said.
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine;
And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold.
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
He whom you seek am I: by tempests tost,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast:
Preventing, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress.
You, who your pious offices employ
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy,
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore;
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wandering train,
And strangers in your palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who scatter'd through the world in exile mourn?
The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd,
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind;
And more than all the gods, your generous heart,
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth:
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heaven the radiant sun:
While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise, shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind.

Thus having ſaid; he turn'd with pious haſte,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Sereſtus with his left; then to his breaſt
Gloanthus and the noble Gyas preſs'd;
And ſo by turns deſcended to the reſt.
The Tyrian queen ſtood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, raviſh'd with his grace:
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected ſtood; and thus began:
What fate, O goddeſs-born, what angry powers
Have caſt you ſhipwreck'd on our barren ſhores?
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celeſtial ſeed your lineage claim?
The ſame Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchiſes on th' Idean ſhore?
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd;
And ſought my father's aid, to be reſtor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and ſword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And conquering, finiſh'd the ſucceſsful war.
From him the Trojan ſiege I underſtood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illuſtrious blood.
Your foe himſelf the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own anceſtry from Trojans rais'd.
Enter, my noble gueſt; and you ſhall find,
If not a coſtly welcome, yet a kind.
For I myſelf, like you, have been diſtreſs'd;
Till heaven afforded me this place of reſt.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes, ſo like my own.
She ſaid, and to the palace led her gueſt,
Then offer'd incenſe, and proclaim'd a feaſt.
Nor yet leſs careful for her abſent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ſhips he ſends:
Beſides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
And jars of generous wine, and ſpacious bowls,
She gives to cheer the ſailors drooping ſouls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
And ſumptuous feaſts are made in ſplendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of maſſy plate the ſide-boards ſhine.
And antic vaſes all of gold emboſs'd
(The gold itſelf inferior to the coſt):
Of curious work, where on the ſides were ſeen
The fights and figures of illuſtrious men;
From their firſt founder to the preſent queen.
The good Æneas, whoſe paternal care
Iülus' abſence could no longer bear,
Diſpatch'd Achates to the ſhips in haſte,
To give a glad relation of the paſt;
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
A robe of tiſſue, ſtiff with golden wire;
An upper veſt, once Helen's rich attire;
From Argos by the fam'd adultreſs brought:
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought;
Her mother Leda's preſent, when ſhe came
To ruin Troy, and ſet the world on flame.
The ſceptre Priam's eldeſt daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown ſhe wore;
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order ſet with gems, and one with gold.
Inſtructed thus, the wiſe Achates goes:
And in his diligence his duty ſhows.

But Venus, anxious for her ſon's affairs,
New counſels tries: and new deſigns prepares;
That Cupid ſhould aſſume the ſhape and face
Of ſweet Aſcanius, and the ſprightly grace:
Should bring her preſents, in her nephew's ſtead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poiſon ſhed.
For much ſhe fear'd the Tyrian's, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
Theſe thoughts by night her golden ſlumbers broke;
And thus alarm'd to winged love ſhe ſpoke:
My ſon, my ſtrength, whoſe mighty power alone
Controls the thunderer on his awful throne;
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy ſuccour, and thy faith relies.
Thou know'ſt my ſon, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life.
And often haſt thou mourn'd with me his pains;
Him Dido now with blandiſhment detains:
But I ſuſpect the town where Juno reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart.
A love ſo violent, ſo ſtrong, ſo ſure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
Aſcanius, by his father, is deſign'd
To come, with preſents, laden from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleaſing ſleep,
And, raviſh'd, in Idalian bowers to keep:
Or high Cythera: that the ſweet deceit
May paſs unſeen, and none prevent the cheat,
Take thou his form and ſhape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving ſpace;
Thyſelf a boy, aſſume a boy's diſſembled face.
That when, amidſt the fervour of the feaſt,
The Tyrian hugs, and fonds thee on her breaſt,
And with ſweet kiſſes in her arms conſtrains,
Thou mayſt infuſe thy venom in her veins.
The god of love obeys, and ſets aſide
His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:
He walks Iülus in his mother's ſight;
And in the ſweet reſemblance takes delight.
The goddeſs then to young Aſcanius flies,
And, in a pleaſing ſlumber, ſeals his eyes;
Lull'd in her lap, amidſt a train of loves,
She gently bears him to her bliſsful groves:
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And ſoftly lays him on a flowery bed.
Cupid, mean time, aſſum'd his form and face,
Following Achates with a ſhorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already ſate,
Amidſt the Trojan lords, in ſhining ſtate,
High on a golden bed: her princely gueſt
Was next her ſide, in order ſate the reſt.
Then caniſters with bread are heap'd on high;
Th attendants water for their hands ſupply;
And, having waſh'd, with ſilken towels dry.
Next, fifty handmaids in long order bore
The cenſers, and with fumes the gods adore.
Then youths, and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the diſhes, and to ſerve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feaſt,
Approach, and on the painted couches reſt.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze;
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze.

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His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the gods disguise.
Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.
But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god, about the hero long,
With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
How dire a god she drew so near her breast.
But he, not mindless of his mother's prayer,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair;
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love resign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
The meat remov'd, and every guest was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
And through the palace cheerful cries resound,
From gilded roofs depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine,
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she
O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke, [spoke:
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and power?
Bless to both nations this auspacious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In lasting concord, from this day combine,
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here:
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To heaven with mine, to ratify the peace.
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground),
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace;
Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias, whom she call'd, a thirsty soul,
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl:
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimer saw.
The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught.
The various labours of the wandering moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun.
Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense;
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence.
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song;
Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight.
Of Priam much inquir'd, of Hector more;
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore;
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore.
The steeds of Diomede vary'd the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force.
At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
To hear the series of the war desir'd:
Relate at large, my godlike guest, she said,
The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd;
The fatal issue of so long a war, [clare.
Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes, declare.
For, since on every sea, on every coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Seven times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken, not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was design'd for him.

All were attentive to the godlike man,
When, from his lofty couch, he thus began:
Great queen! what you command me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate,
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every woe the Trojans underwent:
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was:
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.

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But, since you take such interest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befel.
By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war;
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which, like a steed of monstrous height, appear'd;
The sides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend; but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide;
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
Renown'd for wealth; but since a faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay.
There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for Greece
The sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and, with delight, survey
The camp deserted where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the several chiefs they shew'd,
Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode,
Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ
(The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy).
Thymœtes first ('tis doubtful whether his'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd;
Or to the watery deep: at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore:
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, followed by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;
O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone,
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must include,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd; by fraud or force;
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides transpierc'd return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing thro' the wound.
And had not heaven the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better mind:
Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood.

Mean time, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands, before the king:
Taken, to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray.
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd,
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around;
Then said, Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.
His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can, nor dare, my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name:
Though plung'd by fortune's power in misery,
'Tis not in fortune's power to make me lye.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times;
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes:
Because the fatal wars he would prevent; [ment;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament;
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care:
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the councils of the court,
I made some figure there: nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the peoples' hearts;
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinsman fell; then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state:
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent heaven once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate, and soon ensu'd
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
And fought, by treason, my devoted head:
New crimes invented, left untorn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own,
Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought;
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know,
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:

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My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations on our longing hearts;
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursu'd:
Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And weary'd with an unsuccessful war)
Retolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintery seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home and chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupenduous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled through a sky serene:
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus, t' enquire their fate, was sent;
He from the gods this dreadful answer brought;
O Grecians! when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought!
So must your safe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the main!
The spreading rumour round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:
Him bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
The public victim, to redeem the state.
Already some presag'd the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
The intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
Till, tir'd with endless clamours, and pursuit
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute:
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die!
All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.
The dismal day was come, the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends or native soil again?
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require?
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine!
Which, O, if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.
False tears true pity move: the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words; Dismiss thy fears,
Forget the Greeks, be mine as thou wert theirs:
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd this pile?
Thus said the king. He, full of fraudful arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
Ye lamps of heaven! he said, and lifted high
His hands now free, thou venerable sky,
Inviolable powers, ador'd with dread,
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled,
Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king! preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew,
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands:
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
Their courage languish'd as their hopes decay'd,
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care:
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around;
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heavenly limbs distill'd a briny sweat,
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield!
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare,
And hope no conquest from the tedious war:
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with prayers besought
Her injur'd power, and better omens brought:
And now their navy ploughs the watery main,
Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
For her stolen statue, and her tower betray'd;
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous frame:
So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates.
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast.
For so religion and the gods ordain;
That if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn)!
But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands,
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.
With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts,
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years siege had done:
False tears and fawning words the city won.
A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment:
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer.
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spy'd
Two serpents rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.

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Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below:
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And, on the sounding shore, the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws that sputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make:
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest, thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots,
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks the bands, the fatal altar flies, [skies.
And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all; the general cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offer'd, to th' offended maid.
A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare,
And fasten to the horses feet: the rest
With cabels hawl along th' unwieldly beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls:
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threats the town.
O sacred city! built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he stuck; as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We hawl along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tower.
Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd the unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the gods decree,
All heard, and none believ'd, the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.
Mean time the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
Our men secure, nor guards nor centries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores:
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light.
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide:
Then Thoas, Athmas, and Pyrrhus haste;
Nor was the Podalyrian hero last:
Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
T' invade th' town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake, first meet their fate,
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector' ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears.
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Thro' the bor'd holes, his body black with dust.
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils:
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds, he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran:
I wept to see the visionary man:
And, while my trance continu'd, thus began:
O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
With length of labours, and with toils of war?
After so many funerals of thy own?
Are thou restor'd to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?
To this the spectre no reply did frame;
But answer'd to the cause for which he came:
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning, in these mournful words, express'd;
O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes, already, have possess'd the wall,
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect.
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods;
With ancient Vesta, from the sacred choir
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
Now peals of shouts come thundering from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war!
The noise approaches, through our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass with a wood.

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Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms!
Fear broke my slumbers: I no longer stay,
But mount the terrass, thence the town survey:
And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey!
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls and mows the standing corn:
Or deluges descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of labouring oxen, and the peasant's gains:
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey!
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees, from far,
The wasteful ravage of the watery war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd!
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
With splendor not their own; and shine with Trojan light.
New clamours and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries!
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms!
But first to gather friends, with them to oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd;
With sense of honour, and revenge inspir'd!
Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame;
With relics loaden to my doors he fled,
And, by the hand, his tender grandson led.
What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus with a groan,
Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands!
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse!
Within the gates proud Sinon throws about
The flames, and foes for entrance press without.
With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To several posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide.
The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise;
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.
I heard; and heaven, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me, through lifted swords and rising fires,
To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls,
And rush undaunted to defend the walls!
Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
With young Chorœbus, who by love was led
To win renown, and fair Cassandra's bed;
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid:
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in arms to fall,
And that one spirit animated all;
Brave souls, said I, but brave, alas! in vain:
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
You see the desperate state of our affairs;
And heaven's protecting powers are deaf to prayers.
The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town involv'd in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
Despair of life, the means of living shows.
So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire!
As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour through the fields, nor fear the stormy night,
Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood,
So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,
Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try!
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
Th' unequal combat in the public square:
Night was our friend, our leader was Despair.
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright!
An ancient and imperial city falls,
The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
Houses and holy temples float in blood,
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall, but, in their turn,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from despair and night;
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly death in sundry shapes appears!
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land:
From whence, said he, my friends, this long delay?
You loiter, while the spoils are borne away.
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store,
And you, like truants, come too late ashore,
He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found by the doubtful answers which we make:
Amaz'd he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight,
But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant in a bushy brake,
Has, with unwary footing, press'd a snake,
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos flies!
In vain; for him and his we compass round,
Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
And of their lives an easy conquest sound.
Thus fortune on our first endeavour smil'd;
Chorœbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with success, and of a daring mind,
This new invention fatally design'd.
My friends, said he, since fortune shows the way,
'Tis fit we should the auspicious guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans good?
Then change we shields, and their devices bear,
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms. This said, himself he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
His painted buckler, and his plumy crest.

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Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and ſtrip the ſlain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill preſage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
Unknown, aſſaulting whom we blindly meet,
And ſtrew, with Grecian carcaſes, the ſtreet.
Thus while their ſtraggling parties we defeat,
Some to the ſhore and ſafer ſhips retreat:
And ſome, oppreſs'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horſe and pant in ſecret there.
But ah! what uſe of valour can be made,
When heaven's propitious powers refuſe their aid
Behold the royal propheteſs, the fair
Caſſandra, dragg'd by her diſhevel'd hair;
Whom not Minerva's ſhrine, nor ſacred bands,
In ſafety could protect from ſacrilegious hands:
On heaven ſhe caſt her eyes, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe cry'd,
('Twas all ſhe could), her tender arms were ty'd.
So ſad a ſight Chorœbus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, diſtracted with deſpair,
Amid the barbarous raviſhers he flew;
Our leader's raſh example we purſue;
But ſtorms of ſtones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we ſeem'd in ſhow.
They aim at the miſtaken creſts, from high,
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with anger and diſdain to ſee
Their troops diſpers'd, the royal virgin free;
The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole ſquadron of Theſſalian horſe.
Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the ſky,
South, eaſt, and weſt, on airy courſers borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus ſtrikes the deep, the billows riſe,
And, mix'd with ooze and ſand, pollute the ſkies.
The troops we ſquander'd firſt, again appear
From ſeveral quarters, and incloſe the rear.
They firſt obſerve, and to the reſt betray,
Our different ſpeech; our borrow'd arms ſurvey.
Oppreſs'd with odds, we fall; Chorœbus firſt,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Juſt of his word, obſervant of the right: {tends,
Heaven thought not ſo: Dymas their fate at-
With Hypanis, miſtaken by their friends.
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, ſav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your teſtimony bear
What I perform'd, and what I ſuffer'd there:
No ſword avoiding in the fatal ſtrife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
Witneſs, ye heavens! I live not by my fault
I ſtrove to have deſerv'd the death I ſought.
But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
Borne off to diſtance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' inveſted palace ring;
We run to die, or diſengage the king.
So hot th' aſſault, ſo high the tumult roſe,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppoſe,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow ſpace:
Or as all Ilium elſe were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and ſlaughter only there.
Their targets in a tortoiſe caſt, the foes
Secure advancing, to the turrets roſe:
Some mount the ſcaling-ladders; ſome, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by poſts and pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' aſcent,
While with the right they ſeize the battlement.
From the demoliſh'd towers the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of ſtones, that, falling, cruſh the foe:
And heavy beams and rafters from the ſides
(Such arms their laſt neceſſity provides):
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of ſtate and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the paſs, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath,
A ſecond time we ran to tempt our death:
To clear the palace from the foe, ſucceed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A poſtern door, yet unobſerv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's cloſet led, a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne:
Through which ſhe brought Aſtyanax, unſeen,
To cheer his grandſire and his grandſire's queen.
Through this we paſs, and mount the tower, from whence,
With unavailing arms, the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft deſcry'd
The Grecian camp, and ſaw their navy tide.
Beams from his lofty height with ſwords we hew;
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' aſſault renew.
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We puſh them headlong with our arms and feet:
The lightning flies not ſwifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are peace-meal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more ſucceed, and more to death are ſent;
We ceaſe not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate ſtood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
With glittering arms conſpicuous in the crowd.
So ſhines, renew'd in youth, the crefted ſnake,
Who ſlept the winter in a thorny brake:
And, caſting off his ſlough, when ſpring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Reſtor'd with poiſonous herbs, his ardent fires
Reflect the ſun, and, rais'd on ſpires, he rides;
High o'er the graſs, hiſſing he rolls along,
And brandiſhes, by fits, his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Autemedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Ruſh on in crowds, and the barr'd paſſage free.
Entering the court, with ſhouts the ſkies they rend,
And flaming firebrands to the roofs aſcend.
Himſelf, among the foremoſt, deals his blows,
And, with his ax, repeated ſtrokes beſtows
On the ſtrong doors: then all their ſhoulders ply,
Till from the poſts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double bars at length
Yield to his ax, and unreſiſted ſtrength.

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A mighty breach is made; the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
The halls of audience, and of public ſtate,
And where the lonely queen in ſecret ſate.
Arm'd ſoldiers now by trembling maids are ſeen,
With not a door, and ſcarce a ſpace between.
The houſe is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And ſhrieks of women rend the vaulted ſkies.
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiſs the threſholds, and the poſts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father ſparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force ſuſtain;
The bars are broken, and the guards are ſlain.
In ruſh the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill;
Thoſe few defendants whom they find they kill.
Not with ſo fierce a rage, the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid courſe withſtood:
Bears down the dams with unreſiſted ſway,
And ſweeps the cattle and the cots away.
Theſe eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother-kings: I ſaw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam ſtood,
To ſtain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (ſuch hopes had he,
So large a promiſe of a progeny).
The poſts of plated gold, and hung with ſpoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a ſpace,
The Grecians enter, and poſſeſs the place.
Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire:
He, when he ſaw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On every ſide inevitable woes;
In arms diſus'd, inveſts his limbs decay'd
Like them, with age; a late and uſeleſs aid.
His feeble ſhoulders ſcarce the weight ſuſtain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;
Deſpairing of ſucceſs: ambitious to be ſlain!
Uncover'd but by heaven, there ſtood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whoſe boughs encompaſs round
The houſehold gods, and ſhade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpleſs train
Of dames, for ſhelter fought, but fought in vain.
Driven like a flock of doves along the ſky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when ſhe beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his ſide a heavy ſword,
What rage, ſhe cry'd, has ſeiz'd my huſband's mind;
What arms are theſe, and to what uſe deſign'd?
Theſe times want other aids: were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common ſhelter thou ſhalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.
She ſaid, and with a laſt ſalute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Purſued by Pyrrhus, there for ſafety runs. [flies
Through ſwords and foes, amaz'd and hurt he
Through empty courts, and open galleries:
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, purſues,
And often reaches, and his thruſts renews.
The youth tranſfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires, before his wretched parents' eyes.
Whom, gaſping at his feet, when Priam ſaw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law,
And, ſhaking more with anger than with age,
The gods, ſaid he, requite thy brutal rage:
As ſure they will Barbarian! ſure they muſt,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be juſt:
Who tak'ſt in wrongs an inſolent delight,
With a ſon's death t' infect a father's ſight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conſpire
To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted ſire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my ſorrows, and, for ſums of gold,
The bloodleſs carcaſe of my Hector ſold.
Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
And ſent me back in ſafety from his tent.
This ſaid, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, ſeem'd to loiter as it flew:
Juſt, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen ſhield.
Then Pyrrhus thus: Go thou from me to ſate;
And to my father my foul deeds relate. [ſire,
Now die: with that he dragg'd the trembling
Sliddering through clotter'd blood and holy mire
(The mingled paſte his murder'd ſon had made),
Haul'd from beneath the violated ſhade,
And on the ſacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody faulchion bare;
His left he twiſted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a ſpeeding thruſt, his heart he found: [wound,
The lukewarm blood came ruſhing through the
And ſanguine ſtreams diſtain'd the ſacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and ſhar'd one common fate
With Troy in aſhes, and his ruin'd ſtate:
He, who the ſceptre of all Aſia ſway'd,
Whom monarchs, like domeſtic ſlaves, obey'd,
On the bleak ſhore now lies th' abandon'd king,
* A headleſs carcaſe, and a nameleſs thing.
Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror ſtood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Leſt equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forſaken wife,
And trembled for my ſon's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myſelf alone,
Deſerted at my need, my friends were gone.
Some ſpent with toil, ſome with deſpair oppreſs'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames conſum'd the reſt.
Thus, wandering in my way, without a guide,
The graceleſs Helen in the porch I ſpy'd
Of Veſta's temple; there ſhe lurk'd alone;
Muffled ſhe ſate, and, what ſhe could, unknown:
But, by the flames, that caſt their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, ſhe dreads the Trojan's ſword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by thoſe gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the ſtrumpet I regard;
Reſolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

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Shall ſhe triumphant ſail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall ſhe her kingdom and her friends review,
In ſtate attended with a captive crew;
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires conſume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were ſwell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood!
'Tis true, a ſoldier can ſmall honour gain,
And boaſt no conqueſt from a woman ſlain;
Yet ſhall the fact not paſs without applauſe,
Of vengeance taken in ſo juſt a cauſe.
The puniſh'd crime ſhall ſet my ſoul at eaſe:
And murmuring manes of my friends appeaſe.
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleaſant light
Spread o'er the place, and, ſhining heavenly bright,
My mother ſtood reveal'd before my ſight.
Never ſo radiant did her eyes appear;
Nor her own ſtar confeſs'd a light ſo clear.
Great in her charms, as when the gods above
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their love.
She held my hand, the deſtin'd blow to break:
Then, from her roſy lips, began to ſpeak:
My ſon, from whence this madneſs, this neglect
Of my commands, and thoſe whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? recal to mind
Whom you forſake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your hapleſs father yet ſurvive;
Or if Aſcanius or Creüſa, live.
Around your houſe the greedy Grecians err;
And theſe had periſh'd in the nightly war,
But for my preſence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this deſtruction brought.
Now caſt your eyes around; while I diſſolve
The miſts and films that mortal eyes involve:
Purge from your ſight the droſs, and make you ſee
The ſhape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my juſt commands fulfil:
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon diſorder'd heap of ruin lies, [ariſe,
Stones rent from ſtones, where clouds of duſt
Amid that ſmother, Neptune holds his place:
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace:
And heaves the building from the ſolid baſe.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno ſtands,
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands,
Urging on ſhore the tardy Grecian bands.
See Pallas, of her ſnaky buckler proud,
Beſtrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud:
See Jove new courage to the foe ſupplies,
And arms againſt the town the partial deities.
Haſte hence, my ſon; this fruitleſs labour end:
Haſte where your trembling ſpouſe and ſire attend: [befriend.
Haſte, and a mother's care your paſſage ſhall
She ſaid: and ſwiftly vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Obſcure in clouds, and gloomy ſhades of night.
I look'd, I liſten'd: dreadful ſounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hoſtile gods appear.
Troy ſunk in flames I ſaw, nor could prevent;
And Ilium from its old foundations rent.
Rent like a mountain aſh, which dar'd the winds;
And ſtood the ſturdy ſtrokes of labouring hinds:
About the roots the cruel ax reſounds,
The ſtumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds.
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.
To their united force it yields, though late;
And mourns, with mortal groans, th' approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load ſuſtain;
But down ſhe falls, and ſpreads a ruin through the plain. [fire:
Deſcending thence, I 'ſcape through foes, and
Before the goddeſs, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whoſe only ſake,
Or moſt for his, ſuch toils I undertake,
The good Anchiſes, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to ſecure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey; reſolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy:
Rather than exile and old age ſuſtain.
Go you, whoſe blood runs warm in every vein:
Had heaven decreed that I ſhould life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to ſave unhappy Troy.
'Tis ſure enough, if not too much for one,
Twice to have ſeen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haſte to ſave the poor remaining crew;
And give this uſeleſs corpſe a long adieu.
Theſe weak old hands ſuffice to ſtop my breath:
At leaſt the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my ſpoils: and leave my body bare:
As for my ſepulchre let heaven take care.
'Tis long ſince I, for my celeſtial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering life:
Since every hour and moment I expire,
Blaſted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire.
This oft repeated, he ſtood fix'd to die:
Myſelf, my wife, my ſon, my family,
Entreat, pray, beg, and raiſe a doleful cry.
What, will he ſtill perſiſt, on death reſolve,
And in his ruin all his houſe involve?
He ſtill perſiſts his reaſons to maintain;
Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.
Urg'd by deſpair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, reſolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death muſt
Can I without ſo dear a father live? [give?
You term it prudence, what I baſeneſs call:
Could ſuch a word from ſuch a parent fall?
If fortune pleaſe, and ſo the gods ordain,
That nothing ſhould of ruin'd Troy remain;
And you conſpire with fortune, to be ſlain;
The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
For ſoon relentleſs Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch who ſlew
The ſon (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the ſire himſelf to the dire altar drew.
O goddeſs-mother, give me back to fate;
Your gift was undeſir'd, and came too late.
Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires to ſee my houſe a prey?
Shall I, my father, wife, and ſon, behold
Weltering in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haſte! gird my ſword, though ſpent and over-come:
'Tis the laſt ſummons to receive your doom.

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I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call:
Not unrevenge'd the foe ſhall ſee my fall.
Reſtore me yet to the unfiniſh'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.
Arm'd once again, my glittering ſword I wield!
While th' other hand ſuſtains my weighty [ſhield:
And forth I ruſh to ſeek th' abandon'd field.
I went; but lad Creüſa ſtopp'd my way,
And, croſs the threſhold, in my paſſage lay;
Embrac'd my knees; and when I would have gone,
Show'd me my feeble ſire, and tender ſon.
If death be your deſign, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe,
Take us along to ſhare your deſtiny.
If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, theſe pledges of your love maintain.
To whom do you expoſe your father's life,
Your ſon's, and mine, your now-forgotten wife!
While thus ſhe fills the houſe with clamorous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes;
For while I held my ſon, in the ſhort ſpace,
Betwixt our kiſſes and our laſt embrace,
Strange to relate, from young Iülus' head
A lambent flame aroſe, which gently ſpread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the ſacred fire, and ſlake his hair;
But old Anchiſes, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hand to heaven, and this requeſt preferr'd:
If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will, if piety can prayers commend,
Confirm the glad preſage which thou art pleas'd to ſend.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
There ſhot a ſtreaming lamp along the ſky,
Which on the winged lightning ſeem'd to fly;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move;
And trailing vaniſh'd in th' Idean grove.
It ſwept a path in heaven, and ſhone a guide;
Then in a ſteaming ſtench of ſulphur dy'd.
The good old man with ſuppliant hands implor'd
The gods protection, and their ſtar ador'd.
Now, now, ſaid he, my ſon, no more delay,
I yield, I follow where heaven ſhows the way.
Keep (O my country gods) our dwelling-place,
And guard this relic of the Trojan race:
This tender child; theſe omens are your own;
And you can yet reſtore the ruin'd town.
At leaſt accompliſh what your ſigns foreſhow;
I ſtand reſign'd, and am prepar'd to go.
He ſaid; the crackling flames appear on high,
And driving ſparkles dance along the ſky.
With Vulcan's rage the riſing winds conſpire;
And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
Haſte, my dear father ('tis no time to wait),
And load my ſhoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befals, your life ſhall be my care,
One death, or one deliverance, we will ſhare.
My hand ſhall lead our little ſon; and you,
My faithful conſort, ſhall our ſteps purſue.
Next, you, my ſervants, heed my ſtrict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple ſtands,
To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypreſs nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high;
By long religion kept: there bend your feet;
And, in divided parties, let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltleſs hands:
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with ſlaughter, new from war:
Till, in ſome living ſtream, I cleanſe the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle ſpilt.
Thus, ordering all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my ſhoulders with a lion's hide,
And yellow ſpoils: then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take.
While, on my better hand, Aſcanius hung.
And, with unequal paces, tript along.
Creüſa kept behind: by choice we ſtray
Through every dark and every devious way.
I, who ſo bold and dauntleſs, juſt before,
The Grecian darts and ſhocks of lances bore,
At every ſhadow now am ſeiz'd with fear:
Not for myſelf, but for the charge I bear.
Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at laſt,
Secure, and deeming all the danger paſt,
A frightful noiſe of trampling feet we hear;
My father, looking through the ſhades with fear,
Cry'd out, Haſte, haſte, my ſon, the foes are nigh;
Their ſwords and ſhining armour I deſcry.
Some hoſtile god, for ſome unknown offence,
Had ſure bereft my mind of better ſenſe:
For while, through winding ways, I took my flight,
And fought the ſhelter of the gloomy night,
Alas! I loſt Creüſa: hard to tell
If by her fatal deſtiny ſhe fell,
Or weary fate, or wander'd with affright;
But ſhe was loſt for ever to my ſight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now-deſerted ſeat:
We met: not one was wanting, only ſhe
Deceiv'd her friends, her ſon, and wretched me.
What mad expreſſions did my tongue refuſe!
Whom did I not of gods or men accuſe?
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loſs, and raving with deſpair,
Abandoning my now-forgotten care,
Of counſel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My ſire, my ſon, my country gods, I left.
In ſhining armour once again I ſheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And ſeek the danger I was forc'd to ſhun.
I tread my former tracks: through night explore
Each paſſage, every ſtreet I croſs'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the night.
Then to my father's houſe I make repair,
With ſome ſmall glimpſe of hope to find her there:
Inſtead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:
The houſe was fill'd with foes, with flames beſet.
Driven on the wings of winds, whole ſheets of fire,
Through air tranſported, to the roofs aſpire.
From thence to Priam's palace I reſort,
And ſearch the citadel, and defert court.
Then, unobſerv'd, I paſs'd by Juno's church;
A guard of Grecians had poſſeſs'd the porch:
There Phœnix and Ulyſſes watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.

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The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
The peoples' treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's name.
Creüsa still I call: at length she hears;
And, sudden, through the shades of night appears
Appears no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair,
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief;
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the Gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
Long wandering ways for you the powers decree:
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past,
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast:
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils: and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame:
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
My goddess-mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewell: the parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
I trust our common issue to your care.
She said: and gliding pass'd unseen in air.
I strove to speak, but horror tye'd my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung:
And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.
Thus, having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
I to my longing friends return again.
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught.
Resolv'd, and willing under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.
The morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks, and Phosphor led the day:
Before the gates the Grecians took their post:
And all pretence of late relief were lost.
I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete: his household Gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream: he follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

When heaven had overturn'd the Trojan state,
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate:
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians prey,
And Ilium's lofty towers in ashes lay:
Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut;
And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose assign'd.
Friends daily flock, and scarce the kindly spring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing:
When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
The crew, my father, and the fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
My sire, my son, our lares, and greater gods,
All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.
Against our coast appears a spacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command:
Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care.
A hospitable realm, while Fate was kind;
With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
I land, with luckless omens; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionean Venus vows are paid,
And all the powers that rising labours aid;
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens,

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I pull'd a plant (with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange, and full of fate);
The rooted fibres rose; and from the wound
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
Mute, and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood:
Man'd once again, another plant I try,
That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
With prayers and vows the Dryads I atone;
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast:
That they, or he, these omens would avert;
Release our fears, and better signs impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd; at length
To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength:
I bent my knees against the ground; once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan as of a troubled ghost renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:
Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend?
O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
But every drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins:
O fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances in my blood embrued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.
My faultering tongue and shivering limbs declare
My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent.
Loaded with gold, he sent his darling far
From noise and tumults, and destructive war:
Committed to the faithless tyrant's care:
Who, when he saw the power of Troy decline,
Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join:
Broke every bond of nature and of truth:
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O sacred hunger of pernicious gold,
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!
Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers:
Relate the prodigies of heaven, require
What he commands, and their advice desire.
All vote to leave that execrable shore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore.
But ere we sail, his funeral rites prepare;
Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round:
With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd;
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.
Now when the raging storms no longer reign;
But southern gales invite us to the main;
We launch our vessels with a prosperous wind;
And leave the cities and the shores behind.
An island in th' Ægean main appears;
Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs.
It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the sides
To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore:
And the sun's temple and his town adore.
Anius the priest, and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend:
Invites him to his palace: and in sign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went;
And thus before the shrine my vows present:
Give, O Thymbræus, give a resting-place
To the sad relics of the Trojan race:
A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix, whose shall our labours end,
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my prayers a doubtful answer find,
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.
Scarce had I said; he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around:
And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.
Prostrate we fell, confess'd the present god;
Who give this answer from his dark abode:
Undaunted youths, go seek that mother earth
From which your ancestors derive their birth,
The soil that first you forth, her ancient race,
In her old bosom, shall again embrace.
Through the wide world th' Æneian house shall reign,
And children's children shall the crown sustain.
Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose:
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.
All are concern'd to know what place the god
Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus answer'd their demands: ye princes, hear
Your pleasing fortune; and dispel your fear.
The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies with large command;
And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
Another Ida rises there; and we
From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
To the Rhœtean shores old Teucer came:
There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
Ere Ilium and the Trojan towers arose.
In humble vales they built their soft abodes,
Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals, charm'd th' Idæan woods.
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought.
Let us the land, which heaven appoints, explore;
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnossian shore.
If Jove assist the passage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.
Thus having said, the sacrifices laid
On smoking altars to the gods he paid,
A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo slew:
A milk-white ewe the western winds to please;
And one coal black to calm the stormy seas.

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Ere this, a flying rumour had been ſpread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coaſt was free
From foreign or domeſtic enemy:
We leave the Delian ports, and put to ſea.
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way:
Then green Donyſa paſs; and ſail in ſight
Of Paros iſle, with marble quarries white.
We paſs the ſcatter'd iſles of Cyclades,
That ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd ſeem to ſtud the ſeas,
The ſhouts of ſailors double near the ſhores;
They ſtretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
All hands aloft, for Crete, for Crete, they cry,
And ſwiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy deſcending on the Cretan ſhore.
With eager haſte a riſing town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itſelf was grateful; I exhort
To found their houſes, and erect a fort.
Our ſhips are haul'd upon the yellow ſtrand.
The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
And I myſelf new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.
When riſing vapours choke the wholeſome air,
And blaſts of noiſome winds corrupt the year:
The trees, devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the graſs, and blighted was the corn.
Nor ſcape the beaſts: for Sirius from on high
With peſtilential heat infects the ſky:
My men, ſome fall, the reſt in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me ſeek the ſhore
Of ſacred Delos and the god implore:
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary courſe direct.
'Twas night, when every creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy ſlumber ſhares:
The ſtatues of my gods (for ſuch they ſeem'd)
Thoſe gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me ſtood; majeſtically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.
Then thus they ſpoke; and eas'd my troubled mind:
What from the Delian god thou go'ſt to find,
He tells thee here; and ſends us to relate:
Thoſe powers are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought;
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy ſafety wrought.
Through ſeas and lands as we thy ſteps attend,
So ſhall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain;
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world ſhall reign.
Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy ſeat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have given thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Heſperia call'd of old,
The ſoil is fruitful, and the natives bold.
Th' Oenotrians held it once; by later fame,
Now call'd Italia from the leader's name.
Jaſius there, and Dardanus were born:
From thence we came, and thither muſt return.
Riſe, and thy ſire with theſe glad tidings greet;
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.

Aſtoniſh'd at their voices, and their ſight,
(Nor were they dreams, but viſions of the night?
I ſaw, I knew their faces, and deſcry'd
In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd);
I ſtarted from my couch, and clammy ſweat
On all my limbs and ſhivering body ſate.
To heaven I lift my hands with pious haſte,
And ſacred incenſe in the flames I caſt.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More cheerful to my good old ſire I run,
And tell the pleaſing news: in little ſpace
He found his error of the double race.
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful ſeat.
Then ſaid; O ſon! turmoil'd in Trojan fate,
Such things as theſe Caſſandra did relate:
This day revives within my mind, what ſhe
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium ſhould be brought?
Or who believ'd what mad Caſſandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way,
He ſaid, and we with glad conſent obey;
Forſake the ſeat; and, leaving few behind;
We ſpread our ſails before the willing wind.
Now from the ſight of land our gallies move,
With only ſeas around, and ſkies above.
When o'er our heads deſcends a burſt of rain,
And night, with ſable clouds, involves the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raiſe;
The ſcatter'd fleet is forc'd to ſeveral ways;
The face of heaven is raviſh'd from our eyes,
And, in redoubled peals, the roaring thunder flies.
Caſt from our courſe, we wander in the dark;
No ſtars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no diſtinction found
Betwixt the night and day, ſuch darkneſs reign'd around.
Three ſtarleſs nights the doubtful navy ſtrays
Without diſtinction, and three ſunleſs days.
The fourth renews the light, and, from our ſhrouds,
We view a riſing land like diſtant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleaſing ſight,
And curling ſmoke aſcending from their height.
The canvas falls, their oars the ſailors ply,
From the rude ſtrokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the ſtormy ſeas:
Thoſe iſles are compaſs'd by th' Ionian main,
The dire abode where the foul harpies reign:
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their coſtly fare,
Monſters more fierce, offended heaven ne'er ſent
From hell's abyſs, for human puniſhment.
With virgin-faces, but with wombs obſcene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure ſtill unclean:
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
We landed at the port, and ſoon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field:
And wanton goats without a keeper ſtray'd;
With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
Then call the gods for partners of our feaſt:
And Jove himſelf the chief invited gueſt.
We ſpread the tables on the greenſword ground:
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly:

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They snatch the meat, defiling all they find;
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock again we sit,
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit;
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn,
And once again the ravenous birds return:
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky;
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the grass their glittering weapons hide:
Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
Their clattering wings, and saw the foes appear,
Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmost force the monsters to destroy.
In vain; the fated skin is proof to wounds:
And, from their plumes, the shining sword rebounds.
At length, rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.
Yet one remain'd the messenger of Fate,
High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate:
What, not contented with our oxen slain,
Dare you with heaven an impious war maintain,
And drive the harpies from their native reign?
Heed, therefore, what I say, and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd:
And I, the Fury's queen, from both relate;
You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by fate:
Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot, for this misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.
She said, and to the neighbouring forest flew:
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war; to prayers we fall,
And on th' offended harpies humbly call.
And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchises, offering sacrifice,
And lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: Avert, said he,
These omens; render vain this prophecy;
And, from th' impending curse, a pious people free.
Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
We loose from shore our hausers and obey,
And soon, with swelling sails, pursue our watery way.
Amidst our course Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Nerites we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,
And the sun's temple, which the sailor fears.
Resolv'd to breathe a while from labour past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.
Here safe, beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrestlers noble toil.
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
The verse beneath my name and action speaks,
These arms Æneas took from conquering Greeks.
Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
Their sweeping oars, the smoking billows fly.
The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skim'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
Her wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by fame,
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece: That Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne.
And fair Andromache, restor'd by fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
I leave my gallies riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd
And sacred priests in order stand around,
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood,
And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld
My shining armour, and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
She faints, she falls; and, scarce recovering strength, [length:
Thus, with a faultering tongue, she speaks at length:
Are you alive, O goddess-born! she said,
Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?
At this she cast a loud and frightful cry:
With broken words I made this brief reply:
All of me that remains appears in sight.
I live; if living be to loath the light.
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.
What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord?
By what strange blessings are you now restor'd?
Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause, she thus begun:
Oh only happy maid of Priam's race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foes embrace!
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity;
Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.
In Grecian ships unhappy we were borne:
Endur'd the victor's lust; sustain'd the scorn:

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Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter fought to wed.
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd.
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
At least one half with Helenus remain'd;
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls:
And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
But you, what Fates have landed on our coast;
What gods have sent you, or what storms have toss'd?
Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears?
She spoke: and mix'd her speech with mournful cries:
And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp attended with a numerous train:
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see;
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran:
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertain'd,
And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd:
The tables fill'd the spacious halls around,
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.
Then to the royal seer I thus began:
O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heaven, and what the stars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare:
O say; for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage and a prosperous end;
And every power and omen of the sky
Direct my course for destin'd Italy.
But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes:
O say what dangers I am first to shun;
What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.
The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores:
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
These words proceeded from his mouth divine:
O goddess-born (for heaven's appointed will,
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Fore-shows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects);
Of many things, some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal;
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
First then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes fly:
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy.
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars:
Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer,
And, after this, to Circe's island veer.
And last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies.
Now mark the signs of future ease and rest,
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
When, in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;
The dam and offspring, white as falling snow:
These on thy city shall their name bestow,
And there shall end thy labour and thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,
For Phœbus will assist, and fate the way will find.
Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent;
Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd:
The savage Locrians here the shores infest:
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards, with arms, the Salentinian fields:
And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore;
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes;
Let hostile faces blast the sacrifice.
These rites and customs to the rest commend,
That to your pious race they may descend.
When parted hence, the wind that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits:
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,
And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw; the roaring tides
The passage broke, that land from land divides:
And where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides.
Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields (so much can time invade
The mouldering work that beauteous nature made).
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left presides;
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides:
Then spouts them from below; with fury driven,
The waves mount up, and wash the face of heaven.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws;
Then dashes on the rocks: a human face,
And virgin-bosom, hides her tail's disgrace.
Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, though with more delay,

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Than once to view misshapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear.
Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget:
Which therefore more than once I must repeat:
Above the rest, great Juno's name adore:
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd;
And mollify with prayers her haughty mind,
Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
And you shall safe descend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood,
Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
The mad prophetic sibyl you shall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She sings the fates, and in her frantic fits,
The notes and names inscrib'd, to leaves commits.
What she commits to leaves, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
Unmov'd they lie: but if a blast of wind
Without, or vapours issue from behind,
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
And she resumes no more her useful care:
Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse:
Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid
The madness of the visionary maid;
And, with loud curses, leave the mystic shade.
Think it not loss of time a while to stay;
Though thy companions chide thy long delay:
Though summon'd to the seas, though pleasing gales
Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails,
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With swelling words, and not to write thy fate.
She fierce Italian people she will show;
And all thy wars and all thy future woe;
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must undergo.
She shall direct thy course; instruct thy mind;
And teach thee how the happy shores to find,
This is what heaven allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state;
This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me license, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treasure, he supply'd my want
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant.
Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And every ship with sums of silver stor'd.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament:
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest,
Then flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends;
And large recruits he to my navy sends;
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores:
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars.
Mean time my sire commands to hoist our sails;
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
The prophet blest the parting crew: and last,
With words like these, his ancient friend embrac'd:
Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost;
Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:
There land; but take a larger compass round;
For that before is all forbidden ground.
The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes;
Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods:
For I with useless words prolong your stay;
When southern gales have summon'd you away.
Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd;
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flowers on golden tissue wrought;
A Phrygian vest; and loads, with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.
Accept, she said, these monuments of love;
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove.
Regard these trifles for the giver's sake;
'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.
Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind:
In thee his features and his form I find.
His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
Such were his motions, such was all his frame;
And, ah! had heaven to pleas'd, his years had been the same.
With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
Your fortune, happy pair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wish: my different state,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
To you a quiet seat the gods allow,
You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase:
(Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!)
You see another Simois, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another Troy;
With better auspice than her ancient towers,
And less obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore:
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own;
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live;
And both in acts of equal friendship strive:
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same,
The double Troy shall differ but in name:
That what we now begin, may never end;
But long, to late posterity descend.
Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore
(The shortest passage to th' Italian shore).
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night,
We land: and, on the bosom of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found;
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her steepy rise, and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face of heaven, and the nocturnal sky;
And listen'd every breath of air to try;
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their watery force;
And both the bears is careful to behold;
And bright Orion arm'd with burnish'd gold.

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Then, when he saw no threatening tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled sky;
He gave the sign to weigh: we break our sleep;
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plow the deep.
And now the rising morn, with rosy light,
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight:
When we from far, like bluish mists, descry
The hills, and then the plains of Italy.
Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
Then Italy the cheerful crew rebound;
My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
And offering, thus implor'd the powers divine:
Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas,
And you who raging winds and waves appease,
Breathe on our swelling sails a prosperous wind,
And smooth our passage to the port assign'd.
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view.
Minerva's temple then salutes our sight;
Plac'd as a land-mark, on the mountain's height;
We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;
The curling waters round the galleys roar;
The land lies open to the raging east,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves com-
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain. [plain,
The port lies hid within; on either side
Two towering rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld [field.
Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flowery
War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,
(My father cry'd) where warlike steeds are found.
Yet, since reclaim'd to chariots they submit,
And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may succeed to war. Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred hills ascend.
There prostrate to the fierce virago pray;
Whose temple was the land-mark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head;
And all commands of Helenus obey'd;
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and
To sea, forsaking that suspected land. [stand
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view;
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands:
Caulonian towers, and Scylacæan strands [spy,
For shipwrecks fear'd; Mount Ætna thence we
Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the sounding strand;
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience old,
'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold:
And those the promis'd rocks; bear off to sea:
With haste the frighted mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
To heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride;
Then down to hell descend, when they divide.
And thrice our gallies knock'd the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with
dews around.

The flagging winds forsook us with the sun;
And, weary'd, on Cyclopean shores we run.
The port capacious, and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thundering Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly;
And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky.
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
With blasted limbs came trembling from above;
And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
As often as he turns his weary sides, [hides
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens
In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls affright.
Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight, [fright;
For not one star was kindled in the sky;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply:
For misty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd;
When from the woods their bolts, before our sight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a spright.
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man,
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to th' shore.
We look behind; then view his shaggy beard;
His clothes were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his
limbs besmear'd;
The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew:
Stood still, and paus'd; thence all at once began
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus, with tears and sighs, for pity calls:
Now by the powers above, and what we share
From nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence; I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy shore!
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town;
For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands;
I die content, to die by human hands.
He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past;
His present state, his lineage, and his name;
Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand;
Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
From Ithaca my native soil I came
To Troy, and Achæmenides my name.
Me, my poor father with Ulysses sent;
(Oh had I stay'd with poverty content)
But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den,

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The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies,
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food:
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd, Ulysses bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhapy state;
For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human wine,
While fast asleep the giant lay supine:
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigested foam, and morsels raw:
We pray, we cast the lots, and then surround
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eye-ball with a flaming brand:
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye
(For only one did the vast frame supply);
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends;
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.
But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly;
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.
Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from steep to steep.
And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright;
And, in deserted caverns, lodge by night.
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thundering voice resound;
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and savage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.
While all around my longing eyes are cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last:
On these I fix'd my hopes, to these I run,
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun:
What other death you please yourselves, bestow.
Scarce had he said, when, on the mountains brow,
We saw the giant-shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore.
A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight,
His staff a trunk of pine to guide his steps aright.
His ponderous whistle from his neck descends;
His woolly care their pensive lord attends:
This only solace his hard fortune sends.
Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the waves,
From his bor'd eye the guttering blood he laves:
He gnash'd his teeth and groan'd; through seas he strides,
And scarce the topmast billows touch his sides.
Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
The cables cut, and silent haste away:
The well-deserving stranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.
The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound:
But when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward; and in vain essay'd
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.
The neighbouring Ætna trembling all around:
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar;
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.
We saw their stern distorted looks from far.
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war.
A dreadful council with their heads on high;
The misty clouds about their foreheads fly:
Not yielding to the towering tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail,
We tug at every oar, and hoist up every sail;
And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.
An equal fate on either side appears;
We, tacking to the left, are free from fears:
For from Pelorus' point, the north arose,
And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we pass, and make our way
By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay;
This passage Achæmenides had shown,
Tracing the course which he before had run.
Right o'er against Plemmyrium's watery strand
There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land:
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found
From Greece a secret passage under ground:
By love to beauteous Arethusa led,
And mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.
As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectress of the shore.
With prosperous gales we pass the quiet sounds
Of still Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.
Then doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey
The rocky shore extended to the sea.
The town of Camarine from far we see:
And fenny lake undrain'd by fates decree.
In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was:
Then Agragas with lofty summits crown'd;
Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd:
We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely shun the Lilybean strand,
Unsafe, for secret rocks, and moving sand.
At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd:
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endless labours, often tost
By raging storms, and driven on every coast,
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost.
Ease of my cares and solace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain.
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst conceal'd.

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And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill:
This my last labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your blest abode.

Thus, to the listning queen, the royal guest
His wandering course, and all his toils express'd,
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him: she prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his design; and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sisters entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover; when nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus, in mournful accents, eas'd her thought:
My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright
My labouring soul; what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest?
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage, never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was my first,
To this one error I might yield again:
For since Sichæus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first, let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me through the dark abyss descend:
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,
Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows, shall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.

She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife?
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghost below?
I grant, that while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman and a queen
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Iärbas, and his love reject;
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land, which heaven bestows,
On every side is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Getulian cities here are spread around;
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand:
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wandering navy to your needful aid;
How will your empire spread, your city rise
From such an union, and with such allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above,
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay;
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.
These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On every altar sacrifice renew:
A chosen ewe of two-years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day:
Preferring Juno's power; for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys.
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer she with flowers adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And while the priests with prayer the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke.
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.

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What prodigy retes, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.
Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful shepherd from the wind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods;
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp she shows to tempt her wandering guest;
Her faultering tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight:
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate:
He tells it o'er and o'er: but still in vain;
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic story never ends. [light
Thus, when they part when Phœbe's paler
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when every guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears,
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears:
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.
Mean time the rising towers are at a stand:
No labours exercise the youthful band:
Nor use of arts nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height that seem'd to threat the sky.
But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love;
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
High praises, endless honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy son:
Two gods a silly woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd:
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.
Then Venus, who her hidden fraud descry'd,
(Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
To Libyan shores), thus artfully reply'd;
Who but a fool would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse?
If fortune with our joint desires comply,
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;
Lest he forbid with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land.
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In lasting leagues and sure succession join?
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wishes are your own.
Mine, said imperial Juno, be the care;
Time urges now to perfect this affair:
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays;
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns, from side to side, resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
With hail and thunder, and tempestuous rain:
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites.
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.
The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrian peers and officers of state
For the slow queen in anti-chambers wait:
Her lofty courser in the court below
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam around.
The queen at length appears: on either hand
The brawny gaurds in martial order stand.
A flower'd cymarr, with golden fringe she wore;
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains;
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins:
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintery Xanthus, and the Lycian coast:
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports:
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands.
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair enclose;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
In manly presence or in lofty mein. [feat
Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the
Of savage beasts in dens, their last retreat:

The cry purſues the mountain-goats; they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwiſe the ſtags, a trembling train,
In herds unſingled, ſcour the duſty plain;
And a long chaſe, in open view, maintain.
The glad Aſcanius, as his courſer guides,
Spurs thro' the vale, and theſe and thoſe outrides.
His horſe's flanks and ſides are forc'd to feel
The clanking laſh, and goring of the ſteel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wiſhing ſome nobler beaſt to croſs his way;
And rather would the tuſky boar attend,
Or ſee the tawny lion downward bend. [ſkies:
Mean time the gathering clouds obſcure the
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunder rolls: and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and ſounding ſhowers.
The company diſpers'd, to coverts ride,
And ſeek the homely cots, or mountains hollow
The rapid rains, deſcending from the hills, [ſide.
To rolling torrents raiſe the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her boſom hides.
Then firſt the trembling earth the ſignal gave;
And flaſhing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs were conſcious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time aroſe
Debate and death, and all ſucceeding woes.
The queen, whom ſenſe of honour could not move,
No longer made a ſecret of her love;
But call'd it marriage, by that ſpecious name
To veil the crime, and ſanctify the ſhame.
The loud report through Libyan cities goes;
Fame, the great ill, from ſmall beginnings grows.
Swift from the firſt; and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic ſize: [wings.
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the ſkies:
Enrag'd againſt the gods revengeful earth
Produc'd her laſt of the Titanian birth.
Swift in her walk, more ſwift her winged haſte:
A monſtrous phantom, horrible and vaſt;
As many plumes as raiſe her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her ſight:
Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;
And every mouth is furniſh'd with a tongue:
And round with liſtening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful univerſe with cries;
No ſlumbers ever cloſe her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty towers her head ſhe ſhows:
And ſpreads, through trembling crowds diſaſtrous news
With court informers haunts, and royal ſpies,
This done relates, nor done ſhe feigns; and mingles truth with lies.
Talk is her buſineſs; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cauſe affright
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name;
Who, lo! to honour, and the ſenſe of ſhame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wandering gueſt, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him ſhe paſſes in delights;
And waſtes in luxury long winter nights,
Forgetful of her fame, and royal truſt;
Diſſolv'd in eaſe, abandon'd to her luſt.
The goddeſs widely ſpreads the lewd report;
And flies at length to king Hiarba's court.
When firſt poſſeſs'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuſe?
This prince, from raviſh'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with ſpoils adorn,
An Ammon's honour, his celeſtial fire,
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And through his vaſt dominions prieſts ordain'd,
Whoſe watchful care theſe holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beaſts enrich the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princes, who diſdain'd his love,
His breaſt with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
Mad with deſpair, impatient with deſire.
Then on the ſacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with prayers implor'd his ſire divine:
Great Jove, propitious to the Mooriſh race,
Who feaſt on painted beds, with offerings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy power divine
With blood of victims, and with ſparkling wine;
Seeſt thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boaſted thunder, and thy thoughtleſs reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance;
A wandering woman builds, within our ſtate,
A little town bought at an eaſy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow ſpace of Libyan lands to plough.
Yet, ſcorning me, by paſſion blindly led,
Admits a baniſh'd Trojan to her bed:
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, muſt in Afric reign! [ſes:
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb con-
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Libyan dreſs.)
He takes the ſpoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altars horns: the mighty thunderer heard,
Then caſt his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The luſtful pair, in lawleſs pleaſure drown'd.
Loſt in their loves, inſenſible of ſhame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
By whom his menacing command he ſends:
Go, mount the weſtern winds, and cleave the ſky;
Then, with a ſwift deſcent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who waſtes his days
In ſlothful riot and inglorious eaſe,
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate;
To him this meſſage from my mouth relate:
Not ſo, fair Venus hop'd, when twice ſhe won
Thy life with prayers; nor promis'd ſuch a ſon.
Her's was a hero, deſtin'd to command
A martial race; and rule the Latian land.
Who ſhould his ancient line from Teucer draw,
And, on the conquer'd world, impoſe the law.
If glory cannot move a mind ſo mean,
Nor future praiſe from fading pleaſure wean,
Yet why ſhould he defraud his ſon of fame;
And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
What are his vain deſigns? what hopes he more,
From his long lingering on a hoſtile ſhore?

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Regardleſs to redeem his honour loſt,
And ſor his race to gain th' Auſonian coaſt!
Bid him with ſpeed the Tyrian court forſake;
With this command the ſlumbering warrior wake.
Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the weſtern winds:
And whether o'er the ſeas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the ſkies.
But firſt he graſps within his awful hand,
The mark of ſovereign power, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghoſts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he ſeals in ſleep the wakeful ſight;
And eyes, though cloſ'd in death, reſtores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race, [ſpace.
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid
Now ſees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whoſe brawny back ſupports the ſtarry ſkies;
Atlas, whoſe head, with piny foreſts crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with toggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his ſhoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling ſtreams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breaſt depends:
Here, poiſ'd upon his wings, the god deſcends:
Then, reſted thus, he from the towering height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight:
Lights on the ſeas, and ſkims along the flood:
As water-ſoul, who ſeek their filthy food,
Leſs, and yet leſs, to diſtant proſpect ſhow,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like theſe, the ſteerage of his wings he plies,
And near the ſurface of the water flies;
Till, having paſs'd the ſeas, and croſs'd the ſands,
He cloſ'd his wings, and ſtoop'd on Libyan lands:
Where ſhepherds once were hous'd in homely ſheds, [heads.
Now towers within the clouds advance their
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raiſing for the town's defence:
A purple ſcarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waiſt he wore;
A ſword with glittering gems diverſify'd,
For ornament, not uſe, hung idly by his ſide.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began
(Reſuming his own ſhape): Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'ſt thou here,
Theſe foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
Who ſways the world below, and heaven above,
Has ſent me down, with this ſevere command:
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land!
If glory cannot move a mind ſo mean,
Nor future praiſe, from flitting pleaſure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy riſing heir;
The promis'd crown let young Aſcanius wear;
To whom th' Auſonian ſceptre and the ſtate
Of Rome's imperial name is own'd by fate.
So ſpoke the god; and ſpeaking took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vaniſh'd out of ſight.
The pious prince was ſeiz'd with ſudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright ſtood his hair;
Revolving in his mind the ſtern command,
He longs to fly, and loathes the charming land.
What ſhould he ſay, or how ſhould he begin,
What courſe, alas! remains, to ſteer between
Th' offended lover, and the powerful queen!
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries and none can find:
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means;
After long thought to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ſhip their men with ſilent care:
Some plauſible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in ſecret he deſign'd.
Himſelf, mean time, the ſofteſt hours would chooſe,
Before the love-ſick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by ſlow degrees,
To ſuffer what the ſovereign power decrees:
Jove will inſpire him, when, and what to ſay.
They hear with pleaſure, and with haſte obey.
But ſoon the queen perceives the thin diſguiſe:
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the firſt to find the ſecret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad:
Love the firſt motions of the lover hears,
Quick to preſage, and ev'n in ſafety fears.
Nor impious fame was wanting, to report
The ſhips repair'd; the Trojans thick reſort,
And purpoſe to forſake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, ſhe roves the city round:
Leſs wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and ſhake the wreathy ſpear.
At length ſhe finds the dear perfidious man,
Prevents his form'd excuſe, and thus began:
Baſe and ungrateful, could you hope to fly,
And undiſcover'd 'ſcape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindneſs your compaſſion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a deſpairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreſeen,
Ev'n when the wintery winds command your ſtay,
You dare the tempeſt, and defy the ſea.
Falſe as you are, ſuppoſe you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coaſts to ſound;
Were Troy reſtor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durſt you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See whom you fly; am I the foe you ſhun?
Now, by thoſe holy vows ſo late begun,
By this right hand (ſince I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by theſe tears too truly ſhed,
By the new pleaſures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you moſt were kind,
Were pleaſing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By theſe my prayers, if prayers may yet have place;
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate;
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian ſtate;
For you alone I ſuffer in my fame;
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to ſhame:
Whom have I now to truſt? (ungrateful gueſt!
That only name remains of all the reſt!)
What have I left, or whither can I fly;
Muſt I attend Pygmalion's cruelty?
Or till Hiarbas ſhall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly ſcorn'd his proffer'd bed?
Had you deferr'd, at leaſt, your haſty flight,
And left behind ſome pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bleſs the mother's mournful ſight;

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Some young Æneas to supply your place;
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain, to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left!
Here paus'd the queen; unmov'd the hold his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
Fair queen, you never can enough expeat,
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence;
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence:
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
And not submit my life to fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those relics to review, their dust adore;
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn;
Why may not we, like you a foreign race,
Like you seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
And young Ascanius justly may complain,
Of his defrauded fate, and destin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd,
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight.
The sender and the sent, I both attest,
These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd:
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.
Thus while he spoke, already she began,
With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man:
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:
False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock;
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a listening ear?
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice, why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more;
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore:
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
I took the traitor to my throne and bed;
Fool that I was! 'tis little to repeat
The rest, I star'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A gods command he pleads
And makes heaven accessary to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
Go seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main:
Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To thy proud vessels and their perjur'd lord,
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come, in a black sulphury flame;
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame:
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep;
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
And fame shall spread the pleasing news below.
Abruptly here she stops: then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led;
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.
But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
To give that pity, which her grief requir'd,
Though much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love,
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove: Reviews his forces; they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;
And well-caulk'd gallies in the harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight: the beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On every side are seen, descending down,
Thick swarms of soldiers loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some set their shoulders on the ponderous grain;
Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
All ply their several tasks, and equal toil sustain.
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When, from the tower, she saw the cover'd shore;
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!
All-powerful love, what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends;
To prayers and mean submissions she descends.
No female arts or aids she left untry'd,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she dy'd.
Look, Anna, look; the Trojans crowd to sea:
They spread their canvas, and their anchors weigh.
The shouting crew, their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.

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Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my last request deny,
With you perfidious man your interest try;
And bring me news, if I must live or die.
You are his favourite, you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusty secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go;
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy;
Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust;
Why should he then reject a suit so just!
Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly?
Can he this last, this only prayer deny?
Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more;
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now,
A pause of grief, an interval from woe;
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain;
Again she comes, and is refus'd again. [move;
His harden'd heart nor prayers nor threatenings
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.
As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from every quarter of the sky,
This way and that, the mountain oak they bend,
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground,
The hollow valleys echo to the sound;
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
Far as he shoots his towering head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie:
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains,
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
And loaths to live: then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees;
Strange to relate: for when, before the shrine,
She pours, in sacrifice, the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note,
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat:
And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With songs obscene, disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears,
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears
Disdainful as by day: she seems alone
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guidless and dark: or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain.
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd;
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief:
The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus address'd,
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes appears):
Rejoice, she said, instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracks of Æthiopian climates runs:
There a Massylian princess I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd;
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind.
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry;
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How lothe I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air;
Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents of my faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire,
For so the priestess and her charms require.
Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears;
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret funeral in these rites design'd,
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell:
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,
And every baleful green denoting death.
The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread:
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.

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And now, (the sacred altars plac'd around)
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground:
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night.
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal;
Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
A heaven'd cake, in her devoted hands
She holds, and next the highest altar stands:
One tender foot was shod, her other bare,
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
The heav'ns and planets, conscious of her death;
And every power, if any rules above,
Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
The flocks and herds, and party colour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep, nor ease, the furious queen can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.
Then thus she said within her secret mind:
What shall I do; what succour can I find?
Become a suppliant to Hiarba's pride,
And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd;
'Tis true: but am I sure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
And with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those, whom scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind;
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and still my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found despair:
But shar'd, with savage beasts, the common air;
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast;
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night,
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom, once more, the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And, with this new alarm, invades his ears:
Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes? nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate;
And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die;
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power to fly.
The sea, with ships, will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various, and a changeful thing.
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear:
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay,
Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh;
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
A god commands; he stood before my sight;
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred power, what power soe'er thou art,
To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And prosper the design thy will commands.
He said, and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thundering arm divides the many-twisted cord:
An emulating zeal inspires his train;
They run, they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with labouring oars.
Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread,
When from a tower the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies:
She look'd to seaward, but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descry'd:
Stung with despight, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
And shall th' ungrateful traitor go, she said,
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not rush from every street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haste; haul my gallies out; pursue the foe:
Bring flaming brands; set sail, and swiftly row.
What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
My brain, and my distemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burden of his feeble father bore!

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I should have torn him piece-meal; strow'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods:
Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from the fire,
Have set the reeking boy before the fire.
Events are doubtful, which on battle wait;
Yet where's the doubt to souls secure of fate!
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the funeral flame.
Thou sun, who view'st at once the world below,
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow,
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes;
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods,
All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses, and avenge her death.
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd;
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace:
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren sand.
These are my prayers, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil;
Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful offerings on my grave bestow,
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know:
Now, and from hence in every future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood;
With fire and sword, pursue the perjur'd brood:
Our arms, our seas, our shores oppos'd to theirs,
And the same hate descend on all our heirs.
This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
(For when she left her country her's was dead),
Go, Barcé, call my sister; let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare:
The sheep, and all the atoning offerings bring,
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops: then let her come, and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love.
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.
The nurse moves onward, with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots, distinguish'd was her face,
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace:
Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the funeral pile, with furious haste:
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
Dear pledges of my love, while heaven so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:
My fatal course is finish'd, and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?
Then kiss'd the couch; and must I die, she said,
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive;
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames from far may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue.
She said, and struck. Deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clogg'd in the wound, the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And, with loud cries, the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
And through the town, the dismal rumour spread.
First from the frighted court the yell began,
Redoubled thence from house to house it ran:
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire,
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
Her sister hears, and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair;
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud, [crowds
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the
Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
These fires, this funeral pile, these altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd, said she,
All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend, had come;
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb.
Was I to raise the pile, the powers invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me;
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death
Lay close my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.
This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd;

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Her temples chaff'd, and her own garments tore,
To staunch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
And fainting thrice, fell groveling on the bed.
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light;
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.
Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
So long, so lingering, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of labouring nature, and dissolve her life.
For, since she dy'd, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
The fates had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know,
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light:
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, I thus devote thee to the dead.
This offering to th' infernal gods I bear:
Thus while she spoke she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd; and life dissolv'd in air.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, setting sail from Afric, is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily: where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours: and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships; who, upon her instigation, set fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous shower, extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy: Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

Mean time the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his voyage through the curling sea:
Then, casting back his eyes with dire amaze,
Sees, on the Punic shore, the mounting blaze.
The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd:
He knew the stormy souls of woman-kind,
What secret springs their eager passions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw,
Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
Now seas and skies their prospect only bound,
An empty space above, a floating field around.
But soon the heavens with shadows were o'erspread;
A swelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head:
Livid it look'd, the threatening of a storm;
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
What gusts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts presage? Ere yet the tempest roars
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind:
The frighted crew perform the task assign'd.
Then to his fearless chief, Not heaven, said he,
Though Jove himself should promise Italy,
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea!
Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies!
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea;
Much less against the tempest force their way;
'Tis fate diverts our course, and fate we must obey.
Not far from hence, if I observe aright
The southing of the stars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies; whose hospitable shores
In safety we may reach, with struggling oars.
Æneas then reply'd: Too sure I find,
We strive in vain, against the seas and wind;
Now shift your sails: what place can please me more
Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore;
Whose hallow'd earth Anchises' bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns!
The course resolv'd, before the western wind
They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.
Mean time, Acestes, from a lofty stand,
Beheld the fleet descending on the land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,
And held the hero in a strict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore;
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His sire Crinisius, a Sicilian flood;
He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates, and homely store.
Now, when the following morn had chac'd away
The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground:
Offspring of heaven, divine Dardanian race,
The sun revolving through th' ethereal space,
The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since first this isle my father's ashes held:

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And now, the rising day renews the year
(A day for ever fair, for ever dear).
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Though banish'd to Getulia's barren sands,
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands.
But since this happy storm our fleet has driven
(Not, as I deem, without the will of heaven)
Upon these friendly shores and flowery plains,
Which hide Anchises, and his bones remains;
Let us with joy perform his honours due,
And pray for prosperous winds, our voyage to renew.
Pray, that in towns, and temples of our own,
The name of great Anchises may be known,
And yearly games may spread the gods renown.
Our sports, Acestes of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two steers on every ship the king bestows;
His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.
Besides, if nine days hence, the rosy morn
Shall, with unclouded light, the skies adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace:
Light gallies on the seas shall run a watery race.
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
And others try the swinging bow to bend:
The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd, shall stand,
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd,
And joyful crowns wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites with garlands crown'd;
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.
Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
By thousands follow'd through the flowery plain,
To great Anchises' tomb: which, when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus on the hallow'd ground,
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.
With roses then, the sepulchre he strow'd;
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:
Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
The gods permitted not that you, with me
Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy;
Or Tyber's flood, what flood soe'er it be.
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to glide;
His huge bulk on seven high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly gold:
Thus, riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the sun:
Between the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground;
With harmless play amidst the bowls he past,
And, with his lolling tongue, assay'd the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd:
Doubtful if this, the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.
Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew,
As many swine, and steers of sable hue;
New generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
The glad attendants, in long order come,
Offering their gifts at great Anchises' tomb;
Some add more oxen; some divide the spoil;
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.
Now came the day desir'd: the skies more bright,
With rosy lustre of the rising light:
The bordering people, rous'd by sounding fame
Of Trojan feasts, and great Acestes' name,
The crowded shore, with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
And first the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel wreaths, and palms (the victor's grace):
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold, and silver heap'd on high,
And vests embroider'd of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four gallies first, with equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the watery lists appear.
The speedy dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas the vast chimæra's bulk commands,
Which rising like a towering city stands:
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;
Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore.
Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar;
Sergesthus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great centaur took the leading place:
Cloanthus, on the sea-green Scylla stood,
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.
Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock; the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun:
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright:
To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former shores.
The lots decide their place: above the rest,
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest:
The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows.
Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine:
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign,
They gripe their oars, and every panting breast
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depress'd.
The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;
At once they start, advancing in a line.
With shouts, the sailors rend the starry skies;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.

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Exact in time, with equal ſtrokes they row:
At once the bruſhing oars and brazen prow
Daſh up the ſandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery courſers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half ſo ſwift a pace.
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The ſounding laſh; and, ere the ſtroke deſcends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid, with eager ſhouts, the favour'd ſide.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing ſound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills, rebound.
Amidſt the loud applauſes of the ſhore,
Gyas outſtripp'd the reſt, and ſprung before;
Cloanthus, better mann'd, purſu'd him faſt;
But his o'ermaſted galley check'd his haſte.
The centaur, and the dolphin bruſh the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line:
And now the mighty centaur ſeems to lead,
And now the ſpeedy dolphin gets a-head:
Now board to board the rival veſſels row;
The billows lave the ſkies, and ocean groans below.
They reach'd the mark: proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode the victors of the main:
But ſteering round, he charg'd his pilot ſtand
More cloſe to ſhore, and ſkim along the ſand.
Let others bear to ſea. Menætes heard,
But ſecret ſhelves too cautiouſly he fear'd:
And, fearing, ſought the deep; and ſtill aloof he ſteer'd.
With louder cries the captain call'd again;
Bear to the rocky ſhore, and ſhun the main.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking at his ſtern, he ſaw
The bold Cloanthus near the ſhelvings draw:
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla ſtood,
And, in a cloſer compaſs, plough'd the flood:
He paſs'd the mark, and wheeling got before:
Gyas blaſphem'd the gods, devoutly ſwore,
Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindleſs of others lives (ſo high was grown
His riſing rage) and careleſs of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoiſted up, and over board he threw:
This done, he ſeiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd ſhort upon the ſhelves, and madly ſteer'd.
Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years:
Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain;
The crowd, that ſaw him fall, and float again,
Shout from the diſtant ſhore, and loudly laugh'd,
To ſee his heaving breaſt diſgorge the briny draught
The following centaur, and the dolphin's crew,
Their vaniſh'd hopes of victory renew:
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark: Sergeſthus takes the place:
Mneſtheus purſues; and, while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind.
Then on the deck, amidſt his mates appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd:
My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigour; tug the labouring oar;
Stretch to your ſtrokes, my ſtill-unconquer'd crew,
Whom, from the flaming walls of Troy, I drew.
In this, our common intereſt, let me find
That ſtrength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you ſtemm'd the ſtrong Malæan flood,
And o'er the Syrtes broken billows row'd.
I ſeek not now the foremoſt palm to gain;
Though yet—but ah, that haughty wiſh is vain!
Let thoſe enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be laſt, the lags of all the race,
Redeem yourſelves and me from that diſgrace.
Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full ſtretch, and ſhake the brazen prow.
The ſea beneath them ſinks: their labouring ſides
Are ſwell'd, and ſweat runs guttering down in tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd ſucceſs;
Sergeſthus, eager with his beak, to preſs
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts the unwieldy centaur in the lock.
The veſſel ſtruck; and, with the dreadful ſhock,
Her oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her head ſhe broke.
The trembling rowers, from their banks ariſe,
And, anxious for themſelves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the ſhores;
And gather, from the ſea, their floating oars.
The crew of Mneſtheus, with elated minds,
Urge their ſucceſs, and call the willing winds:
Then ply their oars, and out their liquid way
In larger compaſs on the roomy ſea.
As when the dove her rocky hold forſakes,
Rous'd in a fright, her ſounding wings ſhe ſhakes,
The cavern rings with clattering; out ſhe flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the ſkies;
At firſt ſhe flutters; but at length ſhe ſprings
To ſmoother flight, and ſhoots upon her wings;
So Mneſtheus in the dolphin cuts the ſea,
And, flying with a force, that force aſſiſts his way.
Sergeſthus in the centaur ſoon he paſs'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky ſhoals, and ſticking faſt.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practiſes to row with ſhatter'd oars.
Then Mneſtheus bears with Gyas, and out-flies
The ſhip without a pilot yields the prize.
Unvanquiſh'd Scylla now alone remains;
Her he purſues, and all his vigour ſtrains.
Shouts from the favouring multitude ariſe,
Applauding echo to the ſhouts replies;
Shouts, wiſhes, and applauſe, run rattling through the ſkies.
Theſe clamours with diſdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praiſe, but more the robb'd reward:
Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
All obſtinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with ſucceſs, the dolphin ſwiftly ran
(For they can conquer who believe they can):
Both urge their oars, and fortune both ſupplies,
And both perhaps had ſhar'd an equal prize:
When to the ſeas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And ſuccour from the watery powers demands:
Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row,
If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Aſſiſt to make me guilty of my vow.
A ſnow-white bull ſhall on your ſhore be ſlain,
His offer'd entrails caſt into the main:
And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown,
Your graceful gift and my return ſhall own.

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The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,
Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land.
Swift as a shaft, on winged wind, she flies;
And, starting to the port, obtains the prize.
The herald summons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus, conquetor of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head;
And three fat steers are to his vessel led:
The ship's reward: with generous wine beside;
And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest,
The victor honour'd with a nobler vest:
Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
And needle-work its happy cost bestows.
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart;
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue:
When from aloft descends, in open view,
The bird of Jove; and, souring on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.
In vain, with lifted hands, and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him soaring through the skies,
And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries.
Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd;
And summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd:
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore,
In fidgle combat on the Trojan shore.
This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess
In war for his defence; for ornament in peace:
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet, so ponderous with its plates of gold,
That scarce two servants could the weight sustain,
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Pursued, and lightly seiz'd the Trojan train.
The third succeeding to the last reward,
Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd;
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two brass cauldrons from Dodona brought.
Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conquering temples bound with purple bands.
And now Sergesthus, cleaving from the rock,
Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.
Forlorn she look'd without an aiding oar,
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to shore.
As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,
Is crush'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground;
In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along,
Yet fierce above, she brandishes her tongue:
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales,
But, groveling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails!
So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But what she wants in oars with sails amends:
Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense.
Pholoe, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins, as fair.
From thence his way the Trojan hero bent,
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,
Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood:
Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
A native theatre, which rising slow,
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a sylvan throne the leader sate,
A numerous train attend in solemn state;
Here those, that in the rapid course delight,
Desire of honour and the prize invite:
The rival runners without orders stand,
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band,
First Nisus with Euryalus appears,
Euryalus a boy of blooming years;
With sprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd:
Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd:
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place:
But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
Then two Sicilian youths, the names of these
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes;
Both jolly huntsmen, both in forest bred,
And owning old Acestes for their head.
With several others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd:
In words, which general approbation gain'd:
One common largess is for all design'd;
The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd.
Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnosian wood,
A silver-studded ax alike bestow'd.
The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed;
The first of these obtains a stately steed
Adorn'd with trappings: and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supply'd;
A golden belt shall girt his manly side,
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be ty'd:
The third this Grecian helmet shall content,
He said: to their appointed base they went:
With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'er-pass'd;
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
The next, but though the next yet far disjoin'd,
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores ply'd,
Step after step, and almost side by side:
His shoulders pressing, and in longer space
Had won, or left at least a dubious race.
Now spent, the goal they almost reach at last;
When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
Slipp'd first, and, slipping fell upon the plain,
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain
The careless victor had not mark'd his way;
But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor,
He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,
And caught the foot of Salius as he rose:
So Salius lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,

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And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
Next Helymus, and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
But Salius enters; and, exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd;
Urges his cause may in the court be heard;
And pleads, the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize;
Besides, Diores fills the court with cries:
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: Let no disputes arise;
Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize:
But fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend.
He said: and, from among the spoils, he draws
(Ponderous with shaggy mane and golden paws)
A lion's hide, to Salius this he gives;
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,
He said, and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame?
In falling, both an equal fortune try'd;
Would fortune for my fall so well provide!
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hands, and all his habit smear'd with blood.
Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield
Of wondrous art by Didymaon wrought,
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
This giv'n to Nisus, he divides the rest;
And equal justice, in his gifts express'd.
The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
Once more the prince bespeaks the attentive crowd:
If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
His opposite sustain in open view,
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide;
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets ty'd,
Shall be the portion of the conquering chief;
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.
Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
And loud applauses echo through the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand,
The match of mighty Paris hand to hand;
The same at Hector's funerals undertook
Gigantic Butes, of th' Amician stock;
And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
Such Dares was; and such he strode along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny back, an ample breast he shows;
His lifted arms around his head he throws;
And deals in whistling air his empty blows.
His match is sought; but through the trembling band,
Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,
Already he devours the promis'd prize.
He claims the bull with awless insolence;
And, having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:
If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away.
The crowd assents; and, with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger demands the prize.
Aceste, fir'd with just disdain, to see
The palm usurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who late beside,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown?
A prize in triumph, borne before your sight,
And shun for fear the danger of the fight;
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
The god who taught your thundering arm the game?
Where now your baffled honour, where the spoil
That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?
Entellus, thus: My soul is still the same;
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
Oh, could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaster is so vain!
The brave who this decrepit age defies,
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.
He said, and, rising at the word, he threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And sheath his hands within the lifted field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with seven distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull hides; the space within is spread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight the hero stands,
And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.
What had your wonder, said Entellus, been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green!
These which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean arm;
And these I wielded while my blood was warm:
This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my head.
But, if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
If great Æneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right.
This said, Entellus for the strife prepares;
Strips of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he stands,
A goodly towering object on the sands.

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Then juſt Æneas equal arms ſupply'd,
Which round their ſhoulders to their wriſts they [ty'd;
Both on the tiptoe ſtand, at full extent;
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With claſhing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his ſinews and his giant ſize.
The laſt is ſtiff with age, his motion ſlow,
He heaves for breath: he ſtaggers to and fro;
And clouds of iſſuing ſmoke his noſtrils loudly blow.
Yet, equal in ſucceſs, they ward, they ſtrike;
Their ways are different, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow ſides the rattling thumps reſound:
A ſtorm of ſtrokes well-meant with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes:
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A ſweeping ſtroke along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus ſtands his ground,
But, with his warping body, wards the wound:
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverſes, and ſhifts his place;
And, like a captain, who beleaguers round
Some ſtrong-built caſtle, on a riſing ground,
Views all th' approaches with obſerving eyes,
This, and that other part, in vain he tries;
And more on induſtry than force relies.
With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
And ſlipt aſide, and ſhunn'd the long-deſcending blow.
Entellus waſtes his forces on the wind;
And thus deluded of the ſtroke deſign'd,
Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breaſt,
And weighty limbs his ancient mother preſs'd.
So falls a hollow pine, that long had ſtood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots: the differing nations riſe,
And ſhouts, and mingled murmurs, rend the ſkies.
Aceſtes runs, with eager haſte, to raiſe
The fall'n companion of his youthful days:
Dauntleſs he roſe, and to the fight return'd,
With ſhame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burn'd:
Diſdain and conſcious virtue fir'd his breaſt,
And, with redoubled force, his foe he preſs'd.
He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain,
Nor ſtops, nor ſtays; nor reſt nor breath allows,
But ſtorms of ſtrokes deſcend about his brows;
A rattling tempeſt, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who ſaw the wild increaſe
Of wounds, commands the combatants to ceaſe:
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
Firſt to the Trojan, ſpent with toil, he came,
And ſooth'd his ſorrow for the ſuffer'd ſhame.
What fury ſeiz'd my friend? the gods, ſaid he,
To him propitious, and averſe to thee,
Have giv'n his arm ſuperior force to thine;
'Tis madneſs to contend with ſtrength divine.
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the ſhore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and noſtrils pour'd a purple flood
And pounded teeth came ruſhing with his blood,
Faintly he ſtagger'd through the hiſſing throng;
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The ſword and caſque are carry'd by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.
The champion, then, before Æneas came;
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
O goddeſs-born! and you Dardanian hoſt,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boaſt:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending fate you ſav'd my foe.
Sternly he ſpoke; and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead aiming full,
The deadly ſtroke, deſcending, pierc'd the ſkull.
Down drops the beaſt; nor needs the ſecond wound; [ground.
But ſprawls in pangs of death, and ſpurns the
Then thus. In Dares' ſtead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler ſacrifice:
Take the laſt gift my wither'd arms can yield;
Thy gauntlets I reſign, and here renounce the field.
This done, Æneas orders, for the cloſe,
The ſtrife of archers with contending bows.
The maſt, Sergeſthus' ſhatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raiſes on the ſhore:
A fluttering dove, upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance;
Their turn of ſhooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names. The lots are drawn;
On the firſt ſcroll was read Hippocoon:
The people ſhout; upon the next was found
Young Mneſtheus, late with naval honours crown'd:
The third contain'd Eurytian's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame:
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And firſt among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Aceſtes in the bottom laſt remain'd;
Whom not his age from youthful ſports reſtrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their truſty bows,
And, from the quiver, each his arrow choſe:
Hippocoon's was the firſt: with forceful ſway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the maſt the feather'd weapon ſtands;
The fearful pigeon flutters in her hands;
And the tree trembled; and the ſhouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted ſkies.
Then Mneſtheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above;
But made a glancing ſhot, and miſs'd the dove.
Yet miſs'd ſo narrow, that he cut the cord
Which faſten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away ſhe flies;
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding ſkies.
His bow already bent, Eurytian ſtood,
And, having firſt invok'd his brother god,
His winged ſhaft with eager haſte he ſped;
The fatal meſſage reach'd her as ſhe fled:
She leaves her life aloft: ſhe ſtrikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Aceſtes, grudging at his lot, remains
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet ſhooting upward, ſends his ſhaft, to ſhow
An archer's art, and boaſt his twanging bow.

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The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames ascending drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way
Across the skies, as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare;
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.
The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Aceste with a close embrace:
Then, honouring him with gifts above the rest,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
The gods, said he, this miracle have wrought;
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old:
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give.
He said, and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
Nor good Eurytian envy'd him the prize;
Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
The third was his, whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son;
And whisper'd thus: With speed Ascanius find,
And if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horseback let him grace his grandsire's day;
And lead his equals arm'd in just array.
He said, and, calling out, the cirque he clears:
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers in a line:
The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with glory shine.
Thus marching on, in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
Their casques, adorn'd with laurel wreaths, they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before:
Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;
Twelve follow'd every chief, and left a space between.
The first young Priam led; a lovely boy,
Whose grandsire was th' unhappy king of Troy:
His race, in after-time, was known to fame,
New honours adding to the Latian name;
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.
White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
And on his front a snowy star he bore:
Then beauteous Atis, with Iülus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure courses for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view:
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly grace:
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.
Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial train,
First make the circuit of the sandy plain,
Around their fires: and at th' appointed sign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The second signal sounds: the troop divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd guides.
Again they close, and once again disjoin,
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.
They meet, they wheel, they throw their darts afar
With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.
Broken they break, and rallying, they renew
In other forms the military show.
At last, in order, undiscern'd they join;
And march together, in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which deny'd recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and still a different way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase,
In circles, when they swim around the watery race.
This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought.
Show'd what he learn'd: the Latin sires impart,
To their succeeding sons, the graceful art:
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game;
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name
Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate: But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate,
For while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Those envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below:
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way;
Where in the port secure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair-Iris down her arch descends;
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gathering crowd; and gliding thence,
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons on the sands alone,
With sighs, and tears, Anchises' death bemoan.
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves, renews their cries.
Alas! said one, what oceans yet remain
For us to sail; what labours to sustain!
All take the word; and, with a general groan,
Implore the gods for peace; and places of their own.
The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains;
And, in a woman's form, her heavenly limbs restrains.
In face and shape, old Beroë she became,
Doricles' wife, a venerable dame;
Once blest'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:
O wretched we, whom not the Grecian power,
Nor flames destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!

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Now seven revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsperous voyage we begun:
Since toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands;
Wandering in exile, through the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by fortune on this kindred land,
What should our rest, and rising walls withstand?
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
O, country lost! and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or streams of some resembled Simois view?
Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet consume:
Cassandra bids, and I declare her doom.
In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
With these, said she, these wandering ships destroy;
These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.
Time calls you now, the precious hour employ.
Slack not the good presage, while heaven inspires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See Neptune's altars minister their brands;
The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands.
Then, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,
And, toss'd in air, amidst the gallies threw.
Wrap'd in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:
Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's numerous race,
No Beroë this, though she belies her face:
What terrors from her frowning front arise;
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heavenly face are seen,
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!
Beroë but now I left; whom, pin'd with pain,
Her age and anguish from these rites detain.
She said; the matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddess, having done her task below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons prosecute their mad design:
They shriek aloud, they snatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
Green boughs, and saplings, mingled in their haste;
And smoking torches on the ships they cast.
The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
And seizes in his way the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes:
A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.
Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing steed.
And spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd,
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haste.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew;
What madness moves you, matrons, to destroy
The last remainders of unhappy Troy?
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn,
Behold your own Ascanius: while he said
He drew his glittering helmet from his head;
In which the youths to sportful arms he led.
By this, Æneas and his train appear;
And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight;
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light:
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find;
And shake the goddess from the alter'd mind.
Not so the raging fires their fury cease;
But lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,
Work on their way, amid the smouldering tow,
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
The silent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.
The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heaven his hands, and with his hands his vows:
O Jove, he cry'd, if prayers can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train.
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free:
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below.
Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise;
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain;
Heaven bellies downward, and descends in rain;
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which, hissing through the planks, the flames prevent:
And stop the fiery pest: four ships alone
Burn to the waste, and for the fleet atone.
But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wise, to whom alone
The will of heaven by Pallas was fore-shown;
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inspir'd
To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd:
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With cheerful words reliev'd his labouring mind.
O goddess-born, resign'd in every state,
With patience bear, with prudence push your fate.
By suffering well, our fortune we subdue;
Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue.
Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind;
To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
Trust in his hands your old and useless train,
Too numerous for the ships which yet remain:
The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
With all these daftard crew, who dare not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by land;
Here you may build a common town for all;
And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call.

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The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when to his slumbering eyes,
His father's shade descended from the skies;
And thus he spoke: O more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd,
The king of heaven employs my careful ghost
On his commands; the God who sav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire:
The wholesome counsel of your friend receive;
And here the coward train, and women leave:
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The stern Italians with their courage try;
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
But first to Pluto's palace you should go,
And seek my shade among the blest below.
For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey;
And blood of offer'd victims free the way;
There shall you know what realms the gods assign;
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now, farewell: I vanish with the night;
And feel the blast of heaven's approaching light:
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy flight.
Whither so fast, the filial duty cry'd,
And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace deny'd!
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires.
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense; and their aid implores.
Next for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision and the gods intent,
With his own purpose. All, without delay,
The will of Jove and his desires obey.
They list with women each degenerate name,
Who dares not hazard life, for future fame.
These they cashier: the brave remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables half consum'd renew.
The prince designs a city with the plough;
The lots their several tenements allow.
This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
And the new king ascends the throne with joy.
A chosen senate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then on the top of Eryx, they begin
A rising temple to the Pamphian queen:
Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god;
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;
And groves are planted round his blest abode.
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then, from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.
Now loud laments along the shores resound,
Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train,
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war.
Whom good Æneas cheers; and recommends
To their new master's care, his fearful friends.
On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new fallen to the stormy seas;
Then slips his hausers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero stands;
With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
Fresh gales arise, with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.
Mean time the mother goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:
The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
The malice which no sufferings can assuage,
Compel me to these prayers: since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.
Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
As if 'twere little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown;
She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains;
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
Let her the causes of her hatred tell;
But you can witness its effects too well.
You saw the storms she rais'd on Libyan floods,
That mix'd the mountain billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, she shook the main;
And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign.
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames
To burn their fleet with execrable flames:
And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his followers on a foreign coast:
For what remains, your godhead I implore;
And trust my son to your protecting power.
If neither Jove's nor fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the Latian land.
Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
What may not Venus hope, from Neptune's reign?
My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
Of your endanger'd fleet, may claim your confidence,
Nor less by land than sea, my deeds declare,
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I attest:
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And dash'd against their walls the trembling train,
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain:
When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood-up on ridges to behold the sea;
New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way.
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the same: fair goddess, fear no more,
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore:
Their lives are given; one destin'd head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.
Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.

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High on the waves his azure car he guides;
It axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before her father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monster whales before their master play,
And choirs of tritons crowd the watery way.
The martial'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better side
Enclose, and on the worse the nymphs and nereids ride.
Now smiling hope, with sweet viciſſitude,
Within the hero's mind, his joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
A-head of all the master pilot steers,
And, as he leads, the following navy veers,
The steeds of night had travell'd half the sky,
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie;
When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep
Me dost thou bid to trust the treacherous deep!
The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the syren south again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?
He said, his fasten'd hands the rudder keep,
And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquish'd by the power divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air;
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
But what the man forsook, the god supplies;
And o'er the dangerous deep secure the navy flies:
Glides by the syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost;
And white with bones: th'impetuous ocean roars;
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The tossing vessel fail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd:
For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flattering sky,
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to lie.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy: she attends him to hell: describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises: who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration: and shows him that glorious race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity.

He said, and wept: then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman shore:
Their anchors dropt, his crew the vessels moor.
Then turn their heads to sea, their stern to land;
And greet, with greedy joy, th' Italian strand,
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
Some gather sticks the kindled flames to feed;
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through vallies the discover'd floods.
Thus, while their several charges they fulfil,
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
Where Phœbus is ador'd; and seeks the shade
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
(The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by fame,
To the Cumæan coast at length he came;
And here alighting, built this costly frame.
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cuts the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his heart emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and offerings to his ghost:
Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
The mournful parents stand around in tears;
And rising Crete against their shore appears.
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen:

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Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye:
The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
The lower part a beast, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.
Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze;
A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways;
Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
Not to be found but by the faithful clue:
Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this last relief;
And all those erring paths describ'd so well,
That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
Here hapless Icarus had found his part;
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
Twice from his hands he drop'd the forming mould.
All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
Each varying object his delight renew'd.
Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining dame;
The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.
Time suffers not, she said, to feed your eyes
With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.
Seven bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus choose,
And for Diana seven unspotted ewes.
This said, the servants urge the sacred rites;
While to the temple she the prince invites.
A spacious cave, within its sarmost part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
Through the hills hollow sides: before the place,
A hundred doors, a hundred entries grace;
As many voices issue; and the sound
Of Sibyls' words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come: Aloud she cries,
This is the time; inquire your destinies.
He comes, behold the god! Thus while she said
(And shivering at the sacred entry staid),
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring breast.
Greater than human-kind she seem'd to look:
And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke,
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,
Why this delay? she cried; the powers invoke:
Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.
She said no more: the trembling Trojans hear:
O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
Indulgent god, propitious power to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
Through ambient seas, and through devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
And now, at length, the flying coast is found;
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has pursued her wandering race:
Here cease, ye powers, and let your vengeance end
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred maid! inspir'd to see
Th' event of things in dark futurity,
Give me, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latain state:
To fix my wandering gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and solemn prayer;
And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names;
Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land,
For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
Preserv'd in shrines: and every sacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
But, Oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:
Write not, but, what the powers ordain, relate.
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more, and far superior force he press'd:
Commands his entrance, and, without control,
Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves, a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice restores:
Escap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills, by land remain;
The coast so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event)
Thy troops shall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars I view; a field of blood;
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there;
A new Achilles shall in arms appear:
And he, too, goddess-born: fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort!
Driven to solicit aid at every court!
The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd,
A foreign mistress and a foreign guest:
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose:
The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown,
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town.
Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke,
And the resisting air the thunder broke:
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring breast,
In these mysterious words his mind express'd:
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new:
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare, [my care.
The fates, without my power, shall be without
This let me crave, since near your grove the road
To hell lies open, and the dark abode.
Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood:
Conduct me through the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father's sight:

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For him, a thousand dangers I have fought;
And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.
He, for my sake, the raging ocean try'd,
And wrath of heaven; my still auspicious guide,
And bore beyond the strength decrepit age supply'd.
Oft since he breath'd his last, in dead of night,
His reverend image stood before my sight;
Enjoin'd to seek below his holy shade;
Conducted there by your unerring aid:
But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,
Oblige the father, and protect the son.
Yours is the power; nor Proserpine in vain
Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his inchanting lyre,
The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
And from the shades below redeem his wife;
If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
Could free his brother; and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns descend below;
Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could ascend!
Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
My mother greater, my descent the same.
So pray'd the Trojan prince; and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.
Then thus reply'd the propheteſs divine:
O goddess-born! of great Anchises' line,
The gates of hell are open night and day:
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But, to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.
Betwixt those regions, and our upper light,
Deep forests and impenetrable night
Possess the middle space. Th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his sable waves surrounds:
But, if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling shades;
If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake,
Receive my counsel. In the neighbouring grove
There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold,
The ductile rind, and leaves, of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies:
The first thus rent, a second will arise,
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree;
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain.
And strength of stubborn arms, and steel are vain.
Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathless he lies, and his unbury'd ghost,
Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your host.
Pay first his pious dues: and, for the dead,
Two sable sheep around his herse be led:
Then, living turfs upon his body lay;
This done, securely take the destin'd way,
To find the regions destitute of day.
She said: and held her peace. Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of discontent;
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
Achates, the companion of his breast,
Goes grieving by his side with equal cares oppress'd.
Walking they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
What friend the priestess, by those words, design'd:
But soon they found an object to deplore;
Misenus lay extended on the shore.
Son of the god of winds; none so renown'd,
The warrior trumpet in the field to sound:
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouse to dare their fate, in honourable arms.
He serv'd great Hector; and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear,
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He chose Æneas, and he chose as well.
Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore;
With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd.
Then cast his mangled carcase on the strand;
The gazing crowd around the body stand.
All weep, but most Æneas mourns his fate,
And hastens to perform the funeral state.
In altar-wise a stately pile they rear;
The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd
(The shady covert of the savage kind),
The Trojans found: the sounding ax is ply'd:
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruins down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then, with vows, implor'd the queen of love:
O may thy power, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death.
Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid;
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
Whose glittering shadow gilds the sacred ground:
And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
In this distress, be present to my prayer.
Thus having said, he stopp'd: with watchful sight
Observing still the motions of their flight,
What course they took, what happy signs they shew;
They fed, and, fluttering by degrees, withdrew
Still farther from the place, but still in view:
Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
To the slow lake: whose baleful stench to shun,

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They wing'd their flight aloft; then ſtooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.
Through the green leaves the glittering ſhadows glow;
As on the ſacred oak, the wint'ry miſleto:
Where the proud mother views her precious brood;
And happier branches, which ſhe never ſow'd.
Such was the glittering, ſuch the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He ſeiz'd the ſhining bough with griping hold,
And rent away, with eaſe, the lingering gold:
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Mean time, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Miſenus pay his obſequies.
Firſt from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabric's front, with cypreſs twigs they ſtrew,
And ſtick the ſides with boughs of baleful yew.
The topmaſt part, his glittering arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen cauldrons borne,
Are pour'd to waſh his body, joint by joint:
And fragrant oils the ſtiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Miſenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathleſs body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away
(Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay).
Pure oil and incenſe on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends beſtow.
Theſe gifts, the greedy flames to duſt devour;
Then, on the living coals, red wine they pour:
And laſt, the relics by themſelves diſpoſe,
Which in a brazen urn the prieſts encloſe.
Old Chorineus compaſs'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he ſprinkled round, and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then diſmiſs'd the crowd.
Æneas order'd on the ſhore
A ſtately tomb; whoſe top a trumpet bore;
A ſoldier's faulchion, and a ſeaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathleſs fame
Still to the lofty cape configns his name.

Theſe rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Haſtes to the nether world his deſtin'd way.
Deep was the cape; and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough deſcent;
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends:
And here th' unnavigable lake extends.
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight;
Such deadly ſtenches from the deep ariſe,
And ſteaming ſulphur, that infects the ſkies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four ſable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For ſacrifice the pious hero brought;
The prieſteſs pours the wine betwixt their horns;
Then cuts the curling hair; that firſt oblation burns,
Invoking Hecate hither to repair
(A powerful name in hell, and upper air).
The ſacred prieſts with ready knives bereave
The beaſts of life, and in full bowls receive
The ſtreaming blood: a lamb to hell and night
(The ſable wool without a ſtreak of white)
Æneas offers: and, by fates decree,
A barren heifer, Proſerpine, to thee.
With holocauſts he Pluto's altar fills:
Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:
Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he powers;
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours:
Late, the nocturnal ſacrifice begun;
Nor ended, till the next returning ſun.
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,
Ere Hecate came: Far hence be ſouls profane,
The Sibyl cry'd, and from the grove abſtain.
Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford,
Aſſume thy courage, and unſheath thy ſword.
She ſaid, and paſs'd along the gloomy ſpace,
The prince purſu'd her ſteps with equal pace.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human ſight,
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghoſts, permit me to relate
The myſtic wonders of your ſilent ſtate.
Obſcure they went through dreary ſhades, that led
Along the waſte dominions of the dead:
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light:
When Jove in duſky clouds involves the ſkies,
And the faint creſcent ſhoots by fits before their eyes.

Juſt in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares and ſullen ſorrows dwell;
And pale diſeaſes, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unrefiſted rage:
Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother, ſleep,
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:
With anxious pleaſures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind:
The furies iron beds, and ſtrife that ſhakes
Her hiſſing treſſes, and unfolds her ſnakes.
Full in the midſt of this infernal road,
An elm diſplays her duſky arms abroad:
The god of ſleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are ſpread.
Of various forms unnumber'd ſpectres more;
Centaurs, and double ſhapes, beſiege the door:
Before the paſſage horrid Hydra ſtands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands:
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unſheath'd his ſhining ſteel, prepar'd,
Though ſeiz'd with ſudden fear, to force the guard,
Offering his brandiſh'd weapon at their face,
Had not the Sibyl ſtopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what thoſe empty phantoms were;
Forms without bodies, and impaſſive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whoſe troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus loſt:
There Charon ſtands, who rules the dreary coaſt;
A ſordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard deſcends; uncomb'd, unclean:
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire:
A girdle, foul with greaſe, binds his obſcene attire.
He ſpreads his canvas, with his pole he ſteers;
The freights of flitting ghoſts in his thin bottom bears.
He look'd in years; yet in his years were ſeen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came ruſhing where he ſtood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood,
Huſbands and wives, boys and unmarry'd maids,
And mighty heroes more majeſtic ſhades,

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And youths intomb'd before their father's eyes.
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries,
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods:
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands:
Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands;
And press for passage with extended hands.
Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd?
Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd?
Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,
The Sibyl said, you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred streams, which heaven's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected, are th' unhappy crew
Deprived of sepulchres, and funeral due.
The boatman Charon; those the bury'd host,
He ferries over to the farther coast,
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves,
With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore,
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd;
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves, [quiet graves.
Their funeral honours claim'd, and ask'd their
The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew;
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew:
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas the tempests met;
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.
Amidst the spirits Palinurus press'd;
Yet fresh from life; a new admitted guest.
Who, while he steering, view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Afric, to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen shadow knew. [friend,
Then thus the prince: What envious power, O
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,
Has, in your fate alone, my faith betray'd.
The god foretold, you should not die, before
You reach'd, secure from seas, the Italian shore.
Is this th' unerring power? The ghost reply'd,
Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers ly'd;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
But while the stars, and course of heaven I keep,
My weary'd eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds, and raging waves, I swear,
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care:
Left, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
Three blustering nights, borne by the southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mountain wave my head I bore;
Forcing my strength, and gathering to the shore:
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast:
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are tost:
Which O avert, by yon ethereal light
Which I have lost, for this eternal night:
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead sire, and by your living son,
Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghost,
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast;
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose:
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
Without whose aid, you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake;
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of you forbidden shore.
Scarce had he said, the propheteſs began,
What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,
To view the furies, and infernal gods;
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the terms of long revolving years:
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take;
The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows, and solemn prayer;
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear.
This calm'd his cares, sooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw:
Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath;
Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee stand,
And tell thy name, and business in the land.
Know this, the realm of night; the Stygian shore:
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear;
Nor strong Alcides, men of mighty fame;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter ty'd,
And took him trembling from his sovereign's side: [bride.
Two fought by force to seize his beauteous
To whom the Sibyl thus: Compose thy mind:
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wandering troops constrain
Of airy ghosts; and vex the guilty train:
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his sire in yon Elysian grove.
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,

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This fatal preſent ſhall prevail at leaſt;
Then ſhow'd the ſhining bough, conceal'd within her veſt.
No more was needful, for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to ſee the golden rod:
Admir'd the deſtin'd offering to the queen
(A venerable gift ſo rarely ſeen).
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
The ghoſts forſake their ſeats at his command:
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight,
The leaky veſſel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly ſhe ſails, and ſcarcely ſtems the tides:
The preſſing water pours within her ſides.
His paſſengers, at length, are wafted o'er;
Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry ſhore.
No ſooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian ſound,
Grim Cerberus; who ſoon began to rear
His creſted ſnakes, and arm'd his briſtling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A ſop in honey ſteep'd to charm the guard.
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, ſhe caſt before
His greedy, grinding jaws, juſt op'd to roar:
With three enormous mouths he gapes, and ſtraight,
With hunger preſs'd, devours the pleaſing bait.
Long draughts of ſleep his monſtrous limbs enſlave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the ſpacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Paſs'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Aſſault his ears: then thoſe whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cauſe.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful ſentence, and award a new.
Minos, the ſtrict inquiſitor, appears,
And lives and crimes, with his aſſeſſors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls.
The next in place, and puniſhment, are they
Who prodigally throw their ſouls away;
Fools, who repining at their wretched ſtate,
And loathing anxious life, ſuborn'd their fate.
With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forſook, and wiſh to live.
Their pains and poverty deſire to bear,
To view the light of heaven, and breathe the vital air.
But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppoſe,
And, with nine circling ſtreams, the captive ſoul encloſe.
Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;
So call'd, from lovers that inhabit there.
The ſouls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In ſecret ſolitude, and myrtle ſhades,
Make endleſs moans, and, pining with deſire,
Lament too late their unextinguiſh'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found
Baring her breaſt, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her ſon. He ſaw Paſiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghoſt, a ſoul inceſtuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne moves:
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves.
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the ſex ſhe firſt began.
Not far from theſe Phœnician Dido ſtood,
Freſh from her wound, her boſom bath'd in blood.
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obſcure in ſhades, and with a doubtful view
(Doubtful as he who runs through duſky night,
Or thinks he ſees the moon's uncertain light);
With tears he firſt approach'd the ſullen ſhade,
And, as his love inſpir'd him, thus he ſaid:
Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas, the cauſe! By heaven, I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forſook your friendly ſtate:
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate.
Thoſe gods, that fate, whoſe unreſiſted might
Have ſent me to theſe regions, void of light:
Through the vaſt empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to preſume, that preſs'd with grief,
My flight ſhould urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, ſtay your ſteps, and liſten to my vows,
'Tis the laſt interview that fate allows!
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
With tears and prayers, and late repenting love:
Diſdainfully ſhe look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground:
And what he ſays, and ſwears, regards no more,
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar.
But whirl'd away, to ſhun his hateful ſight,
Hid in the foreſt, and the ſhades of night.
Then ſought Sichæus, through the ſhady grove,
Who anſwer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.
Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting ſhade.
Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
Where, ſever'd from the reſt, the warrior ſouls remain'd.
Tideus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the ſoldiers grace;
And pale Adraſtus with his ghaſtly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train:
All much lamented, all in battle ſlain.
Glaucus and Medon, high above the reſt,
Antenor's ſons, and Ceres' ſacred prieſt:
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who ſhakes his empty reins, and aims his airy ſpear.
The gladſome ghoſts, in circling troops, attend,
And, with unweary'd eyes, behold their friend.
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What buſineſs brought him to the realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flaſh'd through the ſhady plain,
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
As when his thundering ſword and pointed ſpear
Drove headlong to their ſhips, and gleam'd the routed rear,
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gaſping throats.
Here Priam's ſon, Deiphobus he found,
Whoſe face and limbs were one continued wound,

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Diſhoneſt, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his noſe, and ſhorten'd of his ears.
He ſcarcely knew him, ſtriving to diſown
His blotted form, and bluſhing to be known.
And therefore firſt began: O Teucer's race,
Who durſt thy faultleſs figure thus deface?
What heart could wiſh, what hand inflict, this dire diſgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that in our laſt and fatal night,
Your ſingle proweſs long ſuſtain'd the fight:
Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you choſe,
And fell upon a heap of ſlaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of ſo brave a deed,
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed:
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I ſought; and, had I found,
Deſign'd for burial in your native ground.
The ghoſt reply'd: Your piety has paid
All needful rites to reſt my wandering ſhade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian ſwords betray'd my ſleeping life.
Theſe are the monuments of Helen's love:
The ſhame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we paſt
The night, that was by heaven decreed our laſt.
For, when the fatal horſe deſcending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the ſignal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuſcade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppreſs'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to reſt;
And heavy ſleep my weary limbs poſſeſs'd.
Mean time my worthy wife our arms miſlay'd;
And, from beneath my head, my ſword convey'd:
The door unlatch'd; and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence ſhe plac'd,
And with new treaſons would redeem the paſt.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceleſs man.
Ulyſſes, baſely born, firſt led the way:
Avenging power! with juſtice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But anſwer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian ſtate?
Driven by the winds and errors of the ſea,
Or did you heaven's ſuperior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way?
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal ſeats?
While thus, in talk, the flying hours they paſs,
The ſun had finiſh'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had ſpent
The little time of ſtay, which heaven had lent.
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;
Night ruſhes down, and headlong drives the day:
'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right, to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus deſcends;
The ſeat of night profound, and puniſh'd fiends.
Then thus Deiphobus: O ſacred maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd:
Lo to the ſecret ſhadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auſpicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found.
He ſaid; and while he ſaid, his ſteps he turn'd
To ſecret ſhadows, and in ſilence mourn'd.
The hero, looking on the left, eſpy'd
A lofty tower, and ſtrong on every ſide
With treble walls, which Phlegethon ſurrounds,
Whoſe fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
And, preſs'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noiſe reſounds.
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
With adamantine columns, threats the ſky.
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To cruſh the pillars which the pile ſuſtain.
Sublime on theſe a tower of ſteel is rear'd,
And dire Tiſiphone there keeps the ward.
Girt in her ſanguine gown, by night and day,
Obſervant of the ſouls that paſs the downward way:
From hence are heard the groans of ghoſts, the pains
Of ſounding laſhes, and of dragging chains.
The Trojan ſtood aſtoniſh'd at their cries,
And aſk'd his guide, from whence thoſe yells ariſe?
And what the crimes and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air?
She thus reply'd: The chaſte and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when ſhe gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through theſe dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
Theſe are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the ſtate:
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conſcious wretch muſt all his acts reveal:
Loth to confeſs, unable to conceal:
From the firſt moment of his vital breath,
To this laſt hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghoſt, the fury ſhakes
The ſounding whip, and brandiſhes her ſnakes:
And the pale ſinner, with her ſiſters, takes.
Then, of itſelf, unfolds th' eternal door:
With dreadful ſounds the brazen hinges roar.
You ſee, before the gate, what ſtalking ghoſt
Commands the guard, what centries keep the poſt.
More formidable Hydra ſtands within;
Whoſe jaws with iron teeth ſeverely grin.
The gaping gulf, low to the centre lies;
And twice as deep as earth is diſtant from the ſkies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here ſing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd ſpace.
Here lie th' Aloan twins (I ſaw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth;
Who dar'd in fight the thunderer to defy;
Affect his heaven, and force him from the ſky.
Salmoneus, ſuffering cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling ſound
Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew:
Th' audacious wretch four fiery courſers drew;

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He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches, of resounding brass;
To rival thunder, in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force.
But he, the king of heaven, obscure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and launching in the sky
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heaven; his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A ravenous vulture in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd:
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
The growing liver still supply'd the feast.
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Pirithous I could name;
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at every blast.
They lie below, on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts, with regal pomp, are made.
The queen of furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat.
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears:
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.
Then they, who brothers better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold:
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend;
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adultery slain.
Hosts of deserters, who their honours sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold:
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains, nor farther seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty stone; some laid along,
And, bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels are hung.
Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair:
And wretched Phlegias warns the world with cries (wise),
(Could warning make the world more just or
Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.
To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold:
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made;
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
With incest some their daughters bed profan'd.
All dar'd the worst of ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.

But let us haste our voyage to pursue;
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view:
The gate, and iron arch above it, stands
On anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops hands.
Before our farther way, the fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough.
She said; and through the gloomy shades they past,
And chose the middle path: arriv'd at last,
The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body, then approach'd the door,
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie;
With ether vested, and a purple sky:
The blissful seats of happy souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And, on the green, contend the wrestler's prize.
Some in heroic verse, divinely sing,
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands, conspicuous in his flowing vest.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike seven distinguish'd notes, and seven at once they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race;
Born better times, and happier years to grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground.
The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
Some did the song, and some the choir maintain:
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood;
Priests of unblemish'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy their aspiring god:
And searching wits of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new invented arts.
Those who, to worth, their bounty did extend;
And those who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
To these, the Sibyl thus her speech address'd;
And first to him surrounded by the rest;
Towering his height, and ample was his breast:
Say, happy souls, divine Musæus say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?
To this the sacred poet thus reply'd,
In no fix'd place the happy souls reside;
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend,
The path conducts you to your journey's end.

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This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shows them all the shining fields below;
They wind the hill, and through the blissful meadows go.
But old Anchises, in a flowery vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale.
Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,
For future being, and new bodies wait,
With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
In nature's order as they pass'd along.
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful senates, and successful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
Welcome, he said, the gods undoubted race,
O long expected to my dear embrace;
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?
How have I fear'd your fate! But fear'd it most
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast.
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent shade, nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son!
He said: and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw:
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
Now, in a secret vale the Trojan sees
A separate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through the trees.
And just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
In summer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed.
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Æneas wondering stood: then ask'd the cause,
Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the sire: The souls that throng the flood
Are those, to whom, by fate, are other bodies owed:
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste;
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
To set before your sight your glorious race.
That this presaging joy may fire your mind,
To seek the shores by destiny design'd.
O father, can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime?
And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?
Anchises then in order thus begun,
To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
Know first, that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind infus'd through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain;
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same,
And every soul is fill'd with equal flame:
As much as earthy limbs and gross allay
Of mortal members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts:
And grief and joy, nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heavenly kind.
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains:
But long-contracted filth, e'en in the soul, remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear:
And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
For this are various penances injoin'd;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind;
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires!
All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime.
No speck is left of their habitual stains;
But the pure æther of the soul remains.
But when a thousand rolling years are past
(So long their punishments and penance last);
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood;
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours, and their irksome years.
That, unremembering of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.
Thus having said; the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son through swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny,
Survey (pursu'd the sire) this airy throng;
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
These are th' Italian names, which fate will join
With ours, and graft upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward on a shining spear;
Silvius is he: thy last-begotten race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place.
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a shady wood:
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.

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In Alba he ſhall fix his royal ſeat:
And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys' and Numitor, of endleſs fame.
And ſecond Silvius after theſe appears;
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,
For arms and juſtice equally renown'd:
Who, late reſtor'd, in Alba ſhall be crown'd.
How great they look, how vigorouſly they wield
Their weighty lances, and ſuſtain the ſhield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and ſtrong Fidenæ rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found;
And raiſe Colatian towers on rocky ground.
All theſe ſhall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obſcure, and lands without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to reſtore
The crown that once his injur'd grandſire wore.
This prince, a prieſteſs of your blood ſhall bear;
And, like his ſire, in arms he ſhall appear.
Two riſing creſts his royal head adorn;
Born from a god, himſelf to godhead born.
His ſire, already, ſigns him for the ſkies,
And marks the ſeat amidſt the deities.
Auſpicious chief! thy race in times to come
Shall ſpread the conqueſt of imperial Rome.
Rome, whoſe aſcending towers ſhall heaven invade
Involving earth and ocean in her ſhade.
High as the mother of the gods in place;
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp ſhe makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd,
A hundred gods her ſweeping train ſupply;
Her offspring all, and all command the ſky.
Now fix your ſight, and ſtand intent, to ſee
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
The mighty Cæſar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and graſps his promis'd power.
But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæſar himſelf, exalted in his line;
Auguſtus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to reſtore a better age of gold.
Afric and India ſhall his power obey,
He ſhall extend his propagated ſway
Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way.
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around:
And his broad ſhoulders with their lights are crown'd.
At his fore-ſeen approach, already quake
The Caſpian kingdoms, and Mœotian lake.
Their ſeers behold the tempeſts from afar,
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his ſeven-fold gates,
And ſeeks his hidden ſpring, and fears his nephew fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he ſlew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Niſus' top deſcending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to purſue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view?
But what's the man, who from afar appears,
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a cenſer bears?
His hoary head and holy veſtments bring
His loſt idea back: I know the Roman king.
He ſhall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain:
Call'd from his mean abode, a ſceptre to ſuſtain.
Him Tullus next in dignity ſucceeds;
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He ſhall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Diſus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of ſword, his crown he ſhall increaſe,
And ſcour his armour from the ruſt of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings: th' avenging ſword
Of Brutus juſtly drawn, and Rome reſtor'd.
He firſt renews the rods, and ax ſevere;
And gives the conſuls royal robes to wear.
His ſons, who ſeek the tyrant to ſuſtain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy ſcourg'd, in open ſight,
He dooms to death deſerv'd: aſſerting public right.
Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cauſe!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is underſtood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
The conſul, not the father, ſheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the ſame track purſue;
And next, the two devoted Decii view.
The Druſian line, Camillus loaded home
With ſtandards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.
The pair you ſee in equal armour ſhine;
(Now, friends below, in cloſe embraces join:
But when they leave the ſhady realms of night,
And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light),
With mortal heat each other ſhall purſue:
What wars, what wounds, what ſlaughter, ſhall enſue,
From Alpine heights the father firſt deſcends;
His daughter's huſband in the plain attends:
His daughter's huſband arms his eaſtern friends.
Embrace again, my ſons; be foes no more:
Nor ſtain your country with her children's gore.
And thou, the firſt, lay down thy lawleſs claim;
Thou, of my blood, who bear'ſt the Julian name.
Another comes, who ſhall in triumph ride,
And to the capitol his chariot guide;
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian ſpoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos ſhall impoſe the Roman laws;
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cauſe:
Shall drag in chains their Achillæan race;
Shall vindicate his anceſtors diſgrace:
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conquering Coſſus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
The Scipios' worth, thoſe thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can ſee,
Without eſteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can ceaſe t' admire
The ploughman conſul in his coarſe attire?
Tir'd as I am, my praiſe the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greateſt of thy name,

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Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running mass
Of medals, and inform the breathing brass;
And, soften into flesh a marble face:
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way,
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.
He paus'd: and while with wondering eyes they view'd
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage, and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright:
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight:
Then, to the capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.
Æneas, here, beheld of form divine
A godlike youth, in glittering armour shine;
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face:
He saw, and, wondering, ask'd his airy guide,
What, and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's side?
His son, or one of his illustrious name,
How like the former, and almost the same:
Observe the crowds that compass him around:
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
But hovering mists around his brows are spread,
And night, with sable shades, involves his head.
Seek not to know (the ghost reply'd with tears)
The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state;
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give:
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast;
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe unpunish'd in the fighting field,
Shall dare thee foot to foot, with sword and shield:
Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
Ah, couldst thou break through fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow,
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least I may bestow!
Thus having said, he led the hero round
The confines of the blest Elysian ground,
Which, when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars ordain'd by fate;
The strength and customs of the Latian state:
The prince, and people: and fore-arms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn;
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn;
True visions through transparent horn arise;
Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
Then, through the gate of ivory, he dismiss'd
His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way;
Embark'd his men, and skim'd along the sea:
Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his gallies moor;
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces, and the names of their commanders, are particularly related.

And thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
Cajeta still the place is called from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.

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From land a gentle breeze aroſe by night,
Serenely ſhone the ſtars, the moon was bright,
And the ſea trembled with her ſilver light.
Now near the ſhelves of Circe's ſhores they run
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the ſun),
A dangerous coaſt: the goddeſs waſtes her days
In joyous ſongs, the rocks reſound her lays,
In ſpinning, or the loom, ſhe ſpends the night,
And cedar brands ſupply her father's light.
From hence were heard (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuſe the chain,
The grunts of briſtled boars; and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that ſtun the ſailors ears.
Theſe from their caverns, at the cloſe of night,
Fill the ſad iſle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power
(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in wicked ſhapes confin'd.
Which monſters, leſt the Trojans pious hoſt
Should bear or touch upon th' inchanted coaſt;
Propitious Neptune ſteer'd their courſe by night,
With riſing gales, that ſped their happy flight.
Supply'd with theſe, they ſkim the ſounding ſhore,
And hear the ſwelling ſurges vainly roar.
Now when the roſy morn began to riſe,
And weav'd her ſaffron ſtreamer through the ſkies;
When Thetis bluſh'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds are blown.
A ſudden ſilence ſate upon the ſea, [way.
And ſweeping oars, with ſtruggling, urge their
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with ſhades and a brown horror ſtood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his courſe,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force
That drove the ſand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the ſea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood;
That bath'd within, or baſk'd upon his ſide,
To tuneful ſongs their narrow throats apply'd,
The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy ſhade, and leave the main.
Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inſpire,
And fill his ſoul with thy celeſtial fire.
Relate what Latium was: her ancient kings:
Declare the paſt, and preſent ſtate of things:
When firſt the Trojan fleet Auſonia ſought;
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought,
Theſe are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
For I ſhall ſing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage:
And haughty ſouls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields purſu'd and found their fate:
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger ſcene of action is diſplay'd,
And, riſing hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long poſſeſs'd
The Latium ſceptre, and his people bleſs'd:
His father Faunus; a Laurentium dame
His mother, fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as heaven decreed,
Was bleſs'd with no male iſſue to ſucceed:
His ſons in blooming youth were ſnatch'd by fate;
One only daughter heir'd the royal ſtate.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the reſt,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid addreſs'd.
Turnus, for high deſcent and graceful mien,
Was firſt, and favour'd by the Latian queen:
With him ſhe ſtrove to join Lavinia's hand;
But dire portents the purpos'd match withſtand.
Deep in the palace, of long growth, there ſtood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
Where rites divine were paid; whoſe holy hair
Was kept, and cut with ſuperſtitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
And laſt, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
It happen'd once (a boding prodigy)
A ſwarm of bees that cut the liquid ſky,
Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
Upon the topmoſt branch in clouds alight:
There, with their claſping feet together clung,
And a long cluſter from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophely'd from hence:
Behold on Latian ſhores a foreign prince!
From the ſame parts of heaven his navy ſtands,
To the ſame parts on earth: his army lands:
The town he conquers, and the tower commands.
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and ſtood beſide her ſire;
Strange to relate, the flames involv'd the ſmoke
Of incenſe, from the ſacred altar broke:
Caught her diſhevel'd hair and rich attire;
Her crowns and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the ſuming trail began to ſpread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the ſeer with wonder views;
Then pauſing thus, his prophecy renews:
The nymph who ſcatters flaming fires around,
Shall ſhine with honour, ſhall herſelf be crown'd;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War ſhall the country waſte, and change the ſtate:
Latinus frighted with this dire oſtent,
For counſel to his father Faunus went:
And ſought the ſhades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's ſulphurous fountain lie.
To thoſe the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when diſtreſs'd, and thence relief demand.
The prieſt on ſkins of offerings takes his eaſe;
And nightly viſions in his ſlumber ſees:
A ſwarm of thin aërial ſhapes appears,
And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears:
Theſe he conſults, the future fates to know,
From powers above, and from the fiends below.

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Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
Offering a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites require,
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal sound
Invades his ears: and thus the vision spoke:
Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium shall contain nor Europe bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.
These answers in the silent night receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
The fame through all the neighbouring nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in view.
Beneath a shady tree the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
They sate, and (not without the god's command)
Their homely fare dispatch'd: the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flower.
Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling said,
See, we devour the plates on which we fed.
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies:
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes)
All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods,
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes!
For thee Anchises prophesy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold.
"When on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
"By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat;
"Then ease your weary Trojans will attend:
"And the long labours of your voyage end.
"Remember on that happy coast to build:
"And with a trench enclose the fruitful field."
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race.
Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men: but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast:
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught;
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought.
Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows:
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then earth, the mother of the heavenly race;
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne:
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove;
And last his sire below, and mother queen above.
Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud;
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew:
The time was come their city to renew;
Then every brow with cheerful green is crown'd,
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to several parts divide their way,
To learn the natives names, their towns, explore
The coast, and trendings of the crooked shore:
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands,
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs
(The spacious palace where the prince resides);
And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
They go commission'd to require a peace;
And carry presents to procure access.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince does signs
The new-elected seat, and draws the lines:
The Trojans round the place a rampart cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.
Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town, and lofty towers survey:
At length approach the walls: without the gate
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the courser's rein;
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory:
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop, advis'd their aged prince;
That foreign men, of mighty stature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name;
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood!
And round encompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpris'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sovereign power:
In state the monarch march'd, the lictors bore
Their awful axes, and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of prayer;
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines:
And studiously surveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears,
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long divining wand.

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Girt in his gabin gown the hero ſate:
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love, refus'd, converted to diſdain:
Then mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart.
Conſtrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly
With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering pye.
In this high temple, on a chair of ſtate,
The ſeat of audience, old Latinus ſate;
Then gave admiſſion to the Trojan train,
And thus, with pleaſing accents, he began:
Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own;
Nor is your courſe upon our coaſts unknown;
Say what you ſeek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by ſtreſs of weather caſt a-ground?
Such dangers of the ſea are often ſeen,
And oft befal to miſerable men.
Or come, your ſhipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and diſabled in ſo long a way?
Say what you want; the Latians you ſhall find
Not forc'd to goodneſs, but by will inclin'd;
For ſince the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hoſpitable cuſtoms we retain.
I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Arunci told; that Dardanus, though born
On Latian plains, yet fought the Phrygian ſhore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before:
From Tuſcan Coritum he claim'd his birth.
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence aſcended to his kindred ſkies,
A god, and as a god augments their ſacrifice.
He ſaid. Ilioneus made this reply:
O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintery winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the ſtars our wandering courſe betray.
Willing we ſought your ſhores, and hither bound,
The port ſo long deſir'd, at length we found.
From our ſweet homes and ancient realms ex-
Great as the greateſt that the ſun beheld. [pell'd;
The god began our line, who rules above,
And as our race, our king deſcends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admiſſion in your happy land.
How dire a tempeſt, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;
What was the waſte of war, what dire alarms
Shook Aſia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n ſuch have heard, if any ſuch there be,
Whoſe earth is bounded by the frozen ſea:
And ſuch as born beneath the burning ſky,
And ſultry ſun betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, through the watery waſte,
Such length of years, ſuch various perils paſt:
At laſt eſcap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may ſpare;
The common water, and the common air.
Sheds which ourſelves will build, and mean a-
Fit to receive and ſerve our baniſh'd gods. [bodes,
Nor our admiſſion ſhall your realm diſgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Beſides what endleſs honour you ſhall gain
To ſave and ſhelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my ſovereign, and his fate, I ſwear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
Oft our alliance other lands deſir'd,
And what we ſeek of you, of us requir'd.
Deſpiſe not then, that in our hands we bear
Theſe holy boughs, and ſue with words of prayer.
Fate and the gods, by their ſupreme command,
Have doom'd our ſhips to ſeek the Latian land.
To theſe abodes our fleet Apollo ſends,
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends.
Where Thuſcan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy ſource.
Beſides, our prince preſents, with his requeſt,
Some ſmall remains of what his fire poſſeſs'd.
This golden charger, ſnatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchiſes did in ſacrifice employ;
This royal robe and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden ſceptre bore
In full aſſemblies, and in ſolemn games;
Theſe purple veſts were weav'd by Dardan dames.
Thus while he ſpoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
Intent he ſeem'd, and anxious in his breaſt;
Not by the ſceptre mov'd, or kingly veſt:
But pondering future things of wonderous weight:
Succeſſion, empire, and his daughter's fate:
On theſe he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
And then reſolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To ſhare his ſceptre, and Lavinia's bed.
This was the race that ſure portents foreſhow
To ſway the world, and land and ſea ſubdue.
At length he rais'd his cheerful head and ſpoke:
The powers, ſaid he, the powers we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpoſe with their augury.
Have what you aſk: your preſents I receive;
Land where, and when you pleaſe, with ample leave;
Partake and uſe my kingdom as your own;
It ſhall be yours, while I command the crown.
And if my wiſh'd alliance pleaſe your king,
Tell him he ſhould not ſend the peace, but bring:
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Beſides this anſwer, tell my royal gueſt,
I add to his commands my own requeſt:
One only daughter heirs my crown and ſtate,
Whom, not our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th' Auſonian line.
A foreign ſon-in-law ſhall come from far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war:
Whoſe race ſhall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuſe our fame.
Himſelf to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, deſire.
He ſaid, and then on each beſtow'd a ſteed;
Three hundred horſes, in high ſtables fed,
Stood ready, ſhining all, and ſmoothly dreſs'd;
Of theſe he choſe the faireſt and the beſt,
To mount the Trojan troop; at his command,
The ſteeds capariſon'd with purple ſtand:
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ, betwixt their teeth, the foaming gold.
Then to his abſent gueſt the king decreed
A pair of courſers born of heavenly breed:
Who from their noſtrils breath'd ethereal fire;
Whom Circe ſtole from her celeſtial ſire;

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By substituting mares, produc'd on earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends;
And the rich present to the prince commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.
But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main!
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success,
Th' embassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:
O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fate of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall unpity'd, on the plain,
But slain revive, and taken, 'scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires, and swords, and seas, they forc'd their way.
Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent,
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I through the seas pursued their exil'd race:
Engag'd the heavens, oppos'd the stormy main;
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scylla's and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storm's and Juno's hate.
Mars could in mutual blood the centaurs bathe,
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath:
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon:
What great offence had either people done?
But I, the consort of the thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war:
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length are foil'd.
If native power prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succour from without?
If Jove and heaven my just desires deny,
Hell shall the power of Heaven and Jove supply.
Grant that the fates have firm'd by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought:
And both the people near destruction brought.
So shall the son-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutilian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lovers hand,
Another queen brings forth another brand;
To burn with foreign fires her native land!
A second Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame.
Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound;
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
This fury fit for her intent she chose,
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen race
Her sister-furies fly her hideous face:
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
O virgin daughter of eternal night,
Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince:
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war.
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight.
There sought the queen's apartments, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossest,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black, bloody locks the fury shakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
And sin'd it deep within Amata's heart:
That thus envenom'd she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen, and her naked limbs.
His baleful breath inspiring as he glides,
Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And, with her circling volumes, folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slide with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war:
And thus bespoke her husband: Shall, she said,
A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert:
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In show of friendship, sought the Spartan shore;
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word:
And think on Turnus, her once-plighted lord:
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care: and if the god,
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.

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Then if the line of Turnus you retrace;
He ſprings from Inachus of Argive race.
But when ſhe ſaw her reaſon ill'y ſpent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the ſnake poſſeſs'd
Her vital parts, and poiſon'd all her breaſt;
She raves, ſhe runs, with a diſtracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And, as young ſtriplings whip the top for ſport,
On the ſmooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardleſs rout,
They laſh aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little ſouls at every ſtroke:
Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidſt the crowds, and kindles as ſhe goes.
Not yet content, ſhe ſtrains her malice more,
And adds new ills to thoſe contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along:
Wandering through woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with theſe arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus! cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O Bacchus! thus began the ſong,
And Evoe! anſwer'd all the female throng:
O virgin! worthy thee alone, ſhe cry'd;
O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd;
For thee ſhe feeds her hair, ſhe leads thy dance,
And with the winding ivy wreaths her lance.
Like fury ſeiz'd the reſt; the progreſs known,
All ſeek the mountains and forſake the town:
All clad in ſkins of beaſts the javelin bare,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair:
And ſhrieks and ſhoutings rend the ſuffering air.
The queen, herſelf, inſpir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine:
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And ſung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial ſong!
To ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear:
If there be here, ſhe ſaid, who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain,
Unbind your fillets, looſe your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.
Amata's breaſt the fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the ſylvan ſhades,
Then when ſhe found her venom ſpread ſo far,
The royal houſe embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her duſky wings ſhe cleaves the ſkies,
And ſeeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold:
Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
Of following Argives, through the ſtormy main,
Driv'n by the ſouthern blaſts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once, now Ardea's name it bears
Once a fair city, now conſum'd with years.
Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in ſleep: the fury laid aſide
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd
The foulneſs of the infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a ſtaff, ſhe takes the trembling mein,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obſcene;
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek ſhe draws,
Sunk are her eyes, and toothleſs are her jaws:
Her hoary head with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Calibe, who kept the ſacred fane
Of Juno, now ſhe ſeem'd, and thus began:
Appearing in a dream, to rouſe the careleſs man.
Shall Turnus then ſuch endleſs toil ſuſtain,
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize?
Uſurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
The bride and ſceptre which thy blood has bought,
The king tranſfers, and foreign heirs are ſought:
Go now, deluded man, and ſeek again
New toils, new dangers, on the duſty plain,
Repel the Tuſcan foes, their city ſeize;
Protect the Latians in luxurious eaſe.
This dream all-powerful Juno ſends; I bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words ſpus bear.
Haſte, arm your Ardeans, iſſue to the plain,
With faith to friend, aſſault the Trojan train: [ſe
Their thoughtleſs chiefs, their painted ſhips that
In Tiber's mouth, with fire and ſword deſtroy.
The Latian king, unleſs he ſhall ſubmit,
Own his old promiſe, and his new forget;
Let him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he diſdains to love.
For ſuch is heaven's command. The youthful prince
With ſcorn reply'd; and made this bold defence:
You tell me, mother, what I knew before;
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the ſhore:
I neither fear, nor will provoke, the war:
My fate is Juno's moſt peculiar care,
But time has made you dote, and vainly trill
Of arms imagin'd, in your lonely cell:
Go, be the temple and the gods your care;
Permit the men the thought of peace and war.
Theſe haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
And frighted Turnus trembled as ſhe ſpoke.
Her eyes grew ſtiffen'd and with ſulphur burn,
Her hideous looks and helliſh form return:
Her curling ſnakes with hiſſings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face!
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She caſt him backward as he ſtrove to riſe,
And, lingering, ſought to frame ſome new replies.
High on her head ſhe rears two twiſted ſnakes;
Her chain the rattles, and her whip the ſnakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly ſpeaks:
Behold whom time has made to dote, and toil
Of arms, imagin'd in her lonely cell;
Behold the fates' infernal miniſter;
War, death, deſtruction, in my hand I bear.
Thus having ſaid, her ſmouldering torch impreſs'd
With her full force, ſhe plung'd into his breaſt.
Aghaſt he wak'd, and, ſtarting from his bed,
Cold ſweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erſpread.
Arms, arms, he cries, my ſword and ſhield prepare;
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom riſe:
Above their brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

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The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,
In threatening embassy: then rais'd the rest,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest:
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore;
Himself alone, an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutili prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house, and his own fame engage.
While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies:
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The fury fires the pack; they snuff they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies:
From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.
The stately beast, the two Tyrrhedæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did their fodder bring;
Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns: with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide;
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand.
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood:
Whence, gazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds;
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat,
Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowls through his panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes;
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.
He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans;
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Sylvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend who lay
In the close woody covert urg'd their way.
One with a brand, yet burning from the flame;
Arm'd with a knotty club, another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist:
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath; the rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.
The clowns, a boisterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
The powers of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Nor theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal rays.
Thus when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies:
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise;
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies:
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The fury bath'd them in each others blood.
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies,
To Juno thus she speaks: Behold 'tis done;
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete, nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood,
Speak, and my power shall add this office more;
The neighbouring nations of th' Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.
Then Juno thus: The grateful work is done;
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun;
Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate:
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
But thou with speed to night and hell repair.
For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear
Thy lawless wandering walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me, Saturnia said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.

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In midſt of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake, Amſanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts, on either ſide
Thick foreſts the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the ſacred wood
An arm ariſes of the Stygian flood; [ſound,
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing
Whirls the black waves and rattling ſtones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the fury flies; [ing ſkies.
Here hides her hated head, and frees the labour-
Saturnian Juno, now, with double care,
Attends the fatal proceſs of the war.
The clowns return'd from battle bear the ſlain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corpſe of Almon and the reſt are ſhown,
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the preſs appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears:
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A ſolemn promiſe made, and diſavow'd;
A foreign ſon is ſought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.
Then they, whoſe mothers, frantic with their fear
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with diſhevell'd hair;
Increaſe the clamour, and the war demand,
(Such was Amata's intereſt in the land).
Againſt the public ſanctions of the peace;
Againſt all omens of their ill ſucceſs;
With fates averſe, the rout in arms reſort,
To force their monarch, and inſult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempeſt and the riſing waves,
Propp'd on himſelf he ſtands: his ſolid ſides
Waſh off the ſea-weeds, and the ſounding tides:
So ſtood the pious prince unmov'd: and long
Suſtain'd the madneſs of the noiſy throng.
But when he found that Juno's power prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counſel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witneſs their offence,
Diſclaims the war, aſſerts his innocence.
Hurry'd by fate, he cries, and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful ſhore:
O more than madmen! you yourſelves ſhall bear
The guilt of blood and ſacrilegious war:
Thou Turnus, ſhalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to heaven for peace; but pray too late.
For me, my ſtormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death ſecurely tend.
The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away.
He ſaid no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd:
Nor with the riſing ſtorm would vainly ſtrive,
But left the helm, and let the veſſel drive.
A ſolemn cuſtom was obſerv'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold:
Their ſtandard when, in fighting fields, they rear
Againſt the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war:
Or from the boaſting Parthians would regain
Their eagles loſt in Carrhæ's bloody plain:
Two gates of ſteel (the name of Mars they bear)
And ſtill are worſhipp'd with religious fear,
Before his temple ſtand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd iſſues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the ſacred ſenate votes the wars,
The Roman conſul their decree declares,
And in his robes the ſounding gates unbars.
The youth in military ſhouts ariſe,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding ſkies.
Theſe rites, of old by ſovereign princes us'd,
Were the king's office, but the king refus'd:
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of ſacred peace, or looſe the impriſon'd war:
But hid his head, and, ſafe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked miniſtry of arms.
Then heaven's imperious queen ſhot down from high
At her approach the brazen hinges fly; [ſky.
The gates are forc'd, and every falling bar,
And, like a tempeſt, iſſues out the war.
The peaceful cities of th' Auſonian ſhore,
Lull'd in their eaſe, and undiſturb'd before,
Are all on fire; and ſome, with ſtudious care,
Their reſtive ſteeds in ſandy plains prepare:
Some their ſoft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wiſh, and arms the general cry.
Part ſcour the ruſty ſhields with ſeam, and part
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart:
With joy they view the waving enſigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the ſky.
Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian powers,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,
Ardea the proud, the Cruſtumerian town:
All theſe of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
Some twine young ſallows to ſupport the ſhield;
The croſlet ſome, and ſome the cuiſhes mould,
With ſilver plated, and with ductile gold.
The ruſtic honours of the ſcythe and ſhare,
Give place to ſwords and plumes, the pride of war.
Old faulchions are new temper'd in the fires:
The ſounding trumpet every ſoul inſpires.
The word is given, with eager ſpeed they lace
The ſhining head-piece, and the ſhield embrace.
The neighing ſteeds are to the chariots ty'd;
The truſty weapon fits on every ſide.

And now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye Muſes, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that ſways th' Auſonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command:
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
What ſoldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mezentius firſt appear'd upon the plain;
Scorn ſate upon his brows, and four diſdain:
Defying earth and heaven: Etruria loſt,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled hoſt.
The charming Lauſus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his ſullen ſire:
To Turnus only ſecond in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face;
A ſkilful horſeman, and a huntſman bred,
With fates averſe a thouſand men he led:
His ſire unworthy of ſo brave a ſon;
Himſelf well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd

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Proud of his ſteeds, he ſmokes along the field,
His father's hydra fills the ample ſhield.
A hundred ſerpents hiſs about the brims;
The ſon of Hercules he juſtly ſeems,
By his broad ſhoulders and gigantic limbs.
Of heavenly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For ſtrong Alcides, after he had ſlain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds, and thence in triumph led;
On Tuſcan Tiber's flowery banks they fed.
Then on Mount Aventine, the ſon of Jove
The prieſteſs Rhea found, and forc'd to love.
For arms his men long piles and javelins bore,
And poles with pointed ſteel their foes in battle
Like Hercules himſelf, his ſon appears, [gore.
In ſavage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his ſhoulders hangs the ſhaggy ſkin,
The teeth and gaping jaws ſeverely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely dreſt,
He ſtrides into the hall, a horrid gueſt.
Then two twin-brothers from fair Tiber came
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name);
Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear,
Arm'd Argive horſe they led, and in the front appear. [height,
Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's
With rapid courſe deſcending to the fight,
They ruſh along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their ſweepy ſway.
Nor was Præneſte's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the ſon of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foſter'd in the plains,
Shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country ſwains.
His own Præneſte ſends a choſen band,
With thoſe who plough Saturnia's Gabine land:
Beſides the ſuccour which old Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amaſene,
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor ſwords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the duſty field;
But whirl from lethern ſtrings huge balls of lead:
And ſpoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bulls raw hide they ſheath the right.
Meſſappus next (great Neptune was his ſire),
Secure from ſteel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears; and with his ardour warms
A heartleſs train, unexercis'd in arms:
The juſt Faliſcians he to battle brings.
And thoſe who live where lake Ciminia ſprings;
And where Feronia's grove and temple ſtands,
Who till Feſcennian or Flavinian lands:
All theſe in order march, and marching ſing
The warlike actions of their ſea-born king.
Like a long team of ſnowy ſwans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid ſky,
Which homeward from their watery paſtures borne,
They ſing, and Aſia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their muſic from afar,
Would think theſe troops an army train'd to war:
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempeſts roar,
With their hoarſe gabbling ſeek the ſilent ſhore.

Then Clauſus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embody'd, from the Sabine land:
And in himſelf alone an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot:
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To ſhare the greatneſs of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of high renown,
Mutuſcans from their olive-bearing town;
And all th' Eretian powers: beſides a band
That followed from Velinum's dewy land:
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came.
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And thoſe where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Caſperia ſends her arms, with thoſe that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Narſians come to cloſe the rear:
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia waſhes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion ſets in wintery rain;
Nor thicker harveſt on rich Hermes riſe,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the ſkies;
Than ſtand theſe troops: their bucklers ring around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
High in his chariot then Haleſus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born: to Turnus' aid,
A thouſand men the youthful hero led;
Who till the Maſſic ſoil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground:
And thoſe who live by Sidicinian ſhores,
And where, with ſhoaly fords, Vulturnus roars;
Cales and Oſca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants:
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Faſten'd with leather thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked ſwords in cloſer fight they wear,
And, on their warding arms, like bucklers bear.
Nor, Oebalus, ſhalt thou be left unſung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon ſprung:
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,
But that ſhort iſle th' ambitious youth diſdain'd;
And o'er Campania ſtretch'd his ample ſway;
Where ſwelling Sarnus ſeeks the Tyrrhene ſea:
O'er Batulum, and where Abella ſees,
From her high towers, the harveſt of her trees.
And theſe (as was the Teuton uſe of old)
Wield brazen ſwords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty ſtones when from afar they fight:
Their caſques are cork, a covering thick and light.
Next theſe in rank, the warlike Uſens went,
And led the mountain-troops that Nurſia ſent.
The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their ſport, and plundering was their trade.
In arms they plough'd, to battle ſtill prepar'd:
Their ſoil was barren, and their hearts were hard.
Umbro the prieſt, the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus ſent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's race,
And venom'd wound of ſerpents, could aſſuage.

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He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate, th' Augitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there;
Fam'd as his sire, and as his mother fair.
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore:
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame
In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdame fought to stain her bed:
But when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore;
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd.
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre with his flaming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,
Her care, Hyppolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove:
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
Are coursers driven, who shed their master's
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood. [blood;
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd.
Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his creft adorn'd,
On which, with belching flames, Chimæra burn'd:
The more the kindled combat rises higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Io grac'd his shield, but Io now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to lowe:
(A noble charge) her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd.
And on the brims her sire, the watery god,
Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal flood:
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords and pointed spears, and clattering shields:
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
And those who plough the rich Satulian lands;
Auruncan youth, and those Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,
And those who near Numician streams reside,
And those whom Tiber's holy forests hide;
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide:
Where Ufens glide along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.
Last, from the Volcians fair, Camilla came;
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field,
Mix'd with the first, the fierce Virago fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the dangers sought:
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skim'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wandering eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at her sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight.
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face:
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his own son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

When Turnus had assembled all his powers;
His standard planted on Laurentum's towers;
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had given the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.
Ufens Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd;
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
These, thro' the country took their wasteful course;
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomede they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend:
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
Æneas landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host:
Yet now inspir'd to conquest of the state;
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate.
What numerous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name:
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,

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Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common interest was involv'd in theirs.
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempests which his foes prepare,
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself, in vain, in every part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.
So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glittering species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side:
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep;
And beast and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then through the shadows of the poplar wood
Arose the father of the Roman flood:
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who through the foes, hast born thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! The clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace;
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son, Ascanius, on this empty space
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame;
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driven with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here; and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder Palanteum calls:
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony;
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams:
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's power thy just devotion pay.
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease;
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease:
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name: among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat: in times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome.
He said; and plung'd below, while yet he spoke,
His dream Æneas, and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing and the day arise.
Then, water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood; and thus the powers bespoke:
Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas; and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery stores; where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies,
Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
Shall share my morning song, and evening vows.
But, oh! be present to thy people's aid;
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made.
Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,
With care he chooses; mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found:
Wondrous to tell; she lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young.
Æneas takes the mother, and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
The following night, and the succeeding day,
Propitious Tiber smooth'd his watery way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he flood
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ships; they part from shore:
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their course,
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships, that stem the stream.
One summer's night, and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising towers,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds lowly bowers:
Thin as they stood, which then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
The king and prince without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But when they saw the ships that steerd the flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast:
Till dauntless Pallas re-assur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself, without delay,
A javelin seiz'd, and singly took his way.
Then gain'd a rising ground; and call'd from far:
Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you are;
Your business here, and bring you peace or war?
High on the stern, Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,

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While thus he ſpoke: The Phrygian arms you ſee,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy.
By Latian foes, with war unjuſtly made:
At firſt affianc'd, and at laſt betray'd,
This meſſage bear: the Trojans and their chief,
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.
Struck with ſo great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies, Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts: upon our ſhores deſcend,
A welcome gueſt, and, what you wiſh, a friend.
He ſaid; and downward haſting to the ſtrand,
Embrac'd the ſtranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The ſilence firſt, and thus the king beſpoke:
Beſt of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear theſe peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you; though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe:
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother-kings your kindred claim,
Yet, my ſelf-conſcious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations blown.
Our fathers mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, leſs by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has ſung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra ſprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
Atlas whoſe head ſuſtains the ſtarry frame.
Your ſire is Mercury; whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maja bore.
Maja the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who ſuſtains the ſky:
Thus from one common ſource our ſtreams divide:
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian ſide.
Rais'd by theſe hopes, I ſent no news before,
Nor aſk'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambaſſador.
The ſame Rutilians, who with arms purſue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our hoſt expell'd, what farther force can ſtay
The victor troops from univerſal ſway?
Then will they ſtretch their power athwart the land;
And either ſea from ſide to ſide command.
Receive our offer'd faith; and give us thine:
Ours is a generous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare.
He ſaid; and while he ſpoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vaſt ſurpriſe,
Pleas'd with his action, raviſh'd with his face,
Then anſwer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father ſhine,
How I recall Anchiſes, how I ſee
His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis freſh within my mind,
When Priam to his ſiſter's court deſign'd
A welcome viſit, with a friendly ſtay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
Then, paſt a boy, the callow down began
To ſhade my chin, and call me firſt a man.
I ſaw the ſhining train, with vaſt delight,
And Priam's goodly perſon pleas'd my ſight:
But great Anchiſes, far above the reſt,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breaſt.
I long'd to join, in friendſhip's holy bands,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I firſt accoſted him: I ſued, I fought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length conſtrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver, and a Gnoſſian bow;
A veſt embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my ſon's courſers in obedience hold.
The league you aſk I offer, as your right:
And when to-morrow's ſun reveals the light,
With ſwift ſupplies you ſhall be ſent away:
Now celebrate, with us, this ſolemn day;
Whoſe holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feaſt; and take your ſeat
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat.
Thus having ſaid, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
The youths replac'd; and ſoon reſtor'd the cheer.
On ſods of turf he ſet the ſoldiers round;
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief: and o'er the bed,
A lion's ſhaggy hide for ornament they ſpread.
The loaves were ſerv'd in caniſters, the wine
In bowls, the prieſt renew'd the rites divine:
Broil'd entrails are their food; and beeſs continued chine.
But, when the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
Thus ſpoke Evander to his royal gueſt:
Theſe rites, theſe altars, and this feaſt, O king,
From no vain fears, or ſuperſtition, ſpring;
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But ſav'd from danger, with a grateful ſenſe,
The labours of a god we recompenſe.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the ſky,
About whoſe feet ſuch heaps of rubbiſh lie:
Such indigeſted ruin; bleak and bare,
How deſert now it ſtands, expos'd in air!
'Twas once a robber's den; incloſ'd around
With living ſtone, and deep beneath the ground.
The monſter Cacus, more than half a beaſt,
This hold, impervious to the ſun, poſſeſs'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot: and, like his ſire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load:
And brought the needful preſence of a god.
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon ſlain;
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tiber's bank, to graze the ſhady grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent.
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they ſtray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd:
And, leſt the printed footſteps might be ſeen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den:
The tracks averſe, a lying notice gave,
And led the ſearcher backward from the cave:
Mean time the herdſman hero ſhifts his place,
To find freſh paſture, and untrodden graſs.

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The beasts, who 'mis'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows flight,
He clomb, with eager haste, th' aërial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach: trembling he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings:
Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
His body; on his back the door he drew.
The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.
He broke the heavy links: the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste:
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed, the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare, and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threatening o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left: the hero stood
Averse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way: heaven echo'd at the rattling shock.
Tumbling it chok'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide:
The sky shrank upward with unusual dread;
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So pent the vapours with a rumbling sound
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
A sounding flaw succeeds: and, from on high,
The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Enclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above; and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires.
Gathering, with each repeated blast, the night:
To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes his way;
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasp'd his prey.
The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;
He squeez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound.
Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes;
Roll'd on a heap the breathless robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day,
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls redeem'd, breathe open air again:
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wondering neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.
From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows,
As priests, were added the Pinarian house:
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood:
And, with deep draughts, invoke our common god.
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd:
And poplars, black and white, his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl: with like design
The rest invoke the god, with sprinkled wine.
Mean time the sun descended from the skies;
And the bright evening-star began to rise,
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led:
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands:
Then with a second course the tables load;
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
With Saban smoke; their heads with poplar bound.
One choir of old, another of the young;
To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
The lay records the labour, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands.
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan overthrew.
Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's and Eurisheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew,
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood:
Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet:
And, seiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at the sight;
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.

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Hail Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
To heaven, and the great author of thy race,
Receive the grateful offerings, which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day.
In numbers, thus, they sung: above the rest,
The den, and death of Cacus crown the feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound;
The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas, and his aged sire
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey;
And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
The stranger cast around his curious eyes:
New objects viewing still with new surprise,
With greedy joy inquires of various things:
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
These woods were first the seat of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fawns, and savage men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor law they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of labouring oxen, nor the shining share:
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their exercise the chase: the running flood
Supply'd their thirst; the trees supply'd their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought;
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught:
And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
With his mild empire peace and plenty came:
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate and discolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
Th' Ausonians, then, and bold Sicanians came;
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings, gigantic Tibris, and the rest,
With arbitrary sway, the land oppress'd.
For Tiber's flood was Albula before;
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
By fortune's power, and fate's resistless doom.
Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land:
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heaven's command.

Thus walking on, he spoke: and show'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame:
Who to her son foretold th' Æthenean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place.
Then shows the forest, which in after-times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A sacred refuge made: with this, the shrine
Where Pan below the rocks had rites divine.
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A reverend fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they saw
The mighty thunderer with majestic awe;
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around;
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins; once they stood
Two stately towns, on either side the flood.
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
And either place the founder's name retains.
Discoursing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall,
Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.
Then, stooping, through the narrow gates they press'd,
When thus the king address'd his Trojan guest:
Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor: accept our homely food
Which feasted him; and emulate a god.
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed:
The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.

Now night had shed her silver dews around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
Couch'd with her husband, in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid;
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian powers,
To level with the ground the Trojan towers;
I ask not aid th' unhappy to restore;
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain.
Though I much ow'd to Priam's house; and more
The danger of Æneas did deplore.
But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious power that rules my heart!
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields; and grace,
With fated arms, a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the relics of the Phrygian kind:
With fire and sword my people to destroy;
And conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy.
She said; and straight her arms, of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire:
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
Then thus, the power obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
Why seek you reasons for a cause so just:
Or your own beauties, or my love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labour arms for Troy; nor Jove, nor Fate,
Confin'd their empire to so short a date:

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And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely your's: your anxious fears remove:
And think no task is difficult to love.
Trembling he spoke: and, eager of her charms,
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god;
The time when early housewives leave the bed;
When living embers on the hearth they spread;
Supply the lamp and call the maids to rise,
With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes;
They ply the distaff by the twinkling light;
And to their daily labour add the night.
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread:
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed.
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging power.
Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipara,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and deep below,
In hollow caves, the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither, the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointless thunder now there lies:
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts for angry Jove they daily cast;
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three wrays of writhin rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture train:
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers for Mars repair
His broken axle-trees and blunted war:
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war with trumpets loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
My sons, said Vulcan, set your tasks aside;
Your strength and master-skill must now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forge: arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.
He said: they set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a shield prepare;
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Seven orbs within a spacious round they close!
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time:
By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply'd th' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes;
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side;
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide;
Two mastial dogs before their master press'd:
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace;
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands: a secret seat they chose;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews.
Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tiber bounds;
That other side the Latian state surrounds;
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent;
And fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient buildings and of high renown;
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race;
Who gave the name of Cære to the place
Once Agyllina call'd: it flourish'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike strong:
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint those execrable times;
The subjects sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes?
That blood, those murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race:
The living and the dead at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand;
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd
The lingering wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more;
The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
The raging monster: but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd; and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms their king to punishment require:
Their numerous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coast: they cry
To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With those foreboding words restrains their hate;
Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;

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Know this; no native of our land may lead
This powerful people: ſeek a foreign head.
Aw'd with theſe words, in camps they ſtill abide;
And wait, with longing looks, their promis'd guide.
Torchan, the Tuſcan chief, to me has ſent
Their crown, and every regal ornament:
The people join their own with his deſire;
And all, my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and liſtleſs limbs unfit for pains,
And a ſoul conſcious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuſe imperial ſway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne;
And ſhould, but he's a Sabine mother's ſon;
And half a native: but in you combine
A manly vigour, and a foreign line.
Where fate, and ſmiling fortune ſhow the way,
Purſue the ready path to ſovereign ſway.
The ſtaff of my declining days, my ſon,
Shall make your good or ill ſucceſs his own.
In fighting fields from you ſhall learn to dare:
And ſerve the hard apprenticeſhip of war.
Your matchleſs courage and your conduct view;
And early ſhall begin t' admire and copy you.
Beſides, two hundred horſe he ſhall command:
Though few, a warlike and well-choſen band.
Theſe in my name are liſted: and my ſon
As many more has added in his own.
Scarce had he ſaid: Achates and his gueſt,
With downcaſt eyes, their ſilent grief expreſs'd:
Who, ſhort of ſuccours, and in deep deſpair,
Shook at the diſmal proſpect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her iſſue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
Thrice forky lightning flaſh'd along the ſky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
And, in a heaven ſerene, refulgent arms appear;
Reddening the ſkies, and glittering all around,
The temper'd metals claſh, and yield a ſilver ſound.
The reſt ſtood trembling, ſtruck with awe divine.
Æneas only conſcious to the ſign,
Preſag'd th' event; and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accompliſh'd promiſe of the queen of love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: This prodigy
(Diſmiſs your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heaven calls me to the war: th' expected ſign
Is given of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
My goddeſs-mother, whoſe indulgent care
Foreſaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave; when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of ſteel by Stygian charms,
Suſpended, ſhone on high: ſhe then foreſhow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus ſhall dearly pay for faith forſworn:
And corpſe and ſwords, and ſhields on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now ſound the loud alarms,
And Latian troops prepare your perjur'd arms.
He ſaid, and, riſing from his homely throne,
The ſolemn rites of Hercules begun:
And, on his altars wak'd the ſleeping fires:
Then cheerful to his houſehold gods retires.
There offers choſen ſheep: th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the ſame oblations bring.
Next of his men, and ſhips, he makes review,
Draws out the beſt and ableſt of the crew.
Down with the falling ſtream the refuſe run,
To raiſe with joyful news his drooping ſon.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A ſprightly courſer, fairer than the reſt,
The king himſelf preſents his royal gueſt.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with ſtudded works, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city ſpreads aloud
Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
The matrons beat their breaſts; diſſolve in tears;
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright:
And riſes every moment to the ſight.
Then, old Evander, with a cloſe embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face.
Would heaven, ſaid he, my ſtrength and youth
Such as I was beneath Præneſte's wall, [recall,
Then when I made the foremoſt foes retire,
And ſet whole heaps of conquer'd ſhields on fire;
When Herilus in ſingle fight I ſlew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue:
And thrice I ſent him to the Stygian ſhore;
Till the laſt ebbing ſoul return'd no more:
Such if I ſtood renew'd, not theſe alarms,
Nor death, ſhould rend me from my Pallas' arms:
Nor proud Mezentius thus unpuniſh'd boaſt,
His rapes and murders on the Tuſcan coaſt.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father, and a king.
If fate and you reſerve thoſe eyes to ſee
My ſon return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy ſhall bliſs his father's ſight;
If we ſhall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length, let me ſuſtain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worſt of pain.
But if your hard decrees, which, O! I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeſerving head,
This, O this very moment, let me die;
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie.
While yet poſſeſt of all his youthful charms,
I ſtrain him cloſe within theſe aged arms:
Before that fatal news my ſoul ſhall wound!
He ſaid, and ſwooning, ſunk upon the ground:
His ſervants bore him off; and ſoftly laid
His languiſh'd limbs upon his homely bed.
The horſemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his ſide.
Next theſe the Trojan leaders rode along,
Laſt, follows in the rear, th' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas ſhone conſpicuous o'er the reſt;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his veſt.
So, from the ſeas, exerts his radiant head
The ſtar, by whom the lights of heaven are led:
Shakes from his roſy locks the pearly dews;
Diſpels the darkneſs, and the day renews.
The trembling wives, the walls and turrets crowd;
And follow, with their eyes, the duſty cloud:
Which winds diſperſe by fits; and ſhow from far
The blaze of arms, and ſhields, and ſhining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er healthy plains purſue the ready way.

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Repeated peals of shouts are heard around:
The neighing coursers answer to the sound;
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.
A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town;
Encompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd:
The guardian of their flocks and fields; they pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide!
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Æneas cast his wondering eyes around;
And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plains from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led:
Refresh'd his men, and weary horses fed.
Meantime the mother-goddess, crown'd with arms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated charms,
Within a winding vale she finds her son,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She shows her heavenly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
Behold, she said, perform'd in every part,
My promise made; and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy;
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.
She said: and having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold:
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold.
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright:
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
He shakes the pointed spear: and longs to try
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh:
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold.
For these, emboss'd, the heavenly smith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future time untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors, issuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
There, by the wolf, was laid the martial twins:
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs; and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from hence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds;
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs, before Jove's altar stand;
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led;
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.

Near this the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green;
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vultures' food.
There Porsenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings;
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow tyrant fights:
The Roman youth assert their native rights,
Before the town the Tuscan army lies:
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
Their king, half threatening, half disdaining, stood:
While Cocles broke the bridge; and stemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide:
Spac'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius stood;
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
The silver goose before the shining gate
There flew; and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
She told the Gauls approach: th' approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
The gold, dissembled well their golden hair:
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield;
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance:
And naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance
In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heaven:
Here modest matrons in soft litters driven,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:
And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen:
Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Cataline:
Hung on a rock the traitor; and around
The furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea:
But foaming surges, there, in silver play.
The dancing dolphins, with their tails, divide
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosperous gales;
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war.
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him; th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars, and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd: and the water glows.

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It ſeems as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and juſtled in the main;
Or floating mountains, floating mountains meet:
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed javelins fly:
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herſelf, amidſt the loud alarms,
With cymbals toſs'd her fainting ſoldiers warms.
Fool as ſhe was; who had not yet diviu'd
Her cruel fate; nor ſaw the ſnakes behind.
Her country gods, the monſters of the ſky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
Nor longer dares oppoſe th' ethereal train.
Mars, in the middle of the ſhining ſhield,
Is grav'd, and ſtrides along the liquid field.
The Dirræ ſouſe from heaven, with ſwift deſcent:
And Diſcord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the peace: her ſteps Bellona treads,
And ſhakes her iron rod above their heads.
This ſeen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows: at whoſe winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield:
And ſoft Sabæans quit the watery field.
The fatal miſtreſs hoiſts her ſilken ſails:
And, ſhrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghaſt ſhe looks; and heaves her breaſt for breath:
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and ſcudding through the throng.
Juſt oppoſite, ſad Nilus opens wide
His arms, and ample boſom, to the tide,
And ſpreads his mantle o'er the winding coaſt;
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying hoſt.
The victor, to the god his thanks expreſs'd:
And Rome triumphant, with his preſence bleſs'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With ſpoils and altars every temple grac'd.
Three ſhining nights, and three ſucceeding days,
The fields reſound with ſhouts, the ſtreets with praiſe,
The domes with ſongs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the deſtin'd ſacrifice.
Great Cæſar ſits ſublime upon his throne;
Before Apollo's porch, of Parian ſtone:
Accepts the preſents vow'd for victory;
And hangs the monumental crown on high.
Vaſt crowds of vanquiſh'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here Mulciber aſſigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race:
Then ranks the Thracians in the ſecond row;
And Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides:
And there the Rhine ſubmits her ſwelling tides.
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
The Danes' unconquer'd offſpring march behind;
And Morini, the laſt of human kind.
Theſe figures, on the ſhield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace;
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's abſence, fires ſome of his ſhips (which are transformed into ſea-nymphs) and aſſaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the laſt extremities, ſend Niſus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furniſhes the poet with that admirable epiſode of their friendſhip, generoſity, and the concluſion of their adventures.

While theſe affairs in diſtant places paſs'd,
The various Iris Juno ſends with haſte,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The ſecret ſhade of his great grandſire ſought.
Retir'd alone ſhe found the daring man:
And op'd her roſy lips, and thus began:
What none of all the gods could grant thy vows;
That, Turnus, this auſpicious day beſtows!
Æneas, gone to ſeek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence;
And, ſhort of ſuccours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raiſe the Tuſcan ſwains:
Now ſnatch an hour that favours thy deſigns,
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.
This ſaid, on equal wings ſhe pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
And thus invokes the goddeſs as ſhe flies:
Iris, the grace of heaven, what power divine
Has ſent thee down, through duſky clouds to ſhine?
See they divide! immortal day appears;
And glittering planets dancing in their ſpheres!
With joy, theſe happy omens I obey;
And follow to the war, the god that leads the way.
Thus having ſaid, as by the brook he ſtood,
He ſcoop'd the water from the cryſtal flood;
Then, with his hands, the drops to heaven he throws,
And loads the powers above with offer'd vows.
Now march the bold confederates through the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and ſhining train:
Meſſapus leads the van; and in the rear,
The ſons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming creſt,
The mighty Turnus towers above the reſt:
Silent they move; majeſtically ſlow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the duſty cloud from far
And the dark menace of the diſtant war.

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Cæicus from the rampire ſaw it riſe,
Blackening the fields, and thickening through the ſkies.
Then, to his fellows thus aloud he calls: [walls?
What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the
Arm, arm, and man the works: prepare your ſpears
And pointed darts; the Latian hoſt appears!
Thus warn'd, they ſhut their gates: with ſhouts aſcend
The bulwarks, and, ſecure, their foes attend.
For their wiſe general, with foreſeeing care,
Had charg'd them, not to tempt the doubtful war:
Nor, though provok'd, in open fields advance;
But cloſe within their lines attend their chance:
Unwilling, yet they keep the ſtrict command;
And ſourly wait in arms the hoſtile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the reſt,
A pye-ball'd ſteed of Thracian ſtrain he preſs'd;
His helm of maſſy gold; and crimſon was his creſt.
With twenty horſe to ſecond his deſigns,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.
Is there, he ſaid, in arms who bravely dare
His leader's honour, and his danger, ſhare;
Then, ſpurring on, his brandiſh'd dart he threw,
In ſign of war; applauding ſhouts enſue.
Amaz'd to find a daſtard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle ſhun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And ſtops at every poſt; and every paſſage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with deſcending ſhowers, and ſtiff with cold;
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
His gnaſhing teeth are exercis'd in vain:
And, impotent of anger, finds no way
In his diſtended paws to graſp the prey.
The mothers liſten; but the bleating lambs
Securely ſwig the dug beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,
Sharp with deſire, and furious with diſdain:
Surveys each paſſage with a piercing ſight.
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he ſpies
Where, fenc'd with ſtrong redoubts, their navy lies;
Cloſe underneath the walls: the waſhing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker ſide.
He takes the wiſh'd occaſion; fills his hand
With ready fires, and ſhakes a flaming brand:
Urg'd by his preſence, every ſoul is warm'd,
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the ſcattering ſparkles fly;
Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the ſky.
What power, O Muſes, could avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obſcure,
Is hard to faith; yet ſhall the fame endure.
'Tis ſaid that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddeſs then approach'd her ſon,
And with a mother's majeſty begun:
Grant me, ſhe ſaid, the ſole requeſt I bring,
Since conquer'd heaven has own'd you for its king:
On Ida's brows, for ages paſt, there ſtood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a ſhady wood:
And on the ſummit roſe a ſacred grove,
Where I was worſhipp'd with religious love;
Theſe woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince to ſpeed his flight.
Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erſet, nor waves entomb,
The floating foreſts of the ſacred pine;
But ſet it be their ſafety to be mine.
Then thus reply'd her awful ſon; who rolls
The radiant ſtars, and heaven and earth controls:
How dare you, mother, endleſs date demand,
For veſſels moulded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
Of ſafety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian ſhore,
Whatever ſhips eſcape the raging ſtorms,
At my command ſhall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine; and plow the watery way,
Like Dotis and the daughters of the ſea.
To ſeal his ſacred vow, by Styx he ſwore,
The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary ſhore
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
He ſaid; and ſhook the ſkies with his imperial nod.
And now, at length, the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by fates' irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To ſave her ſhips, and finiſh Jove's decree.
Firſt, from the quarter of the morn, there ſprung,
A light that ſing'd the heavens, and ſhot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs:
And laſt a voice, with more than mortal ſounds,
Both hoſts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.
O Trojan race, your needleſs aid forbear;
And know my ſhips are my peculiar care.
With greater eaſe the bold Rutulian may,
With hiſſing brands, attempt to burn the ſea,
Than ſinge my ſacred pines. But you, my charge,
Looſ'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forſake the ſand,
And ſwim the ſeas, at Cybele's command.
No ſooner had the goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
When lo, th' obedient ſhips their hauſers break;
And, ſtrange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows ſweep,
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.
The foes ſurpris'd with wonder, ſtood aghaſt,
Meſſapus curb'd his fiery courſer's haſte;
Old Tiber roar'd; and raiſing up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the ſhock;
And with theſe words his trembling troops beſpoke:
Theſe monſters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black preſages ſent,
He takes the cowards laſt relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, conſtrain'd to ſtay,
Muſt yield, unfought, a baſe inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is loſt;
Heaven ſhuts the ſeas, and we ſecure the coaſt.
Theirs is no more than that ſmall ſpot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men ſurround,

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Their fates I fear not; of vain oracles;
'Twas given to Venus, they should cross the seas;
And land secure upon the Latian plains:
Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy,
With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.
Shall such affronts as these alone inflame
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
They fell; but will they fall a second time?
One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curse the costly sex; and durst offend no more.
Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
A slight partition, a thin interval, [built
Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though
By hands divine, yet, perish'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
Less than a thousand ships will end this war;
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
Let all the Tuscans all th' Arcadians join,
Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
Let them not fear the treasons of the night;
The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onset shall be made in open light.
No wooden engine shall their town betray,
Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year,
Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,
Give me the silent night to needful rest:
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
The morn shall end the small remains of war.
The post of honour to Messapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand:
And twice seven hundred horse their chiefs command:
All clad in shining arms the works invest;
Each with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;
They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round:
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day;
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.
The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
Join works to works with bridges; tower to tower:
Thus all things needful for defence abound;
Mnestheus and brave Serestus walk the round:
Commission'd by their absent prince to share
The common danger, and divide the care,
The soldiers draw their lots; and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.
Nigh were the foes their utmost guards advance
To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus' chance.
His father Hyrtius of noble blood;
His mother was a huntress of the wood;
And sent him to the wars; well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear:
But, better skill'd unerring shafts to send,
Beside him stood Euryalus his friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air could boast.
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
And now were both, by choice, upon the guard.
Then Nisus, thus: Or do the gods inspire
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
A generous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest;
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou seest the foe secure: how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires! the most in sleep supine
Along the ground an easy conquest lie;
The wakeful few the flaming flaggon ply:
All hush around. Now hear what I revolve;
A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both would hasten his return:
If they confer what I demand on thee
(For fame is recompence enough for me),
Methinks beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my passage guide.
Euryalus stood listening while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can, my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms;
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;
And think it over-sold to purchase fame.
Then Nisus, thus: Alas! thy tender years
Would minister new matter to my fears:
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust)
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance, as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life; I would not perish all.
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date;
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
To bear my mangled body from the foe;
Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow.
Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O let me not the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue;
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the seas and wind,
When every weary matron staid behind,
To this Euryalus: You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot gain:
No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes
The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the generous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.

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All creatures elſe forgot their daily care;
And ſleep, the common gift of nature, ſhare:
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful ſate
In nightly council for th' endanger'd ſtate.
They vote a meſſage to their abſent chief;
Show their diſtreſs, and beg a ſwift relief.
Amid the camp a ſilent ſeat they choſe,
Remote their clamour, and ſecure from foes,
On their left arms their ample ſhields they bear,
Their right reclin'd upon the bending ſpear.
Now Niſus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admiſſion, eager to be heard;
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Aſcanius bids them be conducted in;
Ordering the more experienc'd to begin.
Then Niſus thus: Ye fathers, lend your ears,
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
The foe, ſecurely drench'd in ſleep and wine,
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly ſhine:
And where the ſmoke in cloudy vapours flies,
Covering the plain, and curling to the ſkies,
Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
Cloſe by the ſea, a paſſage we have ſpy'd,
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
Expect each hour to ſee him ſafe again,
Loaded with ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:
Nor can we be miſtaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vales, we both have ſeen
The riſing turrets, and the ſtream between:
And know the winding courſe, with every ford.
He ceas'd: and old Alethes took the word.
Our country gods, in whom our truſt we place
Will yet from ruin ſave the Trojan race:
While we behold ſuch dauntleſs worth appear
In dawning youth, and ſouls ſo void of fear.
Then into tears of joy the father broke;
Each in his longing arms by turns he took:
Panted, and paus'd; and thus again he ſpoke:
Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompence of ſuch deſert, decree?
The greateſt ſure, and beſt you can receive,
The gods, and your own conſcious worth, will give.
The reſt our grateful general will beſtow;
And young Aſcanius till his manhood owe.
And I, whoſe welfare in my father lies,
Aſcanius adds, by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my houſehold-gods,
By hoary Veſta's rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both (on you my fortune ſtands,
That and my faith I plight into your hands):
Make me but happy in his ſafe return,
Whoſe wonted preſence I can only mourn,
Your common gift ſhall two large goblets be,
Of ſilver, wrought with curious imagery;
And high emboſs'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
My conquering ſire at ſack'd Ariſba gain'd.
And more, two tripods caſt in antique mould,
With two great talents of the fineſt gold:
Beſide a coſtly bowl, engrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave when firſt ſhe gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When ſpoils by lot the victor ſhall obtain,
Thou ſaw'ſt the courſer by proud Turnus preſs'd,
That, Niſus, and his arms, and nodding creſt,
And ſhield, from chance exempt, ſhall be thy ſhare;
Twelve labouring ſlaves, twelve handmaids [young and fa r.
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.
And laſt, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whoſe years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection ſhall divide
From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
Take full poſſeſſion; all my ſoul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, ſhall both attend;
My life's companion, and my boſom friend;
My peace ſhall be committed to thy care,
And to thy conduct my concerns in war.
Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd:
Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The ſame ſhall be my age, as now my youth
No time ſhall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodneſs let me gain
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain):
Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the name:
Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erſpent, and old,
My fate ſhe follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever danger, neither parting kiſs,
Nor pious bleſſing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand, and conſcious night, I ſwear,
My ſoul ſo ſad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
(Permit me to reſume ſo great a grace).
Support her age, forſaken and diſtreſs'd;
That hope alone will fortify my breaſt
Againſt the worſt of fortunes, and of fears.
He ſaid: the mov'd aſſiſtants melt in tears.
Then thus Aſcanius (wonder-ſtruck to ſee
That image of his filial piety):
So great beginnings, in ſo green an age,
Exact the faith, which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues ſhall juſtly claim,
Creüſa had; and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt ſhall have,
'Tis merit to have borne a ſon ſo brave.
Now by my head, a ſacred oath, I ſwear,
(My father us'd it) what returning here
Crown'd with ſucceſs, I for thyſelf prepare,
That, if thou fail, ſhall thy lov'd mother ſhare.
He ſaid; and, weeping while he ſpoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a ſhining ſword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an ivory ſcabbard ſheath'd the blade:
This was his gift: great Mneſthus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend:
And good Alethes furniſh'd him beſide,
With his own truſty helm, of temper try'd.
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their iſſuing forth, and follow to the gate.
With prayers and vows, above the reſt appears
Aſcanius, manly far beyond his years.
And meſſages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were loſt, and flitting air.
The trenches firſt they paſs'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themſelves were ſlain: [plain.
They found the careleſs hoſt diſpers'd upon the

Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, ſupinely ſnore;
Unharnaſs'd chariots ſtand along the ſhore:
Amidſt the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.
Obſerving Niſus ſhow'd his friend the ſight;
Behold a conqueſt gain'd without a fight.
Occaſion offers, and I ſtand prepar'd;
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I ſecurely go,
And hue a paſſage through the ſleeping foe.
Softly he ſpoke; then, ſtriding, took his way,
With his drawn ſword, where haughty Rhamnes
His head rais'd high, on tapeſtry beneath, [lay:
And heaving from his breaſt, he drew his breath:
A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd;
But fate by preſcience cannot be remov'd;
Him, and his ſleeping ſlaves, he ſlew. Then ſpies
Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies:
His armour-bearer firſt, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels:
And his lov'd horſes: laſt invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal ſword:
The gaſping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood:
Which, by the ſpurning heels, diſpers'd around,
The bed beſprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the ſtrong,
He ſlew; and then Serranus fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to reſt,
And puff'd the fumy god from out his breaſt:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it laſted till the day.

The famiſh'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold;
And tears the peaceful flocks; with ſilent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with leſs rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful ſword, or fewer foes deſtroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebeſus, and Rhætus ſlew.
Oppreſt'd with heavy ſleep the former fall,
But Rhætus, wakeful, and obſerving all,
Behind a ſpacious jar he ſlink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For, as he roſe, it pierc'd his naked ſide,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimſon dy'd.
The wound pours out a ſtream of wine and blood:
The purple ſoul comes floating in the flood.

Now where Meſſapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and juſt alive.
The warrior-horſes tied in order fed;
Niſus obſerv'd the diſcipline, and ſaid,
Our eager thirſt of blood may both betray;
And ſee the ſcatter'd ſtreaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts: no more, my friend,
Here let our glutted execution end:
A lane through ſlaughter'd bodies we have made:
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd,
Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
A precious load; but theſe they leave behind.
Yet, fond of gaudy ſpoils, the boy would ſtay
To make the rich capariſon his prey,
Which on the ſteed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes leſs longingly behold
The girdle belt, with nails of burniſh'd gold.
This preſent Cedicus the rich beſtow'd
On Remulus, when friendſhip firſt they vow'd:
And abſent, join'd in hoſpitable ties;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conquering Ardean troops oppreſs'd,
He fell; and they the glorious gift poſſeſs'd.
Theſe glittering ſpoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body ſuits; but ſuits in vain.
Meſſapus' helm he finds among the reſt,
And laces on, and wears the waving creſt.
Proud of their conqueſt, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
But far they had not paſs'd, before they ſpy'd
Three hundred horſe with Volſcens for their guide.
The queen a legion to king Turnus ſent,
But the ſwift horſe the flower foot prevent:
And now, advancing, fought the leader's tent.
They ſaw the pair; for thro' the doubtful ſhade
His ſhining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volſcens, from the crowd,
Theſe men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud:
Stand, ſtand: why thus in arms, and whither bent: [ſent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand
Silent they ſcud away, and haſte their flight
To neighbouring woods, and truſt themſelves to night.
The ſpeedy horſe all paſſages belay,
And ſpur their ſmoking ſteeds to croſs their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood;
Black was the foreſt, thick with beech it ſtood;
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beaſts were worn.
The darkneſs of the ſhades, his heavy prey,
And fear miſled the younger from his way.
But Niſus hit the turns with happier haſte,
And, thoughtleſs of his friend, the foreſt paſs'd:
And Alban plains, from Alba's name ſo call'd,
Where king Latinus then his oxen ſtall'd.
Till, turning at the length, he ſtood his ground,
And miſs'd his friend, and caſt his eyes around:
Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth: where ſhall I hope to find?
Or what way take! Again he ventures back:
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and liſtening hears the noiſe
Of trampling courſers, and the rider's voice.
The ſound approach'd, and ſuddenly he view'd
The foes encloſing, and his friend purſu'd:
Forelay'd and taken, while he ſtrove in vain,
The ſhelter of the friendly ſhades to gain.
What ſhould he next attempt? What arms employ?
What fruitleſs force to free the captive boy:
Or deſperate ſhould he ruſh and loſe his life,
With odds oppreſs, in ſuch unequal ſtrife?
Reſolv'd at length his pointed ſpear he took;
And caſting on the moon a mournful look,
Guardian of groves, and goddeſs of the night,
Fair queen, he ſaid, direct my dart aright:
If e'er my pious father for my ſake,
Did grateful offerings on thy altars make;
Or I increas'd them with my ſylvan toils,
And hung the holy roofs with ſavage ſpoils,

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Give me to ſcatter theſe. Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling ſpear.
The deadly weapon, hiſſing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He ſtaggers round; his eye-balls roll in death,
And with ſhort ſobs he gaſps away his breath.
All ſtand amaz'd; a ſecond javelin flies
With equal ſtrength, and quivers thro' the ſkies:
This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volſcens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Deſcry'd not him who gave the fatal wound:
Nor knew to fix revenge: But thou, he cries,
Shalt pay for both, and at the priſoner flies
With his drawn ſword. Then ſtruck with deep deſpair,
That cruel ſight the lover could not bear:
But from his covert ruſh'd in open view,
And ſent his voice before him as he flew:
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your ſwords alone
On me; the fact confeſs'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durſt, the guiltleſs youth;
Ye moon and ſtars, bear witneſs to the truth!
His only crime (if friendſhip can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.
Too late he ſpeaks; the ſword, which fury guides,
Driven with full force, had pierc'd his tender ſides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Guſh'd out a purple ſtream, and ſtain'd the ground.
His ſnowy neck reclines upon his breaſt,
Like a fair flower by the keen ſhare oppreſs'd:
Like a white poppy ſinking on the plain,
Whoſe heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Deſpair, and rage, and vengeance juſtly vow'd,
Drove Niſus headlong on the hoſtile crowd:
Volſcens he ſeeks: on him alone he bends;
Borne back, and bor'd, by his ſurrounding friends,
Onward he preſs'd; and kept him ſtill in ſight;
Then whirl'd aloft his ſword with all his might:
Th' unerring ſteel deſcended while he ſpoke
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazen broke:
Dying he flew; and ſtaggering on the plain,
With ſwimming eyes he ſought his lover ſlain:
Then quiet on his bleeding boſom fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd ſo well.
O happy friends! for, if my verſe can give,
Immortal life, your fame ſhall ever live:
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And ſpread where'er the Roman eagle flies!
The conquering party firſt divide the prey,
Then their ſlain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To ſee ſuch numbers whom ſo few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the reſt they found:
Vaſt crowds the dying and the dead ſurround:
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Meſſapus loſt;
But mourn'd a purchaſe that ſo dear had coſt.
Now roſe the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed;
And, with the dawn of day, the ſkies o'erſpread.
Nor long the ſun his daily courſe withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.
When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
And his own ardour in their ſouls inſpir'd.
This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Niſus, and his friend he ſhows,
Rais'd high on pointed ſpears: a ghaſtly ſight;
Loud peals of ſhouts enſue, and barbarous delight.
Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls:
They line their trenches, and they man their walls:
In front extended to the left they ſtood:
Safe was the right ſurrounded by the flood.
But caſting from their towers a frightful view,
They ſaw the faces which too well they knew;
Though then diſguis'd in death, and ſmear'd all o'er
With filth obſcene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon haſty fame, through the ſad city bears
The mournful meſſage to the mother's ears:
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: ſhe ſhakes:
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forſakes.
She runs the rampires round amidſt the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: ſhe rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was 't on his face my famiſh'd eyes I fed!
Ah how unlike the living is the dead!
And couldſt thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiſs from a departing ſon!
No look, no laſt adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to ſlaughter ſent!
Cold on the ground, and preſſing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to cloſe his dying eyes,
To waſh his wounds, to weep his obſequies:
To call about his corpſe his crying friends,
Or ſpread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour ſpare.
Where ſhall I find his corpſe? What earth ſuſtains
His trunk diſmember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas! I left my needful eaſe,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter ſeas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
And ſend me thunder-ſtruck to ſhades below!
Her ſhrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,
Unman their courage and augment their fears:
Nor young Aſcanius could the fight ſuſtain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears reſtrain:
But Actor and Idæus, jointly ſent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets, terribly from far,
With rattling clangor, rouſe the ſleepy war,
The ſoldiers ſhouts ſucceed the brazen ſounds,
And heaven, from pole to pole, their noiſe rebounds.
The Volſcians bear their ſhields upon their head,
And, ruſhing forward, form a moving ſhed;
Theſe fill the ditch; thoſe pull the bulwarks down:
Some raiſe the ladders; others ſcale the town.
But where void ſpaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.

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With poles and miſſive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the riſing war.
Taught by their ten years ſiege defenſive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, and unreſiſted weight:
To break the penthouſe with the ponderous blow
Which yet the patient Volſcians undergo.
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For where the Trojans find the thickeſt throng,
The ruin falls: their ſhatter'd ſhields give way,
And their cruſh'd heads became an eaſy prey.
They ſhrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and ſlings, and with the diſtant bow.
Elſewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Meſſapus, Neptune's warlike ſon,
Broke down the paliſades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls to ſcale the town.
Calliope begin: ye ſacred nine,
Inſpire your poet in his high deſign;
To ſing what ſlaughter manly Turnus made:
What ſouls he ſent below the Stygian ſhade:
What fame the ſoldiers with their captain ſhare,
And the vaſt circuit of the fatal war.
For you in ſinging martial facts excel;
You beſt remember; and alone can tell.
There ſtood a tower, amazing to the ſight,
Built up of beams; and of ſtupendous height;
Art, and the nature of the place, conſpir'd
To furniſh all the ſtrength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their deſign:
With weighty ſtones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,
Shoot through the loop-holes, and ſharp javelins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toſs'd from his thundering hand,
Againſt the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It ſtuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were ſeaſon'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the poſts: it ſpread along,
Scorch'd, and to diſtance drove the ſcatter'd throng.
The Trojans fled; the fire purſu'd amain,
Still gathering faſt upon the trembling train;
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heaven itſelf reſound,
The dead and dying Trojans ſtrew the ground.
The tower that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it ſlew:
Some ſtuck upon the darts themſelves had ſent;
All the ſame equal ruin underwent.
Young Lycus and Helenor only 'ſcape;
Sav'd how they know not, from the ſteepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth,
On one ſide royal, one a ſon of earth,
Whom, to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
And ſent her boaſted baſtard to the war
(A privilege which none but freemen ſhare).
Slight were his arms, a ſword and ſilver ſhield,
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, ſo light the youth aroſe,
And, riſing, found himſelf amidſt his foes.
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
Embolden'd by deſpair, he ſtood at bay:
And like a ſtag, whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of eager huntſmen, and invading hounds,
Reſolv'd on death, he diſſipates his fears,
And bounds aloft againſt the pointed ſpears:
So dares the youth, ſecure of death, and throws
His dying body on his thickeſt foes.
But Lycus, ſwifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidſt the war;
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And ſnatches at the beam he firſt can find.
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the ſtretch,
In hopes the helping hand of ſome kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey
(His ſpear had almoſt reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and ſcarce a ſpan behind):
Fool, ſaid the chief, though fleeter than the wind,
Could'ſt thou preſume to 'ſcape when I purſue?
He ſaid, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling daſtard: at the tug he falls,
Vaſt ruins come along, rent from the ſmoking walls.
Thus on ſome ſilver ſwan, or timorous hare,
Jove's bird comes ſouſing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truſs the fearful fray:
Then out of ſight ſhe ſoars, and wings her way.
So ſeizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.
Then ruſhing onward, with a barbarous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toſs'd firebrands to the ſteepy turrets throw.
Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock ſo right,
It cruſh'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Aſylas ſlew;
To bend the bow young Liger better knew:
Aſylas beſt the pointed javelin threw.
Brave Cæneas laid Ottygius on the plain;
The victor Cæneas was by Turnus ſlain.
By the ſame hand, Clonius and Irys fall,
Sagar and Ida, ſtanding on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found;
Hurt by Themilla firſt; but ſlight the wound;
His ſhield thrown by, to mitigate the ſmart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part:
The ſecond ſhaft came ſwift and uneſpy'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his ſide:
Tranſfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
The ſoul came iſſuing out, and hiſs'd againſt the dart.
The ſon of Arcens ſhone amid the reſt,
In glittering armour and a purple veſt.
Fair was his face, his eyes inſpiring love,
Bred by his father in the Martian grove:
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And ſent in arms to purchaſe early fame.
Him when he ſpy'd from far, the Thuſcan king
Laid by the lance, and took him to the ſling:
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew:
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and ſpurn'd the plain.

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Then young Aſcanius, who before this day
Was wont in woods to ſhoot the ſavage prey,
Firſt bent in martial ſtrife the twanging bow;
And exercis'd againſt a human foe.
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger ſiſter took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a ſtride,
In theſe inſulting terms the Trojans he defy'd:
Twice conquer'd cowards, now your ſhame is ſhown,
Coop'd up a ſecond time within your town!
Who dare not iſſue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a ſhield.
Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force!
What gods, what madneſs hither ſteer'd your courſe!
You ſhall not find the ſons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of ſly Ulyſſes fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a ſturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the ſtream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taſte unconquer'd food.
No ſports but what belong to war they know,
To break the ſtubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows ſent to ſeek renown,
They fight in fields, and ſtorm the ſhaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free;
No change in age, or difference in degree.
We plough, and till in arms; our oxen feel,
Inſtead of goads, the ſpear, and pointed ſteel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind: nor can control
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the ſoul.
Our helms defend the young, diſguiſe the gray:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your veſts embroider'd with rich purple ſhine;
In ſloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your veſts have ſweeping ſleeves: with female pride
Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.
Go Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen;
Go, leſs than women, in the ſhapes of men;
Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
Where with unequal ſound the flute invites.
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's ſhade;
Reſign the war to men, who know the martial trade.

This foul reproach Aſcanius could not hear
With patience; or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full ſtretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almoſt join'd the horns of the tough yew.
But firſt, before the throne of Jove he ſtood:
And thus with lifted hands inwok'd the god:
My firſt attempt, great Jupiter, ſucceed;
An annual offering in thy grove ſhall bleed:
A ſnow-white ſteer before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head,
But with his threatening brows, and bellowing ſtands,
And dares the fight, and ſpurns the yellow ſands.
Jove bow'd the heavens, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidſt the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and ſwiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hiſſes through the ſkies.
The ſteel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
Go now, vain boaſter, and true valour ſcorn;
The Phrygians, twice ſubdued, yet make this third return.
Aſcanius ſaid no more: the Trojans ſhake
The heavens with ſhouting, and new vigour take.
Apollo then beſtrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardleſs victor, he beſpoke aloud:
Advance, illuſtrious youth; increaſe in fame,
And wide from eaſt to weſt extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyſelf; and Rome ſhall owe
To thee, a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heaven: the powers divine,
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vaſt world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name. He ſaid,
And, plunging downward, ſhot his radiant head;
Diſpell'd the breathing air that broke his flight,
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal ſight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchiſes' ſquire,
Now left to rule Aſcanius, by his ſire;
His wrinkled viſage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
And thus ſalutes the boy, too forward for his years:
Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy ſon,
The warlike prize thou haſt already won:
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praiſe; nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more. He ſaid, and flew
Obſcure in air, and vaniſh'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow.
Then duteous force they uſe, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themſelves no danger ſhun:
From wall to wall the ſhouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their ſlings around:
Heaps of ſpent arrows fall, and ſtrew the ground;
And helms, and ſhields, and ſattling arms reſound.
The combat thickens like the ſtorm that flies
From weſtward, when the ſhowery kids ariſe:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter deſcends in harden'd rain:
Or bellowing clouds burſt with a ſtormy ſound,
And with an armed winter ſtrew the ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunderbolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and ſize,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain riſe;
Preſuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averſe, againſt their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they ſtand,

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And flank the paſſage: ſhining ſteel they wear,
And waving creſts above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heaven their leafy heads unſhorn;
And overpreſs'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whiſtling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they ſee
The gate ſet open, and the paſſage free.
Bold Quercens, with raſh Tmarus ruſhing on,
Equicolas, who in bright armour ſhone,
And Hæmon firſt, but ſoon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended paſs they die.
Theſe with ſucceſs are fir'd, and thoſe with rage;
And each, on equal terms at length, engage.
Drawn from their lines, and iſſuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.
Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When ſuddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;
The foes had left the faſtneſs of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chaſe.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The firſt he met, Antiphates the brave,
But baſe-begotten on a Theban ſlave;
Sarpedon's ſon he ſlew: the deadly dart
Found paſſage through his breaſt, and pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel ſtood;
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic ſize
Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppreſs'd,
A dart were loſt within that roomy breaſt,
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, ſtrong;
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
Nor coat of double mail, with ſcales of gold.
Down ſunk the monſter-bulk, and preſs'd the ground:
His arms and clattering ſhield on the vaſt body ſound.
Not with leſs ruin, than the Bajan mole
(Rais'd on the ſeas the ſurges to control),
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the ſtones disjointed fall
Off the vaſt pile; the ſcatter'd ocean flies;
Black ſands, diſcolour'd froth, and mingled mud ariſe.
The frighted billows roll, and ſeek the ſhores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Iſchia roars:
Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Aſtoniſh'd at the flaw that ſhakes the land,
Soon ſhifts his weary ſide, and, ſcarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight preſs lighter on his back.
The warrior-god the Latian troops inſpir'd;
New ſtrung their ſinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black deſpair precipitates their flight.
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear, and wild confuſion fill'd.
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands; and adds his ſhoulders to the weight.
Some happier friends within the walls enclos'd;
The reſt ſhut out, to certain death expos'd.
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.
He thruſt amid the crowd, ſecurely bold;
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they deſcry;
And ſparkling fires that ſhot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breaſt,
His rattling armour, and his crimſon creſt.
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who fought his deſtiny.
Mad Pandarus ſteps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
Theſe are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hoſtile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of ſafe return by flight are left,
To whom, with countenance calm, and ſoul ſedate,
Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate:
My meſſage to the ghoſt of Priam bear,
Tell him a new Achilles ſent thee there.
A lance of tough ground-aſh the Trojan threw.
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew:
With his full force he whirl'd it firſt around;
But the ſoft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the courſe before,
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.
But hope not thou, ſaid Turnus, when I ſtrike,
To ſhun thy fate; our force is not alike:
Nor thy ſteel temper'd by the Lemnian god:
Then, riſing, on his utmoſt ſtretch he ſtood;
And aim'd from high: the full deſcending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardleſs cheeks in two:
Down ſinks the giant, with a thundering ſound,
His ponderous limbs oppreſs the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and foam, guſh from the gaping wound.
Scalp, face, and ſhoulders, the keen ſteel divides;
And the ſhar'd viſage hangs on equal ſides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate:
And had the victor then ſecur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind deſire of blood,
Puſh on his fury to purſue the crowd;
Hamſtring'd behind, unhappy Gyges dy'd;
Then Phalaris is added to his ſide:
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends arms againſt their fellows threw.
Strong Halys ſtands in vain; weak Phlegys flies;
Saturnia, ſtill at hand, new force and fire ſupplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall
(Engag'd againſt the foes, who ſcal'd the wall):
But whom they fear'd without, they found within:
At laſt, though late, by Linceus he was ſeen:
He calls new ſuccours, and aſſaults the prince;
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his ſword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggreſſor ſlew.
He joints the neck; and with a ſtroke ſo ſtrong,
The helm flies off, and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntſman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd, and in poiſon ſkill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal ſpear,
And Cretus, whom the Muſes held ſo dear:

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He fought with courage, and he ſung the fight:
Arms were his buſineſs, verſes his delight.
The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their ſlaughter'd friends, and haſten their relief.
Bold Mneſtheus rallies firſt the broken train,
Whom brave Sereſthus and his troop ſuſtain.
To ſave the living, and revenge the dead,
Againſt one warrior's arm all Troy they led.
O, void of ſenſe and courage, Mneſtheus cry'd,
Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah, where beyond theſe rampires can you run!
One man, and in your camp enclos'd, you ſhun!
Shall then a ſingle ſword ſuch ſlaughter boaſt,
And paſs unpuniſh'd from a numerous hoſt?
Forſaking honour, and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king, you ſhame.
This juſt reproach their virtue does excite,
They ſtand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
Now Turnus doubts, and yet diſdains to yield;
But with ſlow paces meaſures back the field;
And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,
Waſhing the camp, defends the weaker ſide.
The more he loſes, they advance the more;
And tread in every ſtep he trod before:
They ſhout, they bear him back, and whom by might
They cannot conquer, they oppreſs with weight.
As, compaſs'd with a wood of ſpears around,
The lordly lion ſtill maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his diſtended paws, and ſhakes his mane:
He loſes while in vain he preſſes on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to run;
So Turnus fares; and, unreſolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and juſt recedes from fight.
Yet twice enrag'd, the combat he renews,
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes purſues:
But now they ſwarm; and, with freſh troops ſupply'd,
Come rolling on, and ruſh from every ſide.
Nor Juno, who ſuſtain'd his arms before,
Dares with new ſtrength ſuffice th' exhauſted ſtore.
For Jove, with four commands, ſent Iris down,
To force th' invader from th' affrighted town.
With labour ſpent, no longer can he wield
The heavy faulchion, or ſuſtain the ſhield:
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling
The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
His golden helm gives way: with ſtony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
His creſt is raſh'd away; his ample ſhield
Is falſify'd, and round with javelins fill'd.
The foe now faint; the Trojans overwhelm:
And Mneſtheus lays hard load upon his helm.
Sick ſweat ſucceeds, he drops at every pore,
With driving duſt his cheeks are paſted o'er,
Shorter and ſhorter every gaſp he takes,
And vain efforts and hurtleſs blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the ſweat, and waſh'd away the gore:
Then gently wafts him to the farther coaſt;
And ſends him ſafe to cheer his anxious hoſt.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return, there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lauſus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is deſcribed as an atheiſt; Lauſus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of theſe two are the ſubject of a noble epiſode.

The gates of heaven unfold; Jove ſummons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely ſeated, he ſurveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
And all th' inferior world: from firſt to laſt
The ſovereign ſenate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' almighty ſire began: Ye gods,
Natives, or denizens, of bleſt abodes; [mind,
From whence theſe murmurs, and this change of
This backward fate from what was firſt deſign'd?
Why this protracted war? When my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.
What fear or hopes on either part divides
Our heavens, and arms our powers on different
A lawful time of war at length will come [ſides?
(Nor need your haſte anticipate the doom)
When Carthage ſhall contend the world with Rome;
Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains;
And like a flood come pouring on the plains:
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature diſſenſion ceaſe:
Sit quiet, and compoſe your ſouls to peace.
Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
O power immenſe, eternal energy!
(For to what elſe protection can we fly?)
Seeſt thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpuniſh'd, and inſult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidſt his train,
In ſhining arms triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;
And ſcarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with ſlaughter, and o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their increaſing moats.

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Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.
This endless outrage they shall still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be torc'd, and fired again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears,
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I thy daughter wait another wound.
Yet if, with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But if the gods their sure success foretel,
If those of heaven consent with those of hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate
The power of Jove, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempest on the main,
Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat,
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet.
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was kind);
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wandering fugitives receive
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);
Then, father (if I still may use that name)
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
I beg you, let Ascanius by my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
Inglorious let him live without a crown;
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian towers;
In those recesses, and those sacred bowers,
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire;
To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
To reach th' Italian shores: if, after all,
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes before.
  Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
And must I own, she said, my secret smart?
What with more decence were in silence kept,
And but for this unjust reproach had slept.
Did god, or man, your favourite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
By fate you boast, and by the gods decree,
He left his native land for Italy:
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
Than Heaven, inspir'd, he fought a foreign shore!
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy?
With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And through the waves a wandering voyage takes?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
Did I or Iris give this mad advice?
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy:
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
Their native air, nor take a foreign law:
That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess give:
But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join.
Realms not your own, among your clans divide,
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
Petition, while you public arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
'Twas given to you, your darling son to shroud,
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd;
And for a man obtend an empty cloud.
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But 'tis my crime, the Queen of Heaven offends,
If she presume to save her suffering friends.
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
The soft recesses, and the sacred bowers.
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
Think on whose faith th' adulterous youth rely'd:
Who promis'd, who procur'd the Spartan bride?
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.
  Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause;
Just as they favour, or dislike, the cause:
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try:
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.
  Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
Who shakes Heaven's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand
With reverence, listning to the dread command;

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The clouds diſpel; the winds their breath reſtrain;
And the huſh'd waves lie flatted on the main).
Celeſtials! your attentive ears incline;
Since, ſaid the god, the Trojans muſt not join
In wiſh'd alliance with the Latian line;
Since endleſs jarrings, and immortal hate,
Tend but to diſcompoſe our happy ſtate;
The war henceforward be reſign'd to Fate,
Each to his proper fortune ſtand or fall,
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the ſame to me;
And both ſhall draw the lots the'r fates decree.
Let theſe aſſault, if Fortune be their friend;
And if ſhe favours thoſe, let thoſe defend:
The Fates will find their way. The Thunderer ſaid;
And ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Atteſting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
Trembled the poles of Heav'n; and earth confeſs'd the nod:
This end the ſeſſions had: the ſenate riſe,
And to his palace wait their ſovereign through the ſkies.
Mean time, intent upon their ſiege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan hoſt encloſe:
They wound, they kill, they watch at every gate:
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.
Th' Æneans wiſh in vain their wonted chief,
Hopeleſs of flight, more hopeleſs of relief;
Thin on the towers they ſtand; and ev'n thoſe few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew:
Yet in the face of danger ſome there ſtood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Aſius and Acmon: both th' Aſſaraci;
Young Hæmon, and, though young, reſolv'd to die.
With theſe were Clarus and Thymetes join'd;
Tibris and Caſtor, both of Lycian kind.
From Acmon's hands a rolling ſtone there came,
So large, it half deſerv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-finew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
His brother Mneſtheus could not more have done;
Or the great father of th' intrepid ſon.
Some firebrands throw, ſome flights of arrows ſend;
And ſome with darts, and ſome with ſtones defend.
Amid the preſs appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
In ringlets o'er his ſhoulders hung his hair;
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd he ſhines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or poliſh'd ivory ſet,
Amidſt the meaner ſoil of ſable jet.
Nor Iſmarus was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poiſon arm'd: in Lydia born
Where plenteous harveſts the fat fields adorn:
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden ſands,
There Capys, author of the Capuan name:
And there was Mneſtheus too increas'd in fame,
Since Turnus from the camp he caſt with ſhame.
Thus mortal war was wag'd on either ſide.
Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide:
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He ſought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cauſe of coming to the chief;
His name and country told, and aſk'd relief:
Propos'd the terms; his own ſmall ſtrength declar'd,
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
What Turnus, bold and violent, deſign'd;
Then ſhow'd the ſlippery ſtate of human kind,
And fickle Fortune; warn'd him to beware:
And to his wholeſome counſel added prayer.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty ſigns:
And to the Trojan troops the Tuſcan joins.
They ſoon ſet ſail; nor now the Fates withſtand;
Their forces truſted with a foreign hand.
Æneas leads; upon his ſtern appear
Two lions carv'd, which riſing Ida bear;
Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear.
Under their grateful ſhade Æneas ſate,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his ſide,
And oft' of winds inquir'd, and of the tide;
Oft' of the ſtars, and of their watery way;
And what he ſuffer'd both by land and ſea.
Now, ſacred ſiſters, open all your ſpring:
The Tuſcan leaders, and their army ſing;
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.
A thouſand youths brave Maſſicus obey,
Born in the Tiger, through the foaming ſea;
From Aſium brought, and Coſa, by his care;
For arms, light quivers, bows and ſhafts they bear.
Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;
His ſtern, Apollo's golden ſtatue bore;
Six hundred Populonea ſent along,
All ſkill'd in martial exerciſe, and ſtrong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An iſle renown'd for ſteel, and unexhauſted mines.
Aſylas on his prow the third appears,
Who heaven interprets, and the wandering ſtars;
From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with preſaging ſounds.
A thouſand ſpears in warlike order ſtand,
Sent by the Piſans under his command.
Fair Aſtur follows in the watery field
Proud of his manag'd horſe, and painted ſhield,
Graviſca, noiſome from the neighbouring fen,
And his own Cære, ſent three hundred men:
With thoſe which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.
Thou, Muſe, the name of Cinyras renew;
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
Whoſe helm confeſs'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings diſplay'd, a ſilver ſwan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd anceſtry,
Whoſe forms and fortunes in his enſigns fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phæton,
And ſung his loſs in poplar groves alone;
Beneath the ſiſter ſhades to ſoothe his grief:
Heaven heard his ſong, and haſten'd his relief;
And chang'd to ſnowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His ſon Cupavo bruſh'd the briny flood:
Upon his ſtern a brawny Centaur ſtood,

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Who heav'd a rock, and threatening ſtill to throw,
With lifted hands, alarm'd the ſeas below:
They ſeem to fear the formidable fight,
And roll'd their billows on, to ſpeed his flight.
Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors through the watery plain,
The ſon of Manto, by the Tuſcan ſtream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name,
An ancient city, but of mix'd deſcent,
Three ſeveral tribes compoſe the government:
Four towns are under each; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuſcan ſway.
Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his ſire Benacus bore;
(Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.
Theſe grave Auletes leads. A hundred ſweep,
With ſtretching oars, at once the glaſſy deep:
Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
High on his poop the ſea-green god appears:
Frowning he ſeems his crooked ſhell to ſound,
And at the blaſt the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waſte he ſhows,
A porpoiſe tail beneath his belly grows;
And ends a fiſh: his breaſt the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.
Full thirty ſhips tranſport the choſen train,
For Troy's relief, and ſcour the briny main.
Now was the world forſaken by the ſun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himſelf the rudder holds, the ſails ſupplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood:
But now as many nymphs the ſea they ſweep,
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Encloſe the ſhip that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whoſe voice excell'd the reſt,
Above the waves advanc'd her ſnowy breaſt.
Her right hand ſtops the ſtern, her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:
She ſpoke for all the choir; and thus began
With pleaſing words to warn th' unknowing man:
Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddeſs-born! awake,
Spread every ſail, purſue your watery track;
And haſte your courſe. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height deſcending to the ſea:
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we ſtood,
Preſum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then loos'd from ſhore we fled his fires profane
(Unwillingly we broke our maſter's chain);
And ſince have ſought you through the Tuſcan main.
The mighty mother chang'd our forms to theſe,
And gave us life immortal in the ſeas.
But young Aſcanius, in his camp diſtreſs'd,
By your inſulting foes is hardly preſs'd;
Th' Arcadian horſemen, and Etrurian hoſt,
Advance in order to the Latian coaſt;
To cut their way the Daunian chief deſigns,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the roſy morn reſtores the light,
Firſt arm thy ſoldiers for th' enſuing fight;
Thyſelf the fated ſword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable ſhield.
To-morrow's ſun, unleſs my ſkill be vain,
Shall ſee huge heaps of foes in battle ſlain.
Parting, ſhe ſpoke; and, with immortal force,
Puſh'd on the veſſel in her watery courſe,
(For well ſhe knew the way) impell'd behind,
The ſhip flew forward, and outſtript the wind.
The reſt make up: unknowing of the cauſe,
The chief admires their ſpeed, and happy omens draws. [eyes:
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his
Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill,
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will).
Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.
He ſaid no more. And now renewing day
Had chas'd the ſhadows of the night away.
He charg'd the ſoldiers with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' enſuing fight, and bade them hope the war.
Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
His camp encompaſs'd, and th' encloſing foe.
His blazing ſhield embrac'd, he held on high:
The camp receive the ſign, and with loud ſhouts reply. [throw
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the ſignal given, the cranes ariſe
Before the ſtormy ſouth, and blacken all the ſkies.
King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd;
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
The ſeas with ſwelling canvas cover'd o'er;
And the ſwift ſhips deſcending on the ſhore.
The Latians ſaw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant creſt that ſeem'd in flames to riſe,
And dart diffuſive fires around the field;
And the keen glittering of the golden ſhield.
Thus threatening comets, when by night they riſe,
Shoot ſanguine ſtreams, and ſadden all the ſkies:
So Sirius, flaſhing forth miniſter lights,
Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry famine frights.
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind, is bent
To man the ſhores, and hinder their deſcent:
And thus awakes the courage of his friends.
What you ſo long have wiſh'd, kind fortune ſends:
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day, you need but only dare:
Your ſwords will make you maſters of the war.
Your fires, your ſons, your houſes, and your lands,
And deareſt wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
And emulate in arms your father's fame. [ſtand
Now take the time, while ſtaggering yet they
With feet unfirm; and prepoſſeſs the ſtrand:
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he ſaid,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then theſe elects, the landing to prevent;
And thoſe he leaves, to keep the city pent.
Meantime the Trojan ſends his troops aſhore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With labouring oars they bear along the ſtrand,
Where the tide languiſhes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon obſerves the coaſt with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,

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Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But ſmoothly ſlide along, and ſwell the ſhore:
That courſe he ſteer'd, and thus he gave command,
Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the veſſel, that her keel may wound
This hated ſoil, and furrow hoſtile ground.
Let me ſecurely land, I aſk no more,
Then ſink my ſhips, or ſhatter on the ſhore.
This fiery ſpeech inflames his fearful friends,
They tug at every oar; and every ſtretcher bends:
They run their ſhips aground, the veſſels knock,
(Thus forc'd aſhore) and tremble with the ſhock.
Tarchon's alone was loſt, and ſtranded ſtood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
She breaks her back, the looſen'd ſides give way,
And plunge the Tuſcan ſoldiers in the ſea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withſtand
Their paſſage, while they labour to the land;
And ebbing tides bear back upon the uncertain ſand.
Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the ſea.
The trumpets ſound: Æneas firſt aſſail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw; and ſoon prevail'd
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight:
Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height.
He firſt in open fields defy'd the prince,
But armour ſcal'd with gold was no defence
Againſt the fated ſword, which open'd wide
His plated ſhield, and pierc'd his naked ſide.
Next, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn:
Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee,
For his beginning life from biting ſteel was free.
Nor far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monſtrous bulk; with Giſſeus fierce and ſtrong;
Vain bulk and ſtrength; for when the chief aſſail'd,
Nor valour, nor Herculean arms, avail'd;
Nor their fam'd father, wont to war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
The noiſy Pharos next receiv'd his death,
Æneas writh'd his dart, and ſtopp'd his bawling breath.
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardleſs bloom,
And fought with luſt obſcene polluted joys:
The Trojan ſword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his ſeven bold brethren ſtopp'd the courſe
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Seven darts are thrown at once, and ſome rebound
From his bright ſhield, ſome on his helmet ſound:
The reſt had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented thoſe, and turn'd aſide in air.
The prince then call'd Achates, to ſupply
The ſpears that knew the way to victory.
Thoſe fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium ſtood:
Not one of thoſe my hand ſhall toſs in vain
Againſt our foes, on this contended plain,
He ſaid: then ſeiz'd a mighty ſpear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler flew; [heart:
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his
He ſtagger'd with intolerable ſmart.

Alcanor ſaw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to ſuſtain.
A ſecond ſpear, which kept the former courſe,
From the ſame hand, and ſent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and, holding on, bereft
His uſe of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor, from his dead brother, drew
Th' ill-omen'd ſpear, and at the Trojan threw:
Preventing Fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.
In pride of youth the Sabine Clauſus came,
And from afar at Dryops took his aim.
The ſpear flew hiſſing through the middle ſpace,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
It ſtopp'd at once the paſſage of his wind,
And the free ſoul to flitting air reſign'd:
His forehead was the firſt that ſtruck the ground;
Life-blood and life ruſh'd mingled through the wound.
He ſlew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Iſmarus, their native place,
He ſent to war, but all the ſons of Thrace.
Haleſus next, the bold Aurunci leads;
The ſon of Neptune to his aid ſucceeds,
Conſpicuous on his horſe: on either hand
Theſe fight to keep, and thoſe to win the land.
With mutual blood th' Auſonian ſoil is dy'd,
While on its borders each their claim decide.
As wintery winds, contending in the ſky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try: [vent
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heaven
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven:
Each bent to conquer, neither ſide to yield;
They long ſuſpend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can:
Foot ſet to foot, and mingled man to man.
But in another part, th' Arcadian horſe,
With ill-ſucceſs engage the Latian force,
For where th' impetuous torrent, ruſhing down,
Huge craggy ſtones, and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their courſers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were ſcatter'd in a ſhameful flight.
Pallas, who with diſdain and grief had view'd
His foes purſuing, and his friends purſu'd,
Us'd threatnings mix'd with prayers, his laſt reſource: [fire their force.
With theſe to move their minds, with thoſe to
Which way, companions! whither would you run?
By you yourſelves, and mighty battles won;
By my great ſire, by his eſtabliſh'd name,
And early promiſe of my future fame;
By my youth emulous of equal right,
To ſhare his honours, ſhun ignoble flight. [way
Truſt not your feet; your hands muſt hew your
Through yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis through that path forward that we muſt come:
There lies our way, and that our paſſage home.
Nor powers above, nor deſtinies below,
Oppreſs'd our arms; with equal ſtrength we go;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we ſtand: a ſcanty ſhore;
The ſea behind, our enemies before:
No paſſage left, unleſs we ſwim the main;
Or, forcing theſe, the Trojan trenches gain.
This ſaid, he ſtrode with eager haſte along,
And bore amidſt the thickeſt of the throng,

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Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw;
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin:
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.
Hisbon came on, but while he mov'd too slow
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
For, warding his at once, at once he press'd;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust.
And after him the Daunian twins were slain,
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
As caus'd an error in their parent's eyes.
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The nice distinction, and their fate divides.
For Thimbrus' head was lopp'd: and Laris' hand,
Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:
The trembling fingers yet the fauchion strain,
And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain.
Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came:
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.
Then with a casual blow was Rhæteus slain,
Who chang'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain!
The flying spear was after Ilus sent,
But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyrus while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.
As, when in summer welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite;
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood
(But first collected in his arms he stood):
Advancing then he ply'd the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres, fell:
Around his head he toss'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either eye,
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' fire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Destiny laid hold upon the son,
And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
Th' Evandrian spear a memorable death.
Pallas, th' encounter seeks; but ere he throws,
To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:
O sacred stream, direct my flying dart,
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart:
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear.
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his prayer;
For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.
But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;
But by his own example cheers the fight.
Fierce Abas first he slew; Abas, the stay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.
The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain,
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude shock of war both armies came,
The leaders equal, and their strength the same.
The rear so press'd the front they could not wield
There angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there,
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by Fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Meantime Juturna warns the Dunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
Let none presume his needless aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due:
Oh were his father here my just revenge to view!
From the forbidden space his men retir'd,
Pallas their awe and his stern words admir'd,
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering sight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and towering height.
Then to the king; your empty vaunts forbear.
Success I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the same.
He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
Pale horror sate on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
And, as a lion, when he spies from far
A bull that seems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.
Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him first, resolv'd to try
If Fortune would his want of force supply;
And thus to Heaven and Hercules address'd:
Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,
His son adjures you by those holy rites,
That hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain request;
Alcides mourn'd; and stifled sighs within his breast
Then Jove, to soothe his sorrow, thus began:
Short bounds of life are set to mortal man;
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
So many sons of gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:

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My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.
Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath;
And stands already on the verge of death.
This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his sight.
Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw;
And, having thrown, his shining faulchion drew:
The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
And pois'd his pointed spear before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
See now, said he, whose arm is better strung.
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:
Thro' folded brass and tough bull-hides it pass'd;
His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
He falls; his arms upon his body sound;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.
Turnus bestrode the corpse: Arcadians hear,
Said he; my message to your master bear:
Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send:
It costs him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow,
Unask'd, to rest his wandering ghost below.
He said, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse:
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made:
Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to fight,
All, in the compass of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.
In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain:
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away;
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.
The sad Arcadians from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathless body on a shield.
O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd
With praises to thy sire, at once deplor'd.
One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy shield.
This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
But sad spectators, to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.
He whirls his sword around, without delay,
And hews through adverse foes an ample way;
To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:
Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
To large deserts, are present to his eyes;
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.
Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To please the ghost of Pallas; and expire
In sacrifice, before his funeral fire.
At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below
The flying spear, and shun'd the promis'd blow.
Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
O spare my life, and send me back to see
My longing sire, and tender progeny.
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
If I survive, shall Troy the less prevail?
A single soul's too light to turn the scale.
He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd:
Thy bars, and ingots, and the sums beside,
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war, by one relentless stroke,
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone,
My father's shadow, but my living son.
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left;
Then with his right-hand, whilst his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining faulchion sheath'd.
Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near,
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glittering in arms he shone amidst the crowd;
Much of his god, more of his purple proud:
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field,
The holy coward fell: and, forc'd to yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest; and at one blow
Sent him an offering to the shades below.
His arms Serestus on his shoulders bears,
Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.
Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight;
And umbro born upon the mountain's height.
The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those;
And seeks revenge himself on other foes.
At Anxur's shield he drove, and at the blow
Both shield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms;
So made by mutter'd spells: and from the spheres
Had life secur'd in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince;
With his portended lance he makes defence:
Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down.
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment stood,
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain;
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home:
Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey;
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.
On Lycas, and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van,
They fled for fear; with these he chas'd along,
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong,
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young:
Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign.

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And as Ægeon, when with heaven he ſtrove,
Stood oppoſite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flaſh for flaſh returns, and fires for fires:
In his right-hand as many ſwords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many ſhields:
With ſtrength like his the Trojan hero ſtood,
And ſoon the fields with falling crops were ſtrow'd,
When once his faulchion found the taſte of blood.
With fury ſcarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Againſt Niphæus, whom four courſers drew.
They, when they ſee the fiery chief advance,
And puſhing at their cheſts his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with ſo ſwift a motion, mad with fear,
They drew their maſter headlong from the chair:
They ſtare, they ſtart, nor ſtop their courſe, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the ſhore.
Now Lucagus and Liger, ſcour the plains,
With two white ſteeds, but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty ſeat maintains.
Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming ſword; Æneas couch'd his ſpear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then Liger thus. Thy confidence is vain
To 'ſcape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor theſe the ſteeds which Diomede beſtrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's ſhield:
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his anſwer with his flying ſpear.
As Lucagus to laſh his horſes bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for flight, the fatal dart arrives,
And through the border of his buckler drives;
Paſs'd through, and pierc'd his groin; the deadly wound,
Caſt from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
Whom thus the chief upbraids with ſcornful ſpight;
Blame not the ſlowneſs of your ſteeds in flight;
Vain ſhadows did not force their ſwift retreat:
But you yourſelf forſake your empty ſeat.
He ſaid, and ſeiz'd at once the looſen'd rein
(For Liger lay already on the plain
By the ſame ſhock); then, ſtretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
Now by thyſelf, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee ſpare
This forfeit life, and hear thy ſuppliant's prayer.
Thus much he ſpoke; and more he would have ſaid,
But the ſtern hero turn'd aſide his head,
And cut him ſhort; I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began;
Now take your turn: and, as a brother ſhould,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
Then through his breaſt his fatal ſword he ſent,
And the ſoul iſſued at the gaping vent.
As ſtorms the ſkies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and ſcatter'd deaths around:
At length Aſcanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, ſo long beſieg'd in vain.

Mean time, the king of gods and mortal man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
My ſiſter-goddeſs, and well-pleaſing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid ſupports the ſtrife;
Suſtains her Trojans, or themſelves alone
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd
Judge if ſuch warriors want immortal aid.
To whom the goddeſs with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, ſubmiſſively replies.
Why, O my ſovereign lord, whoſe frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when if I ſtill
(As once I was) were miſtreſs of your will,
From your almighty power, your pleaſing wife
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life;
Securely ſnatch him from the fatal fight;
And give him to his aged father's ſight.
Now let him periſh, ſince you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And in the fourth degree from god Pilumnus came:
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incenſe at your ſhrine.
Then ſhortly thus the ſovereign god reply'd;
Since in my power and goodneſs you confide;
If for a little ſpace, a lengthen'd ſpan,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man:
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
From inſtant fate, and can ſo far diſpenſe.
But if ſome ſecret meaning lies beneath,
To ſave the ſhort-liv'd youth from deſtin'd death:
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.
To whom the goddeſs thus, with weeping eyes:
And what if that requeſt your tongue denies,
Your heart ſhould grant; and not a ſhort reprieve,
But length of certain life to Turnus give?
Now ſpeedy death attends the guiltleſs youth,
If my preſaging ſoul divines with truth,
Which, O! I wiſh might err through cauſeleſs fears,
And you (for you have power) prolong his years.
Thus having ſaid, involv'd in clouds, ſhe flies,
And drives a ſtorm before her through the ſkies.
Swift ſhe deſcends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a ſpectre ſoon ſhe made,
And what Æneas was, ſuch ſeem'd the ſhade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plumy creſt he wore:
This hand appear'd a ſhining ſword to wield,
And that ſuſtain'd an imitated ſhield:
With manly mien he ſtalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting ſound.
(Thus haunting ghoſts appear to waking ſight,
Or dreadful viſions in our dreams by night).
The ſpectre ſeems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flouriſhes his empty ſword in air:
At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his ſpear;
The phantom wheel'd, and ſeem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he ſpoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud;)
Why thus forſake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you fought ſo long by ſea.

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He ſaid, and, brandiſhing at once his blade,
With eager pace purſu'd the flying ſhade.
By chance a ſhip was faſten'd to the ſhore,
Which from old Clufium king Ofinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for ſafe aſcent;
For ſhelter there the trembling ſhadow bent,
And ſkipp'd, and ſculk'd, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardleſs haſte,
Aſcends the plank, and to the galley paſs'd.
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The hauſers cuts, and ſhoots the ſhip from land.
With wind in poop, the veſſel ploughs the ſea,
And meaſures back with ſpeed her former way.
Meantime Æneas ſeeks his abſent foe,
And ſends his ſlaughter'd troops to ſhades below.
The guileful phantom now forſook the ſhrowd,
And flew ſublime, and vaniſh'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the deluſion found,
Far on the ſea, ſtill making from the ground.
Then, thankleſs for a life redeem'd by ſhame,
With ſenſe of honour ſtung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful beſides of what in fight had paſs'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to heaven he caſt.
O Jove! he cry'd, for what offence have I
Deſerv'd to bear this endleſs infamy?
Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne,
How, and with what reproach ſhall I return!
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or ſee Laurentum's lofty towers again?
What will they ſay of their deſerting chief?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief:
I led to ſlaughter, and in ſlaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
There ſcatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, oh, ye pitying winds! a wretch relieve;
On ſands or ſhelves the ſplitting veſſel drive:
Or ſet me ſhipwreck'd on ſome deſert ſhore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may ſee me more;
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conſcious Fame,
Left ſhe ſhould follow, and my flight proclaim!
Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd,
The choice was doubtful, but the death reſolv'd.
And now the ſword, and now the ſea took place:
That to revenge, and this to purge diſgrace.
Sometimes he thought to ſwim the ſtormy main,
By ſtretch of arms the diſtant ſhore to gain:
Thrice he the ſword aſſay'd, and thrice the flood;
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withſtood:
And thrice repreſs'd his rage: ſtrong gales ſupply'd,
And puſh'd the veſſel o'er the ſwelling tide.
At length ſhe lands him on his native ſhores,
And to his father's longing arms reſtores.
Meantime, by Jove's impulſe, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their ſhameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Againſt their king the Tuſcan troops conſpire,
Such is their hate, and ſuch their fierce deſire
Of wiſh'd revenge: on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a ſolid rock by ſeas enclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;
From his proud ſummit looking down, diſdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.
Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus; and Palmus as he fled:
At Latagus a weighty ſtone he flung,
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound,
Hamſtring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His creſt and armour, from his body torn,
Thy ſhoulders, Lauſus, and thy head adorn.
Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he ſlew,
Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew:
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his ſire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was ſlain;
Unthinking Mymus, on the Latian plain.
And as a ſavage boar on mountains bred,
With foreſt maſt and fattening marſhes fed;
When once he ſees himſelf in toils enclos'd,
By huntſmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
He whets his tuſks, and turns, and dares the war;
Th' invaders dart their javelins from afar;
All keep aloof, and ſafely ſhout around,
But none preſumes to give a nearer wound.
He frets and froths, erects his briſtled hide,
And ſhakes a grove of lances from his ſide:
Not otherwiſe the troops, with hate inſpir'd
And juſt revenge, againſt the tyrant fir'd;
Their darts with clamour at a diſtance drive,
And only keep the languiſh'd war alive.
From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his ſpouſe betroth'd, and unconſummate night.
Mezentius ſees him through the ſquadron ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then; as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gameſome goat who friſks about the folds,
Or beamy ſtag that grazes on the plain;
He runs, he roars, he ſhakes his riſing mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws:
He fills his famiſh'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morſels, while he chafns the gore;
So proud Mezentius ruſhes on his foes,
And firſt unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he ſpurns the ſwarthy ground,
The lance, beſmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.
Then with diſdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch purſu'd:
Nor thought the daſtard's back deſerv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
Then, turning ſhort, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppreſs'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breaſt,
And reſted lance; and thus aloud he cries,
Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.
The fields around with Iö Pæan ring,
And peals of ſhouts applaud the conquering king.
At this the vanquiſh'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly ſpoke, and propheſy'd in death:
Nor thou, proud man, unpuniſh'd ſhalt remain;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.
Then, ſourly ſmiling, thus the king reply'd:
For what belongs to me let Jove provide;

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But die thou firſt, whatever chance enſue.
He ſaid, and from the wound the weapon drew:
A hovering miſt came ſwimming o'er his ſight,
And ſeal'd his eyes in everlaſting night.
By Cadicus, Alcathous was ſlain;
Sacrator laid Hydaſpes on the plain:
Orſes the ſtrong to greater ſtrength muſt yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Meſſapus Ericetes ſlew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headſtrong horſe his fate he found,
Who threw his maſter as he made a bound;
The chief, alighting, ſtuck him to the ground.
Then Clonius hand in hand, on foot aſſails,
The Trojan ſinks, and Neptune's ſon prevails.
Agis the Lycian, ſtepping forth with pride.
To ſingle fight the boldeſt foe defy'd;
Whom Tuſcan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Antronius ſent,
But the ſame fate the victor underwent;
Slain by Nealces' hand, well ſkill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.
Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors, and vanquiſh'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heaven ſurvey the fatal ſtriſe,
And mourn the miſeries of human life.
Above the reſt two goddeſſes appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there:
Amidſt the crowd infernal Até ſhakes
Her ſcourge aloft, and creſt of hiſſing ſnakes.
Once more the proud Mezentius with diſdain
Brandiſh'd his ſpear, and ruſh'd into the plain:
Where towering in the midmoſt ranks he ſtood,
Like tall Orion ſtalking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny breaſt he cuts the waves,
His ſhoulders ſcarce the topmoſt billow laves.
Or like a mountain-aſh, whoſe roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.
The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntleſs undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his ſtrength, and like a rock,
Pois'd on his baſe, Mezentius ſtood the ſhock.
He ſtood, and, meaſuring firſt with careful eyes
The ſpace his ſpear could reach, aloud he cries;
My ſtrong right-hand, and ſword, aſſiſt my ſtroke:
(Thoſe only gods Mezentius will invoke)
His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lauſus ſhall be worn.
He ſaid, and with his utmoſt force he threw
The maſſy ſpear, which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial ſhield that ſtopp'd the courſe;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The ſides and bowels ſam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he choſe,
And in Evander's palace ſought repoſe:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He caſt to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.
The pious Trojan then his javelin ſent. [went
The ſhield gave way: through treble plates it
Of ſolid braſs, of linen trebly roll'd, [roll'd.
And three bull-hides which round the buckler
All theſe it paſs'd, reſiſtleſs on the courſe,
Tranſpierc'd his thigh, and ſpent its dying force.
The gaping wound guſh'd out a crimſon flood;
The Trojan, glad with ſight of hoſtile blood,
His fauchion drew, to cloſer fight addreſs'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſs'd.
His father's peril Lauſus view'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt;
And ſing an act ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity will ſcarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The father fought to ſave himſelf by flight:
Incumber'd, ſlow he dragg'd the ſpear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, reſolv'd on death, below
The lifted ſword ſprings forth, to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing through the field,
To ſee the ſon the vanquiſh'd father ſhield:
All fir'd with generous indignation ſtrive;
And, with a ſtorm of darts, at diſtance drive
The Trojan chief: who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb ſuſtain'd the war.
As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, paſſenger, and laboring hind,
For ſhelter to the neighbouring covert fly;
Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow caverns lie;
But, that o'erblown, when heaven above them
Return to travel, and renew their toils; [ſmiles,
Æneas, thus o'erwhelm'd on every ſide,
The ſtorm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lauſus loud with friendly threat-
ening cry'd:
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain death, and rage
In raſh attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn
The youth deſiſts, but with inſulting ſcorn [tir'd,
Provokes the lingering prince, whoſe patience,
Gave place, and all his breaſt with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their ſharpen'd ſheers;
And lifted high the flaming ſword appears,
Which full deſcending, with a frightful ſway,
Through ſhield and corſlet forc'd th' impetuous
way,
And buried deep in his fair boſom lay.
The purple ſtreams through the thin armour ſtrove,
And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother
wove;
And life at length forſook his heaving heart,
Loth from ſo ſweet a manſion to depart.
But when, with blood and paleneſs all o'erſpread,
The pious prince beheld young Lauſus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the ſight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a ſadly pleaſing thought!
Then ſtretch'd his hand to hold him up, and ſaid,
Poor hapleſs youth! what praiſes can be paid
To love ſo great, to ſuch tranſcendent ſtore
Of early worth, and ſure preſage of more!
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be the ſword!
And all that pleas'd the living, ſtill remain
Inviolate, and ſacred to the ſlain!
Thy body on thy parents I beſtow,
To reſt thy ſoul, at leaſt if ſhadows know,
Or have a ſenſe of human things below.

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There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell.
With this his distant friends he beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himself assist to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the wound.
Meantime his father, now no father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
A chosen train of youth around him stand,
His drooping head was rested on his hand:
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought,
And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much inquir'd, and many a message sent
To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to heaven he spread;
Last the dear corpse embracing, thus he said:
What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life a ransom for preserving mine?
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd,
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:
I ow'd my people these, and from their hate
With less resentment could have borne my fate.
And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
Of hated men, and of more hated light:
But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound.
Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappal'd
With pains or perils, for his courser call'd:
Well-mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himself did dress
With daily care, and mounted with success;
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.
Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke:
O Rhœbus, we have liv'd too long for me
(If life and long were terms that could agree);
This day thou either shalt bring back the head
And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
This day thou either shalt revenge my woe
For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;
Or, if inexorable Fate deny
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
For, after such a lord, I rest secure,
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load endure.
He said: and straight th' officious courser kneels
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills
With pointed javelins: on his head he lac'd
His glittering helm, which terribly was grac'd
With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar;
Then spurr'd his thundering steed amidst the war.
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
Of inborn worth, his labouring soul oppress'd,
Roll'd in his eyes, and rang'd within his breast.
Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name.
The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
Great Jove, he said, and the far-shooting god,
Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good.
He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear,
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.
To whom Mezentius thus: thy vaunts are vain,
My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
He's lost! thy conquest is already won,
The wretched fire is murder'd in the son.
Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy,
Forbear thy threats, my business is to die;
But first receive this parting legacy.
He said: and straight a whirling dart he sent:
Another after, and another went.
Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield:
Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd,
Turn'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withstood
The strokes; and bore about an iron wood.
Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone:
To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
Urg'd and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight:
At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the temples of the warrior-horse. [spear
Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring
Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
The wounded steeds curvets; and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
His horse came after with unwieldy weight;
And, floundering forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid,
From either host the mingled shouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.
Æneas, hastening, wav'd his fatal sword,
High o'er his head with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain? [Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies:
Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory.
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.
My dying son contracted no such band;
The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue:
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
Refuse it not: but let my body have
The last retreat of human-kind, a grave.
Too well I know th' insulting people's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:

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This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side.
He said, and to the throat his sword apply'd.
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius: grants a truce for burying the dead; and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latius calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed: and the Latine troops are entirely defeated.

Scarce had the rosy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her watery bed;
The pious chief whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd soldiers, and his friend:
Yet first to heaven perform'd a victor's vow:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked shag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy sacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumy crest, besmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs enclose the godlike man:
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began: [cess:
Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure suc-
The greater part perform'd, atchieve the less.
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall stand extended on the plain;
And in this omen is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance:
That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance:
And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war:
The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they
fought; [bought.
And which for us with their own blood they
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend,
To the sad city of Evander send:
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.
Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, now in death, lamented Pallas lay:
Acœtes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best:
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosperous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold:
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war;
A bloody breathless body: which can owe
No farther debt, but to the powers below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the funeral honours of his son.
These are my triumphs of the Latian war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and hoasted care.
And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate.
But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
To bear him back, and share Evander's grief
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief).
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier;
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear,

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The body on this rural herſe is borne,
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dreſs the bower:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below, [owe.
No more to mother earth or the green ſtem ſhall
Then two fair veſts, of wondrous work and coſt,
Of purple woven, and with gold embоſs'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One veſt array'd the corpſe, and one they ſpread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head:
That when the yellow hair in flame ſhould fall,
The catching fire, might burn the golden caul.
Beſides the ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain,
When he deſcended on the Latian plain:
Arms, trappings, horſes, by the herſe he led
In long array (th' atchievements of the dead).
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear:
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
To ſprinkle with their blood, the funeral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne;
Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inſcriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acœtes on his pupil's corpſe attends,
With feeble ſteps; ſupported by his friends:
Paufing at every pace, in ſorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he ſinks upon the ground.
Where groveling, while he lies in deep deſpair,
He beats his breaſt, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is ſeen to roll,
Beſmear'd with hoſtile blood, and honourably
foul.
To cloſe the pomp, Æthon, the ſteed of ſtate,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a ſullen pace [face.
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his
The lance of Pallas, and the crimſon creſt,
Are borne behind; the victor ſeiz'd the reſt.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarſely ſound,
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horſe,
To Pallantean towers direct their courſe,
In long proceſſion rank'd; the pious chief
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
The public care, he ſaid, which war attends,
Diverts our preſent woes, at leaſt ſuſpends;
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell;
Hail holy relics, and a laſt farewell!
He ſaid no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
Reſtrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.
Now ſuppliants, from Laurentum ſent, demand
A truce, with olive branches in their hand.
Obteſt his clemency, and from the plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their ſlain.
They plead, that none thoſe common rites deny
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
All cauſe of hate was ended in their death;
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's requeſt:
Whoſe ſon he once was call'd, and once his gueſt.
Their ſuit, which was too juſt to be deny'd,
The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd:
O Latian princes, how ſevere a fate
In cauſeleſs quarrels has involv'd your ſtate!
And arm'd againſt an unoffending man,
Who ſought your friendſhip ere the war began!
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
Not only for the ſlain, but thoſe who live.
I came not hither but by heaven's command,
And ſent by Fate to ſhare the Latian land.
Nor wage I wars unjuſt; your king deny'd
My proffer'd friendſhip, and my promis'd bride
Left me for Turnus; Turnus then ſhould try
His cauſe in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in diſpute: the ſlain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquiſh, whom his Fates befriend.
This is the way, ſo tell him, to poſſeſs
The royal virgin, and reſtore the peace.
Bear this my meſſage back; with ample leave
That your ſlain friends may funeral-rites receive.
Thus having ſaid, th' ambaſſadors amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breaſt
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profeſs'd,
Broke ſilence firſt, and to the godlike man,
With graceful action bowing, thus began:
Auſpicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whoſe actions far tranſcend your fame:
Would I your juſtice or your force expreſs,
Thought can but equal; and all words are leſs:
Your anſwer we ſhall thankfully relate,
And favours granted to the Latian ſtate:
If with'd ſucceſs your labour ſhall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend;
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command:
And ſeek alliance in ſome other land:
Build you the city which your Fates aſſign:
We ſhall be proud in the great work to join.
Thus Drances; and his words ſo well perſuade
The reſt empower'd, that ſoon a truce is made.
Twelve days the term allow'd: and during thoſe,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for funeral pile prepare,
To fell the timber, and forget the war.
Loud axes through the groaning groves reſound:
Oak, mountain-aſh, and poplar, ſpread the ground:
Firs fall from high: and ſome the trunks receive,
In loaden wains, with wedges ſome they cleave.
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Through the ſhort circuit of th' Arcadian town,
Of Pallas ſlain: by Fame, which juſt before
His triumphs on diſtended pinions bore.
Ruſhing from out the gate, the people ſtand,
Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand:
Wildly they ſtare, diſtracted with amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That caſt a ſullen ſplendor on their friends
(The marching troop which their dread prince
attends).
Both parties meet: they raiſe a doleful cry:
The matrons from the walls with ſhrieks reply:
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted
ſky.
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his ſtate, he runs along,
With a diſorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng:

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Falls on the corpſe, and groaning there he lies,
With ſilent grief, that ſpeaks but at his eyes;
Short ſighs and ſobs ſucceed: ſtill ſorrow breaks
A paſſage, and at once he weeps and ſpeaks.
O Pallas! thou haſt fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the ſword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would purſue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curſt eſſay of arms, diſaſtrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauſpicious war,
Vain vows to heaven, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
Whoſe holy ſoul the ſtroke of fortune fled:
Preſcious of ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate aſſign'd.
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;
My Pallas late ſet out, but reach'd too ſoon.
If, from my league againſt th' Auſonian ſtate,
Amid their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deſerv'd from them) then I had been return'd
A breathleſs victor, and my ſon had mourn'd.
Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I ſo gladly made.
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell ſo young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, ſince the gods had deſtin'd him to die,
At leaſt he led the way to victory:
Firſt for his friends he won the fatal ſhore,
And ſent whole herds of ſlaughter'd foes before:
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
Content with thoſe the Trojan hero gave.
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends deſign'd;
In which the Tuſcan chiefs and army join'd:
Great ſpoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own atchievements be thy ſhare.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadſt a trophy ſtood,
Whoſe mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood.
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal ſtrength.
But why, unhappy man, doſt thou detain
Theſe troops to view the tears thou ſhed'ſt in vain!
Go, friends, this meſſage to your lord relate;
Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,
And after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my ſon.
I ſtay for Turnus; whoſe devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead:
My ſon and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with ſuch news below.
The morn had now diſpell'd the ſhades of night;
Reſtoring toils, when ſhe reſtor'd the light:
The Trojan king, and Tuſcan chief, command
To raiſe the piles along the winding ſtrand:
Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
Black ſmouldering ſmoke from the green wood expires;
The light of heaven is chok'd, and the new day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient cuſtom had ordain'd it ſo).
Thrice horſe and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears trickling down their breaſts bedew the ground;
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful ſound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The ſpoils, in battle taken from the foe;
Helms, bitts embois'd, and ſwords of ſhining ſteel,
One caſts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms reſtore:
The fauchions which in luckleſs fight they bore:
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts beſtow'd in vain,
And ſhiver'd lances gather'd from the plain,
Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
And briſtled boars, and woolly ſheep expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the waſting flames, and weep their burning friends.
Lingering along the ſhore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heaven with ſtarry light.
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare;
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid;
And part are to the neighbouring fields convey'd.
The corpſe of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in ſtate, are bury'd in the town:
The reſt unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are caſt a common heap to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like deſires
To make the field of battle ſhine with fires;
And the promiſcuous blaze to heaven aſpires.
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice diſpell'd the ſhadows of the night;
When thoſe who round the waſted fires remain,
Perform the laſt ſad office to the ſlain:
They rake the yet warm aſhes from below;
Theſe, and the bones unburn'd, in earth beſtow:
Theſe relics with their country rites they grace;
And raiſe a mount of turf to mark the place.
But in the palace of the king appears
A ſcene more ſolemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
Orphans their fires, and fires lament their ſons.
All in that univerſal ſorrow ſhare,
And curſe the cauſe of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjuſtly fought,
A crown uſurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
Theſe are the crimes, with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim.
Let him, who lords it o'er th' Auſonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain, our lot is but to ſerve:
'Tis juſt, the ſway he ſeeks, he ſhould deſerve.
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with ſpight,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor Turnus wants a party, to ſupport
His cauſe and credit, in the Latian court.
His former acts ſecure his preſent fame;
And the queen ſhades him with her mighty name.
While thus their factious minds with fury burn;
The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:
Sad news they bring, that, after all the coſt,
And care employ'd, their embaſſy is loſt:
That Diomede refus'd his aid in war;
Unmov'd with preſents, and as deaf to prayer.

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Some new alliance muſt elſewhere be ſought;
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.
Latinus, ſunk in ſorrow, finds too late
A foreign ſon is pointed out by fate:
And till Æneas ſhall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of heaven is hovering o'er his head.
The gods, he ſaw, eſpous'd the juſter ſide,
When late their titles in the field were try'd:
Witneſs the freſh laments, and funeral tears undry'd.
Thus, full of anxious thought, he ſummons all
The Latian ſenate to the council-hall:
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in power, and reverenc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midſt appears:
Majeſtically ſad, he ſits in ſtate,
And bids his envoys their ſucceſs relate.
When Venulus began, the murmuring ſound
Was huſh'd, and ſacred ſilence reign'd around.
We have, ſaid he, perform'd your high command:
And paſs'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place deſir'd, with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and riſing towers beheld.
Great Diomede has compaſs'd round with walls
The city, which Argyripa he calls;
From his own Argos nam'd; we touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our preſents firſt we bring,
Then crave an inſtant audience from the king:
His leave obtain'd, our native ſoil we name;
And tell th' important cauſe for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we ſpoke;
Then, with ſoft accents, and a pleaſing look,
Made this return: Auſonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madneſs has your alter'd minds poſſeſs'd,
To change for war hereditary reſt?
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the ſword
(A needleſs ill your anceſtors abhorr'd).
We (for myſelf I ſpeak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's deſtruction came)
Omitting thoſe who were in battle ſlain,
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main:
Not one but ſuffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he fought,
Some doom'd to death, and ſome in exile driv'n,
Out-caſts, abandon'd by the care of heaven:
So worn, ſo wretched, ſo deſpis'd a crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witneſs the veſſels by Minerva toſs'd
In ſtorms, the vengeful Capharæan coaſt;
Th' Eubœan rocks; the prince, whoſe brother
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed, [led
In Egypt loſt; Ulyſſes, with his men,
Have ſeen Charybdis, and the Cyclops den:
Why ſhould I name Idomeneus, in vain,
Reſtor'd to ſceptres, and expell'd again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival ſlain?
Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremoſt name
Of all the Greeks, and moſt renown'd by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adultereſs loſt his life:
Fell at his threſhold, and the ſpoils of Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The gods have envy'd me the ſweets of life,
My much lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
Baniſh'd from both, I mourn; while in the ſky,
Transform'd to birds, my loſt companions fly:
Hovering about the coaſts they make their moan;
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What ſqualid ſpectres, in the dead of night,
Break my ſhort ſleep, and ſkim before my ſight!
I might have promis'd to myſelf thoſe harms,
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
Preſum'd againſt immortal powers to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love,
Such arms this hand ſhall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its duſt; nor am I glad
To think of paſt events, or good or bad.
Your preſents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendſhip, ſend the Trojan king.
We met in fight, I know him to my coſt;
With what a whirling force his lance he toſs'd:
Heavens! what a ſpring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his ſhield, and roſe at every blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
Th' invaſion of the Greeks had been return'd:
Our empire waſted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the ſiege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand;
Both brave alike, and equal in command:
Æneas not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.
He ſaid no more: but, with this cold excuſe,
Refus'd th' alliance, and adviſ'd a truce.
Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And daſhes o'er the ſtones that ſtop the courſe;
The flood, conſtrain'd within a ſcanty ſpace,
Roars horrible along th' uneaſy race:
White foam in gathering eddies floats around:
The rocky ſhores rebellow to the ſound.
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
I wiſh, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been reſolv'd before it was too late:
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our laſt neceſſity,
To have been earlier wiſe; than now to call
A council, when the foe ſurrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war,
With men, not only heaven's peculiar care,
But heaven's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes muſt centre on ourſelves alone.
Yet thoſe how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You ſee too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquiſh'd without reſource; laid flat by fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
With our united ſtrength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:

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You ſee th' event—Now hear what I propoſe,
To ſave our friends, and ſatisfy our foes:
A tract of land the Latins have poſſeſs'd
Along the Tiber, ſtretching to the weſt,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till:
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill;
Theſe mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you conſent, the Trojan ſhall command;
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country ſhare.
There let them build, and ſettle, if they pleaſe;
Unleſs they chooſe once more to croſs the ſeas,
In ſearch of ſeats remote of Italy;
And from unwelcome inmates ſet us free.
Then twice ten gallies let us build with ſpeed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need;
Materials are at hand: a well-grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number, and the form align;
The care and coſt of all the ſtores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred ſenators
Shall be commiſſion'd hence with ample powers;
With olive crown'd: the preſents they ſhall bear,
A purple robe, a royal ivory chair; [wear;
And all the marks of ſway that Latian monarchs
And ſums of gold. Among yourſelves debate
This great affair, and ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd long ſince,
The riſing glories of the Daunian prince.
Factious and rich, bold at the council-board,
But cautious in the field, he ſhun'd the ſword;
A cloſe caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
But what his father's parentage, unknown.
He roſe, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
Such truths, O king! ſaid he, your words contain,
As ſtrike the ſenſe, and all replies are vain:
Nor are your loyal ſubjects now to ſeek
What common needs require; but fear to ſpeak.
Let him give leave of ſpeech, that haughty man,
Whoſe pride this inauſpicious war began:
For whoſe ambition (let me dare to ſay,
Fear ſet a part, though death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant herpes bite the ground:
Dejected grief in every face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears.
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boaſts, forſook the fight,
And ſought his ſafety in ignoble flight:
Now, beſt of kings, ſince you propoſe to ſend
Such bounteous preſents to your Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint requeſt,
One which he values more than all the reſt;
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
With that alliance let the league be ty'd;
And for the bleeding land a laſting peace provide.
Let inſolence no longer awe the throne,
But with a father's right beſtow your own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If ſtill we fear his force, he muſt be woo'd:
His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
Your ſceptre to releaſe, and our juſt rights reſtore.
O curſed cauſe of all our ills, muſt we
Wage wars unjuſt, and fall in fight for thee!
What right haſt thou to rule the Latian ſtate,
And ſend us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a deſtructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public ſafety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
Turnus, I know, you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatneſs not to give the law
In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our eſtate;
Nor twiſt our fortunes with your ſinking fate.
Your intereſt is, the war ſhould never ceaſe;
But we have felt enough, to wiſh the peace:
A land exhauſted to the laſt remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yes, if deſire of fame, and thirſt of power,
A beauteous princeſs, with a crown in dower,
So fire your mind, in arms aſſert your right;
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it ſeems, is made for you alone;
We, but the ſlaves who mount you to the throne:
A baſe ignoble crowd, without a name:
Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame:
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may poſſeſs a royal wife.
Permit not, mighty man, ſo mean a crew
Should ſhare ſuch triumphs; and detain from you
The poſt of honour, your undoubted due:
Rather alone your matchleſs force employ;
To merit, what alone you muſt enjoy.
Theſe words, ſo full of malice, mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breaſt,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath expreſs'd.
You, Drances, never want a ſtream of words,
Then, when the public need requires our ſwords.
Firſt in the council-hall to ſteer the ſtate;
And ever foremoſt in a tongue debate.
While our ſtrong walls ſecure us from the foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my name;
Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand
Has cover'd with more corpſe the ſanguine ſtrand;
And high as mine his towering trophies ſtand.
If any doubt remains who dares the moſt,
Let us decide it at the Trojans' coſt:
And iſſue both a-breaſt, where honour calls;
Foes are not far to ſeek without the walls.
Unleſs his noiſy tongue can only fight:
And feet were given him but to ſpeed his flight.
I beaten from the field: I forc'd away!
Who, but ſo known a daſtard, dares to ſay?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witneſs'd for me what his tongue denies:
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were ſlain,
And how the bloody Tiber ſwell'd the main.
All ſaw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,
In ſcatter'd ſquadrons, and their prince expire.

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The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
I was not forc'd with eaſe to quit my ground.
Not ſuch the Trojans try'd me, when, enclos'd,
I ſingly their united arms oppos'd:
Firſt forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array;
Then, glutted with their ſlaughter, freed my way:
'Tis a deſtructive war! So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears
With falſe reports, their minds with panic fears:
Extol the ſtrength of a twice-conquer'd race,
Our foes encourage, and our friends debaſe.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant ſtands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.
Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread,
Runs backward from the ſea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that's as true as thy diſſembled fears
Of my revenge: diſmiſs that vanity,
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
Let that vile ſoul in that vile body reſt:
The lodging is well worthy of the gueſt.
Now, royal father, to the preſent ſtate
Of our affairs, and of this high debate;
If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down ſo low;
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
And lie like vaſſals at the victor's feet.
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers in our veins:
That man would I preſer before the reſt,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breaſt:
Who comely fell by no diſhoneſt wound,
To ſhun that fight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we ſtill have freſh recruits in ſtore,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought:
And not a bloodleſs victory was bought:
Their loſſes equall'd ours; and for their ſlain,
With equal fires they fill'd the ſhining plain;
Why thus unforc'd ſhould we ſo tamely yield;
And, ere the trumpet ſounds, reſign the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeſeen
Appear by turns, as Fortune ſhifts the ſcene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain:
Then fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.
If Diomede refuſe his aid to lend,
The great Meſſapus yet remains our friend:
Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours:
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their powers:
Nor leaſt in number, nor in name the laſt,
Your own brave ſubjects have our cauſe embrac'd.
Above the reſt, the Volſcian Amazon
Contains an army in herſelf alone:
And heads a ſquadron, terrible to fight
With glittering ſhields, in brazen armour bright.
Yet if the foe a ſingle fight demand,
And I alone the public peace withſtand;
If you conſent, he ſhall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles let him take the field,
With fated armour, and Vulcanian ſhield;
For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the leaſt of all my name,
Devote my ſoul. He calls me hand to hand
And I alone will anſwer his demand.
Drances ſhall reſt ſecure, and neither ſhare
The danger, nor divide the prize of war.
While they debate; nor theſe nor thoſe will yield;
Æneas draws his forces to the field;
And moves his camp. The ſcouts with flying ſpeed
Return, and through the frighted city ſpread
Th' unpleaſing news, the Trojans are deſcry'd
In battle marching by the river's ſide;
And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
Some tremble, ſome are bold, all in confuſion arm.
Th' impetuous youth preſs forward to the field;
They claſh the ſword, and clatter on the ſhield;
The fearful matrons raiſe a ſcreaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
A jarring ſound reſults and mingles in the ſky,
Like that of ſwans remurmuring to the floods,
Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus th' occaſion takes, and cries aloud,
Talk on, ye quaint harranguers of the crowd;
Declaim in praiſe of peace, when danger calls;
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.
He ſaid, and, turning ſhort, with ſpeedy pace,
Caſts back a ſcornful glance, and quits the place.
Thou, Voluſus, the Volſcian troops command
To mount; and lead thyſelf our Ardean band.
Meſſapus, and Catillus, poſt your force
Along the fields, and charge the Trojan horſe.
Some guard the paſſes, others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the reſt attend my call.
They ſwarm from ev'ry quarter of the town;
And with diſorder'd haſte the rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he ſaw, too late,
The gathering ſtorm, juſt breaking on the ſtate,
Diſmiſs'd the council, till a fitter time,
And own'd his eaſy temper as his crime;
Who, forc'd againſt his reaſon, had comply'd
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.
Some help to ſink new trenches, others aid
To ram the ſtones or raiſe the paliſade.
Hoarſe trumpets ſound th' alarm: around the walls
Runs a diſtracted crew, whom their laſt labour calls.
A ſad proceſſion, in the ſtreets is ſeen,
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:
High in her chair ſhe ſits, and at her ſide,
With down-caſt eyes, appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple ſtands;
Prayers in their mouths, and preſents in their hands;
With cenſers, firſt they fume the ſacred ſhrine;
Then in this common ſupplication join:
O patroneſs of arms, unſpotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid:
Break ſhort the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.
Now Turnus arms for fight; his back and breaſt,
Well-temper'd ſteel and ſcaly braſs inveſt:
The cuiſhes, which his brawny thighs infold,
Are mingled metal damaſk'd o'er with gold.
His faithful fauchion fits upon his ſide;
Nor caſque, nor creſt, his manly features hide:

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But bare to view amid ſurrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tower deſcends.
Exulting in his ſtrength, he ſeems to dare
His abſent rival and to promiſe war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds:
And ſnuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or ſeeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirſt, and cool his fiery blood:
He ſwims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his ſhoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample cheſt the frothy waters fly.
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volſcians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His laſt commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty ſteed the warrior queen:
Her ſquadron imitates, and each deſcends;
Whoſe common ſuit Camilla thus commends:
If ſenſe of honour, if a ſoul ſecure
Of inborn worth, that can all teſts endure,
Can promiſe aught; or on itſelf rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:
Then, I alone, ſuſtain'd by theſe, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promiſe their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the ſole renown;
You, general, ſtay behind, and guard the town.
Turnus a while ſtood mute, with glad ſurpriſe,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:
Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply!
Not only words lie labouring in my breaſt;
But thought itſelf is by thy praiſe oppreſt;
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan (not in ſtratagem unſkill'd)
Sends his light horſe before, to ſcour the field:
Himſelf, through ſteep aſcents and thorny brakes,
A larger compaſs to the city takes.
This news my ſcouts confirm: and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare:
With choſen foot his paſſage to forelay:
And place an ambuſh in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volſcians, face the Tuſcan horſe:
The brave Meſſapus ſhall thy troops enforce;
With thoſe of Tibur; and the Latian band:
Subjected all to thy ſupreme command.
This ſaid, he warms Meſſapus to the war:
Then every chief exhorts, with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And haſtes to proſecute his deep deſigns.
Enclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for ſurpriſe;
A narrow track, by human ſteps untrod,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obſcure abode.
High o'er the vale a ſteepy mountain ſtands:
Whence the ſurveying ſight the nether ground
The top is level: an offenſive ſeat [commands.
Of war; and from the war a ſafe retreat.
For, on the right and left, is room to preſs
The foes at hand, or from afar diſtreſs:
To drive them headlong downward; and to pour,
On their deſcending backs, a ſtony ſhower.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way;
Poſſeſs'd the paſs, and in blind ambuſh lay.

Meantime, Latonian Phœbe, from the ſkies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the lightfoot Opis to her aid,
Her moſt belov'd, and ever-truſty maid.
Then with a ſigh began: Camilla goes
To meet her death, amidſt her fatal foes.
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
Inveſted with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindneſs for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic ſway,
Snatch'd up, and ſav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Caſmilla, was her mother; but he drown'd
One hiſſing letter in a ſofter ſound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in fight, he mends his weary pace;
With ſhouts and clamours they purſue the chaſe.
The banks of Amaſene at length he gains;
The raging flood his farther flight reſtrains:
Rais'd o'er the borders, with unuſual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the ſtream, he fears:
Not for himſelf, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious he ſtops awhile; and thinks in haſte;
Then, deſperate in diſtreſs, reſolves at laſt.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow ſpace:
With twigs of bending oſier bound the caſe.
Then pois'd the ſpear, heavy with human weight:
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
Accept, great goddeſs of the woods, he ſaid,
Sent by her ſire, this dedicated maid:
Through air ſhe flies a ſuppliant to thy ſhrine
And the firſt weapons that ſhe knows, are thine.
He ſaid; and with full force the ſpear he threw;
Above the ſounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, preſs'd by foes, he ſtemm'd the ſtormy tide;
And gain'd by ſtreſs of arms, the farther ſide.
His faſten'd ſpear he pull'd from out the ground;
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in towns which walls encloſe,
Would truſt his hunted life amidſt his foes.
But rough, in open air he choſe to lie:
Earth was his couch, his covering was the ſky.
On hills unſhorn, or in a deſert den,
He ſhunn'd the dire ſociety of men.
A ſhepherds ſolitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
The dugs of bears, and every ſavage beaſt,
He drew, and through her lip the liquor preſs'd.
The little Amazon could ſcarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
And, that ſhe might her ſtaggering ſteps command,
He with a ſlender javelin fills her hand;
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor ſwept her trailing robe the duſty ground.
Inſtead of theſe, a tiger's hide o'erſpread
Her back and ſhoulders, faſten'd to her head.
The flying dart ſhe firſt attempts to fling;
And round her tender temples toſs'd the ſling:
Then, as her ſtrength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the ſoaring ſwan; [crane.
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the

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The Tuſcan matrons with each other vy'd,
To bleſs their rival ſons with ſuch a bride:
But ſhe diſdains their love; to ſhare with me
The ſylvan ſhades, and vow'd virginity.
And oh! I wiſh, contented with my cares
Of ſavage ſpoils, ſhe had not ſought the wars:
Then had ſhe been of my celeſtial train;
And ſhunn'd the fate that dooms her to be ſlain.
But ſince, oppoſing heaven's decree, ſhe goes
To find her death among forbidden foes;
Haſte with theſe arms, and take thy ſteepy flight,
Where, with the gods adverſe, the Latins fight:
This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
This choſen arrow to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla ſhall be ſlain,
Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,
Let him not paſs unpuniſh'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myſelf will aid,
To bear the breathleſs body of my maid:
Unſpoil'd ſhall be her arms, and unprofan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand:
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.
She ſaid: the faithful nymph deſcends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the ſounding ſky:
Black clouds and ſtormy winds around her body fly.
By this, the Trojan and the Tuſcan horſe,
Drawn up in ſquadrons, with united force,
Approach the walls; the ſprightly courſers bound;
Preſs forward on their bitts, and ſhift their ground:
Shields, arms, and ſpears, flaſh horribly from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.
Oppos'd to theſe, come on with furious force
Meſſapus, Coras, and the Latian horſe;
Theſe in a body plac'd; on either hand
Suſtain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their ſpears;
And leſs and leſs the middle ſpace appears.
Thick ſmoke obſcures the field: and ſcarce are ſeen
The neighing courſers, and the ſhouting men.
In diſtance of their darts they ſtop their courſe;
Then man to man they ruſh, and horſe to horſe.
The face of heaven their flying javelins hide:
And deaths unſeen are dealt on either ſide.
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
By mettled courſers borne in full career,
Meet firſt oppos'd: and, with a mighty ſhock,
Their horſes heads againſt each other knock.
Far from his ſteed is fierce Aconteus caſt;
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blaſt:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his laſt.
The Latin ſquadrons take a ſudden fright;
And fling their ſhields behind, to ſave their backs in flight.
Spurring at ſpeed to their own walls they drew;
Cloſe in the rear the Tuſcan troops purſue,
And urge their flight; Aſylas leads the chaſe;
Till ſeiz'd with ſhame they wheel about, and face:
Receive their foes, and raiſe a threatening cry.
The Tuſcans take their turn to fear and fly.
So ſwelling ſurges, with a thundering roar,
Driven on each other's backs, inſult the ſhore;
Bound o'er the rocks, encroach upon the land;
And far upon the beach eject the ſand.
Then backward, with a ſwing, they take their way;
Repuls'd from upper ground, and ſeek their mother-ſea:
With equal hurry quit th' invaded ſhore;
And ſwallow back the ſand and ſtones they ſpew'd before.
Twice were the Tuſcans maſters of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Aſham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
Both hoſts reſolv'd, and mingled man to man:
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are ſtrew'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:
Arms, horſes, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
Orſilochus, who durſt not preſs too near
Strong Remulus, at diſtance drove his ſpear;
And ſtuck the ſteel beneath his horſe's ear.
The fiery ſteed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and, ſpringing upward with a bound,
His hopeleſs lord caſt backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas firſt: then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw:
The mighty champion of the Tuſcan crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But ſhaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on every part,
A ſpacious mark for ſwords, and for the flying dart:
Acroſs the ſhoulders came the feather'd wound;
Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.
The ſands with ſtreaming blood are ſanguined dy'd;
And death with honour ſought on either ſide.
Reſiſtleſs, through the war, Camilla rode;
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One ſide was bare for her exerted breaſt:
One ſhoulder with her painted quiver preſs'd.
Now from afar her fatal javelins play;
Now with her axe's edge ſhe hews her way;
Diana's arms upon her ſhoulder ſound;
And when, too cloſely preſs'd, ſhe quits the ground,
From her bent bow ſhe ſends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either ſide,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;
Italians all: in peace, their queen's delight:
In war, the bold companions of the fight.
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as theſe in ſhining arms were ſeen,
When Theſeus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthefilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled:
With ſuch, return'd triumphant from the war;
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
They claſh with manly force their moony ſhields:
With female-ſhouts reſound the Phrygian fields.
Who foremoſt, and who laſt, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy ſpear, of mountain-aſh, Eumenius firſt,
With fury driven, from ſide to ſide tranſpierc'd;
A purple ſtream came ſpouting from the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
Lyris and Pegaſus at once ſhe ſlew;
The former, as the ſlacken'd reins he drew,
Of his faint ſteed: the latter, as he ſtretch'd
His arm to prop his friend, the javelin reach'd,
By the ſame weapon, ſent from the ſame hand,
Both fall together, and both ſpurn the ſand.

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Amaſtrus next is added to the ſlain:
The reſt in rout ſhe follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
And Chromys, at full ſpeed her fury ſhun.
Of all her deadly darts, not one ſhe loſt;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghoſt.
Young Ornithus beſtrode a hunter ſteed,
Swift for the chaſe, and of Apulian breed:
Him, from afar, ſhe ſpy'd in arms unknown;
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown:
His helm a wolf, whoſe gaping jaws were ſpread
A covering for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
He clench'd within his hand an iron prong:
And tower'd above the reſt, conſpicuous in the throng.
Him ſoon ſhe ſingled from the flying train,
And ſlew with eaſe: then thus inſults the ſlain.
Vain hunter, didſt thou think through woods to chaſe
The ſavage herd, a vile and trembling race?
Here ceaſe thy vaunts, and own my victory;
A woman-warrior was too ſtrong for thee.
Yet if the ghoſts demand the conqueror's name,
Confeſſing great Camilla, ſave thy ſhame.
Then Butes and Orſilochus ſhe ſlew,
The bulkieſt bodies of the Trojan crew.
But Butes breaſt to breaſt: the ſpear deſcends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the ſhield which his left ſide defends.
Orſilochus, and ſhe, their courſers ply,
He ſeems to follow, and ſhe ſeems to fly.
But in a narrower ring ſhe makes the race:
And then he flies, and ſhe purſues the chaſe.
Gathering at length on her deluded foe,
She ſwings her axe, and riſes at the blow:
Full on the helm behind, with ſuch a ſway
The weapon falls, the riven ſteel gives way:
He groans, he roars, he ſues in vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blood, beſmear his face.
Aſtoniſh'd Aunus juſt arrives by chance,
To ſee his fall, nor farther dares advance:
But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He ſtares, and ſhakes, and finds it vain to fly.
Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At leaſt while fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud, What courage have you ſhown,
Who truſt your courſer's ſtrength, and not your own?
Forego the 'vantage of your horſe, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It ſhall be ſeen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man.
He ſaid: ſhe glows with anger and diſdain,
Diſmounts with ſpeed to dare him on the plain:
And leaves her horſe at large among her train.
With her drawn ſword defies him to the field:
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden ſhield:
The youth, who thought his cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his horſe, and urges all his ſpeed,
Adds the remembrance of the ſpur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding ſides.
Vain fool, and coward, ſaid the lofty maid,
Caught in the train, which thou thyſelf haſt laid!
On others practiſe thy Ligurian arts;
Thin ſtratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are loſt on me. Nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious ſire.
At this, ſo faſt her flying feet ſhe ſped,
That ſoon ſhe ſtrain'd beyond his horſe's head:
Then turning ſhort, at once ſhe ſeiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaſter groveling on the plain.
Not with more eaſe the falcon from above
Truſſes, in middle air, the trembling dove:
Then plumes the prey, in her ſtrong pounces bound;
The feathers foul with blood came tumbling to the ground.
Nor mighty Jove, from his ſuperior height,
With his broad eye ſurveys th' unequal fight.
He fires the breaſt of Tarchon with diſdain;
And ſends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
Between the broken ranks the Tuſcan rides,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe he chides:
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardour, and reſtores the fight.
What panic fear has ſeiz'd your ſouls? O ſhame,
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!
Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and ſcatters, your ignoble band!
Now caſt away the ſword, and quit the ſhield:
What uſe of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor ſhun the feaſt, when the full bowls invite:
When to fat offerings the glad augur calls,
And the ſhrill horn-pipe ſounds to bacchanals.
Theſe are your ſtudy'd cares; your lewd delight;
Swift in debauch; but ſlow to manly fight.
Thus having ſaid; he ſpurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to loſe.
The firſt he found he ſeiz'd, with headlong haſte,
In his ſtrong gripe: and claſp'd around the waiſt:
'Twas Venulus; whom from his horſe he tore,
And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
Loud ſhouts enſue: the Latins turn their eyes,
And view th' unuſual fight with vaſt ſurpriſe.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Preſs'd in his arms the ponderous prey ſuſtains:
Then, with his ſhorten'd ſpear, explores around
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
Nor leſs the captive ſtruggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the ſtrife:
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmoſt vigour, and the point averts.
So ſtoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a ſpeckled ſerpent through the ſky;
Faſtening his crooked talons on the prey,
The priſoner hiſſes through the liquid way:
Reſiſts the royal hawk, and though oppreſt,
She fights in volumes, and erects her creſt;
Turn'd to her foe, ſhe ſtiffens every ſcale,
And ſhoots her forky tongue, and whiſks her threatening tail.
Againſt the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird ſtill plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breaſt he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and ſecurely ſoars.
Thus, through the midſt of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon ſnatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The Tyrrhene troops, that ſhrunk before, now preſs
The Latins, and preſume the like ſucceſs.
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts eſſay'd
To murder, uneſpy'd, the Vulſcian maid:
This way-and that his winding courſe he bends,
And, whereſoe'er ſhe turns, her ſteps attends.

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When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When, rushing on, she keeps her foes in sight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in fight:
He threats, and trembles, trying every way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybelè, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er,
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds,
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needle-work distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes;
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize:
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold:
Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
This lucky moment the sly traitor chose:
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
And threw, but first to heaven address'd his vows.
O patron of Soracte's high abodes,
Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods;
Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked souls,
Through flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals:
Give me, propitious power, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day:
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home.
Apollo heard, and, granting half his prayer,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,
By southern tempests, to the seas is borne.
Now, when the javelin whiz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the sound of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side:
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies
And clasps his quivering tail between his thighs;
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends;
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
But, wedg'd within her breast, the weapon stands;
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
She staggers in her seat with agonising pains
A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell; and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
She said; and sliding sunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword, she nods her plumy crest;
Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires;
And, murmuring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.
A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:
Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
The Trojan troops, and Tuscans in a line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.
By Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,
Weltering in blood, she sees Camilla slain;
And round her corpse of friends and foes a fighting train.
Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
Too dear a fine, ah! much-lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid:
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her votary's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
But after-ages shall thy praise record.
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain;
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the fates ordain.
High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.
Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,
Swoln with success, and loudly thus she cry'd:
Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
Turn, like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message to Camilla go;
And say I sent thee to the shades below;
An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow.
She said: and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed:
Then, to the stubborn yew her strength apply'd;
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong the
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew. [drew;
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.

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Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conquering damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.
Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
And unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frighted soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driven by their foes, and to their fears resign'd;
Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego;
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heaven with female shrieks, and wring their hands.
All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close:
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;
'Tis terror all within; and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or, to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.
The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,
Arm'd on the towers, the common dangers share:
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts, to gall the foe;
Their lives, for godlike freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid:
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd,
The foes entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, came rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town:
Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the fates require,)
He leaves the hilly path, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain:
Scarce was he gone, when to the straights, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Through the black forest, and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take.
From the rough mountains to the plain descend.
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend: Æneas sees,
Through smoking fields, his hastening enemies.
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:
While night, with sable wings, involves the sky.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: he is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

When Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd;
Himself become the mark of public spight,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.
As when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace:
But if the pointed javelin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire,
Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.
Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,
At length approach'd the king, and thus began;
No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand.
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make.
Renew the truce, the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians, unconcern'd, shall see the fight;
This arm, unaided, shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.
To whom the king sedately thus reply'd:
Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due respect,
To weigh the chance of war which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
Or cities, which your arms have made your own;

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My town and treasures are at your command;
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:
Laurentum more than one Lavina sees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.
Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear:
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful art.
The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withstood,
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife; who would not be deny'd,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties and of honour broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what success 'tis needless to declare;
I and my subjects feel; and you have had your share.
Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The banks of Latians glance the neighbouring shore:
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should not I procure it whilst you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
And should you fall in fight, (which heaven defend)
How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end,
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war,
Pity your parent's age, and ease his care.
Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain:
The proffer'd medicine, but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,
With intermitting sobs, thus vents his grief:
Thy care, O best of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
Permit me not to languish out my days;
But make the best exchange of life for praise.
This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies:
His goddess mother is not near, to shroud
The flying coward with an empty cloud.
But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:
O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears;
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope;
My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;
Since on the safety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
Refuse me not this one, this only prayer,
To wave the combat, and pursue the war.
Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
Think it includes in thine Amata's life.
I cannot live a slave; or see my throne
Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son.

At this a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian ivory shows,
Which, with the bordering paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damask by the neighbouring rose.
The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.
Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:
O, mother, do not, by your tears, prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if heaven my death decree.
Then, turning to the herald, thus pursues;
Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light
Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fight;
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.
He said, and striding on, with speedy pace
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
At his approach, they toss'd their heads on high
And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
The sires of these Orithia sent from far,
To grace Pilumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white;
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.
Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes divide; their pride.
And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth.
He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mail
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
Then to his head his glittering helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful faulchion by his side.
In his Ætnean forge, the god of fire
That faulchion labour'd for the hero's sire:
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.
Then cry'd, O ponderous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain,
Fail not, this day, thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe:
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that eunuch head, to rend the crest:
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
Hot from the vexing iron, and smear'd with fragrant oil.
Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
He tries his goring horns against a tree;
And meditates his unkept enemy:

He puſhes at the winds, he digs the ſtrand
With his black hoofs, and ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Nor leſs the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the lingering wars.
To cheer his chiefs, and tender ſon, relates
What heaven had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Then to the Latian king he ſends, to ceaſe
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.
The morn, enſuing from the mountain's height,
Had ſcarcely ſpread the ſkies with roſy light;
Th' ethereal courſers, bounding from the ſea,
From out their flaming noſtrils breath'd the day:
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the liſt prepar'd.
Beneath the walls, they meaſure out the ſpace;
Then ſacred altars rear, on ſods of graſs;
Where, with religious rites their common gods they place.
In pureſt white the prieſts their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire:
And o'er their linen hoods, and ſhaded hair,
Long twiſted wreaths of ſacred vervain wear.
In order iſſuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed ſpears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuſcan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleaſing ſight: [fight.
A peaceful train they ſeem, in peace prepar'd for
Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glittering with gold, and veſts in purple dy'd.
Here Mneſtheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Meſſapus born of ſeed divine.
The ſign is given, and round the liſted ſpace
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample ſhields, they ſtand;
And fix their pointed lances in the ſand.
Now, ſtudious of the fight, a numerous throng
Of either ſex promiſcuous, old and young,
Swarm from the town: by thoſe who reſt behind,
The gates and walls, and houſes tops are lin'd.
Meantime the queen of heaven beheld the fight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height:
(Since call'd Albano, by ſucceeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name.)
She thence ſurvey'd the field, the Trojan powers,
The Latian ſquadrons, and Laurentine towers.
Then thus the goddeſs of the ſkies beſpake,
With ſighs and tears, the godddeſs of the lake;
King Turnus' ſiſter, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the luſt of lawleſs Jove betray'd,
Compreſs'd by force, but by the grateful god,
Now made the Naïs of the neighbouring flood.
O nymph, the pride of living lakes, ſaid ſhe,
O moſt renown'd, and moſt belov'd by me,
Long haſt thou known, nor need I to record
The wanton ſallies of my wandering lord:
Of every Latian fair, whom Jove miſled,
To mount by ſtealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;
But gave a part of heaven, and an unenvy'd place.
Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wiſhes want to thy relief,
While fortune favour'd, nor heaven's king deny'd,
To lend my ſuccour to the Latian ſide,
I ſav'd thy brother, and the ſinking ſtate;
But now he ſtruggles with unequal fate;
And goes with gods averſe, o'ermatch'd in might.
To meet inevitable death in fight:
Nor muſt I break the truce, nor can ſuſtain the fight
Thou, if thou dar'ſt, thy preſent aid ſupply;
It well becomes a ſiſter's care to try.
At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppreſs'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breaſt.
To whom Saturnia thus. Thy tears are late:
Haſte, ſnatch him, if he can be ſnatch'd, from fate.
New tumults kindle, violate the truce;
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce?
'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,
Or if it were, diſcharge the crime on me.
She ſaid, and, ſailing on the winged wind,
Left the ſad nymph ſuſpended in her mind.
And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four ſteeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.
Two ſnowy courſers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two maſſy ſpears he ſhook:
Then iſſued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line:
And by his ſide Aſcanius took his place,
The ſecond hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a reverend prieſt appears;
And offerings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb, that never ſuffer'd ſhears.
Then to the riſing ſun he turns his eyes,
And ſhows the beaſts deſign'd for ſacrifice,
With ſalt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he ſheds,
With the ſame generous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unſheath'd his ſhining ſword,
And thus with pious prayers the gods ador'd:
All-ſeeing ſun, and thou Auſonian ſoil,
For which I have ſuſtain'd ſo long a toil,
Thou king of heaven, and thou the queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by prayer)
Thou god of war, whoſe unreſiſted ſway
The labours and events of arms obey;
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans ſhall increaſe Evander's town;
Aſcanius ſhall renounce th' Auſonian crown:
All claims, all queſtions of debate ſhall ceaſe;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But if my juſter arms prevail in fight
As ſure they ſhall, if I divine aright,
My Trojans ſhall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd ſhall remain:
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I aſk but altars for my weary gods.
The care of thoſe religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I reſign;
His be the ſovereign ſway. Nor will I ſhare
His power in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town ſhall frame,
And bleſs the riſing towers, with fair Lavinia's name.

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Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar ſtands,
By the ſame heaven, ſaid he, and earth, and main,
And all the powers, that all the three contain;
By hell below, and by that upper god,
Whoſe thunder ſigns the peace, who ſeals it with
So let Latona's double offspring hear, [his nod;
And double-fronted Janus what I ſwear:
I touch the ſacred altars, touch the flames,
And all thoſe powers atteſt, and all their names:
Whatever chance befall on either ſide,
No term of time this union ſhall divide:
No force, no fortune, ſhall my vows unbind,
Or ſhake the ſtedfaſt tenor of my mind:
Not though the circling ſeas ſhould break their bound,
O'erflow the ſhores, or ſap the ſolid ground;
Not though the lamps of heaven their ſpheres forſake,
Hurl'd down, and hiſſing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal ſceptre (for he bore
A ſceptre in his hand) ſhall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth;
(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen axe, diſhonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in braſs, for Latian kings to bear).
When thus in public view the peace was ty'd
With ſolemn vows, and ſworn on either ſide,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
The victim beaſts are ſlain before the fire:
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.
Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
Firſt riſing fears are whiſper'd thro' the crowd;
Then, gathering ſound, they murmur more aloud.
Now ſide to ſide, they meaſure with their eyes
The champion's bulk, their ſinews, and their ſize:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent diſadvantage of their own.
Turnus himſelf appears in public ſight
Conſcious of fate, deſponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves; and at his altar ſtands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
And, while he mutters undiſtinguiſh'd prayers,
A livid deadneſs in his cheeks appears.
With anxious pleaſure when Juturna view'd
Th' increaſing fright of the mad multitude;
When their ſhort ſighs and thickening ſobs ſhe heard,
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
Diſſembling her immortal form, ſhe took,
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
Was his great ſire, and he, his greater ſon,
His ſhape aſſum'd, amid the ranks ſhe ran,
And, humouring their firſt motions thus began:
For ſhame, Rutulians, can you bear the ſight
Of one expos'd for all, in ſingle fight?
Can we, before the face of heaven, confeſs
Our courage colder, or our numbers leſs?
View all the Trojan hoſt, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuſcan army; count them as they ſtand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce every ſecond man will ſhare a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal ſtrife,
Shall loſe, with honour, his devoted life;
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a ſervile, and inglorious band,
For foreign lords ſhall ſow your native land:
Thoſe fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have ſo long their lazy ſons ſuſtain'd.
With words like theſe, ſhe carry'd her deſign;
A riſing murmur runs along the line,
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latins, tir'd
With tedious war, ſeem with new ſouls inſpir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
And of the league, ſo lately ſworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddeſs to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a falſe preſage:
But adds a ſign, which, preſent to their eyes,
Inſpires new courage, and a glad ſurpriſe.
For, ſudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he ſpies, that ſwim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his ſounding pinions ſhakes.
Then ſtooping on the faireſt of the train,
In his ſtrong talons truſs'd a ſilver ſwan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unuſual ſight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the daſtard fowl return anew;
And with united force the foe purſue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thickening in a cloud, o'erſhade the ſky.
The cuff, they ſcratch, they croſs their airy courſe;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird ſuſtain their force:
But vex'd, not vanquiſh'd, drops the ponderous prey;
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
Th' Auſonian bands with ſhouts ſalute the ſight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boaſted ſkill imparts:
At length 'tis granted, what I long deſir'd;
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey:
Advance, my friends, and charge; I lead the way.
Theſe are the foreign foes, whoſe impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infeſt our land:
But ſoon, like him, they ſhall be forc'd to ſea
By ſtrength united, and forego the prey;
Your timely ſuccour to your country bring;
Haſte to the reſcue, and redeem your king.
He ſaid: and preſſing onward, thro' the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whiſtling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miſs'd the mark deſign'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the ſkies;
At once tumultuous ſhouts and clamours riſe.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there ſtood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuſcan blood:
Gylippus' ſons: the fatal javelin flew,
Aim'd at the midmoſt of the friendly crew.
A paſſage through the jointed arms is found,
Juſt where the belt was to the body bound,
And ſtruck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train
Run madly forward to revenge the ſlain.
And ſome with eager haſte their javelins throw;
And ſome with ſword in hand aſſault the foe.
The wiſh'd inſult the Latin troops embrace;
And meet their ardour in the middle ſpace.

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The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.
Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
The sacrifice half broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made;
With chargers, bowls, and and all the priestly trade.
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault, those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.
Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courser through the fighting press,
At king Auletes; by his purple known
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;
And with a shock encountering, bore him down.
Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind:
There pitching on his shoulders, and his head,
Amid the scattering fires he lay supinely spread.
The beamy spear descending from above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and through his body drove.
Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries;
The gods have found a fitter sacrifice.
Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
Of his rich armour; and uncrown his head.
Priest Chorinæus arm'd his better hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing brand:
And, as Ebusus with a thundering pace,
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:
His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires,
The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
With his left hand; his other cast him down.
The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
And plung'd his holy poinard in his breast.
While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued
The shepherd Alsus through the flying crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,
Full on the front of his unwary foe.
The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
And cleaves the chin with one continued wound:
Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms around.
An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands,
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
What sudden rage, what new desire of blood
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, cease
From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe.
Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince,
But whether from some human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand, or hostile god was found,
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.
When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train:
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires,
At once his arms and courlers he requires.
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
These his lance reaches, over those he rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
The dead mens' weapons at their living friends.
Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
Let loose the reins, and scours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly,
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair,
Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car;
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.
With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
He lashes on; and urges o'er the dead.
Their fetlocks run with blood; and when they bound,
The gore, and gathering dust, are dash'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthelenus afar:
From far the sons of Imbrasus he slew,
Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew:
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
Or mount the courser that out-strips the wind.
Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd
This son of Dolon bore his grandfire's name;
But emulated more his father's fame.
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to descry:
Hard enterprise, and well he might require
Achilles' car, and horses for his hire;
But, met upon the scout, th' Etolian prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompence.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar
And launch'd his javelin from his lofty car:
Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,
And, pressing with his foot, his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
Possess, said he, the fruit of all thy pains,
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land.
Then Daris, Butis, Sybaris, he slew,
Whom o'er his neck the floundering courser threw.
As when loud Boreas, with his blustering train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Ægean shore:
So where resistless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force;
His crest of horses hair is blown behind,
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.

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This haughty Phegeus, saw with high disdain,
And as the chariot roll'd along the plain, [rein.
Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold;
The coursers frighted, and their course controll'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms; but pass'd along,
And only raz'd the skin: he turn'd, and held
Against his threatening foe his ample shield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor-king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield.
The wounded prince is forc'd to have the field:
Strong Mnestheus and Achates often try'd,
And young Ascanius weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent: scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.
Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the power of plants, and silent praise
Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.
Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound,
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heavenly art.
All softening simples, known of sovereign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near,
And first their friends, and then their foes appear;
Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright;
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
And undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky;
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who die.
But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought:
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd;
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosial dews,
And odorous panacee: unseen she stands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'al herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part,
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iäpis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found.
Arms, arms, he cries, the sword and sheild prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor arts effect, but done by hands divine:
Some god our general to the battle sends;
Some god preserves his life for greater ends.
The hero arms in haste: his hands unfold
His thighs with cuisses of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This gripes the lance; and with such vigour shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
Then, with a close embrace, he strain'd his son;
And, kissing through his helmet, thus begun:
My son, from my example learn the war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth,
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth,
Assert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son.
He said; and, striding, issued on the plain;
Anteus, and Mnestheus, and a numerous train,
Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.
Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturnia saw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart, foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
With such impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his doubled front; nor less destruction bears.
And now both armies shock, in open field;
Osyris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.
Archetius, Usens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)
By Gyas, Mnestheus, and Achates' hand:
The fatal augur falls, by whose command

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The truce was broken, and whose lance, embrued
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky;
And o'er the field the frighted Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few:
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien;
And like Metiscus in his seat is seen.
As the black swallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the foes;
Nowhere, now there, her conquering brother shows:
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.
What should he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind assail;
The great Messapus thundering through the field,
In his left hand two pointed javelins held:
Encountering on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim and utmost vigour threw.
Æneas saw it come, and stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threatening blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight;
The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field:
Invokes the powers of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress:
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.
What god can tell, What numbers can display,
The various labours of that fatal day?
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they dy'd?
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd:
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field?
Jove, could'st thou view, and not avert thy fight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite!
Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground.
Betwixt his ribs the javelin drove so just,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethern slew:
First from his horse fierce Amicus he threw;
Then leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.
Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw:
Whom without respite at one charge he slew;
Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd.
And sad Onythes, added to the rest;
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew, nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menætes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.
Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.
As flames among the lofty woods are thrown,
On different sides, and both by winds are blown,
The laurels crackle in the sputtering fire;
The frighted sylvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry:
They roll to sea, with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways; nor less destruction make.
With spears afar, with swords at hand they strike,
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field,
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.
Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latin kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwielding stone:
Betwixt the wheels he feel; the wheels that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His starting steeds, to shun the glittering sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.
Fierce Hillus threaten'd high; and face to face
Affronted Turnus in the middle space:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear:
So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Cisseus, could'st thou 'scape from Turnus hand,
In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Æneän sword:
Which to his naked heart pursued the course:
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.
Iölus fell, whom not the Grecian powers,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan towers,
Were doom'd to kill, while heaven prolong'd his date:
But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate?
In high Lyrnessus, and, in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.
And now both hosts their broken troops unite,
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Serestbus and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latian squadrons, and to battle leads.

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They ſtrike, they puſh, they throng the ſcanty ſpace;
Reſolv'd on death, impatient of diſgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his place.
The Cyprian goddeſs now inſpires her ſon
To leave th' unfiniſh'd fight, and ſtorm the town.
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain,
In queſt of Turnus, whom he ſeeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careleſs quiet, and ſecure of war:
Occaſion offers, and excites his mind,
To dare beyond the taſk he firſt deſign'd.
Reſolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height:
The crowding troops about their general ſtand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the leaſt delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmoſt vigour, and our ſpeed.
Your inſtant arms againſt the town prepare;
The ſource of miſchief, and the ſeat of war.
This day the Latian towers, that mate the ſky,
Shall level with the plain in aſhes lie:
The people ſhall be ſlaves, unleſs in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquiſh'd on the plain;
Then ſhall I wait till Turnus will be ſlain?
Your force againſt the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war ſhall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires,
Cleanſe the polluted place with purging fires.
He finiſh'd; and, one ſoul inſpiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are ſlain.
Some firebrands, others ſcaling ladders bear;
And thoſe they toſs aloft, and theſe they rear:
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of miſſive arms obſcure the ſky.
Advancing to the front, the hero ſtands,
And, ſtretching out to heaven his pious hands,
Atteſts the gods, aſſerts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Auſonian prince:
Declares the royal honour doubly ſtain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Diſſenting clamours in the town ariſe;
Each will be heard, and all at once adviſe.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and ſome admit their friends.
The helpleſs king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er tide prevails, is borne along.
Thus, when the ſwain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with ſuffocating ſmoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Diſus'd to flight; and ſhoot their ſleepy ſtings;
To ſhun the bitter fumes, in vain they try; [ſky.
Black vapours, iſſuing from the vent, involve the
But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the laſt deſpair.
The queen, who ſaw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houſes thrown;
Caſt round her eyes, diſtracted with her fear;
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more ſhe ſtares abroad, but ſtill in vain;
And then concludes the royal youth is ſlain.
Mad with her anguiſh, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, ſhe loaths the vital air.
She calls herſelf the cauſe of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves againſt the gods, ſhe beats her breaſt,
She tears with both her hands her purple veſt;
Then round a beam a running nooſe ſhe ty'd,
And, faſten'd by the neck, obſcenely dy'd.
Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known;
The ſad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And roſy cheeks; the reſt her ſorrow ſhare:
With ſhrieks the palace rings, and madneſs of deſpair.
The ſpreading rumour fills the public place;
Confuſion, fear, diſtraction, and diſgrace,
And ſilent ſhame, are ſeen in every face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard beſmears,
And ſordid duſt deforms his ſilver hairs.
And much he blames the ſoftneſs of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind, [ſign'd:
And ſoon reduc'd to change, what he ſo well de-
To break the ſolemn league ſo long deſir'd, [quir'd
Nor finiſh what his fates, and thoſe of Troy re-
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there ſome ſtraggling foes he gleans,
His flying courſers pleaſe him leſs and leſs,
Aſham'd of eaſy fight, and cheap ſucceſs.
Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
The diſtant cries contend driving in the wind;
Shouts from the walls, but ſhouts in murmurs
A jarring mixture, and a boding ſound. [drown'd;
Alas, ſaid he, what mean theſe diſmal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town ariſe?
Confus'd he ſtops, and backward pulls the reins:
She, who the drivers office now ſuſtains,
Replies: Neglect, my lord, theſe new alarms;
Here fight; and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall:
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall.
So ſhall your fatal ſword his friends oppreſs,
In honour equal, equal in ſucceſs.
To this, the prince: O ſiſter, (for I knew
The peace infring'd, proceeded firſt from you,)
I knew you when you mingled firſt in fight,
And now in vain you would deceive my ſight:
Why, goddeſs, this unprofitable care?
Who ſent you down from heaven, involv'd in air?
Your ſhare of mortal ſorrows to ſuſtain,
And ſee your brother bleeding on the plain?
For what to power can Turnus have recourſe,
Or how reſiſt his fate's prevailing force!
Theſe eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground.
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my deareſt friend with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death:
Brave Uſens fell with honour on the place;
To ſhun the ſhameful fight of my diſgrace.
On earth ſupine, a manly corpſe he lies;
His veſt and armour are the victor's prize.
Then ſhall I ſee Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to complete my ſhame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight;
How Drances will inſult and point them to the fight!

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Is death so hard to bear? ye gods below,
(Since those above so small compassion show,)
Receive a soul unsully'd yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.
He said: and while he spoke, with flying speed,
Came sages, urging on his foamy steed;
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And seeking Turnus sent his voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our last relief; compassionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms invest, with flames invades the town:
The brands are toss'd on high: the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire:
All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice.
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son. [plac'd,
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On every side surrounded by the foe;
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.
You, far aloof from your unshaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.
Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow, mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;
And conscious worth lay labouring in his thought:
And love, by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look;
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tower with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
And bridges laid above to join the space:
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
Sister, the fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which heaven and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fix'd: nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice: but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die.
He said, and, leaping down, without delay,
Through crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding, he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind.
As when a fragment from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,
Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep;
Down sink at once the shepherds and their sheep;
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground,
Stunn'd with the shock, they fall, and stunn'd from earth rebound:
So, Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Shouldering and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts, and spears and darts, promiscuous flew; [brue.
And sanguine streams the slippery ground em-
First stretching out his arm in sign of peace,
He cries aloud to make the combat cease;
Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops retire;
The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from war th' Ausonian state;
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.
Both armies from their bloody work desist:
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champions name,
Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or father Appenine, when white with snows,
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
The nations, over-aw'd, surcease the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their sight:
Ev'n death stands still; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their battering rams below.
In silent order either army stands;
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wondering sight,
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the state.
Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war.
They launch their spears, then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
As when two bulls for their fair female fight
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
With horns adverse they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait th' event; which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood:
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through the wood:
Such was the combat in the lifted ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.
Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this side life, and lucky chance ascends;
Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side:
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now 'tis but death, or flight: disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.

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Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find.
'Twas not the fated sword his father be;
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held;
But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field;
And now forthright, and now in orbits, wheel'd.
For here the Trojan troops the list surround;
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.
Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace,
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase:
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,
Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursues.
Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found; [pears;
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound ap-
Still opening, following still, where'er he steers:
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Just at the pinch the stag springs out with fear,
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air. [cries;
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows, ring with
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies. [blames
Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying,
His tardy troops: and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply,
With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course
With vigour, though diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already, round the listed place
One chief had fled, and t' other given the chase:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife.
Within the space an olive-tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood, [god.
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian
Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground enclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance:
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
Th' encumber'd spear from the tenacious tree:
That whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with fear, bereft with human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd:
O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,
Hold fast the steel; if my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;
Propitious hear my pious prayer! He said,
Nor with successless vows invok'd the aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd,
But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
Juturna took her time: and, while in vain
He strove, assum'd Meticus' form again:
And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince, his Daunian sword.
The queen of love, who, with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief;
T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the touch root the lingering weapon freed.
Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance;
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance:
And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal chance.
Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:
What new arrest, O queen of heaven, is sent
To stop the fates now labouring in th' event,
What further hopes are left thee to pursue?
Divine Æneas (and thou know'st it too)
Free-doom'd to these celestial seats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou lingerest in this lonely shade!
Is it becoming of the due respect,
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our state to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?
Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror?
For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay, more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
At last, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload;
Who should relieve the goddess but the god?
Now, all things to their utmost issue tend;
Push'd by the fates to their appointed end:
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted power:
Toss'd on the seas thou could'st thy foes distress,
And driven ashore, with hostile arms oppress:
Deform the royal house; and from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
Now cease at my command. The thunderer said:
And with dejected eyes this answer Juno made.
Because your dread decree too well I knew;
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
Else should you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan;
But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life;
At least to try: but by the Stygian lake,
(The most religious oath the gods can take)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.

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And now reſign'd to your ſuperior might,
And tir'd with fruitleſs toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withſtand)
Both for myſelf, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed ſhall bind the peace,
(Which I, ſince you ordain, conſent to bleſs)
The laws of either nations be the ſame;
But let the Latins ſtill retain their name:
Speak the ſame language which they ſpoke before;
Wear the ſame habits which their grandſires wore:
Call them not Trojans: periſh the renown
And name of Troy with that deteſted town,
Latium be Latium ſtill; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majeſty remain.
Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, ſerene his eyes):
Can Saturn's iſſue, and heaven's other heir,
Such endleſs anger in her boſom bear?
Be miſtreſs, and your full deſires obtain:
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Auſonian people ſprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their cuſtoms ſhall be ty'd,
I will, myſelf, their common rites provide;
The natives ſhall command, the foreigners ſubſide.
All ſhall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her loſt ſons forget from whence they came,
From blood ſo mix'd, a pious race ſhall flow;
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more reſpect to you ſhall pay,
Or greater offerings on your altars lay.
Juno conſents, well pleas'd that her deſires
Had found ſucceſs, and from the clouds retires.
The peace thus made, the thunderer next prepares
To force the watery goddeſs from the wars.
Deep in the diſmal regions, void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to night:
Theſe their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air;
With ſerpents girt alike, and crown'd with hiſſing hair.
In heaven the Diræ call'd, and ſtill at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they ſtand,
His miniſters of wrath; and ready ſtill
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill:
Whene'er the moody fire, to wreak his hate
On realms, or towns, deſerving of their fate,
Hurls down diſeaſes, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One ſiſter-plague of theſe from heaven he ſent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The peſt comes whiſtling down: by far more ſlow
Springs the ſwift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon yew; when, traverſing the ſkies,
And drench'd in poiſonous juice, the ſure deſtruction flies.
With ſuch a ſudden and unſeen a flight,
Shot through the coluds the daughter of the night.
Soon as the field enclos'd ſhe had in view,
And from afar her deſtin'd quarry knew:
Contracted to the boding bird ſhe turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
Where ſongs obſcene on ſepulchres ſhe ſings.
Thus leſſen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his ſhield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chilneſs crept along his blood,
Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror ſtood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her ſcreaming cry,
And ſtridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breaſt ſhe beat, and rent her flowing hair.
Ah me, ſhe cries, in this unequal ſtrife,
What can thy ſiſter more to ſave thy life!
Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
In arms, with that inexorable fiend!
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender ſoul, ye baleful bird of night!
The laſhing of your wings I know too well:
The ſounding flight, and funeral ſcreams of hell!
Theſe are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompence of raviſh'd love!
Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal ſtate!
Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghoſt below!
The joys are vaniſh'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To reſt a weary goddeſs in the tomb!
She drew a length of ſighs; nor more ſhe ſaid,
But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head:
Then plung'd into her ſtream, with deep deſpair,
And her laſt ſobs came bubbling up in air.
Now ſtern Æneas waves his weighty ſpear
Againſt his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
What farther ſubterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy ſwiftneſs can ſecure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy ſhape in thouſand forms, and dare
What ſkill and courage can attempt in war:
Wiſh for the wings of wind to mount the ſky?
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie.
The champion ſhook his head, and made this ſhort reply:
No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hoſtile heaven I dread; and partial Jove.
He ſaid no more: but, with a ſigh, repreſs'd
The mighty ſorrow in his ſwelling breaſt.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique ſtone he ſaw; the common bound
Of neighbouring fields, and barrier of the ground:
So vaſt, that twelve ſtrong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raiſe.
He heav'd it at a lift: and, pois'd on high,
Ran ſtaggering on, againſt his enemy.
But ſo diſorder'd, that he ſcarcely knew
His way; or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load:
And ſhivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The ſtone drops from his arms; and falling ſhort,
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
The ſickly fancy labours in the night:
We ſeem to run; and, deſtitute of force,
Our ſinking limbs forſake us in the courſe:

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In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves unbrac'd their uſual ſtrength deny,
And on the tongue the faultering accents die:
So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour void.
A thouſand various thoughts his ſoul confound:
He ſtar'd about; nor aid nor iſſue found:
His own men ſtop the paſs, and his own walls ſurround.
Once more he pauſes; and looks out again:
And ſeeks the goddeſs charioteer in vain.
Trembling, he views the thundering chief advance,
And brandiſhing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Aſtoniſh'd while he ſtands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his ſhield he ſees th' impending ſpear.
The hero meaſur'd firſt, with narrow view,
The deſtin'd mark: and, riſing as he threw,
With its full ſwing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with leſs rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or ſtones from battering engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm ſo ſtrong,
The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
Nought could his ſeven-fold ſhield the prince avail,
Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail;
It pierc'd through all; and, with a grizly wound,
Tranſfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted ſky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes caſt upwards, and with arms diſplay'd;
And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd:
I know my death deſerv'd, nor hope to live:
Uſe what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be ſhown,
(Thou hadſt a father once, and hadſt a ſon):
Pity my ſire, now ſinking to the grave;
And for Anchiſes' ſake, old Daunus ſave!
Or, if they vow'd revenge, purſue my death;
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have ſeen me beg my life;
Thine is the conqueſt, thine the royal wife;
Againſt a yielded man 'tis mean ignoble ſtrife.
In deep ſuſpence the Trojan ſeem'd to ſtand;
And, juſt appear'd to ſtrike, repreſs'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly ſoul with more compaſſion melt.
When, caſting down a caſual glance, he ſpy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his ſide;
The fatal ſpoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rouz'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries [eyes];
(Flames, while he ſpoke, came flaſhing from his
Traitor, doſt thou, doſt thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his ſad ſoul a grateful offering go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft; and at the word,
Deep in his boſom drove the ſhining ſword,
The ſtreaming blood diſtain'd his arms around,
And the diſdainful ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at eaſe, I have undertaken to tranſlate in my declining years: ſtruggling with wants, oppreſſed with ſickneſs, curbed in my genius, liable to be miſconſtrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced againſt me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, ſteady to my principles, and not diſpirited with my afflictions, I have, by the bleſſing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in ſome meaſure, acquitted myſelf of the debt which I owed the public, when I undertook this work. In the firſt place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the aſſiſtance he has given me in the beginning, the proſecution, and concluſion of my preſent ſtudies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promiſed to myſelf, when I laboured under ſuch diſcouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leaſure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and poſſibly in the preſent, to be no diſhonour to my native country; whoſe language and poetry would be more eſteemed abroad, if they were better underſtood. Somewhat (give me leave to ſay) I have added to both of them, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, eſpecially the laſt, in all our poets, even in thoſe who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with ſufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and ſweetneſs of ſound, unneceſſary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our Engliſh Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when ſound or ſignificancy is wanting in the preſent language. But many of his deſerve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are ſlain for ſixpence in a battle, merit to be reſtored to life, if a wiſh could revive them. Others have no ear for verſe, nor choice of words, nor diſtinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the ſum. Here is a field of ſatire opened to me: but, ſince the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give phy-

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ſic to the great, when he is uncalled? to do his patient no good, and endanger himſelf for his preſcription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may juſtly be condemned for many of thoſe faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

"Cynthius aurem vellet, & admonuit."

It is enough for me, if the government will let me paſs unqueſtioned. In the mean time, I am obliged, in gratitude, to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only diſtinguiſhed me from others of the ſame party, by a particular exception of grace, but, without conſidering the man, have been bountiful to the poet: have encouraged Virgil to ſpeak ſuch Engliſh as I could teach him, and reward his interpreter, for the pains he has taken, in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the ſop, permitted Æneas to paſs freely to Elyſium. Had it been offered me, and I had refuſed it, yet ſtill ſome gratitude is due to ſuch who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to thoſe from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different perſuaſion? amongſt whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the firſt of theſe I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeſerved. The preſent Earl of Peterborough has been pleaſed long ſince to accept the tenders of my ſervice: his favours are ſo frequent to me, that I receive them almoſt by preſcription. No difference of intereſts or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might juſtly be condemned for the moſt unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preſerve for him a moſt profound reſpect and inviolable gratitude. I muſt alſo add, that if the laſt Æneid ſhine among its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the principal ſecretaries of ſtate, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and, for his ſake particularly, I have made it mine. For who would conſeſs wearineſs, when he enjoined a freſh labour? I could not but invoke the aſſiſtance of a muſe, for this laſt office.

"Extremum hunc Arethuſa:—
"Negat quis carmina Gallo?"

Neither am I to forget the noble preſent which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Eſq. the worthy ſon of the late Archbiſhop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the ſeveral editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of thoſe editions in Latin; amongſt which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the laſt, the ſhorteſt, and the moſt judicious. Fabrini I had alſo ſent me from Italy; but either he underſtands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited, by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer, to Denham-court, I tranſlated the firſt Georgic at his houſe, and the greateſt part of the laſt Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. Nor wonder therefore if both thoſe verſions ſurpaſs the reſt, and own the ſatisfaction I received in his converſe, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the ſame college. The ſeventh Æneid was made Engliſh at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter: in a village belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in Engliſh with as much luſtre as I could: though my author has not given the finiſhing ſtrokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durſt preſume to criticiſe my maſter.

By a letter from William Walſh, of Abberly, Eſq. (who has ſo long honoured me with his friendſhip, and who, without flattery, is the beſt critic of our nation) I have been informed that his Grace the Duke of Shrewſbury has procured a printed copy of the Paſtorals, Georgics, and ſix firſt Æneids, from my bookſeller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble perſon having been pleaſed to give them a commendation, which I preſume not to inſert; has made me vain enough to boaſt of ſo great a favour, and to think I have ſucceeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteneſs of his wit; and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, his humanity, his eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of obliging thoſe who ſtand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his converſation. Whoever has given the world the tranſlation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls "The Power "of Love," has put me to ſufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roſcommon's Silenus had formerly given me the ſame trouble. The moſt ingenious Mr. Addiſon, of Oxford, has alſo been as troubleſome to me as the other two, and on the ſame account. After his bees, my latter ſwarm is ſcarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's "Praiſe of a Country Life" is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a verſion. That I have recovered in ſome meaſure the health which I had loſt by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the ſkill and care of Dr. Gribbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profeſſion; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power *.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

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THE ÆNEID

OF

VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE;

BY

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

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PITT'S VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a ſeven years voyage, ſet ſail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful ſtorm, which Æolus raiſes at Juno's requeſt. The tempeſt ſinks one ſhip, and ſcatters the reſt: Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the ſeas. Æneas with his own, and ſix more ſhips, arrives ſafe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her ſon's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and ſends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to diſcover the country, meets his mother in the ſhape of a huntreſs, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he ſees his friends whom he thought loſt, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a paſſion for him, and, after ſome diſcourſe with him deſires the hiſtory of his adventures ſince the ſiege of Troy; which is the ſubject of the two following books.

ARMS and the Man I ſing, the firſt who bore
His courſe to Latium from the Trojan ſhore;
By fate expell'd, on land and ocean toſt,
Before he reach'd the fair Lavinian coaſt:
Doom'd by the gods a length of wars to wage,
And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;
Ere the brave hero rais'd, in theſe abodes,
His deſtin'd walls, and fix'd his wand'ring gods.
Hence the fam'd Latian line, and ſenates come,
And the proud triumphs, and the tow'rs of Rome.
Say, muſe, what cauſes could ſo far incenſe
Celeſtial pow'rs, and what the dire offence
That mov'd heav'n's awful empreſs to impoſe
On ſuch a pious prince, a weight of woes,
Expos'd to dangers, and with toils oppreſt?
Can rage ſo fierce inflame an heavenly breaſt?
Againſt th' Italian coaſt, of ancient fame
A city roſe, and Carthage was the name;
A Tyrian colony; from Tiber far;
Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war.
Which Juno far above all realms, above
Her own dear Samos, honour'd with her love.
Here ſtood her chariot, here her armour lay,
Here ſhe deſign'd, would deſtiny give way,
Ev'n then the ſeat of univerſal ſway.
But of a race ſhe heard, that ſhould deſtroy
The Tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,
Who proud in arms, triumphant by their ſwords,
Should riſe in time, the worlds victorious lords;
By fate deſign'd her Carthage to ſubdue,
And on her ruin'd empire raiſe a new.
This fear'd the goddeſs; and in mind ſhe bore
The late long war her fury rais'd before
For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath re-
But every cauſe hung heavy on her mind; [figu'd,
Her form disdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll
Deep in her breaſt, and kindle all her ſoul;
Th' immortal honours of the raviſh'd boy,
And laſt, the whole deteſted race of Troy.
With all theſe motives fir'd, from Latium far
She drove the relics of the Grecian war:
Fate urg'd their courſe; and long they wander'd
The ſpacious ocean toſt from ſhore to ſhore. [o'er
So vaſt the work to build the mighty frame,
And raiſe the glories of the Roman name!
Scarce from Sicilian ſhores the ſhouting train,
Spread their broad ſails, and plough'd the foamy main;
When haughty Juno, thus her rage expreſt;
Th' eternal wound ſtill rankling in her breaſt.
Then muſt I ſtop? are all my labours vain?
And muſt this Trojan prince in Latium reign?
Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ſhips,
And whelm the ſcatter'd Argives in the deeps?
She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd through the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;
Daſh'd wide his fleet, and, as her tempeſt flew,
Expos'd the ocean's inmoſt depths to view.
Then, while tranſfix'd the blaſted wretch expires,
Flames from his breaſt, and fires ſucceeding fires,
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a ſudden ſhock,
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.
But I, who moves ſupreme in heaven's abodes,
Jove's ſiſter-wife, and empreſs of the gods,
With this one nation muſt a war maintain
For years on years; and wage that war in vain!
And now what ſuppliants will invoke my name,
Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?
Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, now ſhe flies
To dark Æolia, from the diſtant ſkies,
Impregnated with ſtorms; whoſe tyrant binds
The bluſt'ring tempeſts, and reluctant winds.
Their rage imperial Æolus reſtrains
With rocky dungeons, and enormous chains.

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The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,
Roar round the cave, and ſtruggle for a vent.
From his high throne, their fury to aſſuage,
He ſhakes his ſceptre, and controls their rage;
Or down the void their rapid whirls had driv'n
Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of heaven.
But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
In gloomy caves th' aërial captives pent;
O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he ſpread,
And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head;
And gave a king, commiſſion'd to reſtrain
And curb the tempeſt, or to looſe the rein.
Whom thus the queen addreſs'd: Since mighty Jove,
The king of men, and ſire of gods above,
Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raiſe
Storms at thy ſovereign will, or ſmooth the ſeas:
A race, I long have labour'd to deſtroy,
Waft to Heſperia the remains of Troy.
Ev'n now their navy cuts the Tuſcan floods,
Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquiſh'd gods.
Wing all thy furious winds; o'erwhelm the train,
Diſperſe, or plunge their veſſels in the main.
Twice ſev'n bright nymphs, of beauteous ſhape are mine;
For thy reward the faireſt I'll reſign,
The charming Deiopeia ſhall be thine;
She, on thy bed, long bleſſings ſhall conſer,
And make thee father of a race like her.
'Tis yours, great queen, replies the pow'r, to lay
The taſk, and mine to liſten and obey.
By you, I ſit a gueſt with gods above,
And ſhare the graces and the ſmiles of Jove:
By you, theſe realms, this ſceptre I maintain,
And wear theſe honours of the ſtormy reign.
So ſpoke th' obſequious god; and, while he ſpoke,
Whirl'd his vaſt ſpear, and pierc'd the hollow rock.
The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous through the vent;
Earth, in their courſe, with giddy whirls they ſweep,
Ruſh to the ſeas, and bare the boſom of the deep:
Eaſt, weſt, and ſouth, all black with tempeſts, roar,
And roll vaſt billows to the trembling ſhore.
The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn; while ſudden clouds ariſe,
And raviſh from their ſight the ſplendours of the ſkies.
Night hovers o'er the floods; the day retires;
The heavens flaſh thick with momentary fires;
Loud thunders ſhake the poles; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in every face.
In horror fix'd, the Trojan hero ſtands,
He groans, and ſpreads to heaven his lifted hands.
Thrice happy thoſe! whoſe fate it was to fall
(Exclaims the chief) beneath the Trojan wall.
Oh! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die, ſo bravely, in their parents' ſight!
Oh! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand,
That braveſt hero of the Grecian band,
Pour'd out this ſoul, with martial glory fir'd,
And in that field triumphantly expir'd,
Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' ſpear,
And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war;
Where Simois' ſtreams, encumber'd with the ſlain,
Roll'd ſhields, and helms, and heroes to the main.
Thus while he mourns, the northern blaſt prevails,
Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying ſails;
The prow turns round; the galley leaves her ſide
Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;
While in huge heaps the gathering ſurges ſpread,
And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head,
Theſe ride on waves ſublime; thoſe ſee the ground
Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound.
Three ſhatter'd gallies the ſtrong ſouthern blaſt
On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, caſt:
Th' Italians call them altars, as they ſtood
Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.
Three more, fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw
From the main ſea, and (terrible to view)
He daſh'd, and left the veſſels, on the land,
Intrench'd with mountains of ſurrounding ſand.
Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
From prow to ſtern the ſhatter'd galley flew
Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew:
Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ſhip,
Stunn'd by the ſtroke, ſhot headlong down the deep:
The veſſel, by the ſurge toſt round and round,
Sunk, in the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd.
Some from the dark abyſs emerge again;
Arms, planks, and treaſures, float along the main.
And now thy ſhip, Ilioneus, gives way,
Nor thine, Achates, can reſiſt the ſea;
Nor old Alethes his ſtrong galley ſaves;
Then Abas yields to the victorious waves:
The ſtorm diſſolves their well-compacted ſides,
Which drink at many a leak the hoſtile tides.
Meantime th' imperial monarch of the main
Heard the loud tumults in his wat'ry reign,
And ſaw the furious tempeſt wide around
Work up the waters, from the vaſt profound.
Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the god
Lifts his high head above the ſtormy flood,
Majeſtic and ſerene: he rolls his eyes,
And ſcatter'd wide the Trojan navy ſpies,
Oppreſs'd by waves below, by thunders from the ſkies.
Full well he knew his ſiſter's endleſs hate,
Her wiles and arts to ſink the Trojan ſtate.
To Eurus, and the weſtern blaſt, he cry'd,
Does your high birth inſpire this boundleſs pride,
Audacious winds! without a pow'r from me,
To raiſe, at will, ſuch mountains on the ſea?
Thus to confound heav'n, earth, the air, and main?
Whom I—but firſt I'll calm the waves again.
But if you tempt my rage a ſecond time,
Know, that ſome heavier vengeance waits the crime.
Hence; fly with ſpeed; from me, your tyrant tell,
That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.
Bid him his rocks, your darkſome dungeons keep,
Nor dare uſurp the trident of the deep.
There, in that gloomy court, diſplay his pow'r,
And hear his tempeſts round their caverns roar.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking chas'd the clouds away,
Huſh'd the loud billows, and reſtor'd the day.
Cymothoë guards the veſſels in the ſhock,
And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed rock.

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With his huge trident, the majestic god
Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood;
Then mounted on his radiant car he rides,
And wheels along the level of the tides.
As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble storms and thirsts for blood:
Of stones and brands, a mingled tempest flies,
With all the sudden arms that rage supplies:
If some grave sire appears, amid the strife,
In morals strict, and innocence of life,
All stand attentive; while the sage controls
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.
So did the roaring deeps their rage compose,
When the great father of the floods arose.
Rapt by his steeds he flies in open day,
Throws up the reins, and skims the wat'ry way.
The Trojans, weary'd with the storm, explore
The neatest land, and reach the Libyan shore.
Far in a deep recess, her jutting sides
An isle projects, to break the rolling tides,
And forms a port, where, curling from the sea,
The waves steal back, and wind into a bay.
On either side, sublime in air, arise [skies;
Two tow'ring rocks, whose summits brave the
Low at their feet the sleeping ocean lies:
Crown'd with a gloomy shade of waving woods,
Their awful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.
Oppos'd to these, a secret grotto stands,
The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by nature's hands;
Where polish'd seats appear of living stone,
And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run.
No cable here, nor circling anchor binds
The floating vessel harass'd with the winds.
The Dardan hero brings to this retreat
Sev'n shatter'd ships, the relics of his fleet.
With fierce desire to gain the friendly strand,
The Trojans leap in rapture to the land,
And, drench'd in brine, lie stretch'd along the sand
Achates strikes the flint, and from the stroke
The lurking seeds of fire in sparkles broke;
The catching flame on leaves and stubble preys,
Then gathers strength, and mounts into a blaze.
Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine,
And grind their corn, infected with the brine.
Æneas mounts a rock, and thence surveys
The wide and wat'ry prospect of the seas;
Now hopes the shatter'd Phrygian ships to find,
Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind;
And now, Caicus' glitt'ring arms to spy,
Wide o'er the vast horizon darts his eye.
The chief could view no vessel on the main;
But three tall stags stalk'd proudly o'er the plain;
Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd;
Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley graz'd.
The prince, who spy'd 'em on the shore below,
Stopp'd short—then snatch'd the feather'd shafts and bow,
Which good Achates bore: his arrows fled;
And first he laid the lordly leaders dead;
Next all th' ignoble vulgar he pursu'd,
And with his shafts dispers'd 'em thro' the wood;
Nor ceas'd the chief, 'till, stretch'd beneath his feet,
Lay sev'n huge stags, the number of his fleet.
Back to the port the victor bends his way,
And with his friends divides the copious prey.
The generous wine to crown the genial feast,
Which kind Acestes gave his parting guest,
Next to his sad associates he imparts;
And with these words revives their drooping hearts.
Friends! we have known more toils, than now we know,
By long experience exercis'd in woe;
And soon to these disasters shall be giv'n
A certain period by relenting heav'n.
Think, how you saw the dire Cyclopean shore,
Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monsters, roar.
Dismiss your fears; on these misfortunes past
Your minds with pleasure may reflect at last.
Through such varieties of woes, we tend
To promis'd Latium, where our toils shall end;
Where the kind fates shall peaceful seats ordain,
And Troy, in all her glories, rise again.
With manly patience bear your present state,
And with firm courage wait a better fate.
So spoke the chief, and hid his inward smart;
Hope smooth'd his looks, but anguish rack'd his heart.
The hungry crowd prepare, without delay,
To dress the banquet, and to share the prey.
Some from the body strip the smoking hide,
Some cut in morsels, and the parts divide;
These bid, with busy care, the flames aspire;
Those roast the limbs, yet quiv'ring o'er the fire.
Thus, while their strength and spirits they restore,
The brazen cauldrons smoke along the shore.
Stretch'd on the grass, their bodies they recline,
Enjoy the rich repast, and quaff the gen'rous wine.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they pass'd away
In long and melancholy talk the day;
Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,
Whether to deem their friends distress'd, or dead.
Apart the pious chief, who suffer'd most,
Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus lost;
For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,
And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.
Now, from high heav'n, imperial Jove surveys
The nations, shores, and navigable seas;
There, as he sate, enthron'd above the skies,
Full on the Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes.
When lo! the mournful queen of love appears;
Her starry eyes were dimm'd with streaming tears;
Who to the sire her humble suit address'd,
The schemes of fate revolving in his breast.
Oh thou! whose sacred, and eternal sway,
Aw'd by thy thunders, men and gods obey;
What have my poor exhausted Trojans done?
Or what, alas! my dear unhappy son?
Still, for the sake of Italy, deny'd
All other regions, all the world beside?
Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine
Of Roman chiefs should spring from Teucer's line;
The world in future ages to command,
And in the empire grasp the sea and land.
Oh! sov'reign father, say! what cause could move
The fix'd unalterable word of Jove?
Which sooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her doom;
And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.
But see! their fortune still pursues her blow;
When wilt thou fix a period to their woe?

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In safety, bold Antenor broke his way
Through hosts of foes, and pierc'd th' Illyrian bay,
Where, through nine ample mouths, Timavus pours,
Wide as a sea, and deluges the shores;
The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars,
Yet with his colonies, secure he came,
Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name.
Then fix'd his Trojan arms; his labours cease;
And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.
But we, your progeny, ordain'd to rise,
And share the' eternal honours of the skies,
To glut the rage of one, our vessels lost,
Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coast.
Are these the palms that virtue must obtain,
And is our empire thus restor'd again?
The fire of men and gods, superior, smil'd
On the sad queen, and gently kiss'd his child.
Then, with those looks that clear the clouded skies,
And calm the raging tempest, he replies:
Daughter, dismiss your fears; by doom divine
Fix'd are the fates of your immortal line.
Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls shall see,
And here we ratify our first decree.
Your son, the brave Æneas, soon shall rise,
Himself a god; and mount the starry skies.
To sooth your care, these secrets I relate
From the dark volumes of eternal fate:
The chief fair Italy shall reach, and there
With mighty nations wage a dreadful war.
New cities raise, the savage nations awe,
And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.
The fierce Rutulians vanquish'd by his sword,
Three years shall Latium own him sovereign lord.
Your dear Ascanius then, the royal boy,
(Now call'd Iülus, since the fall of Troy)
While thirty rolling years their orbs complete,
Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's seat
Transfer the kingdom? and, of mighty length
Raise tow'ring Alba, glorying in her strength.
There, shall the Trojan race enjoy the pow'r,
And fill the throne three hundred winters more.
Ilia, the royal priestess, next shall bear
Two lovely infants to the god of war,
Nurs'd by a tawny wolf, her eldest son,
Imperial Romulus, shall mount the throne;
From his own name, the people Romans call,
And from his father Mars, his rising wall.
No limits have I fix'd, of time, or place,
To the vast empire of the godlike race.
Ev'n haughty Juno shall the nation love,
Who now alarms earth, seas, and heav'n above;
And join her friendly counsels to my own,
With endless fame the sons of Rome to crown,
The world's majestic lords, the nation of the gown.
This word be fate——an hour shall wing its way,
When Troy in dust shall proud Mycenæ lay.
In Greece, Assaracus, his sons shall reign,
And vanquish'd Argos wear the victor's chain.
Then Cæsar, call'd by great Iülus' name,
(Whose empire ocean bounds, the stars his fame)
Sprung from the noble Trojan line, shall rise
Charg'd with his Eastern spoils, and mount the skies.
Him, shall you see, advanc'd to these abodes;
Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.
From that bless hour all violence shall cease,
The age grow mild; and soften into peace.
With righteous Rhemus shall Quirinus reign,
Old faith, and Vesta, shall return again;
With many a solid hinge, and brazen bar,
Shall Janus close the horrid gates of war.
Within the fane dire Fury shall be bound,
With a huge heap of shatter'd arms around;
Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load
The fiend shall roar, and grind his teeth in blood.
The thund'rer said, and down th' aërial way
Sent with his high commands the son of May;
That Carthage may throw wide her friendly tow'rs,
And grant her guests the freedom of her shores;
Lest Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,
Should shut her ports, and drive them to the sea.
Swift on the steerage of his wings he flies,
And shoots the vast expansion of the skies.
Arriv'd, th' Almighty's orders he performs,
Charm'd by the god, no more the nation storms
With jealous rage; in chief the queen inclin'd
To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.
All night involv'd in cares Æneas lay,
But rose impatient at the dawn of day,
To view the coast, the country to explore,
And learn if men, or beasts possess'd the shore,
(For wide around the gloomy waste extends)
And bear the tidings to his anxious friends.
Beneath a shelving rock his fleet dispos'd,
With waving woods and awful shades enclos'd,
Two glitt'ring spears he shook with martial pride,
And forth he march'd; Achates at his side.
As through the wilds the chief his course pursu'd,
He meets his goddess-mother in the wood;
In show, an huntress she appear'd, array'd
In arms and habit like a Spartan maid;
Or swift Harpalyce of Thrace, whose speed
Out-flew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid steed.
Bare was her knee; and with an easy pride
Her polish'd bow hung graceful at her side.
Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew;
Loose to the winds her wanton tresses flew.
Ho! gentle youths, she cry'd, have you beheld
One of my sisters wand'ring o'er the field,
Girt with a speckled lynx's vary'd hide,
A painted quiver rattling at her side?
Or have you seen her with an eager pace
Urge with full cries the foaming boar in chase?
None of your charming sisterhood (he said)
Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous maid.
Your name, oh! nymph, or oh! fair goddess, say?
A goddess, sure, or sister of the day,
You draw your birth from some immortal line,
Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine,
Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown?
Alike the natives and the lands unknown;
By the wild waves, and swelling surges toss't,
We wander strangers on a foreign coast.
Then will we still invoke your sacred name,
And with fat victims shall your altars flame.
No goddess' awful name, she said, I bear;
For know, the Tyrian maids, by custom, here,
The purple buskin, and a quiver wear.
Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aspire;
The Punic realms; a colony from Tyre

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See! wide around, waſte Libya's bounds appear,
Whoſe ſwarthy ſons are terrible in war,
From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main,
From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign:
The tale is intricate, perplex'd and long;
Hear then, in ſhort, the ſtory of her wrong.
Sichæus was her lord, beyond the reſt
Of the Phœnician race, with riches bleſt;
Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led
Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.
Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne
Of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone.
Ev'n at the ſacred altar in a ſtriſe
By ſtealth the tyrant ſhed his brother's life;
Blind with the charms of gold, his faulchion drove,
Stern, and regardleſs of his ſiſter's love.
Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,
And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime.
But her unbury'd lord, before her ſight,
Roſe in a frightful viſion of the night:
Around her bed he ſtalks; grim! ghaſtly! pale!
And, ſtaring wide, unfolds the horrid tale
Of the dire altars, daſh'd with blood around;
Then bares his breaſt, and points to every wound;
Warns her to fly the land without delay;
And to ſupport her through the tedious way,
Shows where, in maſſy piles, his bury'd treaſure lay.
Rous'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends,
Obeys the ſummons, and convenes her friends:
They meet, they join, and in her cauſe engage,
All, who deteſt, or dread the tyrant's rage.
Some ſhips, already rigg'd they ſeiz'd, and ſtow'd
Their ſides with gold; then launch'd into the flood.
They ſail; the bold exploit a woman guides;
Pygmalion's wealth is wafted o'er the tides.
They came, where now you ſee new Carthage riſe,
And yon proud citadel invade the ſkies.
The wand'ring exiles bought a ſpace of ground
Which one bull-hide enclos'd and compaſs'd round;
Hence Byrſa nam'd: but now, ye ſtrangers, ſay,
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your way?

Deep, from his ſoul, he draws a length of ſighs,
And, with a mournful accent, thus replies.
Should I, O goddeſs, from their ſource relate,
Or you attend, the annals of our fate,
The golden ſun would ſink, and ev'ning cloſe,
Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.
By Grecian foes expell'd from Troy we came,
From ancient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)
Through various ſeas; when lo! a tempeſt roars,
And raging drives us on the Libyan ſhores.
The good Æneas am I call'd; my fame,
And brave exploits, have reach'd the ſtarry frame:
From Grecian flames I bear my reſcu'd gods,
Safe in my veſſels, o'er the ſtormy floods.
In ſearch of ancient Italy I rove,
And draw my lineage from Almighty Jove.
A goddeſs-mother and the fates, my guides,
With twenty ſhips I plough'd the Phrygian tides,
Scarce ſev'n of all my fleet are left behind,
Rent by the waves, and ſhatter'd by the wind.
Myſelf, from Europe and from Aſia caſt,
A helpleſs ſtranger rove the Libyan waſte.

No more could Venus hear her ſon bewail
His various woes, but interrupts his tale.
Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in thoſe abodes,
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;
Hence then, with haſte, to yon proud palace bend
Your courſe, and on the gracious queen attend.
Your friends are ſafe, the winds are chang'd again,
Or all my ſkill in augury is vain!
See thoſe twelve ſwans, a flock triumphant, fly,
Whom lately ſhooting from th' ethereal ſky,
Th' imperial bird of Jove diſpers'd around,
Some hov'ring o'er, ſome ſettling on the ground.
As theſe returning clap their ſounding wings,
Ride round the ſkies, and ſport in airy rings;
So have your friends and ſhips poſſeſs'd the ſtrand,
Or with full-bellying ſails approach the land.
Haſte to the palace then, without delay,
And, as this path directs, purſue your way.
She ſaid, and turning round, her neck ſhe ſhow'd,
That with celeſtial charms divinely glow'd.
Her waving locks immortal odours ſhed,
And breath'd ambroſial ſcents around her head.
Her ſweeping robe trail'd pompous as ſhe trod,
And her majeſtic port confeſs'd the god.
Soon as he knows her through the coy diſguiſe,
He thus purſues his mother as ſhe flies.

Muſt never, never more our hands be join'd?
Are you, like heaven, grown cruel and unkind?
Why muſt thoſe borrow'd ſhapes delude your ſon?
And why, ah! why thoſe accents not your own?

He ſaid; then ſought the town; but Venus ſhrouds
And wraps their perſons in a veil of clouds;
That none may interpoſe to cauſe delay,
Nor fondly curious aſk them of their way.
Through air ſublime the queen of love retreats
To Paphos' ſtately tow'rs, and bliſsful ſeats;
Where to her name an hundred altars riſe,
And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the ſkies.
Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,
Whence all the riſing town in proſpect lay,
And tow'rs and temples; for the mountain's brow
Hung bending o'er, and ſhaded all below.
Where late the cottage ſtood, with glad ſurpriſe
The prince beholds the ſtately palace riſe;
On the pav'd ſtreets, and gates, looks wond'ring down,
And all the crowd and tumult of the town.
The Tyrians ply their work; with many a groan
Theſe roll, or heave ſome huge unwieldy ſtone;
Thoſe bid the lofty citadel aſcend;
Some in vaſt length th' embattled walls extend;
Others for future dwellings chooſe the ground,
Mark out the ſpot, and draw the furrow round.
Some, uſeful laws propoſe, and ſome the choice
Of ſacred ſenates, and elect by voice.
Theſe ſink a ſpacious mole beneath the ſea,
Thoſe a huge theatre's foundation lay;
Hew maſſy columns from the mountains ſide,
Of future ſcenes an ornamental pride.
Thus to their toils, in early ſummer, run
The cluſt'ring bees, and labour in the ſun;
Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,
Or work the liquid ſweets, and thicken to a maſs.
The buſy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,
And hoards, in curious cells, the golden ſtore;
A choſen troop before the gate attends,
To take the burdens, and relieve their friends;

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Warm at the fragrant work, in bands they drive
The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive.
The prince ſurveys the lofty tow'rs, and cries,
Bleſt, bleſt are you, whoſe walls already riſe:
Then, ſtrange to tell, he mingled with the crowds,
And paſs'd, unſeen, involv'd in mantling clouds.
Amid the town, a ſtately grove diſplay'd
A cooling ſhelter, and delightful ſhade.
Here, toſt by winds and waves, the Tyrians found
A courſer's head within the ſacred ground;
An omen ſent by Juno, to declare
A fruitful ſoil; and race renown'd in war.
A temple here Sidonian Dido rais'd
To heaven's dread empreſs, that with riches blaz'd;
Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the coſtly ſhrine,
By her own preſence hallow'd and divine.
Braſs were the ſteps, the beams with braſs were ſtrong,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges rung.
Here, a ſtrange ſcene before his eyes appears,
To raiſe his courage, and diſpel his fears;
Here firſt, he hopes his fortunes to redreſs:
And finds a glimmering proſpect of ſucceſs.
While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,
O'er the proud ſhrine and pompous temple gaz'd;
While he the town admires, and wond'ring ſtands
At the rich labours of the artiſts' hands;
Amid the ſtory'd walls, he ſaw appear,
In ſpeaking paint, the tedious Trojan war;
The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around,
And every battle fought on Phrygian ground.
There Priam ſtood, and Agamemnon here,
And Pelus' wrathful ſon, to both ſevere.
Struck with the view, oh friend! the hero cries,
(Tears, as he ſpoke, came ſtarting from his eyes)
Lo! the wide world our miſeries employ;
What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy?
See! where the venerable Priam ſtands!
See virtue honour'd on the Libyan ſands!
For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow;
And Tyrian breaſts are touch'd with human woe.
Now baniſh fear, for ſince the Trojan name
Is known, we find our ſafety in our fame.
Thus while his ſoul the moving picture fed,
A ſhow'r of tears the groaning hero ſhed.
For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd;
And there the Trojans to their walls purſued
By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful ſpear,
Whirl'd on his kindling chariot through the war.
Not far from thence, proud Rhaeſus' tents he knows
By their white veils, that match'd the winter ſnows,
Betray'd and ſtretch'd amidſt his ſlaughter'd train,
And, while he ſlept, by fierce Tydides ſlain;
Who drove his courſers from the ſcene of blood,
Ere the fierce ſteeds had taſted Trojan food,
Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.
There Troilus flies diſarm'd (unhappy boy!)
From ſtern Achilles, round the fields of Troy:
Unequal he! to ſuch an arm in war!
Supine, and trailing from his empty car,
Still, though in death, he graſps the flowing reins,
His ſtartled courſers whirl him o'er the plains:
The ſpear inverted ſtreaks the duſt around;
His ſnowy neck and treſſes ſweep the ground.
Mean time a penſive ſupplicating train
Of Trojan matrons, to Minerva's fane
In ſad proceſſion with a robe repair,
Beat their white breaſts, and rend their golden hair.
Unmov'd with pray'rs, diſdainfully ſhe frown'd,
And fix'd her eyes, relentleſs on the ground.
Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,
Thrice dragg'd brave Hector round the walls of Troy:
Then to the mournful ſire, the victor ſold
The breathleſs body of his ſon for gold.
His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he ſhed,
To ſee the ſpoils and chariot of the dead,
And Priam both his trembling hands extend,
And, gaſh'd with wounds, his dear diſfigur'd friend.
Mix'd with the Grecian peers, and hoſtile train,
Himſelf he view'd, conſpicuous in the plain;
And ſwarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,
His eaſtern hoſts, and arms that flame with gold.
All furious led Penthefilea there,
With moony ſhields, her Amazons to war;
Around her breaſt her golden belt ſhe threw;
Then through the thick-embattled ſquadrons flew;
Amidſt the thouſands ſtood the dire alarms,
And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.
Thus, while the Trojan hero ſtood amaz'd,
And, fix'd in wonder, on the picture gaz'd,
With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,
Aſcends the dome, majeſtically ſlow.
As on Eurota's banks, or Cynthus' heads,
A thouſand beauteous nymphs Diana leads,
While round their quiver'd queen the quires advance,
She tow'rs majeſtic, as ſhe leads the dance;
She moves in pomp ſuperior to the reſt,
And ſecret tranſports touch Latona's breaſt.
So paſs'd the graceful queen amidſt her train,
To ſpeed her labours and her future reign.
Then with her guards ſurrounded, in the gate,
Beneath the ſpacious dome, ſublime ſhe ſate.
She ſhares their labours, or by lots ſhe draws;
And to the crowd adminiſters the laws.
When lo! Æneas brave Cloanthus ſpies,
Antheus, and great Sergeſtus, with ſurpriſe,
Approach the throne, attended by a throng
Of Trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along;
Whom the wild whiſtling winds and tempeſts bore,
And widely ſcatter'd on a diſtant ſhore.
Loſt in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he ſtands,
And with Achates longs to join their hands:
But doubtful of th' event, he firſt attends,
Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends;
Anxious, and eager till he knew their ſtate,
And where their veſſels lay, and what their fate.
With cries, the royal favour to implore,
They came, a train ſelected, from the ſhore:
Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,
And, with their common ſuit, addreſt the throne.
Oh! queen, indulg'd by Jove, theſe lofty tow'rs
And this proud town to raiſe on Libyan ſhores,
With high commands, a ſavage race to awe,
And to the barbarous natives give the law,
We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd race,
Toſt round the ſeas, implore your royal grace;
Oh! check your ſubjects, and their rage reclaim,
Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.
Oh! ſave a pious race; regard our cry;
And view our anguiſh with a melting eye.

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We come not, mighty queen, an hoſtile band,
With ſword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
To bear your ſpoils triumphant to the ſhore;
No—to ſuch thoughts the vanquiſh'd durſt not ſoar.
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Heſperia by the Grecian race,
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
But ſince Italia, from the leader's name;
To that bleſt ſhore we ſteer'd our deſtin'd way,
When ſudden, dire Orion rous'd the ſea;
All charg'd with tempeſts roſe the baleful ſtar,
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war;
With ſweeping whirlwinds caſt our veſſels wide,
Daſh'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide:
The few ſad relics of our navy bore
Their courſe to this unhoſpitable ſhore.
What are the cuſtoms of this barbarous place?
What more than ſavage this inhuman race?
In arms they riſe, and drive us from the ſtrand,
From the laſt verge, and limits of the land.
Know, if divine and human laws you ſlight,
The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite;
Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard his right.
Æneas was our king, of high renown;
Great, good, and brave; and war was all his own.
If ſtill he lives, and breathes this vital air,
Nor we, his friends and ſubjects, ſhall deſpair;
Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ
Your kind compaſſion in the cauſe of Troy.
Beſides, on high the Trojan enſigns ſoar,
And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's ſhore;
Where great Aceſtes, of the Dardan ſtrain,
Deriv'd from ancient Teucer, holds his reign.
Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars
To fell, and bring our veſſels on your ſhores;
That, if our prince and friends return again,
With joy, from Latium, we may plough the main.
But if thoſe hopes are vaniſh'd quite away,
If loſt, and ſwallow'd in the Libyan ſea,
You lie, great guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
And young Iülus ſhares his father's fate;
Oh! let us ſink Sicilia's ſhores again,
And fly from hence to good Aceſtes' reign.
He ſpoke; a loud aſſent ran murmuring thro' the train.
Thus then, in ſhort, the gracious queen replies,
While on the ground ſhe fix't her modeſt eyes:
Trojans, be bold; againſt my will, my fate,
A throne unſettled, and an infant ſtate,
Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,
And guard with theſe ſeverities my ſhores.
Lives there a ſtranger to the Trojan name,
Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame?
We know the war that ſet the world on fire;
Nor are ſo void of ſenſe the ſons of Tyre:
For here his beams indulgent Phœbus ſheds,
And rolls his flaming chariot o'er our heads.
Seek you, my friends, the bleſt Saturnian plains,
Or fair Trinacra, where Aceſtes reigns?
With aids ſupply'd, and furniſh'd from my ſtores,
Safe will I ſend you from the Libyan ſhores.
Or would you ſtay to raiſe this growing town?
Fix here your ſeat; and Carthage is your own.
Haſte, draw your ſhips to ſhore; to me the ſame,
Your Troy and Tyre ſhall differ but in name.
And oh! that great Æneas had been toſt,
By the ſame ſtorm, on the ſame friendly coaſt!
But I will ſend, my borders to explore,
And trace the windings of the mazy ſhore.
Perchance, already thrown on theſe abodes,
He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods.
Rais'd in their hopes the friend and hero ſtood;
And long'd to break, tranſported, from the cloud.
Oh! goddeſs-born! cry'd brave Achates, ſay,
What are your thoughts, and why this long delay?
All ſafe you ſee; your friends and fleet reſtor'd;
One (whom we ſaw) the whirling gulf devour'd.
Lo! with the reſt your mother's words agree,
All but Orontes 'ſcap'd the raging ſea.
Swift as he ſpoke, the vapours break away,
Diſſolve in ether, and refine to day.
Radiant in open view, Æneas ſtood,
In form and looks, majeſtic as a god.
Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth, his features ſhine,
His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine.
The queen of love the glance divine ſupplies,
And breathes immortal ſpirit in his eyes.
Like Parian marble beauteous to behold,
Or ſilver's milder gleam in burniſh'd gold,
Or poliſh'd iv'ry, ſhone the godlike man:
All ſtood ſurpris'd; and thus the prince began.
Æneas, whom you ſeek, you here ſurvey;
Eſcap'd the tempeſt of the Libyan ſea,
O Dido, gracious queen, who make alone
The woes, and cauſe, of wretched Troy you own;
And ſhelter in your walls, with pious care,
Her ſons, the relics of the Grecian war;
Who all the forms of miſery have bore,
Storms on the ſea, and dangers on the ſhore;
Nor we, nor all the Dardan nation, hurl'd
Wide o'er the globe, and ſcatter'd round the world,
But the good gods, with bleſſings, ſhall repay
Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they;
(If pious acts, if juſtice they regard);
And your clear conſcience ſtands its own reward.
How bleſt this age that hath ſuch virtue ſeen?
How bleſt the parents of ſo great a queen?
While to the ſea the rivers roll, and ſhades
With awful pomp ſurround the mountain heads;
While ether ſhines, with golden planets grac'd,
So long your honour, name, and praiſe ſhall laſt:
Whatever realm my fortune has aſſign'd,
Still will I bear your image in my mind.
This ſaid, the pious chief of Troy extends
His hands around, and hails his joyful friends:
His left Sergeſtus graſp'd with vaſt delight,
To great Ilioneus he gave the right.
Cloanthus, Gyas, and the Dardan train,
All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.
Charm'd with his preſence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,
Admir'd his fortune much, his perſon more.
What fate, O goddeſs-born, ſhe ſaid, has toſt
So brave a hero on this barbarous coaſt?
Are you Æneas, who in Ida's grove
Sprung from Anchiſes and the queen of love
By Simois' ſtreams? and now I call to mind,
When Teucer left his native ſhores behind;
The baniſh'd prince to Sidon came, to gain
Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign;
Then the rich Cyprian iſle, my warlike ſire
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with ſword and fire:

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From him I learnt the Grecian kings of fame,
The fall of Ilion, and your glorious name:
He on your valour, though a foe, with joy
Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from Troy.
Come to my palace then, my royal guest.
And, with your friends, indulge the genial feast.
My wand'rings and my fate resembling yours,
At length I settled on these Libyan shores;
And touch'd with miseries myself have known,
I view, with pity, woes so like my own.

She spoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,
Ordains a feast, and offerings to the gods.
Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes she sends,
And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends:
A hundred bristly boars, and monstrous swine;
With Bacchus' gifts, a store of generous wine.
The inner rooms in regal pomp display'd,
The splendid feasts in ample halls are made;
Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,
That glow refulgent with the purple dye.
The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould;
And their forefathers' deeds, in times of old,
Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the rising gold.

No more the prince his eager love suppress,
All the fond parent struggled in his breast.
He sends Achates to inform his son,
And guide the young Ascanius to the town;
(On his Ascanius turn his fear and joy,
The father's cares are center'd in the boy;)
To bring rich presents to the queen of Tyre,
And relics, rescued from the Trojan fire.
A mantle wrought with saffron foliage round;
And a stiff robe with golden figures crown'd;
Fair Helen's dress, when, fir'd with lawless joy,
She left her native walls to ruin Troy,
(Her mother's present in the bridal hour;)
With gold a shining sceptre studded o'er,
That wont Iliones's fair hand to grace,
The eldest nymph of Priam's beauteous race;
Her necklace, strung with pearls: her crown that glows
Inflam'd with gems and gold in double rows.
To bring the splendid gifts without delay,
Swift to the fleet, Achates bends his way.

But beauteous Venus in her breast design'd
New wiles, and plann'd new counsels in her mind,
That winged Cupid to the court should come
Like sweet Ascanius, in Ascanius' room;
With the rich gifts the Tyrian queen inspire,
And kindle in her veins the raging fire.
Her dread of Juno's arts, who guards the place,
Her just suspicions of the treach'rous race,
Break, each revolving night, her golden rest:
And thus the suppliant queen the god addrest.

Oh son! my strength! supreme in heaven above!
Whose arrows triumph o'er the bolts of Jove:
To thee I fly, thy succour to implore,
Court thy protection, and thy pow'r adore.
To tell how Juno's restless rage has tost
Your brother round the seas, and ev'ry coast,
Is but to mention what too well you know,
Who sigh'd my sighs, and wept a mother's woe.
Him, in her own town, the Tyrian queen detains,
With soft seducements, from the Latian plains.
But much I fear that hospitable place,
Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race:
And left this fair occasion she improve,
Know, I design to fire the queen with love;
A love, beyond the cure of pow'rs divine;
A love as strong, and violent as mine.
But how the proud Phœnician to surprise
With such a passion, hear what I advise.
The royal youth, Ascanius, from the port,
Hastes, by his father's summons, to the court;
With costly presents charg'd, he takes his way,
Sav'd from the Trojan flames, and stormy sea;
But to prevent suspicion, will I steep
His temples in the dews of balmy sleep,
Then to Cythera's sacred seats remove,
Or softly lay him in th' Idalian grove.
This one revolving night, thyself a boy,
Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy;
And when the queen, transported with thy charms,
Amidst the feast, shall strain thee in her arms,
The gentle poison by degrees inspire
Through all her breast; then fan the rising fire,
And kindle all her soul. The mother said,
With joy the god her soft commands obey'd.
Aside his quiver, and his wings he flung,
And, like the boy Iülus, tript along.

Mean time the goddess on Ascanius throws
A balmy slumber and a sweet repose;
Lull'd in her lap to rest, the queen of love
Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove.
There on a flow'ry bed her charge she laid,
And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant shade.

Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,
Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.
He came, and found on costly carpets spread
The queen majestic, midst her golden bed.
The great Æneas and the Trojans lie
On pompous couches stain'd with Tyrian dye:
Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,
And limpid water from the crystal spring.
They wash; the menial train the tables spread;
And heap in glitt'ring canisters the bread.
To dress the feast, full fifty handmaids join,
And burn rich incense to the pow'rs divine;
A hundred boys and virgins stood around,
The banquet marshall'd, and the goblet crown'd.
To fill th' embroider'd beds the Tyrians come
Rank behind rank; and crowd the regal room.
The guests the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,
His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire;
The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,
And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold:
But chief the queen, the boy and presents move,
The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.
Insatiate in her joy, she fat amaz'd,
Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as she gaz'd.
First, his dissembled father he caress,
Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breast;
Next to the queens embraces he withdrew;
She look'd, and sent her soul at ev'ry view:
Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms;
Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms,
How great a god she fondled in her arms.
But he, now mindful of his mother, stole
By slow degrees Sichæus from her soul;
Her soul, rekindling, in her husband's stead,
Admits the prince; the living for the dead.

Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raise their souls
With sparkling wine they crown the massy bowls,

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Through the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,
The palace rings, the vaulted dome reſounds.
The blazing torches, and the lamps diſplay,
From golden roofs, an artificial day.
Now Dido crowns the bowl of ſtate with wine,
The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.
Her hands aloft the ſhining goblet hold, [gold.
Pond'rous with gems, and rough with ſculptur'd
When ſilence was proclaim'd, the royal fair
Thus to the gods addreſt her fervent pray'r.
Almighty Jove! who plead'ſt the ſtranger's cauſe;
Great guardian god of hoſpitable laws!
Oh! grant this day to circle ſtill with joy,
Through late poſterity, to Tyre and Troy.
Be thou, O Bacchus! god of mirth, a gueſt;
And thou, O Juno! grace the genial feaſt.
And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,
And ſhow your gueſts benevolence and love.
She ſaid, and on the board, in open view,
The firſt libation to the gods ſhe threw:
Then ſip'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand:
He roſe, obedient to the queen's command;
At once the thirſty Trojan ſwill'd the whole,
Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.
Then through the peers, with ſparkling nectar crown'd
The goblet circles, and the health goes round.
With curling treſſes grac'd, and rich attire,
Iopas ſtands, and ſweeps the golden lyre;
The truths, which ancient Atlas taught, he ſings,
And nature's ſecrets, on the ſounding ſtrings.
Why Cynthia changes; why the ſun retires,
Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires;
From what originals, and cauſes, came
Mankind and beaſts, the rain, and riſing flame;
Arcturus, dreadful with his ſtormy ſtar;
The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car;
Why ſuns in ſummer the ſlow night detain,
And ruſh ſo ſwift in winter to the main.
With ſhouts the Tyrians praiſe the ſong divine,
And in the loud applauſe the Trojans join.
The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,
Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours;
This moment longs of Hector to inquire,
The next of Priam, his unhappy ſire;
What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious ſon;
How high, above his hoſts, Achilles ſhone;
How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car;
How his fierce courſers ſwept the ranks of war.
Nay, but at large, my godlike gueſt, relate
The Grecian wiles, ſhe ſaid, and Ilion's fate;
How far your courſe around the globe extends,
And what the woes and fortunes of your friends:
For, ſince you wander'd ev'ry ſhore and ſea,
Have ſev'n revolving ſummers roll'd away.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years ſiege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the ſtratagem of a wooden horſe. He declares the firſt reſolution he had taken not to ſurvive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at laſt, having been before adviſed by Hector's ghoſt, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and ſettle his houſehold gods in another country. In order to this he carries his father off on his ſhoulders, and leads his little ſon by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but miſſes his wife, whoſe ghoſt afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was deſigned for him.

All gaz'd in ſilence, with an eager look,
Then from the golden couch the hero ſpoke.
Ah mighty queen! you urge me to diſcloſe,
And feel, once more, unutterable woes;
How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd,
And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground;
Thoſe direful ſcenes I ſaw on Phrygia's ſhore,
Thoſe wars in which ſo large a part I bore,
The fierceſt Argive would with tears bewail,
And ſtern Ulyſſes tremble at the tale:
And lo! the night precipitates away;
The ſtars, grown dim before the dawning day,
Call to repoſe; but ſince you long to know,
And curious liſten to the ſtory'd woe;
Tho' my ſhock'd ſoul recoils, my tongue ſhall tell,
But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.
The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,
Repell'd by fate, and haraſs'd by the war);
By Pallas' aid, of ſeaſon'd fir compoſe
A ſteed, that tow'ring like a mountain roſe:
This they pretend their common vow, to gain
A ſafe return, and meaſure back the main:
Such the report; but guileful Argos hides
Her braveſt heroes in the monſter's ſides;
Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom,
And half an hoſt lay ambuſh'd in the womb.
An iſle, in ancient times renown'd by fame,
Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name? [ſway,
Once bleſt with wealth, while Priam held the
But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay:
Thither their unſuſpected courſe they bore,
And hid their hoſts within the winding ſhore.
We deem'd them ſail'd for Greece; tranſported Troy
Forgot her woes, and gave a looſe to joy;

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Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train,
To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.
Here the Dolopian troops their ſtation held;
There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field;
Here rang'd the thouſand veſſels ſtood, and there
In conflicts join'd the furious ſons of war.
Some view the gift of Pallas with ſurpriſe,
The fatal monſter, and its wondrous ſize.
And firſt Thymœtes mov'd the crowd to lead
And lodge within the tower the lofty ſteed;
Or, with deſign, his country to deſtroy,
Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.
But hoary Capys, and the wiſe, require
To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire,
Or whelm the mighty monſter in the tides,
Or bore the ribs, and ſearch the cavern'd ſides,
Their own wild will the noiſy crowds obey,
And vote, as partial fancy points the way;
Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train,
From the high tower ruſh'd furious to the plain;
And ſent his voice from far, with rage inſpir'd—
What madneſs, Trojans, has your boſoms fir'd?
Think you the Greeks are ſail'd before the wind? hind?
Think you theſe preſents ſafe, they leave be-
And is Ulyſſes baniſh'd from your mind?
Or this prodigious fabric muſt encloſe,
Deep in its darkſome womb, our ambuſh'd foes;
Or 'tis ſome engine, rais'd to batter down
The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town;
Ah! truſt not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhor'd;
Her gifts are more deſtructive than her ſword.
Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he
Againſt the ſides the furious javelin flew [threw;
Thro' the wide womb a ſpacious paſſage found,
And ſhook with long vibrations in the wound.
The monſter groans, and ſhakes the diſtant ſhore;
And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders roar.
Then had not partial fate conſpir'd to blind,
With more than madneſs, ev'ry Trojan mind,
The crowd the treach'rous ambuſh had explor'd,
And not a Greek had 'ſcap'd the vengeful ſword;
Old Priam ſtill his empire would enjoy,
And ſtill thy tow'rs had ſtood, majeſtic Troy!
Meantime, before the king, the Dardan ſwains,
With ſhouts triumphant, brought a youth in chains,
A willing captive to the Trojan hands,
To open Ilion to the Grecian bands;
Bold and determin'd either fate to try;
Reſolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.
The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,
To ſee the captive, and inſult his woe.
Now hear the falſehoods of the Grecian train;
All, all in one; a nation in a man:
For while confounded and diſarm'd he ſtands,
And trembling views around the Phrygian bands,
Alas! what hoſpitable land, (he cry'd)
Or oh! what ſeas a wand'ring wretch will hide?
Not only baniſh'd from the Grecian ſtate;
But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.
His melting tears, and moving ſighs control
Our riſing rage, and ſoften ev'ry ſoul.
We bid him tell his race, and long to know
The fate and tidings of a captive foe.
At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,
And laid his well-diſſembled fears aſide.
All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confeſs,
And firſt I own my birth deriv'd from Greece;
Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and diſdains a lie.
You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,
Through many a diſtant realm renown'd by fame;
Condemn'd, though guiltleſs, when he mov'd for peace,
Condemn'd for treaſon by the voice of Greece.
Though falſe the charge, the glorious hero bled,
But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.
Me, yet a youth, my father ſent to ſhare
With him, my kinſman, in the toils of war.
Long as that hero ſtood ſecure from fate,
Long as his counſels prop'd the Grecian ſtate,
Ev'n I could boaſt an honourable name,
And claim ſome title to a ſhare of fame;
But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell)
By dire Ulyſſes' arts and envy fell;
Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,
I drag'd my days in darkneſs and deſpair,
And, if kind heav'n ſhou'd give me back once more
Safe and triumphant to my native ſhore,
For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,
Mad as I was, and ſpoke my rage aloud.
This mov'd Ulyſſes' hate, and hence aroſe
My paſt misfortunes, and my preſent woes.
Eager he ſought the means, and watch'd the time
To charge me too with ſome pretended crime.
For conſcious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,
And with dark hints amus'd the liſt'ning crowd.
At length with Calchas he concerts the ſcheme—
But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme?
Or why detain you with a tale of woe?
Since you determine ev'ry Greek, a foe,
Strike, ſtrike; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,
And dire Ulyſſes thank the ſword of Troy.
Now blind to Grecian frauds, we burn to know
With fond deſire the cauſes of his woe;
Who thus, ſtill trembling as he ſtood, and pale,
Purſu'd the moving melancholy tale.
Oft' had our hoſts determin'd to employ
Their ſails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,
Urg'd to a ſhameful flight, from deep deſpair,
And the long labours of a ten years war.
And oh! that they had fail'd!—as oft' the force
Of ſouthern winds, and tempeſts ſtopp'd their courſe.
But ſince this ſteed was rais'd; ſtrait, bellowing loud,
Deep thunders roar'd, and burſt from every cloud.
We ſent Eurypilus to Phœbus' ſhrine,
Who brought this ſentence from the voice divine;
When firſt ye ſail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin ſlain;
And ere you meaſure back the foamy flood,
Know, you muſt buy a ſafe return with blood.
Theſe awful words to ev'ry Greek impart
Surpriſe and dread, and chill the braveſt heart;
To the dire ſtroke each thought himſelf decreed,
Himſelf the victim that for Greece ſhould bleed.
Ulyſſes then, importunate and loud,
Produc'd ſage Calchas to the trembling crowd,
Bade him the ſecret will of heav'n relate——
And now my friends could propheſy my fate;

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And baſe Ulyſſes' wicked arts, they ſaid,
Were levell'd all at my devoted head.
Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,
Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd.
So long beſieg'd by Ithacus he ſtood,
And ſeem'd reluctant to the voice of blood;
At length he ſpoke, and, as the ſcheme was laid,
Doom'd to the ſlaughter my predeſtin'd head,
All prais'd the ſentence, and were pleas'd to ſee
The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me.
And now the dire tremendous day was come,
When all prepar'd to ſolemnize my doom;
The ſalted barley on my front was ſpread,
The ſacred fillets bound my deſtin'd head:
I fled th' appointed ſlaughter, I confeſs,
And, till our troops ſhould hoiſt their ſails for Greece,
Swift to a ſlimy lake I took my flight,
Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.
And now theſe eyes ſhall view my native ſhore,
My dear, dear children, and my ſire no more;
Whom haply Greece to ſlaughter has decreed,
And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed.
But thee, O gracious monarch, I implore
By ev'ry god, by ev'ry ſacred power,
Who conſcious of the facts my lips relate,
With truth inſpire me to declare my fate;
By all the ſolemn ſanctions that can bind
In holy ties the faith of human kind;
Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltleſs ſoe,
O'erwhelm'd and ſunk with ſuch a weight of woe!

His life we gave him, and diſpell'd his fears,
Touch'd with his moving eloquence of tears;
And, melting firſt, the good old king commands
To free the captive, and to looſe his hands.
Then with ſoft accents, and a pleaſing look,
Mild and benevolent the monarch ſpoke.

Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ,
But live a ſubject and a ſon of Troy;
With truth and ſtrict ſincerity proceed,
Say, to what end they fram'd this monſtrous ſteed;
Who was its author, what his aim, declare;
Some ſolemn vow? or engine of the war?

Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears
His hands unſhackled to the golden ſtars;
You, ye eternal ſplendors! he exclaims,
And you divine inviolable flames,
Ye fatal ſwords and altars, which I fled,
Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head;
All, all, atteſt! that juſtly I releaſe
My ſworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,
Renounce my country, hate her ſons, and lay
Their inmoſt counſels open to the day.
And thou, O Troy, by Sinon ſnatch'd from fate,
Spare, ſpare the wretch, who ſaves the Phrygian ſtate.
Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone,
Since firſt the labours of the war begun.
But from that execrable point of time,
When Ithacus, the firſt in ev'ry crime,
With Tydeus' impious ſon, the guards had ſlain,
And brought her image from the Phrygian fane,
Diſdain'd her ſacred wreaths with murderous hands,
Still red and reeking from the ſlaughter'd bands;
Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train,
And their full tide of conqueſt ſunk again;
Their ſtrength decay'd, and many a dreadful ſign
To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.
Scarce to the camp the ſacred image came,
When from her eyes ſhe flaſh'd a living flame;
A briny ſweat bedew'd her limbs around,
And thrice ſhe ſprung indignant from the ground;
Thrice was ſhe ſeen with martial rage to wield
Her pond'rous ſpear, and ſhake her blazing ſhield.
With that, ſage Calchas mov'd the trembling train
To fly, and meaſure back the deeps again;
That 'twas not giv'n our armies to deſtroy
The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,
Till they ſhould bring from Greece thoſe favouring gods,
Who ſmil'd indulgent, when they plough'd the floods;
With more auſpicious ſigns repaſs the main,
And with new omens take the field again.
Now to their native country they repair,
With gather'd forces to renew the war;
The ſcheme of Calchas! but their vaniſh'd hoſt
Will ſoon return to waſte the Phrygian coaſt.
All Greece, atoning dire Ulyſſes' deed,
To Pallas' honour rais'd this wond'rous ſteed;
But Calchas order'd this enormous ſize,
This monſtrous bulk, that heaves into the ſkies,
Leſt Troy ſhould lead it through her opening gate,
And by this new palladium guard her ſtate.
For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd
This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,
Some fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal ſhed
With all your vengeance on its author's head!)
In one prodigious ruin would deſtroy
Thy empire, Priam, and the ſons of Troy.
But would you join within your walls to lead
This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary ſteed;
Then, with her hoſts, all Aſia ſhall repair,
And pour on Pelop's walls a ſtorm of war;
Then Greece ſhall bleed, and periſh in her turn;
Her future ſons; her nations yet unborn.

Thus did the perjur'd Sinon's art prevail;
Too fondly we believ'd the ſtudy'd tale;
And thus was Troy, who bravely could ſuſtain
Achilles' fury, when he ſwept the plain,
A thouſand veſſels, and a ten years war,
Won by a ſigh, and vanquiſh'd by a tear.

Here a more dreadful object roſe to fight,
And ſhook our ſouls with horror and affright.
Unbleſt Laocoon, whom the lots deſign
Prieſt of the year, at Neptune's holy ſhrine,
Slew on the ſands, beſide the rolling flood,
A ſtately ſteer, in honour of the god.
When, horrid to relate! two ſerpents glide
And roll incumbent on the glaſſy tide,
Advancing to the ſhore; their ſpires they raiſe,
Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.
Beneath their burniſh'd breaſts the waters glow,
Their crimſon creſts inflame the deeps below;
O'er the vaſt flood extended long and wide,
Their curling backs lay floating on the tide;
Laſh'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,
And now the dreadful monſters reach'd the ſhore;
Their hiſſing tongues they darted, as they came,
And their red eye-balls ſhot a ſanguine flame,
Pale at the ſight, we fled in dire diſmay;
Strait to Laocoon they direct their way;
And firſt in curling fiery volumes bound
His too young ſons, and wrapt them round and round,
Devour'd the children in the father's view;
Then on the miſerable father flew,

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While to their aid he runs with fruitleſs haſte;
And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd:
Twice round his waiſt, and round his neck they rear
Their winding heads, and hiſs aloft in air,
His ſacred wreaths the livid poiſons ſtain,
And, while he labours at the knots in vain,
Stung to the ſoul, he bellows with the pain.
So, when the axe had glanc'd upon his ſkull,
Breaks from the ſhrine, and roars the wounded bull.
But each huge ſerpent now retires again,
And flies for ſhelter to Minerva's fane;
Her buckler's orb the goddeſs wide diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd her monſters in the dreadful ſhade.

Then, a new fear the trembling crowd poſſeſt,
A holy horror pants in every breaſt;
All judge Laocoon juſtly doom'd to bleed,
Whoſe guilty ſpear profan'd the ſacred ſteed.
We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,
And ſupplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r;
All to the fatal labour bend their care,
Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare;
Some round the lofty neck the cables tie,
Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply;
The tow'ring monſter, big with Ilion's doom,
Mounts o'er the wall; an army in the womb;
Around the moving pile the children join
In ſhouts of tranſport, and in ſongs divine;
They run, they pull the ſtretching cords with joy,
And lend their little hands to ruin Troy!
In one loud peal th' enormous horſe rolls down,
And thundering gains the center of the town.
Oh Troy, renown'd in war! oh bright abodes!
Oh glorious Troy! the labour of the gods!
Thrice ſtop'd unmov'd the monſter in the gate,
And claſhing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate;
But we, by madneſs blinded and o'ercome,
Lodge the dire monſter in the ſacred dome.
Caſſandra too, inſpir'd, our fate declares
(So Phœbus doom'd) to unregarding ears; waſte
We, thoughtleſs wretches! deck the ſhrines, and
In ſports the day, which heav'n decreed our laſt.

Now had the ſun roll'd down the beamy light,
And from the caves of ocean ruſh'd the night;
With one black veil her ſpreading ſhades ſuppreſs
The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece.
The Trojans round their walls in ſilence lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day.
When lo! their courſe the Grecian navy bore,
New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known ſhore,
By ſilent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd;
And the proud admiral a flame diſplay'd.
Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlocks the mighty monſter's dark abodes;
His peopled caves pour forth in open air
The heroes, and the whole impriſon'd war.
Led by the guided cord, alight with joy
Th' impatient princes, in the midſt of Troy;
Machaon firſt, then great Achilles' heir,
Ulyſſes, Thoas, Acamas, appear;
A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus ſucceed;
Epeus laſt, who fram'd the fraudful ſteed.
Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep
In fumes of wine, and all diſſolv'd in ſleep;
They ſlay the guards, they burſt the gates, and join
Their fellows, conſcious to the bold deſign.

'Twas now the time when firſt kind heav'n be-
On wretched man the bleſſings of repoſe; [ſtows
When, in my ſlumbers, Hector ſeem'd to riſe
A mournful viſion! to my cloſing eyes.
Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car
And fiery courſers whirl'd him through the war;
Drawn thro' his ſwelling feet the thongs I view'd,
His beauteous body black with duſt and blood.
Ye gods! how chang'd from Hector! who with joy
Return'd in proud Achilles' ſpoils to Troy;
Flung at the ſhips, like heav'n's almighty fire,
Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire.
Now gaſh'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,
His beard and locks ſtood ſtiffen'd with his gore.
With tears and mournful accents I began,
And thus beſpoke the viſionary man!

Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy,
What cauſe ſo long detains thee from thy Troy?
Say, from what realms, ſo long deſir'd in vain,
Her Hector comes, to bleſs her eyes again?
After ſuch numbers ſlain, ſuch labours paſt,
Thus is our prince! ah! thus return'd at laſt?
Why ſtream theſe wounds? or who could this diſgrace
The manly charms of that majeſtic face?

Nought to theſe queſtions vain the ſhade replies,
But from his boſom draws a length of ſighs;
Fly, fly, oh! fly the gathering flames; the walls
Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilion falls;
Enough to Priam and to Troy before
Was paid; then ſtrive with deſtiny no more;
Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,
This hand, and this alone, had ſav'd the ſtate.
Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods;
With theſe purſue thy fortunes o'er the floods
To that proud city, thou ſhalt raiſe at laſt,
Return'd from wand'ring wide the wat'ry waſte.
This ſaid, he brought from Veſta's hallow'd quire
The ſacred wreaths, and everlaſting fire.

Meantime tumultuous round the walls ariſe
Shrieks, clamours, ſhouts, and mingle in the ſkies.
And (though remote my father's palace ſtood,
With ſhades ſurrounded, and a gloomy wood)
Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms;
The voice of woe; the dreadful din of arms.
Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
I mount the dome, and liſten to the ſound.
Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conſpire,
Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire;
Or ſome big torrent, from a mountain's brow,
Burſts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,
O'erwhelms the fields, lays waſte the golden grain,
And headlong ſweeps the foreſts to the main;
Stun'd at the din, the ſwain with liſt'ning ears
From ſome ſteep rock the ſounding ruin hears.

Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,
The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view;
The roaring flames in volumes huge aſpire,
And wrap thy dome, Deïphobus, in fire;
Thine, ſage Ucalegon, next ſtrow'd the ground,
And ſtretch'd a vaſt unmeaſur'd ruin round,
Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays:
The ſurges redden with the diſtant blaze.
Then ſhouts and trumpets ſwell the dire alarms;
And, though 'twas vain, I madly flew to arms:
Eager to raiſe a band of friends, and pour
In one firm body, to defend the tow'r;

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Rage and revenge my kindling boſom fire,
Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.
But lo! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' prieſt appears,
Juſt ſcap'd the foe, diſtracted with his fears,
The ſage his vanquiſh'd gods and relics bore,
And with his trembling grandſon fought the ſhore.
Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion ſtands?
Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands?
He thus with groans;—Our laſt ſad hour is come,
Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.
Troy once was great, but oh! the ſcene is o'er,
Her glory vaniſh'd! and her name no more!
For partial Jove transfers her pait renown
To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town;
And the huge monſter from his op'ning ſide
Pours forth her warriors in an endleſs tide;
With joy proud Sinon ſees the flames aſpire,
Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire;
Here thouſands pouring through the gates appear.
Far more than proud Mycenæ ſent to war.
Some ſeize the paſſes; groves of ſpears ariſe,
That thirſt for blood, and flaſh againſt the ſkies.
The guards but juſt maintain a feeble fight
With their fierce foes, amidſt the gloomy night.
While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inſpires,
I flew to arms; and ruſh'd amidſt the fires,
Where the loud furies call, where ſhouts and cries
Ring round the walls, and thunder in the ſkies.
Now faithful Ripheus on my ſide appears,
With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years;
And valiant Hypazis and Dymas, known
By the pale ſplendors of the glimm'ring moon;
With thee Chorœbus, Mygdon's generous boy,
Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy;
Fir'd with the fair Caſſandra's blooming charms,
To aid her ſire with unavailing arms;
Ah! brave unhappy youth! he would not hear
His bride inſpir'd, who warn'd him from the war!
Theſe when I ſaw, with fierce collected might,
Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight;
With warmth I thus addreſs'd the gen'rous train:
Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in vain!
If by your dauntleſs ſouls impell'd, you dare
With me to try th' extremities of war;
You ſee our hopeleſs ſtate; how every god,
Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode;
You aid a town already ſunk in fire;
Fly, fly to arms, and glorioufly expire;
Let all ruſh on, and, vanquiſh'd as we are,
Catch one laſt beam of ſafety from deſpair.
Thus while my words inflame the liſt'ning crew,
With rage redoubled to the fight they flew
As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,
Ruſh from their dens; and, prowling wide for prey,
Howl to the tempeſt, while the ſavage brood,
Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirſt for blood;
So through the town, determin'd to expire,
Thro' the thick ſtorm of darts, and ſmoke and fire,
Wrapt and ſurrounded with the ſhades of night,
We ruſh'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.
What tongue the dreadful ſlaughter could diſcloſe?
Or oh! what tears could anſwer half our woes?
The glorious empreſs of the nations round,
Majeſtic Troy, lay levell'd with the ground;
Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,
Her ſtreets, her domes, the temples of her gods,
Nor Ilion bled alone: her turn ſucceeds;
And then ſhe conquers, and proud Argos bleeds;
Death in a thouſand forms deſtructive frown'd,
And woe, deſpair, and horror rag'd around.
And firſt Androgeos, whom a train attends,
With ſtyle familiar hail'd us as his friends;
Haſte, brave aſſociates, haſte; what dull delay
Detains you here, while others ſeize the prey?
In flames your friends have laid all Ilion waſte,
And you come lagging from your ſhips the laſt.
Thus he; but ſoon from our reply he knows
His fatal error, compaſs'd round with foes;
Reſtrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,
Stops ſhort;—and ſtartles at the dreadful ſight.
So the pale ſwain, who treads upon a ſnake
Unſeen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,
Soon as his ſwelling ſpires in circles play,
Starts back, and ſhoots precipitate away.
Fierce we ruſh in, the heedleſs foes ſurround,
And lay the wretches breathleſs on the ground:
New to the place, with ſudden terror wild;
And thus at firſt our flattering fortune ſmil'd.
Then, by his courage and ſucceſs inſpir'd,
His warlike train the brave Chorœbus fir'd;
Lo! friends, the road of ſafety you ſurvey;
Come, follow fortune, where ſhe points the way;
Let each in Argive arms his limbs diſguiſe,
And wield the bucklers, that the foe ſupplies;
For if ſucceſs an enemy attends,
Who aſks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends?
This ſaid, Androgeos' creſted helm he wore;
Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore
With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride;
The ſtarry ſword hung glittering at his ſide.
Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the reſt,
Their manly limbs in hoſtile armour dreſt.
With gods averſe, we follow to the fight,
And, undiſtinguiſh'd in the ſhades of night,
Mix with the foes, employ the murdering ſteel,
And plunge whole ſquadrons to the depths of hell.
Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,
Fly to the ſhore, and ſhelter in the fleet:
Some climb the monſtrous horſe, a frighted train,
And there lie trembling in the ſides again.
But, heav'n againſt us, all attempts muſt fail,
All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail;
For lo! Caſſandra lo! the royal fair
From Pallas' ſhrine with looſe diſhevell'd hair
Dragg'd by the ſhouting victors;—to the ſkies
She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes;
Her eyes—ſhe could no more—the Grecian bands
Had rudely manacled her tender hands;
Chorœbus could not bear that ſcene of woes,
But, fir'd with fury, flew amidſt the foes;
As ſwift we follow to redeem the fair,
Ruſh to his aid, and thicken to the war.
Here from the temple on our troop deſcends
A ſtorm of javelins from our Trojan friends,
Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us foes;
And hence a dreadful ſcene of ſlaughter roſe.
Then all the Greeks our ſlender band invade,
And pour enrag'd to ſeize the reſcu'd maid;
Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,
And both the king of Atreus royal name.
So when the winds in airy conflict riſe,
Here ſouth and weſt charge dreadful in the ſkies;

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There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,
Mounts the ſwift courſers of the purple morn;
Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods:
With his huge trident Neptune ſtrikes the floods:
Foams, ſtorms, and tempeſting the deeps around,
Bares the broad boſom of the dark profound.
Thoſe too, we chas'd by night, a ſcatter'd train,
Now boldly rally, and appear again.
To them our Argive helms and arms are known,
Our voice and language diff'ring from their own.
We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' ſteel
Firſt at Minerva's ſhrine Chorœbus fell.
Next Ripheus bled, the juſteſt far of all
The ſons of Troy; yet heav'n permits his fall.
The like ſad fate brave Hypanis attends,
And hapleſs Dymas, ſlaughter'd by their friends.
Nor thee, ſage Pantheus! Phœbus' wreaths could
Nor all thy ſhining virtues from the grave. [ſave,
Ye dear, dear ruins! and thou, Troy! declare
If once I tremble or declin'd the war:
Midſt flames and foes a glorious death I ſought,
And well deſerv'd the death for which I fought.
Thence we retreat, our brave aſſociates gone,
Pelias and Iphitus were left alone;
This ſlow with age and bending to the ground,
And that more tardy from Ulyſſus' wound.
Now from the palace-walls tumultuous ring
The ſhouts, and call us to defend the king;
There we beheld the rage of fight, and there
The throne of death, and centre of the war;
As Troy, all Troy beſide has ſlept in peace,
Nor ſtain'd by ſlaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.
Shield lock'd in ſhield, advance the Grecian pow'rs,
To burſt the gates, and ſtorm the regal tow'rs;
Fly up the ſteep aſcent where danger calls,
And fix their ſcaling engines in the walls.
High in the left they graſp'd the fenceful ſhield,
Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held;
Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw,
A pile of ruins! on the Greeks below;
Catch for defence the weapons of deſpair,
In theſe the dire extremes of death and war.
Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are toll'd,
By Troy's firſt monarchs cruſted round with gold.
Here thronging troops with glitt'ring faulchions ſtand,
To guard the portals, and the door command.
Strait to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go
To aid the vanquiſh'd, and repel the foe.
A ſecret portico contriv'd behind,
Great Hector's manſion to the palace join'd,
By which his hapleſs princeſs oft would bring
Her royal infant to the good old king.
This way the topmoſt battlements I gain,
Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in vain.
Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears
Her ſtately head unrivall'd to the ſtars;
From hence we wont all Ilion to ſurvey,
The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling ſea.
With ſteel the yielding timbers we aſſail'd.
Where looſe the huge disjointed fructure fail'd;
Then, tugg'd convulſive from the ſhatter'd walls,
We puſh the pile: the pond'rous ruin falls
Tumbling in many a whirl, with thund'ring ſound,
Down headlong on the foes, and ſmokes along the ground.

But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops ſupply;
And in a ſtorm the beams and rocky fragments fly.
Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms
Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms.
So from his den, the winter ſlept away,
Shoots forth the burniſh'd ſnake in open day;
Who, fed with ev'ry poiſon of the plain,
Sheds his old ſpoils, and ſhines in youth again;
Proud of his golden ſcales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forky ſting, and glitters on the ſun.
To him the mighty Periphas ſucceeds,
And the bold * chief who drove his father's ſteeds;
With theſe the Scyrian bands advance, and aim
Full at the battlements the miſſive flame.
Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful ſway
Ply'd the huge axe, and hew'd the beams away;
The ſolid timbers from the portal tore,
And rent from every hinge the brazen door.
At laſt the chief a mighty op'ning made, [play'd:
And, all th' imperial dome, in all her length diſ-
The ſacred rooms of Troy's firſt monarchs lie,
With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye;
In arms the centries to the breach repair,
And ſtand embody'd, to repel the war.
Now far within, the regal rooms diſcloſe,
Loud and more loud, a direful ſcene of woes;
The roof reſounds with female ſhrieks and cries,
And the ſhrill echo ſtrikes the diſtant ſkies.
The trembling matrons fly from place to place,
And kiſs the pillars with a laſt embrace;
Bold Pyrrhus ſtorms with all his father's fire;
The barrier's burſt; the vanquiſh'd guards retire;
The ſhatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply;
The bolts leap back; the ſounding hinges fly;
The war breaks in; loud ſhouts the hoſtile train;
The gates are ſtorm'd; the foremoſt ſoldiers ſlain:
Thro' the wide courts the crowding Argives roam,
And ſwarm triumphant round the regal dome.
Not half ſo fierce the foamy deluge bounds,
And burſts reſiſtleſs o'er the levell'd mounds;
Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
Theſe eyes within the gate th' Atrides view'd,
And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood;
Sad they beheld, amid the mournful ſcene,
The hundred daughters with the mother queen,
And Priam's ſelf polluting with his gore
Thoſe flames, he hallow'd at the ſhrines before.
The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine!
(Such were his hopes of a long regal line)
Rich in Barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,
Sunk with their proud ſupport of pillars round;
And, where the flames retire, the foes poſſeſs the ground.
And now, great queen, you haply long to know
The fate of Priam in this general woe.
When with ſad eyes the venerable ſire
Beheld his Ilion ſunk in hoſtile fire;
His palace ſtorm'd, the lofty gates laid low,
His rich pavillions crowded with the foe;
In arms, long ſince diſus'd, the hoary ſage,
Load each ſtiff languid limb, that ſhook with age;
Girds on an unperforming ſword in vain,
And runs on death amidſt the hoſtile train.
Within the courts, beneath the naked ſky,
An altar roſe; an aged laurel by;

* Automedon.

That o'er the hearth and houſehold-gods diſplay'd
A ſolemn gloom, a deep majeſtic ſhade:
Hither, like doves, who cloſe-embody'd fly
From ſome dark tempeſt black'ning in the ſky,
The queen for refuge with her daughters ran,
Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.
But when in cumbrous arms the king ſhe ſpy'd,
Alas! my poor unhappy lord? ſhe cry'd,
What more than madneſs, 'midſt theſe dire alarms,
Mov'd thee to load thy helpleſs age with arms?
No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,
But aſks far other ſtrength, far other hands.
No! could my own dear Hector arm again,
My own dear Hector now would arm in vain,
Come to theſe altars; here we all ſhall have
One common refuge, or one common grave.
This ſaid, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,
And on the ſacred ſeat the monarch plac'd.
When lo! Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Through darts and foes, from ſlaught'ring Pyrrhus runs,
Wounded he traverſes the cloyſter'd dome.
Darts through the courts, and ſhoots from room to room;
Cloſe, cloſe behind, purſu'd the furious foe,
Juſt graſp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow;
Soon as within his parents ſight he paſt,
Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his laſt:
He fell; a purple ſtream the pavement dy'd,
The ſoul comes guſhing in the crimſon tide.
The king, that ſcene impatient to ſurvey,
Though death ſurrounds him, gives his fury way;
And oh! may every violated god,
Barbarian! thank thee for this deed of blood;
(If gods there are, ſuch actions to regard),
Oh! may they give thy guilt the full reward;
Guilt, that a father's ſacred eyes defil'd
With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child!
Unlike thy ſire, Achilles the divine!
(But ſure Achilles was no fire of thine!)
Foe as I was, the hero deign'd to hear
The gueſt's, the ſuppliant's, king's, and father's pray'r;
To funeral rites reſtor'd my Hector ſlain,
And ſafe diſmiſs'd me to my realm again.
This ſaid, his trembling arm eſſay'd to throw
The dull dead javelin, that ſcarce reach'd the foe;
The weapon languiſhingly lagg'd along,
And, guiltleſs on the buckler faintly rung.
Thou then be firſt, replies the chief, to go
With theſe ſad tidings to his ghoſt below;
Begone—acquaint him with my crimes in Troy,
And tell my ſire of his degenerate boy.
Die then he ſaid, and dragg'd the monarch on,
Through the warm blood that iſſu'd from his ſon,
Stagg'ring and ſliding in the ſlipp'ry gore,
And to the ſhrine the royal victim bore;
Lock'd in the left he graſps the ſilver hairs,
High in the right the flaming blade he rears,
Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the ruthleſs fau'chion in his ſide.
Such was the fate unhappy Priam found,
Who ſaw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground;
He, who, round Aſia ſent his high commands,
And ſtretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands,
Now lies a headleſs carcaſe on the ſhore,
The man, the monarch, and the name no more!
Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,
Struck with that ſcene of unexampled woe;
Soon as I ſaw the murder'd king expire!
His old compeer, my venerable ſire,
My palace, ſon, and conſort left behind,
All, all, at once came ruſhing on my mind.
I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there;
My hapleſs friends, abandon'd to deſpair,
Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty ſpires,
Tir'd with their toils; or plung'd amidſt the fires,
Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I ſurvey
Where trembling Helen cloſe and ſilent lay
In Veſta's porch; and by the diſmal glare
Of rolling flames diſcern the fatal fair;
The common plague! by Troy and Greece abhor'd!
She fear'd alike the vengeful Trojan ſword,
Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord.
Faſt by the ſhrine I ſpy'd the lurking dame,
And all my ſoul was kindled into flame:
My ruin'd country to revenge, I ſtood
In wrath reſolv'd to ſhed her impious blood.
Shall ſhe, this guilty fair, return in peace,
A queen, triumphant, thro' the realms of Greece,
And ſee, attended by her Phrygian train,
Her home, her parents, ſpouſe, and ſons again?
For her curſt cauſe ſhall raging flames deſtroy
The ſtately ſtructures of imperial Troy?
So many ſlaughters drench the Dardan ſhore?
And Priam's ſelf lie welt'ring in his gore?
No!—ſhe ſhall die—for though the victor gain
No fame, no triumph for a woman ſlain:
Yet if by juſt revenge the traitreſs bleed,
The world conſenting will applaud the deed:
To my own vengeance I devote her head,
And the great ſpirits of our heroes dead.
Thus while I rav'd, I ſaw my mother riſe,
Confeſs'd a goddeſs, to my wond'ring eyes,
In pomp unuſual, and divinely bright;
Her beamy glories pierc'd the ſhades of night;
Such ſhe appear'd, as when in heav'n's abodes
She ſhines in all her glories to the gods.
Juſt rais'd to ſtrike, my hand ſhe gently took,
Then from her roſy lips the goddeſs ſpoke.
What wrath ſo fierce to vengeance drives thee on?
Are we no objects of thy care, my ſon?
Think of Anchiſes, and his helpleſs age,
Thy hoary ſire expos'd to hoſtile rage;
Think if thy dear Creüſa yet ſurvive,
Think if thy child, the young Iülus live;
Whom ever hov'ring round, the Greeks encloſe,
From every ſide endanger'd by the foes;
And, but my care withſtood, the ruthleſs ſword
Long ſince had ſlaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.
Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,
Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame;
The gods, my ſon, th' immortal gods deſtroy
This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy.
Hence then retire, retire without delay,
Attend thy mother, and her words obey;
Look up, for lo! I clear thy clouded eye
From the thick midſt of dim mortality;
Where yon' rude piles of ſhatter'd ramparts riſe,
Stone rent from ſtone, in dreadful ruin lies,
And black with rolling ſmoke the duſty whirlwind flies:
There, Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,
There, from her baſis heaves the trembling town;

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Heav'n's awful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,
Here ſtorms tremendous at the Sceæan gate:
Radiant in arms the furious goddeſs ſtands,
And from the navy calls her Argive bands.
On yon' high tow'r the martial maid behold,
With her dread Gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.
Great Jove himſelf the ſons of Greece inſpires,
Each arm he ſtrengthens, and each ſoul he fires.
Againſt the Trojans, from the bright abodes,
See! where the thund'rer calls th' embattled gods.
Strive then no more with heav'n;—but oh! re-treat,
Ourſelf will guide thee to thy father's ſeat;
Ourſelf will cover and befriend thy flight.
She ſaid, and ſunk within the ſhades of night;
And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd,
And lower'd, majeſtically ſtern, around.
Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and ſpires;
Then Troy, though rais'd by Neptune, ſunk in fires.
So when an aged aſh, whoſe honours riſe
From ſome ſteep mountain tow'ring to the ſkies,
With many an axe by ſhouting ſwains is ply'd,
Fierce they repeat the ſtrokes from every ſide;
The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
Bows the high head, and nods to every wound:
At laſt quite vanquiſh'd with a dreadful peal,
In one loud groan rolls craſhing down the vale,
Headlong with half the ſhatter'd mountain flies,
And ſtretch'd out huge in length th' unmeaſured ruin lies.

Now, by the goddeſs led, I bend my way,
Though javelins hiſs, and flames around me play;
With ſloping ſpires the flames obliquely fly,
The glancing darts turn innocently by.
Soon as, theſe various dangers paſt, I come
Within my rev'rend father's ancient dome,
Whom firſt I ſought, to bear his helpleſs age
Safe o'er the mountains, far from hoſtile rage;
An exil'd life diſdaining to enjoy,
He ſtands determin'd to expire with Troy:
Fly you, who health, and youth, and ſtrength maintain,
You, whoſe warm blood beats high in every vein;
For me had heav'n decreed a longer date,
Heav'n had preſerv'd for me the Dardan ſtate;
Too much of life already have I known,
To ſee my country's fall prevent my own;
Think then, this aged corſe with Ilion fell,
And take, oh! take your ſolemn laſt farewell:
For death—theſe hands that office yet can do:
If not—I'll beg it from the pitying foe.
At leaſt the ſoldier for my ſpoils will come:
Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb.
Grown to my friends an uſeleſs heavy load,
Long have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every god,
Since, in his wrath, high heaven's almighty fire
Blaſted theſe limbs with his avenging fire.

Thus he; and obſtinately bent appears;
The mournful family ſtand round in tears.
Myſelf, my ſhrieking wife, my weeping ſon,
Friends, ſervants, all, entreat him to be gone,
Nor to the general ruin add his own;
Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,
Nor urge a fate, that flew too ſwift before.
Unmov'd, he ſtill determines to maintain
His cruel purpoſe, and we plead in vain.

Once more I hurry to the dire alarm,
To end a miſerable life in arms;
For oh! what meaſures could I now purſue,
When death, and only death, was left in view:
To flie the foe, and leave your age alone,
Could ſuch a fire propoſe to ſuch a ſon?
If 'tis by your's and heav'n's high will decreed,
That you, and all, with hapleſs Troy, muſt bleed:
If not her leaſt remains you mean to ſave;
Behold! the door lies open to the grave.
Pyrrhus will ſoon be here, all cover'd o'er
And red from venerable Priam's gore;
Who ſtabb'd the ſon before the father's view,
Then at the ſhrine the royal father flew.
Why, heavenly mother! did thy guardian care
Snatch me from fires, and ſhield me in the war?
Within theſe walls to ſee the Grecians roam,
And purple ſlaughter ſtride around the dome;
To ſee my murder'd conſort, ſon, and ſire,
Steep'd in each other's blood, on heaps expire!
Arms! arms! my friends, with ſpeed my arms ſupply,
'Tis our laſt hour, and ſummons us to die;
My arms!—in vain you hold me,—let me go—
Give, give me back this moment to the foe.
'Tis well—we will not tamely periſh all,
But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall.
Now ruſhing forth, in radiant arms, I wield
The ſword once more, and gripe the pond'rous ſhield.
When, at the door, my weeping ſpouſe I meet,
The fair Creüſa, who embrac'd my feet,
And clinging round them, with diſtraction wild,
Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child:
And oh! ſhe cries, if bent on death thou run,
Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and ſon;
Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,
Defend theſe walls, and try thy valour here;
Ah! who ſhall guard thy fire, when thou art ſlain,
Thy child, or me, thy conſort once in vain?
Thus while ſhe raves, the vaulted dome replies
To her loud ſhrieks, and agonizing cries.

When lo! a wond'rous prodigy appears,
For while each parent kiſs'd the boy with tears,
Sudden a circling flame was ſeen to ſpread
With beams refulgent round Iülus' head;
Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,
And harmleſs fires around his temples blaze.
Trembling and pale we quench with buſy care
The ſacred fires, and ſhake his flaming hair.
But old Anchiſes lifts his joyful eyes,
His hands and voice, in tranſport, to the ſkies.

Almighty Jove! in glory thron'd on high,
This once regards us with a gracious eye;
If e'er our vows deſerv'd thy aid divine,
Vouchſafe thy ſuccour, and confirm thy ſign.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſudden from the pole,
Full on the left, the happy thunders roll;
A ſtar ſhot ſweeping through the ſhades of night,
And drew behind a radiant trail of light,
That o'er the palace, gliding from above,
To point our way, deſcends in Ida's grove;
Then left a long continued ſtream in view,
The track ſtill glittering where the glory flew.
The flame paſt gleaming with a bluſh glare,
And ſmokes of ſulphur fill the tainted air.

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At this convinc'd, aroſe my reverend ſire,
Addreſs'd the gods, and hail'd the ſacred fire.
Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay,
But inſtant follow where you lead the way.
Ye gods, by theſe your omens, you ordain
That from the womb of fate ſhall riſe again,
To light and life, a glorious ſecond Troy;
Then ſave this houſe, and this auſpicious boy;
Convinc'd by omens ſo divinely bright,
I go, my ſon, companion of thy flight.
Thus he—and nearer now in curling ſpires
Thro' the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires.
Haſte then, my ſire, I cry'd, my neck aſcend,
With joy beneath your ſacred load I bend;
Together will we ſhare, where-e'er I go,
One common welfare, or one common woe.
Ourſelf with care will young Iülus lead;
At ſafer diſtance you my ſpouſe ſucceed;
Heed too theſe orders, ye attendant train;
Without the wall ſtands Ceres' vacant fane,
Rais'd on a mount; an aged cypreſs near,
Preſerv'd for ages with religious fear;
Thither, from different roads aſſembling, come,
And meet embody'd at the ſacred dome:
Thou, thou, my ſire, our gods and relics bear;
Theſe hands, yet horrid with the ſtains of war,
Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day,
When the pure ſtream ſhall waſh the guilt away.
Now, with a lion's ſpoils beſpread, I take
My ſire, a pleaſing burthen on my back;
Cloſe clinging to my hand, and preſſing nigh,
With ſteps unequal trip'd Iülus by;
Behind, my lov'd Creüſa took her way;
Through every lonely dark receſs we ſtray:
And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,
Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,
Now take alarm, while horrors reign around,
At every breeze, and ſtart at every ſound.
With fancy'd fears my buſy thoughts were wild
For my dear father, and endanger'd child.
Now, to the city gates approaching near,
I ſeem the ſound of trampling feet to hear.
Alarm'd my ſire look'd forward through the ſhade,
And, fly my ſon, they come, they come, he ſaid;
Lo! from their ſhields I ſee the ſplendors ſtream;
And ken diſtinct the helmet's fiery gleam,
And here, ſome envious god, in this diſmay,
This ſudden terror, ſnatch'd my ſenſe away.
For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
Studious to wander from the beaten road;
I loſt my dear Creüſa, nor can tell
From that ſad moment, if by fate ſhe fell;
Or ſunk fatigu'd; or ſtraggled from the train;
But ah! ſhe never bleſt theſe eyes again!
Nor, till to Ceres' ancient wall we came,
Did I ſuſpect her loſt, nor miſs the dame.
There all the train aſſembled, all but ſhe,
Loſt to her friends, her father, ſon, and me.
What men, what gods did my wild fury ſpare?
At both I rav'd, and madden'd with deſpair.
In Troy's laſt ruins did I ever know
A ſcene ſo cruel! ſuch tranſcendant woe!
Our gods, my ſon, and father to the train
I next commend, and hide them in the plain;
Then fly for Troy, and ſhine in arms again.
Reſolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
And tempt the dangers that I 'ſcap'd before.
Now to the gate I run with furious haſte,
Whence firſt from Ilion to the plain I paſt;
Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,
And tread my former footſteps o'er again.
Surrounding horrors all my ſoul affright;
And more, the dreadful ſilence of the night.
Next to my houſe I flew without delay,
If there, if haply there ſhe bent her way.
In vain—the conquering foes were enter'd there;
High o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air;
Fierce to devour, the fiery tempeſt flies,
Swells in the wind, and thunders o the ſkies.
Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,
And ſearch'd her father's regal walls in vain.
Ulyſſes now and Phœnix I ſurvey,
Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey:
In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,
Refulgent robes, and bowls of maſſy gold;
A pile of tables on the pavement nods,
Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods.
A mighty train of ſhrieking mothers bound,
Stood with their captive children trembling round.
Yet more—I boldly raiſe my voice on high,
And in the ſhade on dear Creüſa cry;
Call on her name a thouſand times in vain,
But ſtill repeat the darling name again.
Thus while I rave and roll my ſearching eyes,
Solemn and ſlow I ſaw her ſhade ariſe,
The form enlarg'd majeſtic mov'd along;
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue:
Thus as I ſtood amaz'd, the heav'nly fair
With theſe mild accents ſooth'd my fierce deſpair.
Why with exceſs of ſorrow raves in vain
My deareſt lord, at what the gods ordain?
Oh could I ſhare thy toils!—but fate denies;
And Jove, dread Jove, the ſovereign of the ſkies.
In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to ſweep
Seas after ſeas, and plough the wat'ry deep.
Heſperia ſhall be thine, where Tyber glides
Through fruitful realms, and rolls in eaſy tides.
There ſhall thy fates a happier lot provide,
A glorious empire, and a royal bride.
Then let your ſorrows for Creüſa ceaſe;
For know, I never ſhall be led to Greece;
Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's ſhame,
A ſlave to ſome imperious Argive dame.
No!—born a princeſs, ſprung from heav'n above,
Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,
Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in theſe abodes,
To ſerve the glorious mother of the gods.
Farewell; and to our ſon thy care approve,
Our ſon, the pledge of our commutual love.
Thus ſhe; and as I wept, and wiſh'd to ſay
Ten thouſand things, diſſolv'd in air away.
Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw;
Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting viſion of the night.
Now, day approaching, to my longing train,
From ruin'd Ilion I return again;
To whom, with wonder and ſurpriſe, I find
A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;
A hoſt of willing exiles round me ſtand,
Matrons, and men, a miſerable band;
Eager the wretches pour from ev'ry ſide,
To ſhare my fortunes on the foamy tide;

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Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,
To lead and fix them on ſome foreign ſhore:
And now, o'er Ida with an early ray
Flames the bright ſtar, that leads the golden day.
No hopes of aid in view, and ev'ry gate
Poſſeſt by Greece, at length I yield to fate.
Safe o'er the hill my father I convey,
And bear the venerable load away.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet in which he ſailed, and the ſucceſs of his firſt voyage to Thrace: from thence he directs his courſe to Delos, and aſks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a miſtake of the oracle's anſwer, he ſettles in Crete; his houſehold gods give him the true ſenſe of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the beſt of his way for Italy: he is caſt on ſeveral ſhores, and meets with very ſurpriſing adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchiſes dies. This is the place which he was ſailing from, when the tempeſt roſe, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coaſt.

When heav'n deſtroy'd, by too ſevere a fate,
The throne of Priam, and the Phrygian ſtate,
When Troy, though Neptune rais'd her bulwarks round,
The pride of Aſia, ſmok'd upon the ground;
We ſought in vacant regions new abodes,
Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.
Secret, a ſudden navy we provide,
Beneath Antandros, and the hills of Ide.
Doubtful, where heav'n would fix our wand'ring train,
Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plough the main.
Scarce had the ſummer ſhot a genial ray;
My ſire commands the canvas to diſplay,
And ſteer wherever fate ſhould point the way.
With tears I leave the port, my native ſhore,
And thoſe dear fields, where Ilion roſe before.
An exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods,
My ſon, my friends, and all my vanquiſh'd gods.
The warlike Thracians till a boundleſs plain,
Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' ancient reign;
Ally'd to Troy, while fortune own'd her cauſe;
The ſame their gods and hoſpitable laws;
Thither, with fates averſe, my courſe I bore,
And rais'd a town amid the winding ſhore.
Then from my name the riſing city call,
And ſtretch along the ſtrand th' embattled wall.
Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,
I offer'd victims by the rolling floods;
But ſlew a ſtately bull to mighty Jove,
Who reigns the ſovereign of the pow'rs above.
Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh,
And with thick branches ſtood a myrtle by.
With verdant boughs to ſhade my altars round,
I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.
When lo! a horrid prodigy I ſee;
For ſcarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree,
When, from the fibres, drops of crimſon gore
Ran trickling down, and ſtain'd the ſable ſhore.
Amaz'd, I ſhook with horror and affright,
My blood all curdled at the dreadful ſight;
Curious the latent cauſes to explore,
With trembling hands a ſecond plant I tore;
That ſecond wounded plant diſtill'd around
Red drops of blood, and ſprinkled all the ground.
Rack'd with a thouſand fears, devout I bow'd
To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god.
Theſe omens to avert by pow'r divine,
And kindly grant a more auſpicious ſign:
But when once more we tug'd with toiling hands,
And eager bent my knees againſt the ſands;
Live I to ſpeak it?---from the tomb I hear
A hollow groan, that ſhock'd my trembling ear,
How can thy pious hands, Æneas, rend
The bury'd body of thy hapleſs friend?
This ſtream that trickles from the wounded tree
Is Trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee.
Ah! fly this barbarous land, this guilty ſhore,
Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.
This grove of lances, from my body ſlain,
Now blooms with vegetable life again.
Then, as amaz'd in deep ſuſpence I hung,
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue.
Ill-fated Priam, when the Grecian pow'rs
With a cloſe ſiege begirt the Dardan tow'rs,
No more confiding in the ſtrength of Troy,
Sent to the Thracian prince the hapleſs boy,
With mighty treaſures, to ſupport him there,
Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.
This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes ceaſe,
Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece;
Broke through all ſacred laws, and uncontroll'd
Deſtroy'd his royal charge, to ſeize the gold.
Curs'd gold!---how high will daring mortals riſe
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?
Soon as my ſoul recover'd from her fears,
Before my father and the gather'd peers,
I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;
All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;
To leave th' unhoſpitable realm behind,
And ſpread our op'ning canvas to the wind.
But firſt we paid the rites to Polydore,
And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the ſhore.
Next, to his ghoſt, adorn'd with cypreſs boughs
And ſable wreaths, two ſolemn altars roſe;
With lamentable cries and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order mov'd around.
Warm milk and ſacred blood in bowls we brought,
To lure the ſpirit with the mingled draught;

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Compos'd the soul; and, with a dismal knell,
Took thrice the melancholy last farewell.
Soon as our fleet could trust the smiling sea,
And the soft breeze had smooth'd the wat'ry way;
Call'd by the whisp'ring gales, we rig the ships,
Crowd round the shores, and launch into the deeps.
Swift from the port our eager course we pig,
And lands and towns roll backward, as we fly.
By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,
Lies a fair isle amid th' Ægean flood;
Which Phœbus fix'd; for once she wander'd round
The shores, and floated on the vast profound.
But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves
The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.
Safe in her open ports the sacred isle
Receiv'd us, harass'd with the naval toil.
Our rev'rence due to Phœbus' town we pay,
And holy Anius meets us on the way;
Anius, whose brows the wreaths and laurels grace,
Priest of the god, and sovereign of the place.
Well-pleas'd to see our train the shore ascend,
He flew to meet my sire, his ancient friend;
In hospitable guise our hands he prest,
Then to the palace led each honour'd guest.
To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,
And suppliant to the god prefer my pray'r:
To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam,
Grant, O Thymbræan god, a settled home;
Oh! grant thy suppliants, their long labours past,
A race to flourish, and a town to last;
Preserve this little second Troy in peace,
Snatch'd from Achilles and the sword of Greece;
Vouchsafe, great father, some auspicious sign;
And oh! inform us with thy light divine,
Where lies our way? and what auspicious guide,
To foreign realms shall lead us o'er the tide?
Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took;
The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains shook.
Burst with a dreadful roar, the veils display
The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.
Humbled we fell; then, prostrate on the ground,
We hear these accents in an awful sound:
Ye valiant sons of Troy, the land that bore
Your mighty ancestors to light before,
Once more their great descendants shall embrace;
Go—seek the ancient mother of your race.
There the wide world, Æneas' house shall sway,
And down from son to son th' imperial power convey.
Thus Phœbus spoke; and joy tumultuous fir'd
The thronging crowds; and eager all inquir'd,
What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,
Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring train?
Then in his mind my sire revolving o'er
The long, long records of the times before;
Learn, ye assembled peers, he cries, from me,
The happy realm the laws of fate decree;
Fair Crete sublimely tow'rs amid the floods,
Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods.
There ancient Ida stands, and thence we trace
The first memorials of the Trojan race;
A hundred cities the blest isle contains,
And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.
Hence our fam'd ancestor old Teucer bore
His course, and gain'd the fair Rhetæan shore,
There the great chief the seat of empire chose,
Before proud Troy's majestic structures rose;
Till then, if rightly I record the tale,
Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale.
From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,
Hence her loud cymbals and her sacred woods:
Hence, at her rites religious silence reigns,
And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.
Then fly we speedy where the gods command,
Appease the winds, and seek the Cretan land:
Nor distant is the shore; if Jove but smile,
Three days shall waft us to the blissful isle.
This said; he slays the victims due, and loads
In haste the smoking altars of the gods.
A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was slain
To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main:
A milk white ewe to ev'ry western breeze,
A black, to ev'ry storm that sweeps the seas.
Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat,
Expell'd and banish'd from the throne of Crete;
Free from the foe the vacant region lay:
We leave the Delian shore, and plough the wat'ry way.
By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,
Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply;
By green Donysa next and Paros steer,
Where, white in air, her glitt'ring rocks appear.
Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,
Whose clust'ring islands stud the silver tides.
Loud shout the sailors, and to Crete we fly;
To Crete our country, was the general cry.
Swift shoots the fleet before the driving blast,
And on the Cretan shore descends at last.
With eager speed I frame a town, and call
From ancient Pergamus the rising wall.
Pleas'd with the name, my Trojans I command
To raise strong tow'rs, and settle in the land.
Soon as our lusty youth the fleet could moor,
And draw the vessels on the sandy shore,
Some join the nuptial bands: with busy toil
Their fellows plough the new-discover'd soil.
To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,
Allot the dwellings, and assign the shares
When lo! from standing air and poison'd skies,
A sudden plague with dire contagion flies.
On corn and trees the dreadful pest began;
And last the fierce infection seiz'd on man.
They breathe their souls in air; or drag with pain
Their lives, now lengthen'd out for woes, in vain;
Their wonted food the blasted fields deny,
And the red dog-star fires the sultry sky,
My sire advis'd, to measure back the main,
Consult, and beg the Delian god again
To end our woes, his succour to display,
And to our wand'rings point the certain way.
'Twas night; soft slumbers had the world possest,
When, as I lay compos'd in pleasing rest,
Those gods I bore from flaming Troy, arise
In awful figures to my wond'ring eyes:
Close at my couch they stood, divinely bright,
And shone distinct by Cynthia's gleaming light,
Then, to dispel the cares that rack'd my breast,
These words the visionary pow'rs address:
Those truths the god in Delos would repeat,
By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete;
By us, companions of thy arms and thee,
From flaming Ilion o'er the swelling sea.
Led by our care, shall thy descendants rise,
The world's majestic monarchs, to the skies.

Then build thy city for imperial ſway,
And boldly take the long laborious way.
Forſake this region; for the Delian pow'r
Aſſign'd not for thy ſeat the Gnoſſian ſhore.
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Heſperia by the Grecian race;
For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame;
But ſince, Italia, from the leader's name.
Theſe are the native realms the Fates aſſign;
Hence roſe the fathers of the Trojan line;
The great Iäſius, ſprung from heaven above,
And ancient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove.
Riſe then, in haſte theſe joyful tidings bear,
Theſe truths unqueſtion'd to thy father's ear.
Begone—the fair Auſonian realms explore,
For Jove himſelf denies the Cretan ſhore.
Struck with the voice divine and awful ſight,
No common dream, or viſion of the night;
I ſaw the wreaths, their features; and a ſtream
Of trickling ſweat ran down from every limb.
I ſtarted from my bed, and rais'd on high
My hand, and voice in rapture to the ſky.
Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)
The ſcene divine before my ſire I laid.
He owns his error of each ancient place,
Our two great founders, and the double race.
My ſon, he cry'd, whom adverſe fates employ,
Oh! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy!
Now I reflect, Caſſandra's word divine
Aſſign'd theſe regions to the Dardan line.
But who ſurmis'd, the ſons of Troy ſhould come
To fair Heſperia from their diſtant home?
Or who gave credit to Caſſandra's ſtrain,
Doom'd by the Fates to propheſy in vain?
Purſue we now a ſurer, ſafer road,
By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god.
Glad we comply, and leave a few behind;
Then ſpread our ſails to catch the driving wind;
Forſake this realm; the ſparkling waves divide,
And the ſwift veſſels ſhoot along the tide.
Now vaniſh'd from our eyes the leſſening ground;
And all the wide horizon ſtretching round,
Above was ſky, beneath was ſea profound:
When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,
Charg'd with big ſtorms, frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
And darken'd all the main; the whirlwinds roar,
And roll the waves in mountains to the ſhore.
Snatch'd by the furious guſt, the veſſels keep
Their road no more, but ſcatter o'er the deep:
The thunders roll, the forky light'nings fly:
And in a burſt of rain deſcends the ſky.
Far from our courſe was daſh'd the navy wide,
And dark we wander o'er the toſſing tide.
Not ſkilful Palinure in ſuch a ſea,
So black with ſtorms, diſtinguiſh'd night from day;
Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way.
Three nights, without one guiding ſtar in view,
Three days, without the ſun, the navy flew;
The fourth, by dawn, the ſwelling ſhores we ſpy,
See the thin ſmokes, that melt into the ſky,
And bluiſh hills juſt opening on the eye.
We furl the ſails, with bending oars divide
The flaſhing waves, and ſweep the foamy tide.
Safe from the ſtorm the Strophades I gain,
Encircled by the vaſt Ionian main,
Where dwelt Celæno with her Harpy train;
Since Boreas' ſons had chas'd the direful gueſts
From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feaſts.
But fiends to ſcourge mankind, ſo fierce, ſo fell,
Heav'n never ſummon'd from the depths of hell;
Bloated and gorg'd with prey, with wombs obſcene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure ſtill unclean;
A virgin face, with wings and hooky claws;
Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.
The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld
Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field,
And feeding flocks of goats, without a ſwain,
That range at large, and bound along the plain;
We ſeize, we ſlay, and to the copious feaſt
Call every god, and Jove himſelf a gueſt.
Then on the winding ſhore the tables plac'd,
And ſate indulging in the rich repaſt;
When from the mountains, terrible to view,
On ſounding wings the monſter Harpies flew.
They taint the banquet with their touch abhorr'd,
Or ſnatch the ſmoking viands from the board.
A ſtench offenſive follows where they fly,
And loud they ſcream, and raiſe a dreadful cry.
Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove,
And the cloſe ſhelter of a ſhady grove;
Once more prepare the feaſt, the tables raiſe;
Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.
Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,
But from a different quarter of the ſky;
With loathſome claws they ſnatch the food away,
Scream o'er our heads, and poiſon all the prey.
Enrag'd; I bid my train their arms prepare,
And with the direful monſters wage the war.
Cloſe in the graſs, obſervant of the word, [ſword.
They hide the ſhining ſhield, and gleaming
Then, as the Harpies from the hills once more
Pour'd ſhrieking down, and crowded round the ſhore.
On his high ſtand Miſenus ſounds from far
The brazen trump, the ſignal of the war.
With unaccuſtom'd fight we flew, to ſlay
The forms obſcene, dread monſters of the ſea.
But proof to ſteel their hides and plumes remain;
We ſtrike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,
Who from the fragments wing th' aërial way,
And leave, involv'd in ſtench, the mangled prey;
All but Celæno;—from a pointed rock
Where perch'd ſhe ſate, the boding Fury ſpoke:
Then was it not enough, ye ſons of Troy,
Our flocks to ſlaughter, and our herds deſtroy?
But war, ſhall impious war your wrongs maintain,
And drive the Harpies from their native reign?
Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,
Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd;
Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,
And I, the Furies queen, unfold to you.
To promis'd Italy your courſe you ply,
And ſafe to Italy at length ſhall fly;
But never, never raiſe your city there,
'Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,
Imperious hunger urge you to devour
Thoſe very boards on which you fed before.
She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.
With hearts dejected my companions ſtood,
And ſudden horrors froze their curdling blood.

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Down drop the ſhield and ſpear; from fight we ceaſe,
And humbly ſue by ſuppliant vows for peace;
And whether goddeſſes, or fiends from hell,
Proſtrate before the monſtrous forms we fell.
But old Anchiſes, by the beating floods,
Invok'd with ſacrifice th' immortal gods; [vine,
And rais'd his hands and voice:---ye pow'rs di-
Avert theſe woes, and ſpare a righteous line.
Then he commands to cut the cords away;
With ſouthern gales we plough the foamy ſea.
And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,
With flying ſails we ſtem the murmuring tides.
Now, high in view, amid the circling floods
We ken Zacynthus crown'd with waving woods.
Dulichian coaſts, and Samian hills we ſpy,
And proud Neritos tow'ring in the ſky.
Rough Ithaca we ſhun, a rocky ſhore,
And curſe the land that dire Ulyſſes bore.
Then dim Leucate ſwell'd to fight, who ſhrouds
His tall aërial brow in ambient clouds;
Laſt opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,
The dread of ſailors on the wint'ry main.
To this ſmall town, fatigu'd with toil, we haſte;
The circling anchors from the prows are caſt.
Safe to the land beyond our hopes reſtor'd,
We paid our vows to heaven's almighty lord.
All bright in ſuppling oil, my friends employ
Their limbs in wreſtling, and revive with joy
On Actian ſhores the ſolemn games of Troy.
Pleas'd we reflect that we had paſs'd in peace
Through foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.
Meantime the ſun his annual race performs,
And bluſt'ring Boreas fills the ſea with ſtorms;
I hung the brazen buckler on the door,
Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore;
And thus inſcrib'd---theſe arms with blood diſtain'd,
From conquering Greece the great Æneas gain'd;
Then, rous'd at my command, the ſailors ſweep
And daſh with bending oars the ſparkling deep.
Soon had we loſt Phæacia's ſinking tow'rs,
And ſkim'd along Epirus' flying ſhores.
On the Caonian port at length we fall;
Thence we aſcend to high Buthrotos' wall.
Aſtoniſh'd here a ſtrange report we found,
That Trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.
The captive prince, (victorious Pyrrhus dead)
At once ſucceeded to his throne and bed;
And fair Andromache to Troy reſtor'd,
Once more was wedded to a Dardan lord.
With eager joy I left the fleet, and went [event.
To hail my royal friends, and learn the ſtrange
Before the walls, within a gloomy wood,
Where a new Simois roll'd his ſilver flood;
By chance, Andromache that moment paid
The mournful offerings to her Hector's ſhade.
A tomb, an empty tomb her hands compoſe
Of living turf; and two fair altars roſe.
Sad ſcene! that ſtill provok'd the tears ſhe ſhed;
And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.
When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,
She ſaw my Trojan arms and enſigns fly;
So ſtrange a ſight aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey,
The princeſs trembles, falls, and faints away.
Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forſook,
And, ſcarce recover'd, thus at length ſhe ſpoke:

Ha!---is it true?---in perſon? and alive?
Still, doſt thou ſtill, oh! goddeſs-born, ſurvive?
Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,
Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where?
Then, the big ſorrow ſtreaming from her eyes,
She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.
Few words to ſooth her raging grief I ſay, [way:
And ſcarce thoſe few, for ſobs, could find their
Ah! truſt your eyes, no phantoms here impoſe;
I live indeed, but drag a life of woes,
Say then, oh ſay, has fortune yet been juſt
To worth like yours, ſince Hector ſunk in duſt?
Or oh! is that great hero's conſort led
(His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed?
To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,
While on the ground ſhe fixt her ſtreaming eyes:
Thrice bleſt Polyxena! condemn'd to fall
By vengeful Greece beneath the Trojan wall;
Stabb'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,
To death deliver'd from the victor's bed.
Nor lots diſgrac'd her with a chain, like me,
A wretched captive, dragg'd from ſea to ſea!
Doom'd to that hero's haughty heir, I gave
A ſon to Pyrrhus, more than half a ſlave,
From me, to fair Hermoine he fled
Of Leda's race, and ſought a Spartan bed;
My ſlighted charms to Helenus reſign'd,
And in the bridal bands his captives join'd.
But fierce Oreſtes, by the furies toſt
And mad with vengeance for the bride he loſt,
Swift on the monarch from his ambuſh flew,
And at Apollo's hallow'd altar ſlew.
On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant ſlain)
A portion of the realm, a large domain:
From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he calls,
And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.
But oh! what winds, what fates, what gracious pow'rs,
Led you, unknowing, to theſe friendly ſhores?
Does yet Aſcanius live, the hope of Troy?
Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy?
Or glory's charms his little ſoul inflame,
To match my Hector's or his father's fame?
So ſpoke the queen with mingled ſobs and cries,
And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.
When lo! in royal pomp the king deſcends
With a long train, and owns his ancient friends.
Then to the town his welcome gueſts he led;
Tear follow'd tear, at ev'ry word he ſaid.
Here in a foreign region I behold
A little Troy, an image of the old;
Here creeps along a poor penurious ſtream,
That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name:
A ſecond Scæan gate I claſp with joy,
In dear remembrance of the firſt in Troy.
With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,
Indulge the banquet in the regal hall,
Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets hold;
And the vaſt feaſt was ſerv'd in maſſy gold, [gales.
Two days were paſt, and now the ſouthern
Call us aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
A thouſand doubts diſtract my anxious breaſt,
And thus the royal prophet I addreſs'd:
Oh ſacred prince of Troy, to whom 'tis giv'n,
To ſpeak events, and ſearch the will of heav'n,
The ſecret mind of Phœbus to declare
From laurels, tripods, and from every ſtar:

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To know the voice of every fowl that flies,
The signs of every wing that beats the skies;
Instruct me, sacred seer; since every god,
With each bleſt omen, bids me plough the flood,
To reach fair Italy, and measure o'er
A length of ocean to the deſtin'd shore:
The happy queen, and she alone, relates
A scene of sad unutterable fates,
A dreadful famine sent from heaven on high,
With all the gather'd vengeance of the sky:
Tell me, what dangers I must first oppose,
And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes,
Now, the due victims slain, the king implores
The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs;
Unbind the fillets from his sacred head,
Then, by the hand, in solemn state he led
His trembling guest to Phœbus' fair abode;
Struck with an awful reverence of the god.
At length, with all the sacred fury fir'd,
Thus spoke the prophet, as the god inspir'd:
Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides,
With prosperous omens waft you o'er the tides,
Such is the doom of fate, the will of Jove,
The firm decree of him who reigns above;
Hear me, of many things, explain a few,
Your future course with safety to pursue;
And, all these foreign floods and countries past,
To reach the wish'd Ausonian port at last.
The rest the fates from Helenus conceal,
And heav'n's dread queen forbids me to reveal.
First then, that Italy, that promis'd land,
Though thy fond hopes already grasp the strand,
(Though now she seems so near) a mighty tide,
And long, long regions from your reach divide.
Sicilian seas must bend your plunging oars;
Your fleet must coast the fair Ausonian shores,
And reach the dreadful isle, the dire abode
Where Circe reigns; and stem the Stygian flood,
Before your fated city shall ascend.
Hear then, and these auspicious signs attend:
When, lost in contemplation deep, you find
A large white mother of the bristly kind,
With her white brood of thirty young, who drain
Her swelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain:
There, there, thy town shall rise, my godlike friend,
And all thy labours find their deſtin'd end.
Fear then Celæno's direful threats no more,
That your fierce hunger shall your boards devour.
Apollo, when invok'd, will teach the way,
And fate the mystic riddle shall display.
But these next borders of th' Italian shores,
On whose rough rocky sides our ocean roars,
Avoid with caution, for the Grecian train
Possess these realms that stretch along the main.
Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful seat;
There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete,
Has fixt his armies on Salentine ground,
And awes the wide Calabrian realms around.
Here Philoctetes, from Thessalian shores,
Fears strong Petilia, fenc'd with walls and towr's.
Soon as transported o'er the rolling floods,
You pay due vows in honour of the gods;
When on the shore the smoking altars rise,
A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes;
Left hostile faces should appear in light,
To blast and discompose the hallow'd rite.
Observe this form before the sacred shrine,
Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.
When near Sicilian coasts thy bellying sails
At length convey thee with the driving gales;
Pelorus' straits just opening by degrees;
Turn from the right; avoid the shores and seas.
Far to the left thy course in safety keep,
And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.
That realm of old, a ruin huge! was rent
In length of ages from the continent;
With force convulsive burst the isle away;
Through the dread op'ning broke the thund'ring sea:
At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore,
And sunder'd from the fair Hesperian shore;
And still the neighbouring coasts and towns divides
With scanty channels, and contracted tides.
Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,
Charybdis on the left the flood devours:
Thrice swallow'd in her womb, subsides the sea,
Deep, deep as hell; and thrice she spouts away
From her black bellowing gulf's, disgorg'd on high,
Waves after waves, that dash the distant sky.
Lodg'd in a darksome cavern's dreadful shade,
High o'er the surges Scylla rears her head:
Grac'd with a virgin's breast, and female looks,
She draws the vessels on the pointed rocks.
Below, she lengthens in a monstrous whale,
With dogs surrounded, and a dolphin's tail.
But oh! 'tis far, far safer with delay
Still round and round to plough the watery way,
And coast Pachynus, than with curious eyes
To see th' enormous den where Scylla lies;
The dire tremendous fury to explore,
Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her wat'ry monsters roar.
Besides, if Helenus the truth inspires,
If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires;
One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' strain,
Though oft repeated, I must urge again.
To Juno first with gifts and vows repair,
And vanquish heaven's imperial queen with pray'r.
So shall your fleets in safety waft you o'er,
From fair Trinacria to th' Hesperian shore;
There when arriv'd you visit Cuma's tow'rs,
Where dark with shady woods Avernus roars,
You see the Sibyl in her rocky cave,
And hear the furious maid divinely rave.
The dark decrees of fate the virgin sings,
And writes on leaves, names, characters, and things;
The mystic numbers, in the cavern laid,
Are rang'd in order by the sacred maid;
There they repose in ranks along the floor;
At length a casual wind unfolds the door;
The casual wind disorders the decrees,
And the loose fates are scatter'd by the breeze.
She scorns to range them, and again unite
The fleeting scrolls, or stop their airy flight.
Then back retreat the disappointed train,
And curse the Sibyl they consult in vain.
But thou more wise, thy purpos'd course delay,
Tho' thy rash friends should summon thee away,
And wait with patience, tho' the flattering gales
Sing in thy shrouds, and fill thy opening sails,
With suppliant pray'rs entreat her to relate,
In vocal accent, all thy various fates.

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Her voice the Italian nations ſhall declare,
And the whole progreſs of thy future war,
Thy numerous toils the propheteſs ſhall ſhow,
And how to ſhun, or ſuffer every woe.
With reverence due, her potent aid implore,
So ſhalt thou ſafely reach the diſtant ſhore:
Thus far I tell thee, but muſt tell no more.
Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,
And raiſe the Trojan glory to the ſtars.
When thus my fates the royal ſeer foretold,
He ſent rich gifts of elephant and gold;
Within my navy's ſides large treaſures ſtow'd
And brazen cauldrons that refulgent glow'd.
To me the monarch gave a ſhining mail,
With many a golden claſp, and golden ſcale;
With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore
A waving plume; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.
My father too with coſtly gifts he loads,
And ſailors he ſupplies to ſtem the floods,
And generous ſteeds, and arms to all my train,
With ſkilful guides to lead us o'er the main.
And now my ſire gave orders to unbind
The gather'd ſails, and catch the riſing wind;
Whom thus, at parting the prophetic ſage
Addreſs'd with all the reverence due to age.
O favour'd of the ſkies! whom Venus led
To the high honours of her genial bed,
Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,
And twice preſerv'd thee from the flames of Troy:
Lo! to your eyes Auſonian coaſts appear;
Go—to that realm your happy voyage ſteer.
But far beyond thoſe regions you ſurvey,
Your coaſting fleet muſt cut the lengthen'd way.
Still, ſtill at diſtance lies the fated place,
Aſſign'd by Phœbus to the Trojan race.
Go then, he ſaid, with full ſucceſs go on,
O! bleſt! thrice bleſt in ſuch a matchleſs ſon.
Why longer ſhould my words your courſe detain,
When the ſoft gales invite you to the main?
Nor leſs the queen, her love and grief to tell,
With coſtly preſents takes her ſad farewell.
She gave my ſon a robe; the robe of old
Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold:
With precious veſts ſhe loads the darling boy,
And a refulgent mantle wrought in Troy.
Accept, dear youth, the ſaid, theſe robes I wove
In happier days, memorial of my love.
This trifling token of thy friend receive,
The laſt, laſt preſent Hector's wife can give.
Ah! now, methinks, and only now, I ſee
My dear Aſtyanax revive in thee!
Such were his motions! ſuch a ſprightly grace
Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face!
And had it pleas'd, alas! the pow'rs divine,
His bloomi g years had been the ſame as thine.
Thus the then mournful laſt farewell I took,
And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair beſpoke:
Live you long happy in a ſettled ſtate;
'Tis ours to wander ſtill from fate to fate.
Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of eaſe,
Not doom'd to plough th' immeaſurable ſeas;
Nor ſeek for Latium, that deludes the view,
A coaſt that flies as faſt as we purſue.
Here you a new Scamander can enjoy;
Here your own hands erect a ſecond Troy:
With happier omens may ſhe riſe in peace,
And leſs obnoxious than the firſt to Greece.
If e'er the long-expected ſhore I gain,
Where Tyber's ſtreams enrich the flow'ry plain;
Or if I live to raiſe our fated town;
Our Latian Troy and yours ſhall join in one;
In one ſhall centre both the kindred ſtates,
The ſame their founder, and the ſame their fates!
And may their ſon to future times convey
The ſacred friendſhip which we ſign to-day.
We take to Italy the ſhorteſt road,
By ſteep Ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.
Now the deſcending ſun roll'd down the light,
The hills lie cover'd in the ſhades of night;
When ſome by lot attend, and ply the oars,
Some, worn with toil, lie ſtretch'd along the ſhores:
There, by the murmurs of the heaving deep
Rock'd to repoſe, they ſunk in pleaſing ſleep.
Scarce half the hours of ſilent night were fled,
When careful Palinure forſakes his bed;
And every breath explores that ſtirs the ſeas,
And watchful liſtens to the paſſing breeze;
Obſerves the courſe of ev'ry orb on high,
That moves in ſilent pomp along the ſky.
Arcturus dreadful with the ſtormy ſtar,
The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car,
In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,
And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.
When all ſerene he ſaw th' ethereal plain,
He gave the ſignal to the ſlumb'ring train.
We rouſe; our opening canvaſs we diſplay,
And wing with ſpreading ſails the wat'ry way.
Now every ſtar before Aurora flies,
Whoſe glowing bluſhes ſtreak the purple ſkies:
When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,
That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood.
Lo! Italy appears, Achates cries,
And Italy with ſhouts, the crowd replies.
My ſire, tranſported, crowns a bowl with wine,
Stands on the deck, and calls the powers divine:
Ye gods! who rule the tempeſts, earth, and ſeas,
Befriend our courſe, and breathe a proſperous breeze,
Up ſprung th' expected breeze; the port we ſpy,
Near, and more near: and Pallas' fane on high,
With the ſteep hill, roſe dancing to the eye.
Our ſails are furl'd; and from the ſeas profound,
We turn the prows to land, while ocean foams around.
Where from the raging eaſt the ſurges flow,
The land indented bends an ample bow,
The port conceal'd within the winding ſhore,
Daſh'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar.
Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide,
With outſtretch'd arms embrace the murmuring tide.
Within the mighty wall the waters lie,
And from the coaſt the temple ſeems to fly.
Here firſt, a dubious omen I beheld;
Four milk-white courſers graz'd the verdant field.
War, cry'd my ſire, theſe hoſtile realms prepare;
Train'd to the fight, theſe ſteeds denounce the war.
But ſince ſometimes they bear the guiding rein,
Yok'd to the car; the hopes of peace remain.
Then, as her temple rais'd our ſhouts, we paid
Our firſt devotions to the martial maid.
Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin,
We veil'd our heads at Juno's ſacred ſhrine;
And ſought heaven's aweful queen with rites divine.

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This done;—once more with shifting sails we fly,
And cautious pass the hostile regions by.
Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold;
Renown'd, 'tis said, from Hercules of old.
Oppos'd, Lacinia's temple rose on high,
And proud Caulonian tow'rs salute the sky.
Then, near the rocky Scylacaean bay
For wrecks defam'd, we plough the wat'ry way.
Now we behold, emerging to our eyes
From distant floods, Sicilian Ætna rise;
And hear a thund'ring din and dreadful roar
Of billows breaking on the rocky shore.
The smoking waves boil high, on every side,
And scoop the sands, and blacken all the tide.
Charybdis' gulf, my father cries, behold!
The direful rocks the royal seer foretold;
Ply, ply your oars, and stretch to every stroke:
Swift as the word, their ready oars they took;
First skilful Palinure; then all the train
Steer to the left, and plough the liquid plain.
Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we rise,
Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the skies.
Then, as the roaring surge retreating fell,
We shoot down headlong to the depths of hell.
Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears;
Thrice mount the foamy tides, and dash the stars.
The wind now sinking with the lamp of day,
Spent with her toils, and dubious of the way;
We reach the dire Cyclopean shore, that forms
An ample port, impervious to the storms.
But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,
Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,
Involv'd in smoky whirlwinds to the sky;
With loud disploſion, to the starry frame:
Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame:
Now from her bellowing caverns burst away
Vast piles of melted rocks, in open day.
Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,
And deep as hell her burning centre glows.
On vast Encelades this pond'rous load
Was thrown in vengeance by the thund'ring god;
Who pants beneath the mountains, and expires,
Through openings huge, the fierce tempestuous fires;
Oft as he shifts his side, the caverns roar;
With smoke and flame the skies are cover'd o'er,
And all Trinacria shakes from shore to shore.
That night we heard the loud tremendous sound,
The monstrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;
While in the shelt'ring wood we fought repose,
Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult rose.
For not one star displays his golden light;
The skies lie cover'd in the shades of night;
The silver moon her glimmering splendor shrouds
In gathering vapors, and a night of clouds.
Now fled the dewy shades of night away,
Before the blushes of the dawning day;
When, from the wood, shot sudden forth in view
A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.
The human form in meagre hunger lost;
The suppliant stranger, more than half a ghost,
Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the coast.
We turn'd to view the fight;—his vest was torn,
And all the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.
His beard hangs long, and dust the wretch distains,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
In all besides, a Grecian he appears,
And late a soldier in the Trojan wars.
Soon as our Dardan dress and arms he view'd,
In fear suspended for a space he stood;
Stood, stop'd, and paus'd; then, springing forth, he flies
All headlong to the shore with pray'rs and cries:
Oh! by this vital air, the stars on high,
By every pitying pow'r who treads the sky!
Ye Trojans, take me hence; I ask no more;
But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful shore.
I own myself a Grecian, and confess
I storm'd your Ilion with the sons of Greece.
If that offence must doom me to the grave,
Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.
I die contented, if that grace I gain;
I die with pleasure, if I die by man.
Then kneel'd the wretch, and suppliant clung around
My knees with tears, and grovell'd on the ground.
Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate
His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate:
Then by the hand my good old father took
The trembling youth, who thus encourag'd spoke.
Ulysses' friend, your empire to destroy,
I left my native Ithaca for Troy,
My sire, poor Admastus, sent from far
His son, his Achaemenides, to war;
Oh! had we both our humble state maintain'd,
And safe in peace and poverty remain'd!
For me my friends forgetful left behind,
In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd.
Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome
Lies wide and waste, a solitary gloom!
With mangled limbs was all the pavement spread;
High as the stars he heaves his horrid head.
The tow'ring giant stalks with matchless might;
A savage fiend! tremendous to the sight.
(Far, far from earth, ye heavenly pow'rs, repell
A fiend so direful to the depths of hell!)
For slaughter'd mortals are the monster's food,
The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood.
These eyes beheld him, when his ample hand
Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.
Stretch'd o'er the cavern, with a dreadful stroke,
He snatch'd, he dash'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.
In one black torrent swam the smoking floor;
Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore;
The limbs yet sprawling, dreadful to survey!
Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.
But mindful of himself, that fatal hour,
Not unreveng'd their death Ulysses bore.
For while the nodding savage sleeps supine,
Gorg'd with his horrid feast, and drown'd in wine;
And, stretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load
Of human offals mixt with human blood:
Trembling, by lot we took our posts around,
Th' enormous giant slumb'ring on the ground.
Then (ev'ry god invok'd, who rules the sky)
Plunge the sharp weapon in his monstrous eye;
His eye, that midst his frowning forehead shone,
Like some broad buckler, or the blazing sun.
Thus we reveng'd our dear companions lost:
But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coast.
For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more
Range on these hills, and dwell along the shore,
As huge as Polypheme, the giant swain,
Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train

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Now thrice the moon, fair empreſs of the night,
Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,
Since in theſe woods I paſs'd the hours away,
In dens of beaſts, and ſavages of prey,
Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round,
Heard their loud footſteps thund'ring on the ground,
With each big bellowing voice, and trembled at the ſound.
Here every ſtony fruit I pluck for food,
Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood.
While round I gaze, your fleet I firſt explore,
The firſt that touch'd on this deteſted ſhore;
To 'ſcape theſe ſavages, I flew with joy
To meet your navy, though it ſail'd from Troy.
If I but ſhun the cruel hands of theſe;
Do you deſtroy me by what death you pleaſe.
Scarce had he ſaid; when lo! th' enormous ſwain,
Huge Polyphemus, 'midſt his fleecy train,
A bulk prodigious! from the mountains brow
Deſcends terrific to the ſhore below:
A monſter grim, tremendous, vaſt, and high;
His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye!
His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and ſtrong,
To guide his footſteps as he towr'd along.
His flock attends, the only joy he knows;
His pipe around his neck, the ſolace of his woes.
Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood,
With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood
From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,
And, bellowing, grinds his teeth in agonizing pain.
Then ſtalks enormous through the midmoſt tides;
And ſcarce the topmoſt ſurges reach his ſides.
Aboard, the well-deſerving Greek we took,
And, pale with fear, the dreadful coaſt forſook;
Cut every cord with eager ſpeed away,
Bend to the ſtroke, and ſweep the foamy ſea.
The giant heard; and, turning to the ſound,
At firſt purſu'd us through the vaſt profound;
Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain;
Nor could he ford the deep Ionian main.
With that, the furious monſter roar'd ſo aloud,
That Ocean ſhook in ev'ry diſtant flood;
Trembled all Italy from ſhore to ſhore;
And Ætna's winding caves rebellow to the roar.
Rous'd at the peal, the fierce Cyclopean train
Ruſh'd from their woods and mountains to the main;
Around the port the ghaſtly brethren ſtand,
A dire aſſembly! covering all the ſtrand.
In each grim forehead blaz'd the ſingle eye;
In vain enrag'd the monſtrous race we ſpy,
A hoſt of giants tow'ring in the ſky.
So on ſome mountain tow'rs the lofty grove
Of beauteous Dian, or imperial Jove;
Th' aërial pines in pointed ſpires from far,
Or ſpreading oaks, majeſtic nod in air.
Headlong we fly with horror, where the gales
And ſpeeding winds direct the flutt'ring ſails.
But Helenus forbids to plough the waves
Where Scylla roars, and fierce Charybdis raves.
As death ſtands dreadful 'midſt the dangerous road,
With backward courſe we plough the foamy flood;
When, from Pelorus' point a northern breeze
Swells every ſail, and wafts us o'er the ſeas;
Firſt, where Pantagia's mouth appear'd in view,
Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew:
Then, ſhooting by the fam'd Megarean bay,
And lowly Tapſus cut the wat'ry way.
Theſe coaſts by Achaemendes were ſhown,
Who follow'd, late, Læertes' wand'ring ſon:
Familiar with the track he paſt before,
He names the lands, and points out ev'ry ſhore.
An iſle, once call'd Ortagia, fronts the ſides
Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.
Hither, 'tis ſaid, Alphëus, from his ſource
In Elis' realms, directs his watery courſe:
Beneath the main he takes his ſecret way,
And mounts with Arethuſa's ſtreams to day:
Now a Sicilian flood his courſe he keeps,
And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.
Admoniſh'd, I adore the guardian gods,
Then paſs the bounds of rich Helorus' floods.
Next our fleet gallies by Pachynus glide,
Whoſe rocks projecting ſtretch into the tide.
The Camarinian marſh I now ſurvey,
By fate forbidden to be drain'd away.
Then the Geloan fields with Gela came
In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name.
With her huge wall proud Agragas ſucceeds;
A realm, of old renown'd for generous ſteeds.
From thee, Selinus, ſwift before the wind
We flew, and left thy ſinking palms behind;
By Lilybaeum's ſides our courſe purſu'd,
Whoſe rocks inſidious hide beneath the flood:
And reach (thoſe dangerous ſhelves and ſhallows paſt)
The fatal port of Drepanum at laſt.
Wretch as I was, on this deteſted coaſt,
The chief ſupport of all my woes, I loſt;
My dear, dear father—ſav'd, but ſav'd in vain
From all the tempeſts of the raging main.
Nor did the royal ſage this blow foretell;
Nor did the direful Harpy-queen of hell,
Among her frightful prodigies, foreſhow.
This laſt ſad ſtroke, this unexpected woe.
Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,
And hence heav'n led me to your friendly ſhore.
Thus, while the room was huſh'd, the prince relates
The wondrous ſeries of his various fates;
His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes:
Then ceas'd; and ſought the bleſſings of repoſe.

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BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT love inflam'd the queen; the raging pain
Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.
Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,
And much the glories of his godlike line;
Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest,
Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast.
The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,
And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day;
When to her sister thus the royal dame
Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame.
Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my rest?
Who is this hero, this our godlike guest?
Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms:
How great a prince! and how renown'd in arms!
Sure he descends from some celestial kind;
For fear attends the low degenerate mind.
But oh! what wars, what battles he relates!
How long he struggled with his adverse fates!
Did not my soul her purpose still retain,
Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again,
Since from my widow'd arms the murdering sword
Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord;
Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,
And the bare mention of the bridal bed—
Forgive my frailty—but I seem inclin'd
To yield to this one weakness of my mind.
For oh! my sister, unreserv'd and free
I trust the secret of my soul to thee;
Since poor Sichæus, by my brother slain,
Dash'd with his blood the consecrated fane,
And stain'd the gods; my firm resolves, I own,
This graceful prince has shook, and this alone.
I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,
Too like the tokens of my former flame.
But oh! may earth her dreadful gulf display,
And gaping snatch me from the golden day;
May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,
Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,
Down to the shades of hell from realms of light,
The deep, deep shades of everlasting night;
Ere, sacred honour! I betray thy cause
In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.
No!—my first lord, my first ill-fated spouse,
Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.
My love he had, and ever let him have,
Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.
Then, by her rising grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd:
The tears ran trickling down her heaving breast.

Sister, the fair replies, whom far above
The light of heav'n, or life itself I love;
Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,
And waste your youth in solitude away?
And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts employ?
The prattling infant, or the bridal joy?
Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade,
Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead?
What though before, no lover won your grace,
Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race?
With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,
And many a king whom warlike Afric bore.
But will you fly the hero you approve?
And steel your heart against a prince you love?
Nor will you once reflect what regions bound
Your infant empire, and your walls surround?
Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air,
Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war;
There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,
And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;
Here parch'd with thirst a smoking region lies,
There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise.
Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire?
The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre?
Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore
The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan shore.
From such a marriage, soon your joyful eyes
Shall see a potent town and empire rise.
What scenes of glory Carthage must enjoy,
When our confederate arms unite with Troy?
Go then, propitiate heav'n; due off'rings pay;
Caress, invite your godlike guest to stay,
And study still new causes of delay.
Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,
Orion rages on the wint'ry main;
That still unrigg'd his shatter'd vessels lie,
Nor can his fleet endure so rough a sky.
These words soon scatter'd the remains of shame;
Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the rising flame.
With speed they seek the temples, and implore
With rich oblations each celestial pow'r:
Selected sheep with holy rites they slay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,
To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.
The queen before the snowy heifer stands,
Amid the shrines, a goblet in her hands;

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Between the horns she sheds the sacred wine,
And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;
Moves round the fane in solemn pomp, and loads,
Day after day, the altars of the gods.
Then hovering o'er, the fair consults in vain
The panting entrails of the victims slain:
But ah! no sacred rites her pain remove; [love?
Priests, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to
With passion fir'd, her reason quite o'erthrown,
The hapless queen runs raving through the town.
Soft flames consume her vitals, and the dart,
Deep, deep within, lies festering in her heart,
So sends the heedless hunter's twanging bow
The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;
Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain,
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
Shoots o'er the Cretan laws with many a bound,
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound!

Now the fond princess leads her hero on,
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town;
Displays her pompous tow'rs that proudly rise,
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize;
Now as she tries to tell her raging flame,
Stops short,—and faulters, check'd by conscious shame:
Now, at the close of evening, calls her guest,
To share the banquet and renew the feast:
She fondly begs him to repeat once more
The Trojan story that she heard before;
Then to distraction charm'd, in rapture hung
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue.
But when the setting stars to rest invite,
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light;
When all the guests retire to soft repose;
Left in the hall, she sighs, and vents her woes,
Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears,
In fancy sees her absent prince, and hears
His charming voice still sounding in her ears.
Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,
The young Ascanius on her lap she took,
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd;
In vain!—the father charms her in the child.
No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in air:
The youth, undisciplin'd no more prepare
Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war;
The works and battlements neglected lie,
And the proud structures cease to brave the sky.

The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,
That fir'd her soul; and honour pleads in vain.
This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove,
In guileful terms address'd the queen of love:
A high exploit indeed! a glorious name,
Unfading trophies and eternal fame,
You, and your son have worthily pursu'd!
Two gods a single woman have subdu'd!
To me your groundless jealousies are known,
And dark suspicions of this Tyrian town.
But why, why, goddess, to what aim or end,
In lasting quarrels should we still contend?
Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,
And by the nuptial band confirm the peace.
To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire
Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.
Let us with equal sway protect the place,
The common guardians of the mingled race.
Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord,
And royal Dido serve this Phrygian lord.

To whom the queen; (who mark'd with piercing eyes
The goddess labouring, in the dark disguise,
To Libyan shores from Latium to convey
The destin'd seat of universal sway);
Who this alliance madly would deny?
Or war with thee, dread empress of the sky?
And oh! that fortune in the work would join,
With full success to favour the design!
But much I doubt, O goddess, if the Fates,
Or Jove permit us to unite the states.
You, as his consort, your request may move,
And search the will, or bend the mind of Jove,
Go then—your scheme before the father lay;
Go;—and I follow, where you lead the way.

Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,
To gain the god, the sovereign of the skies,
Then heed my counsel—when the dawning light
Drives from the opening world the shades of night;
The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,
Bend to the woods to hunt the savage game;
There, while the crowds the forest-walks beset,
Swarm round the woods, and spread the waving net;
The skies shall burst upon the sportive train:
In storms of hail, and deluges of rain,
The gather'd tempest o'er their heads shall roll,
And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.
On ev'ry side shall fly the scattering crowds,
Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.
To the same cave for shelter shall repair
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.
The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,
Ourself in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.
The goddess gave consent, the compact bound,
But smil'd in secret at the fraud she found.

Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,
And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,
When, pouring thro' the gates, the train appear
Massylian hunters with the steelly spear,
Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the sylvan war,
The queen engag'd in dress,—with reverence wait
The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.
Her steed, with gold and purple cover'd round,
Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.
At length she comes, magnificently dress'd
(Her guards attending) in a Tyrian vest:
Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;
A golden quiver rattles at her side;
A golden clasp her purple garments binds,
And robes, that flew redundant in the winds.
Next with the youthful Trojans to the sport
The fair Ascanius issues from the court.
But far the fairest, and supremely tall,
Tow'rs great Æneas, and outshines them all.
As when from Lycia bound in wint'ry frost,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,
The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;
The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,
And painted Scythians round his altars dance;
Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,
His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;
The god majestic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,
His golden quiver rattling as he goes:
So mov'd Æneas; such his charming grace;
So glow'd the purple bloom, that flush'd his god-like face.

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Soon as the train amid the mountains came,
And ſtorm'd the covert of the ſavage game;
The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow
From rock to rock, and ſought the fields below.
Here the fleet ſtags chas'd down the tow'ring ſteep,
In clouds of duſt through the long valley ſweep:
While there, exulting, to his utmoſt ſpeed
The young Aſcanius ſpurs his fiery ſteed,
Outſtrips by turns the flying ſocial train,
And ſcorns the meaner triumphs of the plain:
The hopes of glory all his ſoul inflame;
Eager he longs to run at nobler game,
And drench his youthful javelin in the gore
Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar.
Meantime loud thunders rattle round the ſky,
And hail and rain, in mingled tempeſt, fly;
While floods on floods, in ſwelling turbid tides,
Roll roaring down the mountain's channell'd ſides.
The young Aſcanius, and the hunting train,
To cloſe retreats fled diverſe o'er the plain.
To the ſame gloomy cave with ſpeed repair
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.
Earth ſhakes, and Juno gives the nuptial ſigns;
With quivering flames the glimmering grotto ſhines:
With light'nings all the conſcious ſkies are ſpread:
The nymphs run ſhrieking round the mountain's head.
From that ſad day, unhappy Dido! roſe
Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.
Nor fame nor cenſure now the queen can move,
No more ſhe labours to conceal her love.
Her paſſion ſtands avow'd; and wedlock's name
Adorns the crime, and ſanctifies the ſhame.
Now fame, tremendous fiend! without delay
Through Libyan cities took her rapid way.
Fame, the ſwift plague that every moment grows,
And gains new ſtrength and vigour as ſhe goes.
Firſt ſmall with fear, ſhe ſwells to wond'rous ſize,
And ſtalks on earth and tow'rs above the ſkies;
Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth
Produc'd the laſt of her gigantic birth;
A monſter huge and dreadful to the eye,
With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.
Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
A thouſand piercing eyes and liſt'ning ears:
And with a thouſand mouths and babbling tongues appears.
Thund'ring by night, thro' heaven and earth ſhe flies;
No golden ſlumber ſeal her watchful eyes;
On tow'rs of battlement ſhe ſits by day,
And ſhakes whole towns with terror and diſmay;
Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,
Reports a truth, or publiſhes a lie.
Now both ſhe mingled with malignant joy,
And told the nations, that a prince from Troy
Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led
The godlike ſtranger to her bridal bed;
That both, indulging to their ſoft deſires,
And deaf to cenſure, melt in amorous fires;
From every thought the cares of ſtate remove,
And the long winter paſs'd away in love.
This tale the fury glories to diſplay,
Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;
With jealous rage the furious prince inſpires,
And all his ſoul with indignation fires.
This monarch ſprung from Ammon's warm embrace
With a fair nymph of Garamantic race,
The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;
An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,
Through all his realms, in honour of his ſire;
And watch'd the hallow'd everlaſting fire;
With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,
And drench'd the ſoil with conſecrated gore.
Amid the ſtatues of the gods he ſtands,
And ſpreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,
Fir'd with the tale, and raving with deſpair,
Prefers in bitterneſs of ſoul his pray'r.
Almighty Jove! to whom our Mooriſh line
In large libations pour the generous wine,
And feaſt on painted beds; ſay, father, ſay,
If yet thy eyes theſe flagrant crimes ſurvey.
Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When through the ſkies the pealing thunders roar?
Thine are the bolts? or idly do they fall,
And rattle through the dark aërial hall?
A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown,
Rais'd on a purchas'd ſpot a ſlender town;
On terms ourſelf preſcrib'd, was glad to gain
A barren tract that runs along the main;
The proffer'd nuptials of thy ſon abhorr'd;
But to her throne receives a Dardan lord.
And lo! this ſecond Paris come again,
With his unmanly, ſoft, luxurious train,
In ſcented treſſes and a mitre gay,
To bear my bride, his raviſh'd prize, away;
While ſtill in vain we bid thy altars flame,
And pay our vows to nothing but a name.
Him, as he graſp'd his altars, and preferr'd
His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard;
Then to the palace turn'd his awful eye,
Where, careleſs of their fame, the lovers lie.
The god, that ſcene offended to ſurvey,
Charg'd with his high command the ſon of May:
Fly, fly, my ſon, our orders to perform;
Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid ſtorm;
Fly---to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear
Our awful mandate through the fields of air,
Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian ſtate,
Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.
Not ſuch a prince, the beauteous queen of love
(When twice ſhe ſav'd him) promis'd him to Jove;
A prince ſhe promis'd who by deeds divine
Should prove he ſprung from Teucer's martial line;
Whoſe ſword imperial Italy ſhould awe,
A warlike realm! and give the world the law.
If no ſuch glories can his mind inflame,
If he neglects his own immortal fame;
What has his heir the young Aſcanius done?
Why ſhould he grudge an empire to his ſon?
What ſcheme, what proſpect can the chief propoſe,
So long to loiter with a race of foes? [poſe,
The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,
And quite neglect the deſtin'd Latian ſhore?
Haſte---bid him ſail---be this our will; and bear
With ſpeed this mandate through the fields of air.
Swift at the word, the duteous ſon of May
Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey;
Firſt round his feet the golden wings he bound,
That ſpeed his progreſs o'er the ſeas profound;
Or earth's unmeaſur'd regions, as he flies,
Wrapp'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the ſkies.
Then graſp'd the wand; the wand that calls the ghoſts
From hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coaſts,

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Invites or chaſes ſleep with wond'rous pow'r,
And opes thoſe eyes that death had ſeal'd before.
Thus arm'd, on wings of winds ſublimely rode
Through heaps of opening clouds the flying god.
From far huge Atlas' rocky ſides he ſpies,
Atlas, whoſe head ſupports the ſtarry ſkies:
Beat by the winds and driving rains, he ſhrouds
His ſhady forehead in ſurrounding clouds;
With ice his horrid beard is cruſted o'er;
From his bleak brows the guſhing torrents pour;
Out-ſpread, his mighty ſhoulders heave below
The hoary piles of everlaſting ſnow.
Here on pois'd pinions ſtoop'd the panting god;
Then, from the ſteep, ſhot headlong to the flood.
As the ſwift ſea-mew, for the fiſhy prey,
In low excurſions ſkims along the ſea,
By rocks and ſhores, and wings th' aërial way;
So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry ſkies;
Thus through the parting air his courſe he bore,
And, gliding, ſkimm'd along the Libyan ſhore.
Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,
He finds the prince forgetful of his fame:
The riſing domes employ his idle hours,
Th' unfiniſh'd palaces and Tyrian tow'rs.
A ſword all ſtarr'd with gems, and ſpangled o'er
With yellow jaſpers, at his ſide he wore;
A robe refulgent from his ſhoulders flow'd
That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimſon glow'd;
The work of Dido; whoſe unrivall'd art
With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.
To whom the god:—Theſe hours canſt thou employ
To raiſe proud Carthage, heedleſs prince of Troy?
Thus for a foreign bride to build a town
And form a ſtate, forgetful of thy own?
The lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,
With this command diſpatch'd me from above;
What are thy hopes from this thy long delay?
Why thus in Libya paſs thy hours away?
If future empire ceaſe thy thoughts to raiſe,
Or the fair proſpect of immortal praiſe;
Regard Aſcanius, prince, the royal boy;
The laſt, the beſt ſurviving hope of Troy;
To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,
The long, long glories of imperial Rome.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking left him gazing there;
And all the fluid form diſſolv'd in air.
The prince aſtoniſh'd ſtood, with horror ſtung;
Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue:
Struck and alarm'd with ſuch a dread command,
He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.
But ah! with what addreſs ſhall he begin,
How ſpeak his purpoſe to the raving queen?
A thouſand thoughts his wavering ſoul divide,
That turns each way, and ſtrains on every ſide:
A thouſand projects labouring in his breaſt,
On this at laſt he fixes as the beſt:
Mneſtheus and brave Cloanthus he commands
To rig the fleet, to ſummon all the bands
In ſecret ſilence to the ſhore, and hide
The ſudden cauſe, that bids them tempt the tide.
Then while fair Dido, ſick with fond deſire,
Thinks ſuch a boundleſs love can ne'er expire,
Himſelf the proper meaſures will prepare
To move the queen, and ſeize with watchful care
The ſafeſt moments to addreſs the fair.
With ſpeed impatient fly the chiefs away,
And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey.
But ſoon the fraud unhappy Dido ſpies;
(For what can 'ſcape a lover's piercing eyes,
Who e'en in ſafety fears with wild affright?)
She firſt diſcern'd the meditated flight;
And fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys,
The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the ſeas.
Mad with deſpair, and all her ſoul on flame,
Around the city raves the royal dame:
So the fierce Bacchanal with frantic cries,
Stung by the god, to proud Cithæron flies,
And ſhakes her ivy ſpear, and raves around,
While the huge mountain echoes to the ſound.
At length, by potent love and grief oppreſs'd,
The queen, her recreant lover firſt addreſs'd:
And could'ſt thou hope, diſſembler, from my ſight,
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight?
In ſuch baſe ſilence from my realms to ſail?
Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,
Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?
For death, death only can relieve my pain:
And are thy veſſels launch'd, while winter ſweeps
With the rough northern blaſt the roaring deeps?
Barbarian! ſay, if Troy herſelf had ſtood,
Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,
Would'ſt thou thy ſails in ſtormy ſeas employ,
And brave the ſurge to gain thy native Troy?
Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?
Ah! by the tears I ſhed, the hand you gave;
(For theſe ſtill mine, and only theſe remain;
The tears I ſhed, the hand you gave in vain!)
By thoſe late ſolemn nuptial bands I plead,
By thoſe firſt pleaſures of the bridal bed;
If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,
You ſigh'd, and prais'd theſe now-neglected charms:
If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply,
Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye
A falling race, and lay thy purpoſe by.
For thee Numidian kings in arms conſpire;
For thee have I incens'd the ſons of Tyre;
For thee I loſt my honour and my fame,
That to the ſtars advanc'd my glorious name.
Muſt I in death thy cruel ſcorn deplore,
My barbarous gueſt!—but ah!—my ſpouſe no more!
What—ſhall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours
From Tyre on Carthage, and deſtroys my tow'rs?
Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led
A ſlave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
Ah!—had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
Some little offspring of our loves to light;
If in my regal hall I could ſurvey
Some princely boy, ſome young Æneas play;
Thy dear reſemblance but in looks alone!
I ſhould not ſeem quite widow'd and undone.
She ſaid; the prince ſtood ſtill in grief profound,
And fix'd his eyes relentleſs on the ground;
By Jove's high will admoniſh'd from the ſkies;
At length the hero thus in brief replies.
Your bounties, queen, I never can forget;
And never, never pay the mighty debt;
But, long as life informs this fleeting frame,
My ſoul ſhall honour fair Eliza's name.
Then hear my plea:—By ſtealth I ne'er deſign'd
To leave your hoſpitable realm behind;

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Forbear the thought;—much leſs in Libyan lands,
A caſual gueſt, to own the bridal bands.
Had fate allow'd me to conſult my eaſe,
To live and ſettle on what terms I pleaſe;
Still had I ſtay'd in Aſia, to enjoy
The dear, dear relics of my native Troy:
Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again,
A ſecond Ilion for my vanquiſh'd train.
But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command
Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;
Thither, inſpir'd by oracles, I move,
There lies my country, and there lies my love.
If you your riſing Carthage thus admire
In theſe ſtrange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,
Why ſhould not Teucer's race be free to gain
The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?
Oft as the ſtars diſplay their fiery light,
And earth lies cover'd in the ſhades of night,
My father's angry ſpirit blames my ſtay,
Stalks round my bed, and ſummons me away.
Long has Aſcanius call'd me hence in vain,
By me defrauded of his deſtin'd reign.
And now, ev'n now, the meſſenger of Jove
(Both gods can witneſs) ſhot from heav'n above:
Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands he
The glorious form appear'd in open view: [flew,
I ſaw him paſs theſe lofty walls, and hear
His awful voice ſtill murmuring in my ear.
Then ceaſe, my beauteous princeſs, to complain;
Nor let us both be diſcompos'd in vain:
From theſe dear arms to Latium forc'd away;
'Tis fate that calls, and fate I muſt obey.
Thus while he ſpoke, with high diſdain and pride
She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every ſide,
That glance in ſilence o'er the guilty man,
And, all inflam'd with fury, ſhe began:
Perfidious monſter! boaſt thy birth no more;
No hero got thee, and no goddeſs bore.
No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks
By tigers nurs'd, and ſavages of prey; [to day,
But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they.
For why, ah! why the traitor ſhould I ſpare?
What baſer wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?
Did he once deign to turn his ſcornful eyes?
Did he once groan at all my piercing ſighs?
Dropp'd he one tear in pity to my cries?
Calm he look'd on, and ſaw my paſſion burſt.
Which, which of all his inſults was the worſt?
And yet great Jove and Juno from the ſky
Behold his treaſon with a careleſs eye;
Guilt, guilt prevails; and juſtice is no more.
The needy wretch juſt caſt upon my ſhore,
Fool as I was! with open arms I led
At once a partner to my throne and bed;
From inſtant death I ſav'd his famiſh'd train,
His ſhatter'd fleet I ſtor'd and rigg'd again.
But ah I rave;—my ſoul the Furies fire;
Now great Apollo warns him to retire;
With all his oracles forbids to ſtay;
And now through air with haſte the ſon of May
Conveys Jove's orders from the bleſt abodes;
A care well worthy to diſturb the gods!
Go then; I'ple'd not, nor thy flight delay;
Go, ſeek new kingdoms through the wat'ry way:
But there may every god, thy crime provokes,
Reward thy guilt, and daſh thee on the rocks;
Then ſhalt thou call, amid the howling main,
On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain;
For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the ſky,
Flaſh in thy face, or glare tremenduous by.
When death's cold hand my ſtruggling ſoul ſhall free,
My ghoſt in every place ſhall wait on thee:
My vengeful ſpirit ſhall thy torments know,
And ſmile with tranſport in the realms below.
With that, abrupt ſhe took her ſudden flight;
Sick of the day, ſhe loathes the golden light;
And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to ſay
Ten thouſand things, diſdainfully away;
Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led
The fainting princeſs to the regal bed.
But though the pious hero tries with care,
And melting words, to ſooth her fierce deſpair,
Stung with the pains and agonies of love,
Still he regards the high commands of Jove;
Repairs the fleet; and ſoon the buſy train
Roll down the lofty veſſels to the main.
New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood;
Whole trees they bring, unfaſhion'd from the wood,
And leafy ſaplings to ſupply their oars,
Pour from the town, and darken all the ſhores.
So when the piſmires, an induſtrious train,
Embody'd, rob ſome golden heap of grain,
Studious, ere ſtormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darkſome cells the treaſur'd prey;
In one long track the duſky legions lead
Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead:
Here, bending with the load, a panting throng
With force conjoin'd heave ſome huge grain along:
Some laſh the ſtragglers to the taſk aſſign'd,
Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind:
They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way.
At that ſad proſpect, that tormenting ſcene,
What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen!
How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
Thy eyes ſurvey'd the tumult on the ſhore;
When on the floods thou heard'ſt the ſhouting train
Plough with reſounding oars the wat'ry plain?
To what ſubmiſſions, of what low degree,
Are mortals urg'd, imperious love, by thee?
Once more ſhe flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
Th' obdurate prince; and anger melts to love;
Tries all her ſuppliant female arts again
Before her death;—but tries 'em all in vain:
Siſter, behold, from every ſide they pour
With eager ſpeed, and gather to the ſhore.
Hark—how with ſhouts they catch the ſpringing gales,
And crown their ſhips, and ſpread their flying ſails.
Ah! had I once foreſeen the fatal blow,
Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make
For thy deſpairing, dying ſiſter's ſake.
For ah! the dear perfidious wretch, I ſee,
Lays open all his ſecret ſoul to thee.
In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
You know the neareſt paſſage to his heart.
Go then, dear ſiſter, as a ſuppliant go,
Tell, in the humbleſt terms, my haughty foe,
I ne'er conſpir'd at Aulis to deſtroy,
With vengeful Greece, the hapleſs race of Troy;
Nor ſent one veſſel to the Phrygian coaſt,
Nor rak'd abroad his father's ſacred duſt.

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From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,
Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?
Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly?
I beg but this one grace before I die,
To wait for calmer ſeas and ſofter gales
To ſmoothe the floods, and fill his opening ſails.
Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
The name of wedlock he diſclaims no more:
No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
From beauteous Latium, and his deſtin'd reign.
For ſome ſmall interval of time I move,
Some ſhort, ſhort ſeaſon to ſubdue my love;
Till reconcil'd to this unhappy ſtate,
I grow at laſt familiar with my fate:
This favour if he grant, my death ſhall pleaſe
His cruel ſoul, and ſet us both at eaſe.
Thus pray'd the queen; the ſiſter bears in vain
The moving meſſage, and returns again.
He ſtands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
For Jove and Fate had ſtopp'd the hero's ears.
As o'er th' aërial Alps ſublimely ſpread,
Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;
This way and that the furious tempeſts blow,
To lay the monarch of the mountains low;
Th' imperial plant, though nodding at the ſound,
Though all his ſcatter'd honours ſtrow the ground,
Safe in his ſtrength, and ſeated on the rock,
In naked majeſty defies the ſhock:
High as the head ſhoots tow'ring to the ſkies,
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies.
Thus is the prince beſieg'd by conſtant pray'rs:
But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,
Still firm the dictates of his ſoul remain,
And tears are ſhed, and vows preferr'd in vain.
Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows;
Now bent on fate, and haraſs'd with her woes,
She loathes the day, ſhe ſickens at the ſky,
And longs, in bitterneſs of ſoul, to die.
To urge the ſcheme of death already laid,
Full many a direful omen ſhe ſurvey'd:
While to the gods ſhe pour'd the wine, ſhe view'd
The pure libation turn'd to ſable blood.
This horrid omen to herſelf reveal'd,
Ev'n from her ſiſter's ears ſhe kept conceal'd;
Yet more---a temple, where ſhe paid her vows,
Roſe in the palace to her former ſpouſe;
A marble ſtructure; this ſhe dreſs'd around
With ſnowy wool; with ſacred chaplets crown'd.
From hence, when gloomy night ſucceeds the day,
Her huſband ſeems to ſummon her away.
Perch'd in the roof the bird of night complains,
In one ſad length of melancholy ſtrains;
Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold
By preſcient ſages, and the ſeers of old;
Now ſtern Æneas, her eternal theme,
Haunts her diſtracted ſoul in ev'ry dream;
In ſlumber now ſhe ſeems to travel on,
Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone;
And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
And ſeeks her Tyrians o'er the waſte in vain.
So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,
He ſaw the Furies from the deeps ariſe;
And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,
And two bright ſuns with rival glories blaze.
W bounds the mad Oreſtes o'er the ſtage,
ith looks diſtracted, from his mother's rage;
Arm'd with her ſcourge of ſnakes ſhe drives him on,
And, wrapt in flames, purſues her murdering ſon;
He flies, but flies in vain;---the Furies wait,
And fiends in forms tremendous guard the gate.
At length diſtracted, and by love o'ercome,
Reſolv'd on death, ſhe meditates her doom;
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,
And takes due meaſures for the purpos'd blow.
Then her ſad ſiſter ſhe with ſmiles addreſs'd,
Hope in her looks, but anguiſh at her breaſt:
Anna, partake my joy, for lo! I find
The ſole expedient that can cure my mind,
Relieve my ſoul for ever from her pain,
Or bring my lover to my arms again.
Near Ocean's utmoſt bound, a region lies,
Where mighty Atlas props the ſtarry ſkies;
There lives a prieſteſs of Maſſylian ſtrain,
The guardian of the rich Heſperian fane;
Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed
With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowſy ſeed,
That round the tree his ſhining volumes roll'd
To guard the ſacred balls of blooming gold.
By magic charms the matron can remove,
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love;
Roll back the ſtars; ſtop rivers as they flow;
And call grim ſpectres from the realms of woe.
Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;
Beneath her footſteps groans the trembling ball;
But witneſs thou, and all ye gods on high,
With what regret to magic rites I fly.
Go then, erect with ſpeed and ſecret care,
Within the court, a pile in open air.
Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and ſpread
Above the heap our fatal bridal bed.
The ſacred dame commands me to deſtroy
All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.
Thus with diſſembling arts the princeſs ſpoke:
A deadly paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look.
Nor could her wretched ſiſter once divine
Theſe rites could cover ſuch a dire deſign,
Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows
Should more afflict her than her murder'd ſpouſe;
But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,
Within the court, beneath the naked ſky [round;
With wreaths the queen adorn'd the ſtructure
And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd:
Next big with death, the ſword and robe ſhe
ſpread,
Andplac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.
Amidſt her altars, with diſhevell'd hairs,
Her horrid rites the prieſteſs now prepares.
Thund'ring ſhe calls, in many a dreadful ſound,
On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;
On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,
(The threefold Dian!) and a hunded gods.
The place ſhe ſprinkled, where her altars ſtood,
With ſtreams diſſembled from Avernus' flood,
And black envenom'd herbs ſhe brings, reap'd down
With brazen ſickles, by the glimmering moon.
Then crops the potent knots of love with care,
That from the young eſtrange the parent mare.
Now with a ſacred cake and lifted hands,
All bent on death, before her altar ſtands
The royal victim, the devoted fair;
Her robes were gathered, and one foot was bare,
She calls on every ſtar in ſolemn ſtate,
Whoſe guilty beams ſhine conſcious of her fate:

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She calls to witneſs every god above,
To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.
'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day,
In ſoft repoſe the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and ſurges die,
The ſtars roll ſolemn through the glowing ſky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding ſilence reigns,
The flocks lie ſtretch'd along the flow'ry plains;
The furious ſavages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fiſhes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkneſs, ſhare
In ſleep, a ſoft forgetfulneſs of care;
All but the hapleſs queen;—for love denies
Reſt to her thoughts, and ſlumber to her eyes.
Her paſſions grow ſtill fiercer, and by turns
With love ſhe maddens, and with wrath ſhe burns,
The ſtruggling tides in different motions roll,
And thus ſhe vents the tempeſt of her ſoul:
What ſhall I do?---ſhall I in vain implore
The royal lovers I diſdain'd before?
Or, ſlighted in my turn with haughty pride,
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?
Shall I the Trojans baſe commands obey,
Their ſlave, their ſuppliant, through the watry way?
Yes---for my bounties, and my former aid
By Troy already ſtand ſo well repaid!
And yet ſuppoſe I were inclin'd to go;
The haughty ſailors would but mock my woe.
Haſt thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known
The perjur'd ſons of proud Laomedon?
What!---ſhall I follow through the roaring main,
Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,
Or drive 'em thro' the deeps with ſword and fire,
With all my armies, all the ſons of Tyre?
But can I draw to ſea thoſe Tyrian bands
I drew reluctant from their native lands?
Die then as thou deſerv'ſt; in death repoſe;
The ſword, the friendly ſword, ſhall end thy woes.
You firſt, dear ſiſter, by my ſorrows mov'd,
Expos'd me raſhly to the wretch I lov'd;
Your prompt obedience, and officious care
Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in deſ-
Oh! had I learn'd like ſavages to rove, [pair
And never known the woes of bridal love!
I prov'd unfaithful to my former ſpouſe,
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!
Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppreſt,
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breaſt.
Meantime with all things ready for his flight,
In thoughtleſs ſleep the hero paſt the night.
To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,
His youthful figure, looks and voice the ſame,
And thus alarms the ſlumb'ring prince once more;
What---can'ſt thou ſleep in this important hour?
Nor all thy dangers can'ſt thou yet ſurvey?
Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the ſea?
Mad as thou art!---determin'd on her doom,
She forms deſigns of miſchiefs yet to come.
Then fly her fury while thou yet can'ſt fly,
Before Aurora gilds the purple ſky:
Fly,---or the floods ſhall ſoon be cover'd o'er
With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the ſhore,
And direful brands with long-projected rays,
Shall ſet the land and ocean in a blaze.
Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;
Riſe, prince; a woman is a changeful thing.
This ſaid, at once he took his rapid flight,
Diſſolv'd in air, and mingled with the night.
The hero ſtarts from ſleep in wild ſurpriſe,
Struck with the glorious viſion from the ſkies,
And rouſes all the train: awake, unbind,
And ſtretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind;
Seize, ſeize your oars; the god deſcends again,
To bid me fly, and launch into the main.
Whoe'er thou art, thou bleſt celeſtial guide,
Thy courſe we follow through the foamy tide;
With joy thy ſacred orders we obey;
And may thy friendly ſtars direct the way.
Sudden, he drew his ſword as thus he ſaid,
And cut the haulſers with the flaming blade;
With the ſame ardor fir'd, the ſhouting train
Fly, ſeize their oars, and ruſh into the main.
At once the floods with ſhips were cover'd o'er,
And not one Trojan left upon the ſhore;
All ſtretching to the ſtroke, with vigour ſweep
The whitening ſurge, and plough the ſmoking deep.
Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora ſpread
Her orient beam, and left her golden bed.
Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld
The navy move along the wat'ry field,
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;
And ſaw th' abandon'd port, and empty ſhore;
Thrice her fierce hands in madneſs of deſpair
Beat her white breaſt, and tore her golden hair.
Then ſhall the traitor fly, ye gods! (ſhe ſaid)
And leave my kingdom, and inſulted bed?
And ſhall not Carthage pour in arms away?
Run there, and launch my navies on the ſea.
Fly, fly with all your ſails, ye ſons of Tyre;
Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
What have I ſaid?---ah! impotent and vain!
I rave, I rave---what madneſs turns my brain?
Now can you, Dido, at ſo late a time,
Reflect with horror on your former crime?
Well had this rage been ſhown, when firſt you led
The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
His gods and relics from the Phrygian ſhore!
And ſafe convey'd his venerable ſire
On his own ſhoulders through the Trojan fire!
Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
Baſe wretch! to every monſter of the ſea?
Stab all his friends, his darling ſon deſtroy,
And to his table ſerve the murder'd boy?
For bent on death, and valiant from deſpair,
Say---could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
No---but my flames had redden'd all the ſeas;
Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze;
Deſtroy'd the race, the father and the ſon,
And crown'd the general ruin with my own.
Thou glorious ſun! whoſe piercing eyes ſurvey
Theſe worlds terreſtrial in thy fiery way,
And thou, O Juno! bend thy aweful head,
Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
Hear thou, Dire Hecate! from hell profound,
Whoſe rites nocturnal through the ſtreets reſound,
Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait
To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate!
If to the deſtin'd port the wretch muſt come,
If ſuch be Jove's unalterable doom:
Still let him wander toſs'd from place to place,
Far from his country, and his ſon's embrace,

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By barbarous nations haraſs'd with alarms;
And take the field with unſucceſsful arms;
For foreign aid to diſtant regions fly,
See all his friends a common carnage lie;
And when he gains, his ruin to complete,
A peace more ſhameful than his paſt defeat;
Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
But fall, by murderous hands untimely ſlain,
And lie unburied on the naked plain!
This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,
With her laſt blood, and her laſt gaſping breath!
Oh!—in the ſilent grave when Dido lies,
Riſe in thy rage, thou great avenger, riſe!
Againſt curſs'd Troy, go mighty ſon of Tyre,
Go, in the pomp of famine, ſword, and fire!
And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate,
In future times, purſue the Dardan ſtate.
No peace, no commerce with the race be made:
Pay this laſt duty to your princeſs' ſhade;
Fight, when your pow'rs ſupplies ſo juſt a rage;
Fight now, fight ſtill, in every diſtant age;
By land, by ſea, in arms the nation dare,
And wage, from ſon to ſon, eternal war!
This ſaid, ſhe bends her various thoughts to cloſe
Her hated life, and finiſh all her woes.
Then to her huſband's nurſe ſhe gave command,
(Her own lay bury'd in her native land)
Go, Barce, go, and bid my ſiſter bring
The ſable victims for the Stygian king,
But firſt be ſprinkled from the limpid ſpring.
Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows,
Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.
Fain would I kindle now the ſacred pyre,
And ſee the Trojan image ſink in fire,
Thus I complete the rites to Stygian Jove,
And then farewell—a long farewell to love!
She ſaid; the matron, ſtudious to obey,
With duteous ſpeed runs trembling all the way.
Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,
And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes;
Though pale and ſhivering at her purpos'd doom,
And every dreadful thought of death to come:
Yet many a crimſon fluſh, with various grace,
Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.
Furious ſhe mounts the pyre, and draws the ſword,
The fatal preſent of the Dardan lord;
For no ſuch end beſtow'd;—the conſcious bed,
And robes ſhe view'd; and tears in ſilence ſhed;
Stood ſtill, and paus'd a moment,—then ſhe caſt
Her body on the couch, and ſpoke her laſt:
Ye dear, dear relics of the man I lov'd!
While fate conſented, and the gods approv'd,
Relieve my woes, this rage of love control,
Take my laſt breath, and catch my parting ſoul.
My fatal courſe is finiſh'd, and I go
A ghoſt majeſtic to the realms below.
Well have I liv'd to ſee a glorious town
Raiſ'd by theſe hands, and bulwarks of my own;
Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's ſword,
And on the wretch reveng'd my murther'd lord.
Happy! thrice happy! if the Dardan band
Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.
Then preſſing with her lips the Trojan bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (ſhe ſaid)
Yet die I will,—and thus, and thus, I go—
Thus—fly with pleaſure to the ſhades below.
This blaze my yon' proud Trojan from the ſea,
This death, an omen of his own, ſurvey.
Meantime, the ſad attendants, as ſhe ſpoke,
Beheld her ſtrike, and ſink beneath the ſtroke.
At once her ſnowy hands were purpled o'er,
And the bright faulchion ſmok'd with ſtreaming gore.
Her ſudden fate is blaz'd the city round;
The length'ning cries from ſtreet to ſtreet rebound;
To female ſhrieks the regal dome replies,
And the ſhrill echoes ring amidſt the ſkies;
As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
Storm'd by the foe, had ſunk in floods of fire:
And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
With all the glorious temples of the gods.
Her breathleſs ſiſter runs with eager pace,
And beats her throbbing breaſt, and beauteous face.
Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
And on her dying dear Eliza's cries,
Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
You took, your eaſy ſiſter to betray?
Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?
Where ſhall my plaints begin?—ah! wretch undone,
Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!
Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,
And ſhare thy ſweet ſociety in death?
Me, me you ſhould have call'd, your fate to ſhare
From the ſame weapon, and the ſame deſpair.
And did theſe hands the lofty pile compoſe?
Did I invoke our gods with ſolemn vows?
Only—ah cruel! to be ſent away
From the ſad ſcene of death I now ſurvey?
You by this fatal ſtroke, and I, and all,
Your ſenate, people, and your Carthage fall.
Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.
Then up the ſteep aſcent ſhe flew, and preſt
Her dying ſiſter to her heaving breaſt;
With cries ſucceeding cries her robes unbound,
To ſtanch the blood that iſſu'd from the wound.
Her boſom groaning with convulſive pain,
She ſtrives to raiſe her heavy lids in vain,
And in a moment ſinks, and ſwoons again.
Prop'd on her elbow, thrice ſhe rear'd her head,
And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed;
Sought with her ſwimming eyes the golden light,
And ſaw the ſun, but ſicken'd at the ſight.
Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
Beheld her dreadful anguiſh from the ſky;
And bade fair Iris, from the ſtarry pole,
Fly, and enlarge her agonizing ſoul:
For as ſhe dy'd by love before the time,
Nor fell by fate, nor periſh'd for a crime,
Not yet had Proſerpine, with early care,
Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair;
The ſolemn offering to the pow'rs below,
To free the ſpirit, and relieve her woe.
Swift from the glancing ſun the goddeſs drew
A thouſand mingling colours, as ſhe flew:
Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;
And lo! this conſecrated lock I bear
To Stygian Jove: and now, as heav'n ordains,
Releaſe thy ſoul from theſe corporeal chains.
The goddeſs ſtretch'd her hand, as thus ſhe ſaid,
And clip'd the ſacred honours of her head;
The vital ſpirit flies, no more confin'd,
Diſſolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

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BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas ſetting ſail from Afric, is driven by a ſtorm on the coaſt of Sicily, where he is hoſpitably received by his friend Aceſtes, king of part of the iſland, and born of Trojan parentage. He celebrates the memory of his father with divine honours, inſtitutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for thoſe who ſhould conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno ſends Iris to perſuade the Trojan women to burn the ſhips, who, upon her inſtigation, ſet fire to them; which burnt four, and would have conſumed the reſt, had not Jupiter by a ſudden ſhower extinguiſhed it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a viſion of his father, builds a city, for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage; and ſails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a ſafe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately loſt.

Now with a proſp'rous breeze, Æneas held
His deſtin'd courſe, and plough'd the wat'ry field;
Unhappy Dido's funeral flames ſurveys,
That gild the ſpires, and round the bulwarks blaze;
But ſoon the hidden cauſe the prince divin'd
From the known tranſports of a female mind;
With ſuch a whirl their fiery paſſions move,
In the mad rage of diſappointed love!

Now o'er the deep the rapid gallies fly,
And the vaſt round was only wave and ſky.
A cloud all charg'd with livid darkneſs ſpreads,
Black'ning the floods, and gathering o'er their heads.
Aloud the careful Palinurus cries;
Lo! what a dreadful ſtorm involves the ſkies!
Oh! Neptune, mighty father of the main!
What tempeſts threaten from thy wat'ry reign?
Then he commands to furl the ſails, and ſweep
With every bending oar the foamy deep.
Himſelf, to break the blaſt, his ſails inclin'd,
And fled obliquely with the driving wind.
Oh! mighty prince, the trembling maſter cry'd,
Scarce could I hope, in ſuch a toſſing tide,
To reach Heſperia and ſurmount the flood,
Though Jove had paſt the promiſe of a God.
See! from the weſt what thwarting winds ariſe!
How in one cloud are gathered half the ſkies!
In vain our courſe we labour to maintain,
And, ſtruggling, work againſt the ſtorm in vain.
Let us, ſince fortune mocks our toil, obey,
And ſpeed our voyage, where ſhe points the way.
For not far diſtant lies the realm, that bore
Your brother Eryx, the Sicilian ſhore,
If right I judge, whoſe eyes with conſtant care
Have watch'd the heav'ns retracing every ſtar.

I ſee, reply'd the prince, thy fruitleſs pain,
That long has ſtruggled with the winds in vain.
Then change thy courſe, the whirling guſts obey,
And ſteer with open ſails a different way.
Oh! to what dearer land can I retreat?
There I may rig again my ſhatter'd fleet:
That land my father's ſacred duſt contains,
And there my Trojan friend, Aceſtes reigns.
This ſaid, they ſteer their courſe; the weſtern gales
With friendly breezes ſtretch their bellying ſails;
Smooth o'er the tides the flying navy paſt,
And reach'd with joy the well-known ſhore at laſt.

The king with wonder from a mountain's brow
Beheld the fleet approach the coaſt below;
Then, with a javelin in his hand, deſcends,
Clad in a lion's ſpoils, to meet his friends,
This monarch ſprung from great Criniſus' flood;
His Trojan mother mingling with the god.
With due regard he hails the kindred train,
Arriv'd from Carthage at his realms again;
With feaſts their fainting ſpirits he reſtor'd;
And rural viands crown'd the generous board.

Now the diminiſh'd ſtars had fled away
Before the glories of the dawning day.
His friends Æneas ſummon'd from the coaſt;
Then from a riſing point beſpoke the hoſt:
Ye far-fam'd ſons of Troy, a race divine,
Whoſe fathers ſprung from Jove's immortal line,
Now the firſt circle of the year runs round,
Since we diſpos'd my fire in foreign ground,
Rais'd verdant altars to the mighty ſhade,
And paid all funeral honours to the dead:
And now the fatal day is juſt return'd,
By me (ſo Heav'n ordains) with rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
Though baniſh'd to the burning Libyan ſand,
Though led a captive to the Argive land,
Though loſt and ſhipwreck'd on the Grecian ſea,
Still would I ſolemnize this ſacred day.
Sure all the friendly pow'rs our courſe inſpire,
To the dear relics of my reverend ſire.
Haſte then, the new-adopted god adore,
And from his grace a proſp'rous gale implore;
Implore a city, where we ſtill may pay,
In his own fane, the honours of the day.
On every ſhip two oxen are beſtow'd
By great Aceſtes of our Dardan blood;
Call to the feaſt your native Phrygian pow'rs,
With thoſe the hoſpitable king adores.
Soon as the ninth fair morning's opening light
Shall glad the world, and chaſe the ſhades of night,
Then to my Trojans I propoſe, to grace
Theſe ſacred rites, the rapid naval race;
Then all, who glory in their matchleſs force,
Or vaunt their fiery ſwiftneſs in the courſe,
Or dart the ſpear, or bend the twanging bow,
Or to the dreadful gauntlet dare the foe,
Attend; and each by merit bear away
The noble palms, and glories of the day.

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Now grace your heads with verdant wreaths, he
said;
Then with his mother's myrtle binds his head.
Like him, Aceſtes, and the royal boy,
Adorn their brows, with all the youth of Troy.
Now to the tomb ſurrounded with a throng,
A mighty train, the hero paſt along.
Two bowls of milk, and ſacred blood he pours;
Two of pure wine; and ſcatters purple flow'rs.
Then thus—Hail ſacred fire, all hail again,
Once more reſtor'd, but ah! reſtor'd in vain!
'Twas more than envious fate would give, to ſee
The deſtin'd realms of Italy with thee;
Or mighty Tiber's rolling ſtreams explore
The ſacred flood, that bathes th' Auſonian ſhore.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, beauteous to behold!
From the deep tomb, with many a ſhining fold,
An azure ſerpent roſe, in ſcales that flam'd
with gold:
Like heaven's bright bow his varying beauties
ſhone,
That draws a thouſand colours from the ſun:
Pleas'd round the altars and the tomb to wind,
His glittering length of volumes trails behind.
The chief in deep amaze ſuſpended hung,
While through the bowls the ſerpent glides along;
Taſtes all the food, then ſoftly ſlides away,
Seeks the dark tomb, and quits the ſacred prey;
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, the hero paid
New rites, new honours to his father's ſhade,
Doubts if the demon of his ſire rever'd,
Or the kind genius of the place appear'd.
Five ſable ſteers he ſlew with rites divine,
As many ſnowy ſheep, and briſtly ſwine;
And pouring wine, invok'd his father's ſhade
Sent from the darkſome regions of the dead.
Then all the train, who gather'd round the grave,
Each for his rank, proportion'd treaſures gave.
The altars blaze; the victims round expire;
Some hang the maſſy cauldrons o'er the fire:
Some o'er the graſs the glowing embers ſpread;
Some broil the entrails on the burning bed.
Now bright the ninth expected morning ſhone;
Now roſe the fiery courſers of the ſun;
When endleſs crowds the vaſt aſſembly crown'd
From all the wide diſpeopled country round.
Some rous'd by great Aceſtes' mighty name,
Some to behold the Trojan ſtrangers came,
Some to contend, and try the noble game.
In view, amid the ſpacious circle, lay
The coſtly gifts, the prizes of the day.
Arms on the ground, and ſacred tripods glow,
With wreaths and palms to bind the victor's brow.
Silver and purple veſts in heaps are roll'd,
Rich robes, and talents of the pureſt gold;
And from a mount the ſprightly trump proclaims
To all the gather'd crowd the glorious games.
Four well-match'd galleys firſt, by oars impell'd
Drawn from the navy, took the wat'ry field.
The ſwift Dolphin mighty Mneſtheus came,
Mneſtheus, the founder of the Memmian name.
Next Gyas in the vaſt Chimæra ſweeps
(Huge as a town) the hoarſe reſounding deeps:
Three rows of oars employ the panting train,
Push th' enormous burthen o'er the main.
Geſtus in the Centaur took his place,
The glorious father of the Sergian race.

In the blue Scylla great Cloanthus rode,
The noble ſource of our Cluentian blood;
Far in the main a rock advances o'er
The level tides, and fronts the foamy ſhore,
That hid beneath the rolling ocean lies,
When the black ſtorms involve the ſtarry ſkies;
But in a calm its lofty head diſplays
To reſt the birds who wing the ſpacious ſeas.
Here the great hero fix'd an oaken bough,
A mark, that nodded o'er the craggy brow;
To teach the train to ſteer the backward way,
And fetch a ſhorter circle round the ſea:
Then, rank'd by lot, conſpicuous o'er the flood,
The chiefs array'd in gold and purple glow'd.
The youths green poplars round their temples
twine,
And bright with oil their naked bodies ſhine,
Eager, they graſp their oars, and liſt'ning wait
the ſign.
Thick in their hearts alternate motions play,
Now preſt with beating fears they ſink away,
Now throb with riſing hopes to win the glo-
rious day.
Soon as the trump the firſt ſhrill ſignal blew.
All in a moment from the barrier flew:
Turn'd by their labouring oars the ſurges riſe,
And with their ſhouts the ſailors rend the ſkies,
The foamy tides with equal furrows ſweep:
And, opening to the keel, divides the hoary deep.
Not half ſo ſwift the fiery courſers pour,
And, as they ſtart, the diſtant plain devour;
Nor half ſo fierce the drivers, poiſ'd in air,
Urge the fleet ſteeds to whirl the flying car,
Throw up the reins, and, bending o'er the yoke,
Shout, laſh, and ſend their ſouls at every ſtroke.
The crowds in parties join; and, to the cries
And eager ſhouts, the hollow wood replies;
While hills to hills repeat the mingled roar,
And the long echo rolls around the winding ſhore.
With peals of loud applauſe from every ſide
Firſt Gyas flew, and ſhot along the tide.
Cloanthus follows, but his pond'rous ſhip,
Though better mann'd, moves heavier on the
deep.
Behind, the Dolphin and the Centaur lay,
At equal diſtance, on the wat'ry way:
Now darts the rapid Dolphin o'er the main,
Now the vaſt Centaur wins the day again:
Then, ſide by ſide, and front by front, they join,
And plough in frothy tracks the ruffled brine.
And now proud Gyas reach'd th' appointed place,
Awhile the victor of the wat'ry race;
Then to Menætes call'd, and gave command,
To leave the right, and ſteer againſt the land;
Let others plough the deep;—in vain he ſpoke;
The cautious pilot dreads the lurking rock,
And turns his prow, and ſteers a different road,
And leaves the ſhallows for the open flood.
Once more in vain the raging Gyas cry'd,
And lo! that moment, brave Cloanthus ſpy'd
Cloſe at his back, who plough'd the nearer tide.
The dangerous way the daring hero took
Between bold Gyas and the ſounding rock.
Sudden beyond the chief he ſhoots away,
Clear of the goal, and gains the roamy ſea.
Then Gyas wept; and grief and rage inflame
The youth, forgetful of his friends and fame,

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From the high ſtern, with anger and diſdain,
He hurl'd the hoary maſter in the main;
Then madly took himſelf the ſole command,
And fir'd his train, and bore upon the land.
Hoary with age, and ſtruggling long in vain,
With cumb'rous veſts, Menætes mounts again;
Trembling he climb'd a lofty rock; and dry'd
His limbs, all drench'd and reeking with the tide.
Loud laugh'd the crowds to ſee him ſhoot away,
Drink and diſgorge by turns the briny ſea.
At diſtance Mneſtheus and Sergeſtus lie;
Both hope to paſs the fiery Gyas by.
The 'vantage firſt the bold Sergeſtus took,
With rapid ſpeed advancing to the rock;
But not a length before: the Dolphin rides
With rival ſpeed, and bears upon her ſides.
Brave Mneſtheus now inflames his naval crew,
As o'er the deck from man to man he flew,
My brave aſſociates, in whoſe aid I truſt,
You, whom I choſe, when Ilion ſunk in duſt,
Now ſhow the ſtrength and ſpirit once you ſhow'd,
When raging ſtorms, and Syrtes you withſtood.
Plough'd Malea's tide, and ſtemm'd th' Ionian flood:
Now, now, my friends, your utmoſt pow'r diſplay,
Rue to your oars, and ſweep the wat'ry way:
Nor ſtrive we now the victory to gain,
Tho' yet!—but ah! let thoſe the palm obtain,
Thoſe, whom thy favours crown, great monarch of the main!
But to return the lags of all the day!
Oh! wipe, my friends, that ſhameful ſtain away!
Fir'd at the word, each other they provoke;
Springs the ſwift ſhip at every vigorous ſtroke.
With painful ſweat their heaving bodies ſtream;
Thick pant their hearts, and trembles every limb.
All bending to their oars the labour ply;
The ſea rolls backward, and the ſurges fly.
Now, with the wiſh'd ſucceſs they toil to gain,
Indulgent fortune crowns the lab'ring train;
For while the fierce Sergeſtus nearer drew,
And in a ſcanty ſpace too raſhly flew,
(His road ſtill narrower) with a mighty ſhock
He ruſh'd againſt the ſharp projected rock.
Then flew the ſhatter'd oars, and flying rung,
And on the rugged ſides the veſſel hung.
To gain their floating oars, with mingled cries,
All arm'd with iron poles, the ſailors riſe.
Fir'd with ſucceſs, along the open ſeas,
Proud Mneſtheus ſhoots, invoking every breeze,
As in her neſt, within ſome cavern hung,
The dove ſits trembling o'er her callow young,
Till rous'd at laſt by ſome impetuous ſhock,
She ſtarts ſurpris'd, and beats around the rock;
Then to the open field for refuge flies,
And the free bird expatiates in the ſkies;
Her pinions pois'd, through liquid air ſhe ſprings,
And ſmoothly glides, nor moves her level'd wings:
So joyful Mneſtheus darts without control
O'er the wide ocean, and approach'd the goal;
So the ſwift Dolphin flies in open view,
And gain'd new ſtrength, new ſwiftneſs as ſhe flew.
Firſt by Sergeſtus' ſhip he ſhoots along,
That in the ſhelves and dang'rous ſhallows hung;
With cries the chief his rival's aid implores,
And ſtrives in vain to row with ſhatter'd oars.
Next fiery Gyas he with ſhouts purſu'd,
Who in the huge Chimæra ſtemm'd the flood;
She yields, depriv'd of her experienc'd guide;
And ſees her rival fly triumphant o'er the tide.
Now, near the port, with all his pow'r he ſtrains
To paſs Cloanthus, who the laſt remains.
The doubling ſhouts inſpire him as he flies
And the long peal runs rattling round the ſkies:
Theſe, fluſh'd with pride, would caſt their lives away,
Ere they reſign the glories of the day:
Thoſe, by ſucceſs, in ſtrength and ſpirit riſe,
And their fierce hopes already win the prize.
Thus haply both with level beaks had ply'd
The ſurge, and rode the victors of the tide;
But brave Cloanthus o'er the rolling floods
Stretch'd wide his hands, and thus invok'd the gods:
Ye pow'rs! on whoſe wild empire I diſplay
My flying ſails, and plough the wat'ry way;
Oh, hear your ſuppliant, and my vow ſucceed;
Then on theſe ſhores a milk-white bull ſhall bleed;
And purple wine your ſilver waves ſhall ſtain,
And ſacred victims glut the greedy main.
Thus he—and every Nereid heard the vow,
With mighty Phorcus from the deeps below.
And great Portunus, with his ample hand,
Puſh'd on the rapid galley to the land.
Swift as the hiſſing javelin cuts the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind, to the port ſhe flies.
And now the herald's voice proclaims aloud
Cloanthus victor, to the ſhouting crowd,
The mighty prince himſelf, with verdant boughs
Of vivid laurel, binds the hero's brows.
Three ſteers, and one large talent are beſtow'd
On every rival crew, that plough'd the flood.
But to the glorious leaders, bold and brave,
The generous chief diſtinguiſh'd honours gave.
A robe the victor ſhar'd, where purple plays,
Mixt with rich gold, in every ſhining maze.
There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,
O'er hills and foreſts hunts the bounding hart;
The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold!
Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold:
From tow'ring Ida ſhoots the bird of Jove,
And bears him ſtruggling through the clouds above;
With out-ſtretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry,
And the loud hounds ſpring furious at the ſky.
On Mneſtheus next, the chief who bore away
The ſecond glorious honours of the day,
A ſhining mail the generous prince beſtows,
That, rich with claſps of gold, refulgent glows,
Who ſtript Demoleus of the coaſtly load
In Trojan fields, by Simois' mighty flood:
Two labouring ſervants, with united toil
And ſtrength conjoin'd, ſcarce heav'd th' enormous ſpoil:
Yet in theſe arms of old, with matchleſs might,
The ſwift Demoleus chas'd his foes in fight.
This mail, Æneas gave the chief to bear,
A ſure defence and ornament in war.
The next rich preſents mighty Gyas grace,
Two ponderous cauldrons of refulgent braſs;
Two ſilver goblets, wrought with art divine,
That rough, and bright with ſculptur'd figures ſhine.

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Proud of their gifts the lofty leaders tread,
And purple fillets glitter on their head.
When, from the rock ſcarce diſengaged with pain,
Sergeſtus brings his ſhatter'd ſhip again.
One ſide all maim'd, ſhe ſlowly moves along,
Spoil'd of her oars amid the hooting throng;
As when a ling'ring ſate the ſerpent feels,
Obliquely cruſh'd beneath the brazen wheels,
Or, bruis'd and mangled by the cruel ſwain
With ſome huge ſtone, writhes with the ſhooting pain,
And rolls and twiſts her ſcaly folds in vain.
Above, all fierce her glittering volumes riſe,
Flames in her creſt, and lightning in her eyes;
But maim'd below, and tardy with the wound,
Her train unfolded drags along the ground.
So maim'd and ſlow the ſhatter'd galley paſt,
But aided by her ſails ſhe reach'd the port at laſt.
Pleas'd with the veſſel and the crew reſtor'd,
The generous prince rewards their hapleſs lord.
The promis'd preſent to the chief he gave;
Pholoe, the beauteous female Cretan ſlave,
In works of art ſuperior to the reſt,
And proud of two fair infants at the breaſt.
This conteſt o'er; with thouſands in his train,
Mov'd the great hero to a ſpacious plain.
High hills the verdant theatre ſurround;
And waving woods the mighty circuit crown'd.
Hither, with all the crowds the prince withdrew,
And took his ſylvan throne in open view.
Here coſtly gifts the chiefs propos'd, to grace
The ſprightly youths that urge the rapid race.
Now throng the Trojan and Sicilian band;
And firſt Euryalus and Niſus ſtand;
That, for his youthful charms admir'd by Troy;
This, for chaſte friendſhip to the beauteous boy.
Next to the conteſt, warm with hopes of fame,
Of Priam's royal race, Diores came,
Salius and Patron then in order paſt;
Epirus one, and one Arcadia grac'd.
Brave Helymus and Panopes ſucceed;
Two valiant youths in fair Trinacria bred;
Who with Aceſtes drove the ſavage race
From wood to wood, long practis'd to the chaſe.
And mighty numbers more, unknown to fame,
Advance in crowds to ſhare the glorious game.
High in the midſt Æneas rear'd his head,
And oh! attend, ye generous youths (he ſaid;)
Of all who try the fortune of the day,
Not one ſhall go without a gift away.
With two bright Cretan lances, each ſhall ſhare
An ax with ſilver grav'd, to ſhine in war.
Diſtinguiſh'd gifts and olive wreaths ſhall grace
The three triumphant victors of the race.
On the firſt youth a courſer I beſtow,
Whoſe trappings rich with gold and purple glow:
The next a quiver charg'd with ſhafts ſhall claim;
Such as adorns an Amazonian dame;
Claſp'd by a gem, refulgent to behold,
Shines the bright trophy with a belt of gold.
On the proud youth this gift ſhall be conferr'd:
And this fair Argive helm ſhall grace the third.
This ſaid, they took their place; the trumpet blew;
And all impetuous from the barrier flew:
Fierce as a tempeſt, o'er the plain they paſt
From the firſt ſpace, and gain upon the laſt.
Firſt Niſus ſprung, and left the crowd behind,
Swift as the lightning, or the wings of wind.
Next, but the next with many a length between,
Young Salius ſkimm'd along the level green.
Euryalus, the third, ſcarce touch'd the plain;
Behind, bold Helymus his rival ran;
But, hovering o'er him, runs Diores nigh;
Now ſide by ſide, and foot by foot they fly.
The youth had conquer'd in a longer way,
Or undecided left the honours of the day.
And now they juſt approach'd with rapid pace,
Tir'd with the toil, the limit of the race,
When Niſus fell amid the ſlippery plain,
Drench with the copious blood of victims ſlain.
His feet no more the ſhouting victor held;
Aloft they fly, and quiver on the field.
Headlong he fell, with mud all cover'd o'er,
And every limb was ſtain'd with ſacred gore.
Yet, as he weltered on the ground, he ſtrove
To ſhow Euryalus his ardent love.
For now, ev'n now, the youth his body threw
Before his rival Salius, as he flew:
He fell, and on the ground extended lay;
Thus favour'd by his friend, ſprung ſwift away
The young Euryalus, and won the day.
At once beyond the goal the victor flies;
Shouts of applauſe tumultuous rend the ſkies.
Next Helymus, and next Diores came
With eager ardour, now the third in fame.
Now Salius fills the ring with clam'rous cries,
By turns to every hoary judge applies,
Storms at the fraud, and claims the rightful prize.
But favour, winning tears, and youthful grace,
Plead for the boy, the victor of the race.
Diores too, before the partial crowd,
Defends the young Euryalus aloud;
Who now muſt urge his claim, ſhould Salius gain
The firſt proud honours, to the third in vain.
Thus then the prince—In order ſhall we pay
To each brave youth the prizes of the day:
Since theſe are ſhar'd, permit me to extend
One proof of pity to a hapleſs friend:
This ſaid, on Salius generous be beſtow'd
A lion's yellow ſpoils (a coſtly load!)
With martial pride his ſhoulders to infold;
Rough was the dreadful mane, the paws were ſheath'd in gold.
When Niſus thus,—If ſuch high preſents grace
Salius who fell, firſt vanquiſh'd in the race,
What gift ſhall I receive, who bore away,
And ſtill had held the honours of the day,
Had not that fortune, which my foe o'erthrew,
Befall'n unhappy Niſus, as he flew?
Then ſhow'd his robes and face with blood defil'd:
Th' indulgent father of the people ſmil'd,
And caus'd a mighty buckler to be brought,
With art divine by Didymaon wrought;
Great Neptune's gates the prize adorn'd in Troy,
Now the bright preſent loads the favour'd boy.
Theſe gifts beſtow'd; the hero cries aloud,
Stand forth, ye valiant champions, from the crowd;
Who vaunt your courage and unrivall'd might,
And with the gauntlet dare provoke the fight.
Then he propos'd, in gold and garments gay,
A bull, to grace the victor of the day.

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Next, to relieve the loſer's ſhame and pain,
Caſt a rich ſword and helmet on the plain.
Strait with a ſhout, ſupremely tall and ſtrong,
Bold Dares rear'd his bulk above the throng;
The youth, the only youth, who dar'd withſtand
The fierce tempeſtuous ſway of Paris' hand,
Who on huge Butes prov'd his matchleſs might
At Hector's tomb, victorious in the fight;
(Butes, of Amycus' Bebrycian ſtrain),
And ſtretch'd th' enormous giant on the plain.
Thus, glorying in his ſtrength, in open view
His arms around, the tow'ring Dares threw,
Stalk'd high, and laid his brawny ſhoulders bare,
And dealt his whiſtling blows in empty air.
His match was ſought; through all a terror ran;
All gaz'd and trembled at the mighty man.
Deſpair, he thought, had ſeiz'd the circling bands;
And now before the prince the champion ſtands;
Fierce by the horns the beauteous bull he took,
And in proud triumph to the hero ſpoke:
Since none, oh! chief, accepts the proffer'd fray,
Why for his coward foe muſt Dares ſtay?
Permit me, prince, to lead my rightful prize away.
The Trojans clamour with applauding cries,
And for the youth demand the promis'd prize.
Then to Entellus old Aceſtes ſaid,
Who ſate beſide him on the flow'ry bed;
Entellus!---once the braveſt on the plain,
But ah! the braveſt, and the beſt in vain!
With ſuch tame patience can my friend ſurvey
This prize, without a conteſt, borne away?
Where, where is now great Eryx' vaunted name;
The god, who taught our thund'ring arms the game,
The ſpoils that grace thy roof, and all thy former fame!
I am not dead, replies the chief, to praiſe,
Nor yield to fear, but ſink by length of days.
My nerves unſtrung, my ſtrength no more remains,
And age creeps ſhiv'ring through my icy veins.
Had I that vigour ſtill, my youth could boaſt,
Or yon' vain champion vaunts to all the hoſt,
Soon ſhould this arm that inſolence chaſtiſe,
For fame alone, without the proffer'd prize.
Ev'n now I ſcorn the combat to decline;
The prize I heed not; let the fame be mine!
This ſaid; amid the ring, in open view,
Two mighty gauntlets on the ground he threw:
Theſe grac'd great Eryx in the fight of old,
And brac'd his arms with many a dreadful fold:
Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge diſpread,
Pond'rous with iron and a weight of lead.
The hoſt ſtood all aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
But Dares moſt, who now refus'd the fight:
The hero turns the folds, in wonder ſtands,
And pois'd th' enormous gauntlets in his hands.
How had you wonder'd, the bold champion ſaid,
Had you the huge Herculean arms ſurvey'd?
Had you thoſe pond'rous gloves of death beheld,
And the ſtern combat, on this fatal field?
Theſe, prince, of old your brother Eryx wore,
Lo! you behold 'em ſtill diſtain'd with gore.
With theſe Alcides' force he long ſuſtain'd,
And theſe I brandiſh'd, while my ſtrength remain'd,
Ere the cold hand of envious age had ſhed
Theſe marks of winter on my hoary head.
Yet, if your champion trembles at the ſight,
Nor dares to meet theſe gauntlets in the fight;
If ſo Æneas and the king incline;
Lo! to his fears theſe weapons I reſign:
With equal arms the combat we will try;
And thou, lay thou, thy Trojan gauntlets by.
This ſaid, the hero ſtrait his robe unbound,
And caſt the double garment on the ground;
Bares his huge brawny limbs, and on the ſands,
Dreadful to view, the hoary champion ſtands.
Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound
Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around:
Their arms, that moment, each impetuous foe
Rear'd high in air, and roſe to every blow;
And, while their raging hands the fight provoke,
Withdraw their heads from each tempeſtuous ſtroke.
This on his youth and active ſpeed relies,
That on his bulk and tall gigantic ſize:
But each vaſt limb moves ſtiff and ſlow with age;
And thick ſhort pantings ſhake the lab'ring ſage.
Each, but in vain, a thouſand ſtrokes beſtows;
Their ſides and breaſts re-echo to the blows.
With ſwift repeated wounds their hands fly round
Their heads and cheeks; their crackling jaws reſound;
Unmov'd Entellus, with a ſtedfaſt look
And watchful eye, avoids the furious ſtroke.
The youth inveſts his foe with all his pow'r,
As ſome brave leader a beleaguer'd tow'r,
When on the bulwarks in his rage he falls,
And plants his engines round th' embattled walls;
On every ſide with fruitleſs ſkill and pain,
Eager he tries a paſs or poſt to gain,
And ſtorms the rocky battlements in vain.
And now his aim the bold Entellus took,
With his huge hand, high brandiſh'd for the ſtroke:
The youth obſerv'd the long-deſcending blow,
And leaps aſide, and diſappoints the foe:
The ſtroke was ſpent in air; with dreadful ſound
Prone fell the champion thund'ring to the ground.
A pine thus tumbles to the vales below,
From Ida's top, or Erymanthus' brow.
At once the Trojans and Sicilians riſe,
And with divided clamours rend the ſkies.
And firſt Aceſtes, touch'd with pity, ran
To raiſe his friend and old compeer again.
Swift from the fall, and with redoubled might
Sprung the fierce hero, and renew'd the fight;
Improv'd in ſpirit, to the combat came,
While conſcious valour ſets his ſoul on flame,
Stung with diſgrace, and more enrag'd with ſhame.
Now headlong o'er the field he drove the foe,
And roſe in ſtrength and wrath at every blow.
Now a thick ſtorm of ſtrokes around him flies;
Thick as the hail comes rattling from the ſkies;
With both his thund'ring hands the blows he ply'd,
And turn'd his giddy foe on every ſide,
Then flew the good Æneas, to aſſwage
The hero's wrath, and check the mighty rage:
From death he ſnatch'd the champion, and began
To ſooth the ſorrows of the vanquiſh'd man:
What madneſs, hapleſs Dares, has poſſeſt
Thy thoughtleſs mind; and fir'd thy daring breaſt?

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Thy rival ſee, ſuſtain'd by pow'r divine,
By other ſtrength, and mightier force than thine!
Ceaſe then, and give the vain contention o'er;
Ceaſe, and oppoſe the hand of heav'n no more!
The youth now drags his trembling legs along;
His looſe head tott'ring o'er his ſhoulders hung,
Giddy with pain; he now ejects the blood,
His looſen'd teeth come mingled in the flood:
While in their arms his ſad aſſociates bore
The batter'd champion groaning to the ſhore,
The dear-bought ſword and helmet brought away,
And left the palm and bull the victor's prey.
Now great Entellus, glorying in the prize,
And flush'd with conqueſt, thus, exulting cries;
Behold, ye Trojans, and thou, chief divine,
What vigour, in the bloom of youth, was mine;
From what a thund'ring arm and fatal blow,
Your timely mercy has preſerv'd my foe.
With that the chief, collected in his might,
Confronts the victim, the reward of fight;
Then rais'd his hand aloft, and from above,
With dreadful ſway, the pond'rous gauntlet drove
Through the broad forehead of the ſtately bull,
And daſh'd within the brain the batter'd ſkull.
The bull, convulſive with the deadly wound,
Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the ground.
Then, thus the hoary chief performs his vow,
Eryx, on thee this victim I beſtow;
A nobler victim than my Trojan foe!
To younger champions now the game I yield;
Here hang my conquering arms; and here renounce the field.
Next the great prince propos'd the prize to thoſe, [bows.
Who wing'd the ſhafts, and bent the twanging
Amid the ſpacious plain the hero plac'd
Sublime in air Sergeſtus' lofty maſt;
Around the tapering top a dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly;
Hither to try their ſkill the warriors haſte;
And in a brazen helm the lots are caſt.
Firſt, with applauſe, Hippocoon's lot was thrown,
The mighty Hyrtacus' illuſtrious ſon.
Mneſtheus the next, whom verdant olives grace,
The ſecond victor in the naval race.
Then the third chance to great Eurytion came,
Thy brother, Pandarus, renown'd by fame,
Whoſe hand by Pallas prompted, drew the bow,
To break the truce againſt the Grecian foe.
Laſt in the helm remain'd Aceſtes' name;
Old as he was, he try'd the youthful game.
Then every chief, with all his ſtrength and art,
Bent the tough bow, and choſe the feather'd dart.
Through yielding air firſt vaniſh'd with a ſpring
Hippocoon's arrow from the ſounding ſtring:
Full in the maſt, impell'd with vigour ſtood
The forceful ſhaft, and quiver'd in the wood.
The dove affrighted, ſtretch'd her flutt'ring wing;
And with applauſe the vales and mountains ring.
Then Mneſtheus drew the bow, and aim'd on high
The pointed dart, and levell'd with his eye;
Nor through the mark the luckleſs arrow drove,
But cut the ſtring that ty'd the trembling dove.
Swift through the clouds the bird unſhackled flies,
And ſpreads her wings at freedom in the ſkies.
Already had Eurytion bent his bow,
And to his brother god addreſs'd his vow:
The tow'ring bird amid the clouds he ſlew,
And the ſwift ſhaft transfix'd her as ſhe flew.
High in the ſkies ſhe feels the deadly wound,
And, with the dart, comes dying to the ground.
And now, all hopes expir'd, the conqueſt gain'd,
The venerable prince alone remain'd.
Yet he diſcharg'd the flying ſhaft, to ſhow
His ſkill, his vigour, and reſounding bow.
When ſudden they beheld, with wond'ring eyes,
A dire portentous omen in the ſkies.
Too late the ſeers the frightful ſign explain,
Too late they clear the dread event in vain!
For, flying through the clouds in open view,
The glowing arrow kindled as it flew;
Then drew a golden trail of flames behind,
That mark'd its courſe, and vaniſh'd in the wind:
So ſhine the falling ſtars with dreadful hair,
And glance, and ſhoot along the fields of air.
Amaz'd the Trojans and Sicilians ſtood;
And breath'd their ardent prayers to every god.
The Dardan prince the doubtful ſign miſtook,
Embrac'd the monarch, and with tranſport ſpoke:
Father! accept the prize; the will divine
Of mighty Jove, by this auſpicious ſign,
Declares the firſt diſtinguiſh'd honours thine.
Accept this goblet, which my ſire of old
Receiv'd from Ciſſeus, rough with ſculptur'd gold;
Take it, my royal friend, and let it prove
A long-priz'd gift of dear reſpect and love.
Then he beſtow'd the laurel, and aloud
Proclaim'd him victor to the ſhouting crowd.
Nor did the generous chief the prize deny,
Whoſe arrow pierc'd the bird amid the ſky;
Next, he who cut the cord, with gifts was grac'd;
And he, whoſe arrow ſtruck the tree, the laſt.
Now call'd the prince, before the games were done,
The hoary guardian of his royal ſon,
And gently whiſpers in his faithful ear,
To bid Aſcanius in his arms appear,
And with his youthful band and courſer come,
To pay due honours at his grandfire's tomb.
Next he commands the huge aſſembled train
To quit the ground, and leave an open plain.
Strait on their bridled ſteeds, with grace divine,
The beauteous youths before their fathers ſhine,
The blooming Trojans and Sicilians throng,
And gaze with wonder as they march along.
Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore;
Two glitt'ring lances tipt with ſteel they bore:
Theſe a light quiver ſtor'd with ſhafts ſuſtain,
And from their neck depends a golden chain.
On bounding ſteeds advance three graceful bands,
And each a little blooming chief commands.
Beneath each chief twelve ſprightly ſtripplings came,
In ſhining arms, in looks and age the ſame.
Grac'd with his grandſire's name, Polites' ſon,
Young Priam, leads the firſt gay ſquadron on;
A youth, whoſe progeny muſt Latium grace:
He preſs'd a dappled ſteed of Thracian race:
Before, white ſpots on either foot appear,
And on his forehead blaz'd a ſilver ſtar.
Atys the next advanc'd, with looks divine,
Atys the ſource of the great Attian line:

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Iülus' friendſhip grac'd the lovely boy:
And laſt Iülus came, the pride of Troy,
In charms ſuperior to the blooming train;
And ſpurr'd his Tyrian courſer to the plain;
Which Dido gave the princely youth, to prove
A laſting pledge, memorial of her love.
Th' inferior boys on beauteous courſers ride,
From great Aceſtes' royal ſtalls ſupply'd. [fear,
Now fluſh'd with hopes, now pale with anxious
Before the ſhouting crowds, the youths appear;
The ſhouting crowds admire their charms, and
Their parents lines in every lovely face, [trace
Now round the ring, before their fathers, ride
The boys, in all their military pride.
Till Periphantes' ſounding laſh from far
Gave the loud ſignal of the mimic war;
Strait, in three bands diſtinct, they break away,
Divide in order, and their ranks diſplay:
Swift at the ſummons they return, and throw
At once their hoſtile lances at the foe:
Then take a new excurſion on the plain;
Round within round, in endleſs courſe maintain;
And now advance, and now retreat again;
With well-diſſembled rage their rivals dare,
And pleaſe the crowd with images of war.
Alternate now they turn their backs in flight,
Now dart their lances, and renew the fight:
Then in a moment from the combat ceaſe,
Rejoin their ſcatter'd bands, and move in peace.
So winds delufive, in a thouſand ways
Perplext and intricate, the Cretan maze;
Round within round, the blind meanders run,
Untrac'd and dark, and end where they begun.
The ſkilful youths, in ſport, alternate ply
Their ſhifting courſe; by turns they fight and fly:
As dolphins gambol on the wat'ry way, [play.
And, bounding o'er the tides, in wanton circles
This ſport Aſcanius, when in mighty length
He rais'd proud Alba glorying in her ſtrength,
Taught the firſt fathers of the Latian name,
As now he ſolemniz'd the noble game.
From their ſucceſſive Alban offſpring come
Theſe ancient plays, to grace imperial Rome;
Who owns her Trojan band, and game of Troy
Deriv'd through ages from the princely boy.
Thus were the ſolemn funeral honours paid
To great Anchiſes' venerable ſhade.
But ſoon the prince his changing fortune found,
And in her turn the fickle goddeſs frown'd.
For, while the gather'd crowds the games repeat,
Heav'n's mighty empreſs, to the Trojan fleet,
(Her ancient rage ſtill glowing in her ſoul)
Diſpatch'd fair Iris from the ſtarry pole.
Big with revengeful ſchemes, herſelf ſupplies
The rapid ſtorm that bears her down the ſkies.
Unſeen, the maid a thouſand colours drew,
As down her bow, with winged ſpeed, ſhe flew:
And ſaw around the tomb th' aſſembly meet,
The vacant harbour, and neglected fleet.
Meantime, retir'd within the lonely ſhore,
Anchiſes' fate the Trojan dames deplore;
Caſt a long look o'er all the flood, and weep
To ſee the wide-extended wat'ry deep:
Yet, muſt we yet, alas! new labours try,
More ſeas, more oceans? was the general cry.
Oh! grant a town at laſt, ye gracious gods!
To wretches haraſs'd with the winds and floods.
'Twas then, their raging ſorrow to improve,
Amid the train ſhot Iris from above.
Aſide her heav'nly charms the goddeſs threw,
And like old Beroë ſtood in open view;
(Doryclus' hoary ſpouſe, a noble dame,
Fam'd for her offſpring, and illuſtrious name);
And thus the goddeſs fans the riſing flame:
Ah! wretched race, whom heav'n forbade to fall
By Grecian ſwords, beneath our native wall!
Toſt round the ſeas, o'er every region caſt,
Oh! to what fate are we reſerv'd at laſt!
Now, ſince imperial Troy in aſhes lay,
Have ſev'n ſucceſſive ſummers roll'd away,
Still to new lands o'er floods and rocks we fly,
And ſail, by every ſtar, in every ſky.
So long we chaſe, o'er all the boundleſs main,
The flying coaſts of Italy in vain.
Here o'er our kindred Eryx' fruitful plains,
The hoſpitable king, Aceſtes reigns:
What, what forbids our wand'ring Trojan bands,
To raiſe a city in theſe friendly lands?
Ye gods preſerv'd from hoſtile flames in vain!
Shall our dear Ilion never riſe again?
A ſecond Simois ſhall we view no more,
Or a new Xanthus, on a foreign ſhore?
Riſe then, riſe all; aſſiſt, ye mournful dames,
To ſet this execrable fleet in flames.
For late, Caſſandra ſeem'd to load my hands,
In viſions of the night, with blazing brands:
Seek Troy no more, ſhe ſaid: this deſtin'd place
Is the fixt manſion of the Dardan race.
Fly, fly we then, the omen to complete;
The glad occaſion calls to fire the fleet;
Lo! where to Neptune four proud altars riſe!
Lo! his own fires the ready god ſupplies!
She ſaid;—then ſeiz'd a blazing brand, and threw;
Th' increaſing flames amid the navy flew.
At the bold deed, with deep ſurpriſe amaz'd,
The dames all wond'ring, on the goddeſs gaz'd.
At laſt, the nurſe of Priam's offſpring broke
The general ſilence, and the train beſpoke:
This was no Beroë, whom we ſaw appear,
But ſome bright goddeſs from th' etherial ſphere.
Mark her majeſtic port! her voice divine!
O'er all her form what ſtarry ſplendors ſhine!
She darts a glance immortal from her eyes,
Breathes, looks and moves, a ſiſter of the ſkies!
Beroë I left in anguiſh, who repin'd,
Shut from the rites, and to her couch confin'd.
The matrons, now by doubts and fears impell'd,
Firſt with malignant eyes the fleet beheld;
In choice ſuſpended for a ſpace they ſtand,
Between the promis'd and the preſent land:
When, ſmooth on levell'd wings, the goddeſs flies,
And cuts a mighty bow along the ſkies.
Struck at the wond'rous ſight, the ſhrieking dames
From the bright altars ſnatch the ſacred flames;
Bring leaves and wither'd branches in their hands
To feed the fires; and hurl the blazing brands.
Fierce through the ſhips, the decks, the crackling
In all his rage devouring Vulcan roars. [oars,
And now Eumelus to the hoſt conveys
The dreadful tidings of the riſing blaze:
The crowds grow pale; they look behind and ſpy
A cloud of cinders dark'ning all the ſky.

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And firſt Aſcanius, as he led the band,
Pour'd o'er the plain, impetuous, to the ſtrand;
Nor can his panting guardians check the ſpeed
Of the young hero, and his fiery ſteed:
Oh! what curſt rage is this, ye wretched dames?
To what dire purpoſe fly theſe fatal flames?
Behold, your own Aſcanius---you deſtroy
No Argive navy, but the hopes of Troy.
With that, he threw his helmet on the ſhore,
In which he led his youthful bands before.
Next came Æneas, and the Trojan hoſt.
Th' affrighted dames diſperſing o'er the coaſt,
To woods and hollow caverns take their flight,
Repent their crime, and hate the golden light:
With alter'd minds their kindred they confeſt,
And the fierce goddeſs fled from every breaſt.
Not ſo the furious flames; they ſpread the more;
And, high in air, with rage redoubled roar.
Cloſe in the cordage works the ſullen fire,
And through the ribs the heavy ſmokes expire.
Within the keel the ſubtle vapours lie;
Thence the contagious flames thro' all the veſſel
The lab'ring heroes toil with fruitleſs pain, [fly.
And guſhing floods on floods are pour'd in vain.
The prince then tore his robes in deep deſpair,
Rais'd high his hands; and thus addreſt his pray'r;
Great Jove! if one of all the Trojan ſtate
Lives yet exempt from thy immortal hate;
Oh! if thy ſacred eyes with wonted grace
Behold the miſerable mortal race;
Suppreſs theſe fires; forbid them to deſtroy;
And ſnatch from death the poor remains of Troy!
Or if my crimes, almighty fire! demand
The laſt, laſt vengeance of thy dreadful hand,
On me, on me alone that vengeance ſhed,
And with thy levell'd thunders ſtrike me dead!
Scarce had he ſaid, when o'er the navy pours
A ſudden gloomy cloud in rattling ſhow'rs;
Black with the ſouthern winds the tempeſt flies,
And in a moment burſt from all the ſkies
In fluicy ſheets and deluges of rain; [the plain.
And the loud thunders ſhook the mountain and
Fierce o'er the ſhips the waters took their way;
And, quench'd in floods, the hiſſing timbers lay.
Four gallies loſt; at length the flames retire,
And all the remnant fleet eſcap'd the raging fire.
Meantime the hero by the loſs oppreſt,
With various cares, that rack'd his lab'ring breaſt,
If ſtill to ſeek the Latian realm debates,
Or here to fix, forgetful of the fates.
Then Nautes, fam'd for wiſdom and for age,
(For Pallas taught the venerable ſage,
What great events the fates and gods ordain);
Beſpoke the chief, and thus reliev'd his pain.
'Tis beſt, illuſtrious hero, to obey,
And ſtill purſue where fortune leads the way;
By patience to retrieve our hapleſs ſtate,
And riſe ſuperior to the ſtrokes of fate.
Let great Aceſtes in your councils join,
Your royal friend, of Troy's immortal line.
Your veſſels loſt; thoſe numbers who remain,
A timorous, weak, unneceſſary train,
The hoary ſires and dames, unfit to bear
The perils of the ſea, or toils of war,
Select; and truſt to his paternal care.
The weary wretches here their walls may frame,
And call their city by the monarch's name.
The prince approv'd th' advice his friend addreſt:
But ſtill a thouſand cares diſtract his lab'ring breaſt.
Now o'er the ſolemn ſkies devoid of light,
High in her table chariot rode the night;
When to the godlike hero, from the pole
Deſcends, and ſpeaks his mighty father's ſoul:
My ſon! in all the fates of Troy approv'd,
Whom, while I liv'd, beyond my life I lov'd;
Lo! I am ſent by heav'n's almighty fire,
Who from thy navy bade the flames retire.
The prudent counſel of thy friend obey,
Take, with the braveſt youths, the dangerous way:
With theſe fair Latium ſhalt thou reach, and there
Wage with a rugged race a dreadful war.
Yet firſt, my ſon, to Pluto's regions go,
And meet thy father in the realms below;
For know my ſpirit was not doom'd to dwell
In the dark horrors and the depths of hell,
But, with the pious bleſt aſſembly reigns,
In all the pleaſures of th' Elyſian plains.
But thou the blood of ſable victims ſhed;
Then ſhall the Sybil guide thee to the dead.
There ſhalt thou know what town the fates aſſign,
With the long glories of thy future line.
And now, farewell;---the night ſlides ſwift away
I feel from far the morning's painful ray;
And ſhrink and ſicken at the beams of day.
He ſaid, and lo! that moment from his eyes,
Like a thin ſmoke, diſſolv'd into the ſkies.
Vaniſh'd ſo ſoon! where, whither art thou gone?
Why, why retires my father from his ſon?
What! not one laſt embrace? the prince exclaims:
Then to new life he wakes the ſlumb'ring flames;
And hoary Veſta, and the Trojan powers,
With ſacred gifts and ſuppliant vows adores.
Strait the whole ſcene before his friends he lays,
But chief the viſion to the king diſplays;
Unfolds the meſſage ſent from Heav'n above,
His father's counſel, and the will of Jove.
His friends approve the hero's new deſigns,
And in the taſk the good Aceſtes joins.
To the new town the matrons they aſſign'd,
And leave the willing vulgar crowds behind;
Souls, that no hopes of future praiſe inflame,
Cold and inſenſible to glorious fame.
With ſpeed the half-burn'd veſſels they repair,
Provide new cordage, decks, and oars with care;
A ſlender band, but eager all for war.
The prince then drew a city on the plain;
Next he aſſign'd the dwellings to the train.
Now a new Ilion in Trinacria roſe,
And a new Simois and Scamander flows.
Well-pleas'd Aceſte took the ſovereign ſway;
Th' adopted ſubjects their new prince obey.
The king conven'd the peers around, and ſate
To frame new laws, and regulate the ſtate.
To Venus' name they bid a temple riſe
From Eryx' top, high tow'ring to the ſkies:
And next a prieſt and ample grove were made,
For ever ſacred to Anchiſes' ſhade.
Now nine whole days in ſolemn feaſts had paſt;
When gentle breezes ſmooth'd the floods at laſt:
The ſouthern winds invite their ſails and oars;
Then cries and ſhrieks reſound along the ſhores,
In long, long tenderneſs they ſpend the day,
In cloſe embraces waſte the night away.

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Now all the wretches, e'en the female train
Who fear'd so late the dangers of the main,
And shrunk, the rolling ocean to survey,
All wish to take the long laborious way.
The melting hero soothes the wild despair, [care.
And weeps, and gives them to the monarch's
Three heifers next to Eryx' name he pays,
A lamb to every storm the hero slays,
Unmoors his fleet, and every sail displays.
Crown'd with a graceful olive wreath he stands
High on the prow; a charger in his hands:
Hurls the fat entrails o'er the foamy brine,
And stains the silver waves with sable wine.
Fresh rise the prosp'rous gales; the sailors sweep,
And dash with equal strokes the roaring deep.

Meantime the queen of love with cares oppress,
The mighty father of the floods address:
Imperious Juno's unrelenting hate
To the poor relics of the Trojan state,
(Which no decrees of Jove or fate restrain,
Nor length of years, nor vows preferr'd in vain)
Compels a sister goddess to repair,
To thee, great Neptune, with a suppliant's prayer.
For rage like her's, 'twas little to destroy,
Fair Asia's pride, th' imperial town of Troy!
'Twas not enough her wand'ring natives know
All forms and all varieties of woe!
But oh! her groundless vengeance would efface,
Ev'n the last relics of the perish'd race!
Thou, thou canst witness, ocean's mighty god!
With what dire storms she lash'd the Libyan flood;
When, arm'd with all th' Æolian winds in vain,
Earth, air, and heav'n, she mingled with the main,
And rais'd such tumults in thy wat'ry reign.
Yet, still more shameful!---now her arts inspire
The Trojan dames to wrap the ships in fire;
And urge my son, to leave his social band
(His fleet half-ruin'd) in a foreign land.
But oh! I beg for those, who yet remain,
A peaceful voyage to the Latian plain;
A suppliant goddess begs for nothing more
Than those same realms the fates assign'd before!
'Tis yours, reply'd the monarch of the main,
Yours to command in this our wat'ry reign;
Since from the sacred ocean first you came,
Since your deserts your confidence may claim;
Oft for your son I bade the whirlwinds cease;
I hush'd the roarings of the floods to peace;
And Simois can attest and Xanthus' stream,
By land my guardian care was still the same.
When first Achilles, furious to destroy,
Drove to their walls the trembling sons of Troy;
Beneath his vengeful spear when thousands bled,
When the chok'd rivers groan'd with loads of dead;
When Xanthus' flood incumber'd with the slain,
Scarce roll'd his struggling billows to the main;
Your son oppos'd him, with unequal might
And far inferiour gods, in single fight:
Instant I snatch'd him from the dreadful fray,
And in a cloud convey'd the chief away.
Ev'n then I sav'd the warrior, when with joy
I wish'd and wrought the fall of perjur'd Troy:
And still will save him---he shall plough the sea,
And to Avernus' port direct his way.
On the wild floods shall only one be lost,
One single wretch atone for all the host!

Thus when the god had sooth'd her anxious mind,
His finny coursers to the car he join'd;
Next to their fiery mouths the bits apply'd,
And, while the wheels along the level glide,
He throws up all the reins, and skims the floating tide.
The flood subsides and spreads a glassy plain,
And the loud chariot thunders o'er the main;
The clouds before the mighty monarch fly
In heaps, and scatter through the boundless sky:
A thousand forms attend the glorious god,
Enormous whales, and monsters of the flood:
Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides;
Here the swift Tritons shoot along the tides;
There rode Palæmon o'er the wat'ry plain,
With aged Phorcus, and his azure train;
And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the main.

Æneas view'd the scene; and hence arose
A beam of joy to dissipate his woes.
Instant he gives command to stretch the sails,
To rear the mast and catch the springing gales.
Strait the glad train the spacious sheet unbind,
And stretch the canvas to the driving wind.
Old Palinurus first the navy guides;
The rest obedient follow through the tides.
Now half the night thro' heav'n had roll'd away,
The sailors stretch'd along their benches lay,
When through the parting vapour swiftly flies
The god of slumbers from th' ethereal skies.
To thee, poor Palinure, he came and shed
A fatal sleep on thy devoted head!
High on the stern his silent stand he took
In Phorbas' shape; and thus the phantom spoke:
Behold, the fleet, my friend, securely sails,
Steer'd by the floods and wafted by the gales!
Now steal a moment's rest; myself will guide
A while the vessel o'er the floating tide.
To whom the careful Palinure replies,
While scarce he rais'd his heavy closing eyes:
Me would'st thou urge in sleep to sink away,
And fondly credit such a flattering sea?
Too well, my friend, I know the treacherous main!
Too well to tempt the monsters smiles again!
Too oft deceiv'd by such a calm before,
I trust my master to the winds no more.
This said, he grasp'd the helm, and fix't his eyes
On every guiding star that gilds the skies.
Then o'er his temples shook the wrathful god
A branch, deep-drench'd in Lethe's silent flood.
The potent charm in dews of slumber steep,
And soon weigh down his swimming eyes to sleep.
Scarce yet his languid limbs had sunk away,
When o'er the wretch the god incumbent lay,
And, with a shatter'd fragment of the ship,
Bore down the helm and pilot to the deep;
Headlong he tumbles in the flashing main,
And calls for succour to his friends in vain,
Swift from the stern the airy phantom flies,
And with spread pinions mounts the golden skies;
Yet smooth along the flood the navy rode,
Safe in the promise of the wat'ry god,
Now they approach'd the siren's dangerous coast,
Once rough, and infamous for vessels lost:
Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore;
And, dash'd from rock to rock the billows roar.

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The watchful prince th' endanger'd galley found,
Without a pilot ſtrike on ſhoaly ground;
Himſelf then took the taſk, by night to guide
The wand'ring veſſel o'er the rolling tide:
O dear lamented friend! (the hero cries,)
For faith repos'd on flattering ſeas and ſkies,
Caſt on a foreign ſhore thy naked body lies!

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he ſhould met with in Italy. She attends him to hell, deſcribing to him the various ſcenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchiſes, who inſtructs him in thoſe ſublime myſteries of the ſoul of the world, and the tranſmigration; and ſhows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to deſcend from him and his poſterity.

Thus while he wept; with flying ſails and oars
The navy reach'h the fair Cumæan ſhores.
The circling anchors here the fleet detain,
All rang'd beſide the margin of the main.
With eager tranſport fir'd, the Trojan band
Leap from the ſhips to gain th' Heſperian land.
Some ſtrike from flints the ſparkling ſeeds of flame,
Some ſtorm the coverts of the ſavage game;
To feed the fires, unroot the ſtanding woods,
And ſhow with joy the new-diſcover'd floods.
To Phœbus' fane the hero paſt along,
And thoſe dark caverns where the Sibyl ſung.
There, as the god enlarg'd her ſoul, ſhe ſate,
And open'd all the deep decrees of fate.
The train with reverence enter, and behold
Chaſte Trivia's grove, and temple roof'd with gold;
A ſtructure rais'd by Dædalus, ('tis ſaid)
When from the Cretan king's revenge he fled,
On wings to northern climes he dar'd to ſoar,
Through airy ways unknown to man before;
Full many a length of ſky and ocean paſt,
On Cuma's ſacred tow'rs he ſtoop'd at laſt.
Then hung to Phœbus in the ſtrange abode,
The wings that ſteer'd him through the liquid road,
And rais'd the pompous pile in honour of the god.
The matchleſs artiſt, on the lofty gate,
Engrav'd Androgeos' memorable fate:
And here by lot ſad Athens early paid
Ev'n hapleſs youths, to ſooth his angry ſhade.
Here ſtood the fatal urn; and there with pride
Fair Crete roſe tow'ring on the ſilver tide.
There too the father of the herds was ſeen,
Who quench'd the paſſion of the luſtful queen;
Their birth, a man below, a beaſt above,
The mingled offspring of prepoſt'rous love!
Here ſtood the winding pile, whoſe mazes run
Round within round, and end where they begun.
But when the pitying Dædalus ſurvey'd
The hopeleſs paſſion of the * royal maid,
To lead her Theſeus through the puzzling ways,
Safe with a clue, and open'd every maze.
Thou too, poor Icarus! hadſt borne a part,
Had grief not check'd thy parent in his art!
Or thrice eſſay'd the mournful taſk in vain;
Thrice ſhook his hand, and drop'd the taſk again.
Thus had they gaz'd o'er all the coſtly frame,
When lo! Achates from the temple came;
With him Deiphobe of Phœbus' fane
The ſacred prieſteſs—who at once began:——
Hence—gaze no more; ſev'n choſen ſheep with ſpeed,
Sev'n ſteers, unconſcious of the yoke, muſt bleed.
She ſpoke; the crowds obey; and to the fane
Sublime, ſhe calls the wand'ring Trojan train.
Scoop'd through the rock, in mighty deep diſplay'd,
Lies like the dark cavern of the Sibyl maid;
Through all the hundred portals ruſh abroad
Her ſacred voice, and anſwers of the god.
Scarce at the cell arriv'd—invoke the ſkies,
I feel the god, the ruſhing god! ſhe cries.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, enlarg'd her features grew,
Her colour chang'd, her locks diſhevel'd flew,
The heav'nly tumult reigns in ev'ry part,
Pants in her breaſt, and ſwells her riſing heart:
Still ſpreading to the ſight, the prieſteſs glow'd,
And heav'd impatient of th' incumbent god.
Then to her inmoſt ſoul by Phœbus fir'd,
In more than human ſounds ſhe ſpoke inſpir'd:
Still, doſt thou ſtill delay? thy voice employ
In ardent vows, illuſtrious prince of Troy!
Thy pray'rs, thy urgent pray'rs muſt wide diſplay
Theſe awful portals to the light of day.
She ſaid; the Trojans ſhook with holy fear,
And thus the ſuppliant prince preferr'd his pray'r
Hear, Phœbus, gracious God! whoſe aid divine
So oft has ſav'd the wretched Trojan line,
And wing'd the ſhaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,
The ſhaft that laid the great Achilles low.
Led by thy guardian care, ſecure I paſt [waſte;
Through many a realm, and rang'd the wat'ry
Trod the wild regions where the Syrtes lie,
And lands that ſtretch beneath a different ſky.
At length the coaſt of Italy we gain,
The flying coaſt, ſo long purſu'd in vain.
Till now, to every realm our courſe we bent,
And Ilion's fate purſu'd us where we went.
Now all ye pow'rs, confederate to deſtroy
The glorious empire and the tow'rs of Troy,
'Tis time to bid your wrathful vengeance ceaſe,
To bid her poor remains repoſe in peace.
And thou, great Sibyl! to whoſe piercing eye
Diſcloſ'd the ſcenes of future ages lie;
Since all my cares and labours but explore
An empire promis'd by the fates before,
Give me to fix in Latium's fair abodes
The ſons of Troy, and reſt her wand'ring gods;

* Ariadne:

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Then shall my hands a glorious temple frame,
To mighty Dian, and her brother's name;
And solemn days to Phœbus I'll decree,
And in my realms shall temples rise to thee;
There all thy mystic numbers will I place,
With all the fortunes of the Trojan race.
By chosen sages guarded, there shall lie
The records, sacred from the vulgar eye.
Nor be my fates to flitting leaves consign'd,
To fly the common sport of every wind!
But thou, even thou, great prophetess! relate
In vocal accents all my future fate.
Now raves the Sibyl in her cave, oppress
By Phœbus raging in her heaving breast;
She struggles to discharge the mighty load,
Maddens and bounds, impatient of the god:
Her foamy mouth attentive to control,
He forms her organs and commands her soul.
Then (all the hundred doors display'd to view)
Through every vent the sacred accents flew:
By sea, O prince! are all thy perils o'er,
But far, far greater wait thee on the shore.
Dismiss thy doubts; to Latium's destin'd plain
Troy's sons shall come, but wish to fly again.
Wars, horrid wars I see on Tyber's shore;
And all his waves run thick with human gore!
Scamander shalt thou find, and Simois there,
And Greece shall arm a second host for war.
A new Achilles rises to the sight;
Him too a pregnant goddess brings to light:
And heav'ns great queen, with unrelenting hate,
Still, as of old, pursues the Dardan state.
Once more the woes of Troy derive their cause
From a new breach of hospitable laws;
And she must bleed again as late she bled,
For a rap'd princess and a foreign bed.
How shalt thou rove, new succours to implore,
From every court along the Latian shore!
But thou, more bold, the more thy fates oppose,
Advance, great prince, superior to thy woes:
Thy first fair hopes of safety and success,
Beyond thy fondest wish, shall rise from Greece.
Thus spoke the Sibyl from her dark abode
The dread mysterious answers of the god;
The wond'rous truths involv'd in riddles, gave,
And, furious, bellow'd round the gloomy cave.
Apollo shook his rod; possest her whole,
Pour'd in his fires, and rein'd her raging soul.
At length the fierce ethereal transport cease,
And all the heavenly fury sunk in peace.
When thus the chief---O sacred dame! I know
Too well already my predestin'd woe;
But grant my pray'r!---Since here, as Fame relates
Lies the dread road to Pluto's gloomy gates:
Where baleful Acheron spreads, far and wide,
His livid, melancholy, murmuring tide;
Unfold these portals, and thy suppliant lead
Down to the dark dominions of the dead:
Give me to view my father's reverend face,
And rush with transport to his dear embrace!
Him through embattled armies I convey'd,
While javelins hiss'd, and flames around me play'd.
He shar'd my toils, determin'd to defy
The storms of every sea and every sky;
In hardships, cares and dangers to engage;
Nor spar'd his stooping venerable age.
Yet more---he bade me to thy cell repair,
And seek thy potent aid with suppliant pray'r:
Oh! hear our joint request, our just desire;
And guide the son, in pity to the sire.
Yours is the pow'r, for Hecaté bestow'd
On you the rule of this infernal wood.
If Orpheus by his lyre's enchanting strain
Could call his consort from the shades again;
If Pollux dy'd alternate, to convey
His ransom'd brother to the realms of day,
And trod so oft the same infernal way!
Why should I Theseus, why Alcides name,
Each hero sprung but from a mortal dame?
To hell those chiefs descended from above:
I claim a juster right; for I can prove
My birth from Venus; my descent from Jove.
Then to the Trojan hero, as he pray'd
And grasp'd the altars, spoke the sacred maid:
O glorious prince! of brave Anchises' line,
Great, godlike hero, sprung from seed divine!
Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade;
And hell's black gates for ever stand display'd:
But 'tis a long unconquerable pain,
To climb to these ethereal realms again.
The choice selected few, whom fav'ring Jove,
Or their own virtue rais'd to heav'n above,
From these dark realms emerg'd again to day;
The mighty sons of gods! and only they!
The frightful entrance lies perplex'd with woods,
Enclos'd with sad Cocytus' sullen floods.
But since you long to pass the realms beneath,
The dreadful realms of darkness and of death,
Twice the dire Stygian stream to measure o'er,
And twice the black Tartarean gulf explore:
First, take my counsel, then securely go,
A mighty tree, that bears a golden bough,
Grows in a vale, surrounded with a grove,
And sacred to the queen of Stygian Jove.
Her nether world no mortals can behold,
Till from the bole they strip the blooming gold.
The mighty queen requires this gift alone,
And claims the shining wonder for her own.
One pluck'd away, a second branch you see
Shoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree.
Go then; with care erect thy searching eyes,
And in proud triumph seize the glorious prize.
Thy purpos'd journey if the Fates allow,
Free to thy touch shall bend the coftly bough:
If not; the tree will mortal strength disdain;
And steel shall hew the glitt'ring branch in vain.
Besides, while here my counsel you implore,
Your breathless friend, unburied on the shore,
(Ah! hapless warrior! in thy absence lost)
The camp unhallows, and pollutes the host.
First let his cold remains in earth be laid,
And decent in the grave dispose the dead.
The due lustration next perform, and bring
The sable victims for the Stygian king.
Then to the realms of hell shalt thou repair,
Untrod by those who breathe the vital air.
She ceas'd; the mournful prince returns with sighs:
On earth the drooping hero fix'd his eyes.
Deep in his melancholy thoughts he weigh'd
The dire event, and all the Sibyl said;
While at his side the good Achates shares
The warrior's anguish, and divides his cares.

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Oft they divin'd in vain, what hapleſs friend
Dead and expos'd, her dubious words intend,
But when arriv'd, amid the crowded ſtrand
They ſaw Miſenus ſtretch'd along the ſand;
The great Miſenus, of celeſtial kind
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the wind;
Whoſe trump, with noble clangors, fir'd from far
Th' embattled hoſts, and blew the flames of war.
By Hector's ſide with unreſiſted might
His javelin rag'd; his trumpet rous'd the fight.
But when that hero on the Phrygian plain
By ſtern Pelides' thund'ring arm was ſlain,
He follow'd next Æneas' conqu'ring ſword,
As brave a warrior as his former lord.
But while the daring mortal o'er the flood
Rais'd his high notes, and challeng'd every god,
With envy Triton heard the noble ſtrain,
And whelm'd the bold muſician in the main.
Around the body ſtood the mournful hoſt,
By his great maſter wept, and ſuffer'd moſt.
The ſorrowing troops the Sibyl's words obey,
And to the lofty foreſt bend their way,
To bid the proud funereal pyre ariſe,
And build the ſolemn ſtructure to the ſkies.
Then fled the ſavage from his dark abode;
The well-ply'd axes echo through the wood.
The piercing wedges cleave the crackling oak;
Loud groan the trees and ſink at every ſtroke.
The tall aſh tumbles from the mountain's crown;
Th' aërial elms come craſhing headlong down.
Firſt of the train, the prince, with thund'ring ſound,
Whirl'd his huge axe, and ſpread the ruin round.
Then as the mighty foreſt he ſurvey'd,
O'erwhelm'd with care the thoughtful hero pray'd:
Oh! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!
Since truth inſpir'd each word the Sibyl ſaid;
Too truly ſhe pronounc'd Miſenus dead!
While yet he ſpoke, two doves before him flew:
His mother's birds the chief with tranſport knew;
Then, as they ſettled on the verdant plain,
The joyful hero pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
Be you my guides through airy tracks above,
And lead my footſteps to the fatal grove;
Point out the road (if any can be found),
Where the rich bough o'erſpreads the ſacred ground,
With chequer'd darkneſs pierc'd by golden rays,
And darts at once a ſhadow and a blaze:
Thou too, O goddeſs mother! lead me on,
Unfold theſe wonders, and relieve thy ſon.
This ſaid, he ſtopp'd; but ſtill his eager ſight
Watch'd every motion, and obſerv'd their flight.
By turns they feed, by turns they gently fly;
Th' advancing chief ſtill follows with his eye.
Arriv'd at length, where, breathing to the ſkies,
Blue clouds of poiſon from Avernus riſe,
Swift from the deathful blaſt at once they ſpring,
Cut the light air, and ſhoot upon the wing;
Then on the wond'rous tree the doves alight,
Where ſhines the fatal bough divinely bright,
That, gilding all the leaves with glancing beams,
Strikes through the ſullen ſhade with golden gleams:

As when bleak winter binds the frozen ſkies,
Puſh'd from the oak her foreign honours riſe;
The lofty trunk th' adopted branches crown,
Grac'd with a yellow offſpring not her own:
So with bright beams all beauteous to behold,
Glow'd on the duſky tree the blooming gold;
The blooming gold, by every breath inclin'd,
Flam'd as it wav'd, and twinkled in the wind.
The chief with tranſport ſtripp'd the branching ore,
And the rich trophy to the Sibyl bore.
Next on the ſtrand, with tears the Trojans paid
The laſt ſad honours to Miſenus' ſhade:
With cloven oaks and unctuous pines, they rear
A ſtately ſolemn pile aloft in air.
With ſable wreaths they deck the ſides around,
The ſpreading front with baleful cypreſs bound,
And with his arms the tow'ring ſtructure crown'd.
Some the huge cauldron fill; the foaming ſtream
From the deep womb mounts bubbling o'er the brim.
With groans the train anoint and bathe the dead,
O'er the cold limbs his purple garment ſpread,
And place him decent on the funeral bed;
While theſe ſupport the bier, and in their hands,
With looks averted, hold the flaming brands:
The rite of old!—rich incenſe loads the pyre,
And oils and ſlaughter'd victims feed the fire.
Soon as the pile, ſubſiding, flames no more,
With wine the ſmoaking heap they ſprinkled o'er;
Then Chorinæus took the charge, to place
The bones ſelected in a brazen vaſe:
A verdant branch of olive in his hands,
He mov'd around, and purify'd the bands;
Slow as he paſt, the luſtral waters ſhed,
Then clos'd the rites, and thrice invok'd the dead.
This done; to ſolemnize the warrior's doom,
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb;
The tow'ring top his well-known enſigns bore,
His arms, his once loud trump, and tapering oar:
Beneath the mountain roſe the mighty frame,
That bears from age to age Miſenus' name.
Theſe rites diſcharg'd: the Sibyl to obey,
Swift from the tomb the hero bends his way.
Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,
All rough with rocks, and horrible to ſight;
Its dreadful mouth is fenc'd with ſable floods,
And the brown horrors of ſurrounding woods.
From its black jaws ſuch baleful vapours riſe,
Blot the bright day, and blaſt the golden ſkies,
That not a bird can ſtretch her pinions there
Through the thick poiſons and incumber'd air,
But ſtruck by death her flagging pinions ceaſe;
And hence Aörnus was it call'd by Greece.
Hither the prieſteſs four black heifers led,
Between their horns the hallow'd wine ſhe ſhed;
From their high front the topmoſt hairs ſhe drew,
And in the flames the firſt oblations threw.
Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.
The victims next th' attendants kill'd, and ſtood
With ample chargers, to receive the blood.
To earth and night a lamb of ſable hue,
With ſolemn rites, the pious hero ſlew.
Next by the knife a barren heifer fell
To great Perſephone the queen of hell.

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Then to her lord, infernal Jove, he paid
A large oblation in the gloomy ſhade;
And oils amid the burning entrails pour'd,
While ſlaughter'd bulls the ſacred flames devour'd.
When lo! by dawning day, with dreadful ſound,
Beneath their footſteps groans the heaving ground;
The groves all wave; the foreſts tremble round.
Pale Hecate forſook the nether ſky,
And howling dogs proclaim'd the goddeſs nigh.
Fly, ye profane! far, far away, remove
(Exclaims the Sybil) from the ſacred grove:
And thou, Æneas, draw thy ſhining ſteel,
And boldly take the dreadful road to hell.
To the great taſk thy ſtrength and courage call,
With all thy pow'rs; this inſtant claim them all.
This ſaid; ſhe plunges down the deep deſcent;
The prince as boldly follow'd where ſhe went.
Ye ſubterraneous gods! whoſe awful ſway
The gliding ghoſts and ſilent ſhades obey;
O Chaos hoar! and Phlegethon profound!
Whoſe ſolemn empire ſtretches wide around;
Give me, ye great tremendous pow'rs, to tell
Of ſcenes, and wonders in the depths of hell;
Give me your mighty ſecrets to diſplay
From thoſe black realms of darkneſs to the day.
Now through the diſmal gloom they paſs, and tread
Grim Pluto's courts, the regions of the dead;
As puzzled travellers bewilder'd move,
(The moon ſcarce glimmering through the duſky grove)
When Jove from mortal eyes has ſnatch'd the light,
And wrapt the world in undiſtinguiſh'd night.
At hell's dread mouth a thouſand monſters wait;
Grief ſweeps, and vengeance bellows in the gate:
Baſe want, low fear, and famine's lawleſs rage,
And pale diſeaſe, and ſlow repining age,
Fierce formidable fiends! the portal keep;
With pain, toil, death, and death's half-brother ſleep.
There, joys, embitter'd with remorſe appear;
Daughters of guilt! here ſtorms deſtructive war.
Mad diſcord there her ſnaky treſſes tore:
Here, ſtretch'd on iron beds, the furies roar.
Full in the midſt a ſpreading elm diſplay'd
His aged arms, and caſt a mighty ſhade,
Each trembling leaf with ſome light viſion teems,
And heaves impregnated with airy dreams.
With double forms each Scylla took her place
In hell's dark entrance, with the Centaur's race;
And, cloſe by Lerna's hiſſing monſter, ſtands
Briareus dreadful with an hundred hands.
There ſtern Geryon rag'd; and, all around,
Fierce Harpies ſcream'd, and direful Gorgons frown'd:
Here from Chimæra's jaws long flames expire;
And the huge fiend was wrap'd in ſmoke and fire.
Scar'd at the ſight, his ſword the hero drew
At the grim monſters, as they roſe to view.
His guide then warn'd him not to wage the war
With thin light forms, and images of air;
Elſe had he ruſh'd amid th' impaſſive train,
And madly ſtruck at empty ſhades in vain.
From hence a dark uncomfortable road
Leads to dread Acheron's Tartarean flood,
Whoſe furious whirlpools boil on every ſide,
And in Cocytus pour the roaring tide
All ſtain'd with ooze, and black with riſing ſands,
Lord of the flood, imperious Charon ſtands;
But rough, begrimm'd, and dreadful he appear'd;
Rude and neglected hung his length of beard;
All patch'd and knotted flutters his attire;
His wrathful eyeballs glare with ſanguine fire.
Though old, ſtill unimpair'd by years he ſtood,
And hoary vigour bleſt the ſurly god.
Himſelf ſtill ply'd the oars, the canvas ſpread,
And in his ſable bark convey'd the dead.
Hither, a mighty crowd, a mingled hoſt,
Confus'd, came pouring round the Stygian coaſt.
Men, matrons, boys and virgins, in the throng,
With mighty kings, and heroes march'd along;
And blooming youths before their mournful ſires
Stretch'd out untimely on their funeral pyres;
Thick as the leaves come fluttering from above,
When cooler autumn ſtrips the blaſted grove:
Thick, as the feather'd flocks, in cloſe array,
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,
When from the rage of winter they repair
To warmer ſuns, and more indulgent air.
All ſtretch'd their ſuppliant hands, and all implore
The firſt kind paſſage to the farther ſhore.
Now theſe, now thoſe, he fingles from the hoſt,
And ſome he drives all trembling from the coaſt.
The prince aſtoniſh'd at the tumult, cry'd,
Why crowd ſuch mighty numbers to the tide?
Why are thoſe favour'd ghoſts tranſported o'er?
And theſe ſad ſhades chas'd backward from the ſhore?
The full of days, the Sybil thus replies;
Great prince, the true deſcendant of the ſkies!
You ſee Cocytus' ſtream; the Stygian floods,
Whoſe awful ſanction binds th' atteſting gods.
Thoſe, who neglected on the ſtrand remain,
Are all a wretched, poor, unbury'd train,
Charon is he, who o'er the flood preſides;
And thoſe interr'd, who croſs the Stygian tides.
No mortals paſs the hoarſe-reſounding wave,
But thoſe who ſlumber in the peaceful grave.
Thus, till a hundred years have roll'd away,
Around theſe ſhores the plaintive ſpectres ſtray.
That mighty term expir'd, their wanderings paſt,
They reach the long expected ſhore at laſt.
Struck with their fate, his ſteps the hero ſtay'd,
And with ſoft pity all the crowd ſurvey'd.
When lo! Leucaſpis in the throng he ſpy'd;
And great Orontes, once the Lycian guide;
Sullen and ſad; for fate's relentleſs doom
Deny'd the chiefs the honours of a tomb;
Whoſe galley, whirl'd by tempeſts round and round,
Sunk, by a mighty ſurge devour'd and drown'd.
Now drew his pilot Palinurus nigh,
Who watching every ſtar that gilds the ſky,
While from the Libyan ſhores his courſe he keeps,
From the tall ſtern plung'd headlong down the deeps.
Penſive his ſlow approach the ſpectre made,
When, as the prince had ſcarce his form ſurvey'd
Through the thick gloom, he firſt addreſs'd the ſhade:
What godhead whelm'd my friend, our faithful guide,
Beneath the roarings of the dreadful tide?

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Tell me—for oh! I never would complain,
Till now, of Phœbus, nor believ'd in vain.
Once he foretold—(but ah! thoſe hopes are loſt)
That Palinure ſhould reach th' Auſonian coaſt,
Safe from the giddy ſtorm and rolling flood;
Is this, is this the promiſe of a god?
Nor Phœbus, he replies, foretold in vain,
Nor has a god o'erwhelm'd me in the main.
No—as I ſteer'd along the foamy ſea,
Headlong I fell, and tore the helm away.
But by thoſe fierce tumultuous floods I ſwear,
For my own life I never felt a fear,
For your's alone I trembled, left the ſhip,
Left all at large and bounding o'er the deep,
Robb'd of her helm and long-experienc'd guide,
Should ſink, o'erwhelm'd in ſuch a furious tide.
For three long ſtormy nights ſublime I rode,
Heav'd by the ſouthern tempeſts o'er the flood;
At early dawn my eyes could juſt explore,
From a tall tow'ring ſurge, th' Italian ſhore.
Thus tir'd, the land I gain by ſlow degrees,
And 'ſcap'd at length the dangers of the ſeas;
But hopes of prey the ſavage natives led,
And, while I graſp'd the ſhaggy mountain's head,
(My cumb'rous veſts yet heavy from the main,)
By barbarous hands thy helpleſs friend was ſlain.
And now by floating ſurges am I toſt,
With every wind, and daſh'd upon the coaſt.
But by the light of yon ethereal air,
By thy dead father, and ſurviving heir,
O prince! thy pity to a wretch extend;
And from theſe diſmal realms enlarge thy friend.
Or to the Veline port direct thy way,
And in the ground my breathleſs body lay:
Or, if thy goddeſs-mother can diſcloſe
Some means to fix a period to my woes,
(For ſure uncall'd, unguided by the gods,
You durſt not paſs theſe dreadful Stygian floods)
Lend to a pining wretch thy friendly hand,
And waft him with thee to the farther ſtrand!
Thus, in this diſmal ſtate of death at leaſt
My wand'ring ſoul may lie compos'd in reſt.
And how, reply'd the dame, could riſe in man
A wiſh ſo impious, or a thought ſo vain!
Uncall'd, unbury'd, wouldſt thou venture o'er,
And view th' infernal fiends who guard the ſhore?
Hope not to turn the courſe of fate by pray'r,
Or bend the gods inflexibly ſevere:
But bear thy doom content; while I diſcloſe
A beam of comfort to relieve thy woes;
For know, the nations bord'ring on the floods,
Alarm'd by direful omens of the gods,
In full atonement of thy death ſhall rear
A mighty tomb, and annual offerings bear.
The place, from age to age renown'd by fame,
Still ſhall be known by Palinurus' name.
Theſe words reliev'd his ſorrows, and diſplay'd
A dawn of joy to pleaſe the penſive ſhade.
Now they proceed; but ſoon the pilot ſpy'd
The ſtrangers from the wood approach the tide.
Then to the godlike chief, in wrath he ſaid,
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, in arms array'd,
Stand off; approach not; but at diſtance ſay,
Why to theſe waters dar'ſt thou bend thy way?
Theſe are the realms of ſleep, the dreadful coaſts
Of ſable night, and airy gliding ghoſts.
No living mortals o'er the ſtream I lead;
Our bark is only ſacred to the dead.
Know, I repent I led Pirithoüs o'er,
With mighty Theſeus, to the farther ſhore;
The great Alcides paſt the Stygian floods;
Though theſe were heroes, and the ſons of gods.
From Pluto's throne, this dragg'd in chains away
Hell's triple porter, trembling, to the day.
Thoſe from his lofty dome aſpir'd to lead
The beauteous partner of his royal bed.
To whom the ſacred dame—how vain thy fear!
Theſe arms intend no violence of war.
May the huge dog through all the Stygian coaſts,
Roar from his den, and ſcare the flying ghoſts;
Untouch'd and chaſte, Perſephoné may dwell,
And with grim Pluto ſhare the throne of hell:
The Trojan prince, Æneas far around
For valour, arms, and piety renown'd,
Through theſe infernal realms decrees to go,
And meet his father in the ſhades below.
To bend thy mind, if ſuch high virtue fail,
At leaſt this glorious preſent muſt prevail;
(Then ſhow'd the bough, that lay beneath her veſt.)
At once his riſing wrath was huſh'd to reſt;
At once ſtood reconcil'd the ruthleſs god,
And bow'd with reverence to the golden rod;
Bow'd, and refus'd his office now no more,
But turns the ſable veſſel to the ſhore;
Drives from the deck the flitting airy train;
Then in the bark receiv'd the mighty man.
The feeble veſſel groans beneath the load,
And drinks at many a leak th' infernal flood.
The dame and prince at laſt are wafted o'er
Safe to the ſlimy ſtrand and oozy ſhore.
Arriv'd, they firſt grim Cerberus ſurvey;
Stretch'd in his den th' enormous monſter lay,
His three wide mouths, with many a dreadful yell,
And long, loud bellowings, ſhook the realms of hell:
Now o'er his neck the ſtarting ſerpents roſe,
When to the fiend the dame a morſel throws.
Honey, and drugs, and poppy juices ſteep
The temper'd maſs with all the pow'rs of ſleep.
With three huge gaping mouths, impatient flies
The growling ſavage, and devours the prize;
Then, by the charm ſubdu'd, he ſunk away;
And ſtretch'd all o'er the cave, the ſlumb'ring monſter lay.
The fiend thus lull'd, the hero took the road,
And left behind th' irremeable flood,
Now, as they enter'd doleful ſcreams they hear;
And tender cries of infants pierce the ear.
Juſt new to life, by too ſevere a doom,
Snatch'd from the cradle to the ſilent tomb!
Next, mighty numbers crowd the verge of hell,
Who, by a partial charge and ſentence fell.
Here, by a juſter lot, their ſeats they took;
The fatal urn imperious Minos ſhook,
Convenes a council, bids the ſpectres plead,
Rehears the wretches, and abſolves the dead.
Then crowds ſucceed, who, prodigal of breath,
Themſelves anticipate the doom of death;
Tho' free from guilt they caſt their lives away,
And ſad and ſullen hate the golden day.
Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear
Pain, toil and woe, to breathe the vital air!

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In vain!—by fate forever are they bound
With dire Avernus, and the lake profound
And Styx with nine wide channels roars around,
Next open wide the melancholy plains,
Where lovers pine in everlasting pains;
Those soft consuming flames they felt alive,
Pursue the wretches, and in death survive. [play,
Here, where the myrtle groves their shades dis-
In cover'd walks they pass their hours away,
Evadne, Phædra, Procris he survey'd,
Pasiphaë next, and Laodamia's shade.
Stabb'd by her son, fallse Eriphylé there
Points to her wound, and lays her bosom bare:
Cœnus, who try'd both sexes, trod the plain,
Now to a woman chang'd by fate again.
With these, fair Dido rang'd the silent wood,
New from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
The chief, advancing through the shady scene,
Scarce thro' the gloom discern'd the sullen queen:
So the pale moon scarce glimmers to the eye,
When first she rises in r clouded sky.
He wept, and thus addrest her in the grove,
With all the melting tenderness of love:
Then was it true, that by revengeful steel,
Stung with despair, unhappy Dido fell?
And I, was I the cause of that despair?
Yet oh! I vow by every golden star;
By all the pow'rs the ethereal regions know,
By all the pow'rs that rule the world below,
I left your realm reluctant; o'er the floods
Call'd by the fates, and summon'd by the gods;
Th' immortal gods;---by whose commands I come
From yon bright realms to this eternal gloom:
Condemn'd the wasteful deep of night to tread,
And pass these doleful regions of the dead.
Ah! could I think, when urg'd by heav'n to go,
My flight would plunge you in the depth of woe!
Stay, Dido, stay, and see from whom you fly?
'Tis from your fond repentant lover's eye.
Turn then one moment, and my vows believe,
The last, last moment fate will ever give!
Nought to these tender words the fair replies,
But fixt on earth her unrelenting eyes,
The chief still weeping: with a sullen mien,
In stedfast silence, frown'd th' obdurate queen.
Fixt as a rock amidst the roaring main,
She hears him sigh, implore, and plead in vain.
Then, where the woods their thickest shades dis-
From his detested sight she shoots away; [play,
There from her dear Sichæus in the grove, [love.
Found all her cares repaid, and love return'd for
Touch'd with her woes, the prince with stream-
ing eyes
And floods of tears, pursues her as she flies.
Hence he proceeds; and last the fields appear,
Where stalk'd the proud heroic sons of war,
Tydeus and pale Adrastus rose to sight,
With * Atalanta's son renown'd in fight.
Here, a long crowd of chiefs the prince beheld,
Who fell lamented in the glorious field,
His Trojan friends;---with sighs he view'd the
Three valiant sons of sage Antenor slain: [train;
Here brave Thersilocus and Glaucus stood,
Medon and Polycetes bath'd in blood.
Idæus there still glories in alarms,
Vaults on his car, and wields his shining arms.

* Parthenopæus.

Eager to view the chief, on either hand,
Rank behind rank, the eager warriors stand:
All in their turn retard the prince, to know
What urg'd his journey to the shades below.
Not so the kings of Greece---appall'd, dismay'd,
The hostile chiefs the godlike man survey'd
In arms that glitter'd through the dusky shade.
Some turn'd and fled, astonish'd at the view,
As when before him to their fleets they flew,
Some rais'd a cry; the fluttering accents hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the trembling tongue.
Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found;
The mangled youth was one continued wound.
For now his face, his beauteous face appears
Gash'd, and dishonour'd with a thousand scars.
His hands, ears, nostrils, hideous to survey!
The stern insulting foes had lopp'd away;
Trembling he stood, industrious to conceal
The bloody traces of the ruthless steel.
Soon as the prince discern'd him, he began,
And thus deplor'd the miserable man:
O brave Deïphobus! O chief divine!
Sprung from majestic Teucer's martial line:
What fierce barbarian hands could thus disgrace
Thy manly figure, and thy beauteous face?
In that last night, when Ilion sunk in flame,
I heard, brave warrior! from the voice of fame,
You fell on heaps of foes, with slaughter tir'd,
And on the glorious purple pile expir'd.
With care I rais'd on our Rhoëtean coast
A vacant tomb, and hail'd thy mighty ghost:
Thy name and arms adorn the place around;
And, had thy mangled bleeding corse been found,
Thy relics had repos'd in Trojan ground.
My friend (replies the chief) has duly paid
All funeral honours to my pensive shade;
But these dire woes from fatal Helen came;
These are the triumphs of the Spartan dame!
For well, too well you know, in what delight
We fondly spent our last destructive night:
When the vast monster big with Ilion's doom,
Tower'd through the town, an army in its womb;
In solemn show she bade the dames advance,
And in dissembled orgies led the dance;
A flaming torch she brandish'd in her hand;
Then from the tow'r invites the Grecian band,
While, worn with labours I repos'd my head
(Ah wretch ill-fated!) on our bridal bed.
My heavy lids the dews of slumber steep,
Lull'd in a soft, profound, and death-like sleep.
Then from beneath my head, as tir'd I lay,
My loyal bride conveys my sword away,
Removes my arms, unfolds the door, and calls
Her Spartan lord within my palace walls;
Betrays her last, to please her former spouse,
And cancel all the guilt of broken vows!
Fierce they broke in, by dire Ulysses led,
And basely slew me in the bridal bed.
Hear my just pray'rs, ye gods!—to Greece re-
pay
A fate like mine; give all your vengeance way!
But thee, O prince, what wond'rous fortune led
Alive, to these dominions of the dead?
Say, did the will and counsel of the gods,
Or the rude tempests and tumultuous floods,
Compel thy course from yon ethereal light,
To these dark realms of everlasting night?

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Meantime the swift-wing'd coursers of the sun
Through heav'n full half their fiery race had run;
And all th' appointed hours in talk had past,
But thus the priestess warn'd the chief at last:
Lo! night advances, prince!—we waste away
In idle sorrows the remains of day.
See—in two ample roads, the way divides;
The right, direct, our destin'd journey guides,
By Pluto's palace, to th' Elysian plains;
The left to Tartarus, where, bound in chains,
Loud howl the damn'd in everlasting pains.
Dismiss thy wrath, replies the pensive shade,
But one word more—I then rejoin the dead:
Go—mighty prince, the promis'd throne ascend;
Go—but with better fortune than thy friend!
With these last accents, to the warrior host
Retires the trembling, melancholy ghost.
Now to the left, Æneas darts his eyes,
Where lofty walls with triple ramparts rise.
There rolls swift Phlegethon, with thund'ring sound,
His broken rocks, and whirls his surges round.
On mighty columns rais'd sublime are hung
The massy gates, impenetrably strong.
In vain would men, in vain would gods essay,
To hew the beams of adamant away.
Here rose an iron tow'r: before the gate,
By night and day, a wakeful fury sate,
The pale Tisiphone; a robe she wore,
With all the pomp of horror, dy'd in gore.
Here the loud scourge and louder voice of pain,
The crashing fetter, and the rattling chain,
Strike the great hero with the frightful sound,
The hoarse, rough, mingled din, that thunders round:
Oh! whence that peal of groans? what pains are those?
What crimes could merit such stupendous woes?
Thus she—Brave guardian of the Trojan state,
None that are pure must pass that dreadful gate.
When plac'd by Hecat o'er Avernus' woods,
I learnt the secrets of those dire abodes,
With all the tortures of the vengeful gods.
Here Rhadamanthus holds his aweful reign,
Hears and condemns the trembling impious train.
Those hidden crimes the wretch till death suppress,
With mingled joy and horror in his breast,
The stern dread judge commands him to display;
And lays the guilty secrets bare to day.
Her lash Tisiphone that moment shakes;
The ghost she scourges with a thousand snakes;
Then to her aid, with many a thund'ring yell,
Calls her dire sisters from the gulfs of hell.
Now the loud portals from their hinges flew,
And all the dreadful scene appears in view.
Behold without what direful monster waits
(Tremendous form!) to guard the gloomy gates!
Within, her bulk more dreadful hydra spreads,
And hissing rears her fifty tow'ring heads.
Full twice as deep, the dungeon of the fiends,
The huge, Tartarean, gloomy gulf descends
Below these regions, as these regions lie
From the bright realms of yon' ethereal sky.
Here roar the Titan race, th' enormous birth;
The ancient offspring of the teeming earth.
Pierc'd by the burning bolts, of old they fell,
And still roll bellowing in the depths of hell.
Here lie th' Alcin twins, in length display'd;
Stretch'd as they lie, the giants I survey'd,
Who warr'd to drive the thunderer from above;
And storm'd the skies, and shook the throne of Jove.
The proud Salmoneus, wrapt in chains below,
Raves in eternal agonies of woe;
Who mock'd with empty sounds and mimic rays,
Heav'n's aweful thunder and the lightning's blaze;
Th' audacious wretch through Elis tower'd in air,
Whirl'd by four coursers in his rattling car;
A blazing torch he shook; o'er crowds he rode;
And madly claim'd the glories of a god.
O'er hollow vaults he lash'd the steeds along,
And, as they flew, the brazen arches rung.
Vain fool! to mock the bolts of heav'n above,
And those inimitable flames of Jove!
But from the clouds, th' avenging father aims
Far other bolts and undissembled flames:
Dash'd from his car, the mimic thunderer fell,
And in a fiery whirlwind plung'd to hell.
There too th' enormous Tityus I beheld,
Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er th' infernal field;
He cover'd nine large acres as he lay,
While with fierce screams a vulture tore away
His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoking prey;
Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plung'd in vain,
For still the fruitful fibres spring again,
Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain,
She dwells for ever in his roomy breast,
Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest;
But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immortal feast.
Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,
Ixion's torments, or Pirithoüs fate?
On high a tottering rocky fragment spreads,
Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.
Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes
In regal pomp successive banquets rise,
While lucid columns, glorious to behold,
Support th' imperial canopies of gold.
The queen of Furies, a tremendous guest,
Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,
Which if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,
Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears.
They that on earth had base pursuits in view,
Their brethren hated, or their parents slew,
And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their store,
But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor:
Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled;
Or perish'd in the foul adulterous bed;
Or broke the ties of faith with dark deceit;
Imprison'd deep, their destin'd torments wait.
But what their torments, seek not thou to know,
Or the dire sentence of their endless woe.
Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,
Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel;
There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,
Chain'd down for ever in a chair of fire.
There Phlegyas feels unutterable woe,
And roars incessant through the shades below;
Be just, ye mortals! by these torments aw'd,
These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.

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This wretch his country to a tyrant ſold,
And barter'd glorious liberty for gold,
Laws for a bribe he paſt, but paſt in vain,
For the ſame laws a bribe repeal'd again.
This wretch by hot prepoſterous luſt was led,
To climb and violate his daughter's bed.
To ſome enormous crimes they all aſpir'd;
All feel the torments that thoſe crimes requir'd!
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
A voice of braſs, and adamantine lungs,
Not half the mighty ſcene could I diſcloſe,
Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful woes!
Thus ſpoke the prieſteſs of the god of day;
And, haſte, ſhe cry'd; to hell's great empreſs pay
The deſtin'd preſent, and purſue thy way.
For lo! the high Cyclopean walls are near,
And in full view the maſſy gates appear.
On theſe the gods enjoin thee to beſtow
The ſacred offering of the golden bough.
This ſaid, they journey'd through the ſolemn gloom,
And reach'd at length the proud imperial dome:
With eager ſpeed his courſe the hero bore,
With living ſtreams his body ſprinkled o'er,
And fixt the glittering preſent on the door.
These rites complete, they reach the flowery plains,
The verdant groves where endleſs pleaſure reigns.
Here glowing Æther ſhoots a purple ray,
And o'er the region pours a double day.
From ſky to ſky th' unweary'd ſplendor runs,
And nobler planets roll round brighter ſuns.
Some wreſtle on the ſands; and ſome, in play
And games heroic, paſs the hours away.
Thoſe raiſe the ſong divine, and theſe advance
In meaſur'd ſteps to form the ſolemn dance.
There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,
In ſeven diviſions ſtrikes the ſounding lyre;
Acroſs the chords the quivering quill he flings,
Or with his flying fingers ſweeps the ſtrings.
Here Teucer's ancient race the prince ſurveys,
The race of heroes born in happier days:
Ilus, Aſſaracus in arms rever'd,
And Troy's great founder Dardanus appear'd:
Before him ſtalk'd the tall majeſtic train,
And pitch'd their idle lances on the plain.
Their arms and airy chariots he beheld;
The ſteeds unharneſs'd graz'd the flowery field.
Thoſe pleaſing cares the heroes felt, alive,
For chariots, ſteeds, and arms, in death ſurvive.
Some on the verdant plains were ſtretch'd along;
Sweet to the ear their tuneful Pæans rung:
Others beneath a laurel grove were laid,
And joyful feaſted in the fragrant ſhade.
Here, glittering through the trees, his eyes ſurvey
The ſtreams of Po deſcending from the day.
Here a bleſt train advance along the meads,
And ſnowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads:
Patriots who periſh'd for their country's right,
Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight:
There, holy prieſts, and ſacred poets ſtood,
Who ſung with all the raptures of a god;
Worthies, who life by uſeful arts refin'd,
With thoſe, who leave a deathleſs name behind,
Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind!
This ſhining band the prieſteſs thus addreſt,
But chief Muſæus, tow'ring o'er the reſt;
So high the poet's lofty ſtature ſpreads
Above the train, and overtops their heads!
Say, happy ſouls! and thou, bleſt poet, ſay,
Where dwells Anchiſes, and direct our way?
For him we took the dire infernal road,
And ſtem'd huge Acheron's tremendous flood.
To whom the bard—Unſettled we remove,
As pleaſure calls from verdant grove to grove;
Stretch'd on the flowery meads, at eaſe we lie,
And hear the ſilver rills run bubbling by.
Come then, aſcend this point, and hence ſurvey
By yon deſcent an open eaſy way.
He ſpoke, then ſtalk'd before; and from the brow
Points out the fair enamell'd fields below.
They leave the proud aërial height again,
And pleas'd bend downward to the bliſsful plain.
Anchiſes there, the hero's ſire divine,
Deep in the vale had rang'd his glorious line;
Rank behind rank, his joyful eyes ſurvey
The chiefs in bright ſucceſſion riſe to day.
He counts th' illuſtrious race with ſtudious cares,
Their deeds, their fates, their victories and wars.
Soon as his lov'd Æneas he beheld,
His dear, dear ſon, advancing o'er the field;
Eager he ſtretch'd his longing arms, and ſhed
A ſtream of tears, and thus with tranſport ſaid:
Then has thy long-try'd pious love ſurpaſt
The dreadful road, to meet thy ſire at laſt?
Oh! is it given to ſee, nor ſee alone,
But hear, and anſwer to my godlike ſon?
This I preſag'd, indeed, as late I ran
O'er times and ſeaſons; or preſag'd in vain.
From what ſtrange lands, what ſtormy ſeas and ſkies
Returns my ſon, to bleſs my longing eyes?
How did my anxious mind your danger move.
Then, when in Carthage you indulg'd your love!
Your ſhade, the prince replies, your angry ſhade,
In many a frightful viſion I ſurvey'd.
By your beheſt I came to theſe abodes;
My fleet lies anchor'd in the Tuſcan floods:
Give me, O father! give thy hand, nor ſhun
The dear embraces of a duteous ſon.
While yet he ſpoke, the tender ſorrows riſe,
And the big drops run trickling from his eyes.
Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw;
Thrice from his empty arms the phantom flew,
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting viſion of the night.
Meantime the hero ſaw, with wondering eyes,
Deep in a vale a waving foreſt riſe;
Through thoſe ſequeſter'd ſcenes flow Lethe glides,
And in low murmurs lulls her ſlumbering tides;
Unnumber'd ghoſts around the waters throng,
And o'er the brink the airy nations hung.
So to the meads in glowing ſummer pour
The cluſtering bees, and riſe ev'ry flow'r:
O'er the ſweet lilies hang the buſy ſwarms;
The fields remurmur to the deep alarms.
Struck with the ſight, the prince aſtoniſh'd ſtood;
Oh! ſay, why throng ſuch numbers to the flood?
Or what the nature of the wondrous tide,
And who the crowds?—To whom the ſire reply'd:
To all thoſe ſouls who round the river wait,
New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.
To yon dark ſtreams the gliding ghoſts repair,
And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.

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How have I wish'd before thee to display
These my descendants, ere they rise to day!
Thus shalt thou Latium find with double joy,
Since fate has fixt th' eternal throne of Troy.——
O father! say, can heavenly souls repair
Once more to earth, and breathe the vital air?
What!—can they covet their corporeal chain?
Gods!—can the wretches long for life again!—
Attend, he cry'd, while I unfold the whole,
And clear these wonders that amaze thy soul.
Then the great sire the scheme before him lays,
And thus each aweful secret he displays:
Know first, a spirit, with an active flame,
Fills, feeds and animates this mighty frame;
Runs through the wat'ry worlds, the fields of air, [there
The pond'rous earth, the depths of heav'n; and
Glows in the sun and moon, and burns in every star.
Thus, mingling with the mass, the general soul
Lives in the parts, and agitates the whole.
From that celestial energy began
The low-brow'd brute; th' imperial race of man;
The painted birds who wing th' aërial plain,
And all the mighty monsters of the main.
Their souls at first from high Olympus came;
And, if not blunted by the mortal frame,
Th' ethereal fires would ever burn the same!
But while on earth; by earth-born passions tost,
The heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost;
Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,
From those dark dungeons to their native sky.
Ev'n when those bodies are to death resign'd,
Some old inherent spots are left behind;
A sullying tincture of corporeal stains
Deep in the substance of the soul remains.
Thus are her splendors dimm'd, and crusted o'er
With those dark vices, that she knew before.
For this the souls a various penance pay,
To purge the taint of former crimes away:
Some in the sweeping breezes are refin'd,
And hung on high to whiten in the wind;
Some cleanse their stains beneath the gushing streams,
And some rise glorious from the searching flames.
Thus all must suffer; and, those sufferings past,
The clouded minds are purify'd at last.
But when the circling seasons as they roll,
Have cleans'd the dross long-gather'd round the foul;
When the celestial fire divinely bright,
Breaks forth victorious in her native light;
Then we, the chosen few, Elysium gain,
And here expatiate on the blissful plain.
Both those thin airy throngs thy eyes behold,
When o'er their heads a thousand years have roll'd,
In mighty crowds to yon Lethean flood
Swarm at the potent summons of the god;
There deep the draught of dark oblivion drain;
Then they desire new bodies to obtain,
And visit heav'n's ethereal realms again.
This said, the sire conducts their steps along
Through the loud tumult of th' aërial throng;
Then climb'd a point, and every face descry'd,
As the huge train prest forward to the side:
Now hear, while I display our race divine,
And the long glories of our Dardan line,
The noble Roman heroes, who shall rise
From Trojan blood, successive, to the skies.
This mighty scene of wonders I relate,
And open all thy glorious future fate.
First then behold yon blooming youth appear,
That hero leaning on his shining spear!
This thy last son, thy hoary age shall grace,
Thy first brave offspring of the Latian race;
From fair Lavinia in the groves he springs,
A king, and father of a race of kings;
Sylvius his name; proud Alba shall he sway
And to his sons th' imperial pow'r convey.
See! where the youth, already wing'd to rise,
Stands on the verge of life, and claims the skies.
Procas the next behold, a chief divine,
Procas the glory of the Trojan line;
Capys and Numitor there pant for fame;
There a new * Sylvius bears thy mighty name;
Like thee, just, great and good, for valour known,
The chief shall mount th' imperial Alban throne.
What strength each youth displays? but who are those
With Civic crowns around their manly brows?
By those shall Gabii and Nomentum rise,
And proud Collatian tow'rs invade the skies.
Then Faunus' town with turrets shall be crown'd,
And fair Fidena stretch her ramparts round.
Then Bola too shall rise, of mighty fame;
Unpeopled now they lie, and lands without a name!
Bright Ila, sprung from Trojan blood, shall bear
Yon glorious hero to the god of war:
Behold great Romulus, her victor son;
Whose sword restores his grandsire to the throne.
Lo! from his helmet what a glory plays!
And Jove's own splendors round his temples blaze.
From this brave prince, majestic Rome shall rise;
The boundless earth, her empire shall compriſe;
Her fame and valour tow'r above the skies!
Seven ample hills th' imperial city grace,
Who nobly glories in her martial race;
Proud of her sons, she lifts her head on high;
Proud, as the mighty mother of the sky,
When through the Phrygian towns, sublime in air,
She rides triumphant in her golden car,
Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs;
And counts her offspring, the celestial pow'rs,
A shining train, who fill the blest abode,
A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god!
Turn, turn thine eyes! see here thy race divine,
Behold thy own imperial Roman line:
Cæsar, with all the Julian name survey;
See where the glorious ranks ascend to day!—
This—this is he!—the chief so long foretold
To blest the land where Saturn rul'd of old,
And give the Lernean realms a second age of gold!
The promis'd prince, Augustus the divine,
Of Cæsar's race, and Jove's immortal line!
This mighty chief his empire shall extend
O'er Indian realms, to earth's remotest end.
The hero's rapid victories out-run [the sun!
The year's whole course, the stars, and journeys of
Where, high in air, huge Atlas' shoulders rise,
Support th' ethereal lights, and prop the rolling skies!
He comes!—he comes!—proclaim'd by every god!
Nile hears the shout, and shakes in every flood.

* Sylvius Æneas.

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Proud Asia flies before his dire alarms,
And distant nations tremble at his arms.
So many realms not great Alcides past,
Not, when the brazen-footed hind he chas'd,
O'er Erymanthus' steeps the boar pursu'd;
Or drew the huge Lernean monster's blood.
Nor Bacchus such a length of regions knew,
When on his car the god in triumph flew,
And shook the reins, and urg'd the fiery wheels,
Whirl'd by swift tygers down the Indian hills.—
And doubt we yet, by virtuous deeds to rise,
When fame, when empire is the certain prize?
Rise, rise, my son; thy Latian foes o'ercome!
Rise, the great founder of majestic Rome!
But who that chief, who crown'd with olive stands,
And holds the sacred relics in his hands?
I know the pious Roman king from far,
The silver beard, and venerable hair;
Call'd from his little barren field away,
To pomp of empire and the regal sway.
Tullus the next succeeds, whose loud alarms
Shall rouse the slumb'ring sons of Rome to arms.
Inspir'd by him, the soft-unwarlike train
Repeat their former triumphs o'er again.
Lo Ancas there!—the giddy crowd he draws,
And swells too much with popular applause.
Now would'st thou Tarquin's haughty race behold,
Or fierce avenging Brutus, brave and bold?
See the stern chief stalk aweful o'er the plain,
The glorious chief, who breaks the tyrant's chain:
He to his axe shall proud rebellion doom,
The first great consul of his rescu'd Rome!
His sons (who arm, the Tarquins to maintain,
And fix oppression in the throne again)
He nobly yields to justice, in the cause
Of sacred freedom and insulted laws.
Though harsh th' unhappy father may appear,
The judge compels the fire to be severe;
And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move,
To sink the private in the public love.
Like him, Torquatus, for stern justice known,
Dooms to the axe his brave victorious son.
Behold the Drusi prodigal of blood!
The Decii dying for their country's good!
Behold Camillus there; that chief shall come
With four proud triumphs to imperial Rome.
Lo! in bright arms two spirits rise to fight!
How strict their friendship in the realms of night!
How fierce their discord when they spring to light!
How furious in the field will both appear!
With what dire slaughter! what a waste of war!
Impetuous to the fight the father pours
From the steep Alps, and tall Ligurian tow'rs.
The son, with servile monarchs in his train,
Leads the whole eastern world, and spreads the plain.
Oh! check your wrath, my sons; the nations spare;
And save your country from the woes of war;
Nor in her sacred breast, with rage abhorr'd,
So fiercely plunge her own victorious sword!
And thou, be thou the first; thy arms resign,
Thou, my great son of Jove's celestial line!—
Yon chief shall vanquish all the Grecian pow'rs,
And lay in dust the proud Corinthian tow'rs,
Drive to the capitol his gilded car,
And grace the triumph with the spoils of war.
That chief shall stretch fair Argos on the plain,
And the proud seat of Agamemnon's reign,
O'ercome th' Æacian king, of race divine,
Sprung from the great Achilles' glorious line;
Avenge Minerva's violated fane,
And the great spirits of thy fathers slain.
What tongue, just Cato, can thy praise forbear?
Or each brave Scipio's noble deeds declare,
Afric's dread foes; two thunderbolts of war!
Who can the bold Fabricius' worth repeat,
In pride of poverty, divinely great;
Call'd by his bleeding country's voice to come
From the rude plough, and rule imperial Rome!
Tir'd as I am the glorious roll to trace,
Where am I snatch'd by the long Fabian race!
See where the patriot shines, whose prudent care
Preserves his country by protracted war!—
The subject nations, with a happier grace,
From the rude stone mall the mimic face,
Or with new life inform the breathing brass:
Shine at the bar, describe the stars on high,
The motions, laws, and regions of the sky:
Be this your nobler praise in times to come,
These your imperial arts, ye sons of Rome!
O'er distant realms to stretch your awful sway,
To bid those nations tremble and obey;
To crush the proud, the suppliant foe to rear,
To give mankind a peace, or shake the world with war.
He said—awhile their ravish'd eyes admire
The wond'rous scenes:—when thus proceeds the sire:
See! where Marcellus tow'rs above the train,
And bears the regal trophies from the plain.
Endanger'd Rome shall bless his guardian care,
And stand unshaken in a storm of war.
Carthage and Gaul the hero's might shall prove,
The third who hangs th' imperial spoils to Jove.
With him the Trojan prince a youth beheld
In shining arms advancing o'er the field;
A beauteous form; but clouds his front surround,
And his dim eyes were fixt upon the ground.
Say, who that youth (he cries) o'ercast with grief;
The youth who follows that victorious chief?
His son? or one of his illustrious line?
What numbers shout around the form divine?
His port how noble! how august his fame!
How like the former! and how near the same!
But gloomy shades his pensive brows o'erspread,
And a dark cloud involves his beauteous head.
Seek not, my son, replies the sire, to know
(And, as he spoke, the gushing sorrows flow)
What woes the gods to thy descendants doom,
What endless grief to every son of Rome!
This youth on earth the fates but just display,
And soon, too soon, they snatch the gift away:
Had Rome for ever held the glorious prize,
Her bliss had rais'd the envy of the skies!
Oh! from the martial field what cries shall come!
What groans shall echo through the streets of Rome!
How shall old Tyber, from his oozy bed,
In that sad moment rear his reverend head,
The length'ning pomp and funeral to survey, [way:
When by the mighty tomb he takes his mournful

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A youth of nobler hopes ſhall never riſe,
Nor glad like him the Latian fathers eyes:
And Rome, proud Rome ſhall boaſt, ſhe never bore,
From age to age, ſo brave a ſon before!
Honour and fame, alas! and ancient truth,
Revive and die with that illuſtrious youth!
In vain embattled troops his arms oppoſe:
In every field he tames his country's foes,
Whether on foot he marches in his might,
Or ſpurs his fiery courſer to the fight.
Poor pitied youth! the glory of the ſtate!
Oh! could'ſt thou ſhun the dreadful ſtroke of fate,
Rome ſhould in thee behold, with raviſh'd eyes,
Her pride, her darling, her Marcellus riſe!
Bring fragrant flow'rs, the whiteſt lilies bring,
With all the purple beauties of the ſpring;
Theſe gifts at leaſt, theſe honours I'll beſtow
On the dear youth, to pleaſe his ſhade below—
Thus, while the wond'rous ſcenes employ their fight,
They rove with pleaſure in the fields of light.

When the great ſire had taught his ſon the whole,
And with the Roman glories fir'd his ſoul;
Next to the liſt'ning hero he declares
His toils in Latium, and ſucceſſive wars;
Gives him their nations and their towns to know,
And how to ſhun, or ſuffer every woe.
Two gates the ſilent courts of ſleep adorn,
That of pale ivory, this of lucid horn.
Through this, true viſions take their airy way,
Through that, falſe phantoms mount the realms of day.
Then to the ivory gate he led them on,
And there diſmiſs'd the Sibyl and his ſon.
Now the great chief, returning to the main,
Reviews his fleet, and glads his friends again.
Then, ſteering by the ſtrand, he ploughs the ſea,
And to Cajeta's port directs his way:
There all the fleet the crooked anchors moor;
And the tall ſhips ſtood rang'd along the ſhore.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promiſes him his only daughter Lavinia, the heireſs of his crown. Turnus, who is in love with her, being favoured by her mother, and ſtirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made; and engages in his quarrel, Mezentius, Camilla, Meſſapus, and many others of the neighbouring princes; whoſe forces and the names of their commanders are particularly recited.

You too, Cajeta, whoſe indulgent cares
Nurs'd the great chief, and form'd his tender years,
Expiring here (an ever honour'd name!)
Adorn Heſperia with immortal fame:
Thy name ſurvives to pleaſe thy penſive ghoſt;
Thy ſacred relics grace the Latian coaſt.
Soon as her funeral rites the prince had paid,
And rais'd a tomb in honour of the dead;
(The ſea ſubſiding, and the tempeſts o'er)
He ſpreads the flying ſails, and leaves the ſhore.
When, at the cloſe of night, ſoft breezes riſe,
The moon in milder glory mounts the ſkies:
Safe in her friendly light the navy glides;
The ſilver ſplendors trembling o'er the tides.
Now by rich Circe's coaſt they bend their way,
(Circe, fair daughter of the god of day;)
A dangerous ſhore: the echoing foreſts rung,
While at the loom the beauteous goddeſs ſung:
Bright cedar brands ſupply her father's rays,
Perfume the dome, and round the palace blaze.
Here wolves with howlings ſcare the naval train,
And lions roar reluctant to the chain.
Here growling bears and ſwine their ears affright,
And break the ſolemn ſilence of the night.
Theſe once were men; but Circe's charms confine,
In brutal ſhapes, the human forms divine.
But Neptune, to ſecure the pious hoſt
From theſe dire monſters, this inchanted coaſt,
A friendly breeze to every ſail ſupplies;
And o'er the deeps the rapid navy flies.

Now on her car was gay Aurora borne,
And ocean reddens with the riſing morn;
The winds lie huſh'd; the ſwelling ſurge ſubſides;
And with their bending oars they labour through the tides.
From hence the hero view'd a range of woods;
Through the dark ſcene roll Tyber's glittering floods;
With circling whirlpools urge their winding way,
And lead their yellow waters to the ſea.
The painted birds, that haunt the golden tide,
And flutter round the banks on every ſide,
Along the groves in pleaſing triumph play,
And with ſoft muſic hail the dawning day,
Smooth o'er the ſhaded floods, at his command,
The painted gallies glide, and reach the land.
Now goddeſs! aid thy poet, while he ſings
The ſtate of Latium, and her ancient kings;
Her dark confuſions from their birth explores,
When firſt the Trojans reach'd th' Heſperian ſhores;
Thou, thou, great Erato! my ſoul inſpire,
To ſing each furious fight with equal fire.
A mightier work, a nobler ſcene appears;
A long, long ſeries of deſtructive wars!
Kings againſt kings engag'd in dire alarms!
And all Heſperia rous'd to all the rage of arms!
Latinus o'er the realm the ſway maintain'd;
And long in peace the hoary prince had reign'd;
From Faunus and a fair Laurentian dame,
A lovely nymph, the mighty monarch came;

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From Picus, Faunus drew his birth divine;
From Saturn he, great author of the line. [ſon.
Fate from this king had ſnatch'd each blooming
And one bright daughter heir'd the imperial throne.
Fir'd by her matchleſs charms, the youths repair
From all the realms around, to court the fair;
Bold Turnus too the royal maid addreſt,
Whoſe birth and beauty far ſurpaſt the reſt.
The Latian queen, to gain ſo brave a ſon,
Had made the blooming hero's cauſe her own,
Vain was her aim, for every power divine
Withſtood the match, with many a dreadful ſign.
Amid the court a laurel roſe in air,
Preſerv'd for ages with religious care;
This venerable plant Latinus found,
When firſt his town with riſing tow'rs he crown'd;
(Which thence deriv'd her name, as records ſay;)
Then made it ſacred to the god of day.
It chanc'd, a cloud of bees in gathering ſwarms
Swept through the ſkies, with murmuring hoarſe alarms;
Pour'd in, and (ſettling on the topmoſt bough)
Stretch'd down, dependent deep in air below:
In one black lengthening chain together clung,
Feet claſp'd in feet, the cluſtering nations hung.
On this exclaims an augur---I explore
A foreign conſort from a diſtant ſhore;
From yon ſame point a ſtranger hoſt ſhall come;
And here their prince ſhall reign in this imperial dome.
Yet more; while chaſte Lavinia, at the ſhrine,
Burns od'rous incenſe to the powers divine;
As by her father ſtood the royal fair,
The fires flew round, and caught her waving hair:
O'er all her rich embroider'd garments roll'd
The wanton flame, and crept through every fold;
Then, crackling, through her crown victorious
The gems run melting in the golden blaze: [plays;
Around the fair the dancing glories ſtray'd,
And lambent fires involv'd the lovely maid;
Then from her beauteous head enlarging grew,
Wide and more wide, and round the palace flew.
From this ſtrange ſign, portentous to behold,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſeer ſurpriſing truths foretold,
That bright with fame ſhould ſhine the glorious fair,
But through the nations ſpread the flames of war.
Meantime the king, aſtoniſh'd at the ſign,
Haſtes to conſult his preſcient † ſire divine.
In dark Albunea's ſhades ſupreme of woods!
Where from her fountains boil ſulphureous floods;
Thick from her ſtreams the clouds of poiſon riſe,
And, charg'd with heavy vapours, load the ſkies.
Here, in diſtreſs, th' Italian nations come, [doom.
Anxious, to clear their doubts, and learn their
Firſt, on the fleeces of the ſlaughter'd ſheep,
By night the ſacred prieſt diſſolves in ſleep:
When, in a train, before his ſlumbering eye,
Thin, airy forms, and wond'rous viſions fly.
He calls the pow'rs, who guard th' infernal floods;
And talks, inſpir'd, familiar with the gods.
To this dread oracle the prince withdrew,
And firſt a hundred ſheep the monarch ſlew;
Then on their fleeces lay; and from the wood
He heard diſtinct theſe accents of the god:

† Faunus.

Seek not a native prince, my ſon, nor wed
Thy royal daughter to a Latian bed.
A foreign chief appears, of mighty fame,
Whoſe race to heav'n ſhall raiſe our glorious name;
O'er either ocean ſhall their empire run,
Beyond the radiant journeys of the ſun.
In every clime their ſtandards are unfurl'd!
And, proſtrate at their feet, ſhall lie the trembling world!
Theſe anſwers of the god, reveal'd by night,
The king divulg'd, and fame diſplay'd to light;
Spread the glad tidings all the nations o'er;
When now the Trojan navy reach'd the ſhore.
The hero with his ſon and chiefs had laid
Their limbs at eaſe beneath a cooling ſhade;
Then, dictated by jove, the banquet ſpread
On cakes of flour along the verdant mead;
The ſlender cakes the buſy Trojans load
With fruits auſtere, and wildings of the wood:
Theſe ſcanty viands ſoon conſum'd, the crew,
Compell'd by hunger, on their tables flew;
Full eager they devour'd, by want diſtreſt,
The frail ſupporters of the failing feaſt.
When with a laugh, Aſcanius---we devour
The plates and boards on which we fed before.
Th' auſpicious words his ſire in rapture took,
And weigh'd what once the oracle had ſpoke:
Hail happy realm, which fate ſo long has ow'd!
All hail, he cry'd, each guardian Trojan god!
My ſire, when fair Elyſium bleſt my eyes,
Did thus diſcloſe the ſecrets of the ſkies:
" When, preſt by raging famine, you devour
" Your boards, impatient, on a foreign ſhore;
" There thy long labours ſhall with peace be crown'd; [round."
" There build thy town, and raiſe the ramparts
This is the famine that the fates foreſhow,
And this the place to terminate our woe.
Then bend we from the port, at dawn of day,
Our eager ſteps, and ſtrike a different way,
To view the land, the cities to explore,
And know what nations hold the fated ſhore.
Now place again the goblets on the board;
Be great Anchiſes honour'd and ador'd,
And pour the wine to heav'n's almighty lord.
Then, while the verdant boughs his temples
The prince ador'd the Genius of the place; [grace,
The Nymphs, and unknown pow'rs that rule the floods,
And ſacred Earth, great ſource of all the gods;
And awful night; with her the ſtars that riſe,
To gild her face, and beautify the ſkies;
And Jove, the guardian god of Troy, implores,
And the great mother of th' ethereal pow'rs;
His mighty parents laſt, with honours crown'd
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.
The hero's vows th' almighty heard from high,
And thrice he thunder'd from an azure ſky;
And ſhook, majeſtic as the thunders roll'd,
A fiery cloud, that blaz'd with beams of gold.
Now thro' the Trojan hoſt the news had flown,
The day was come to raiſe their promis'd town;
All, warm'd with tranſport at the happy ſign,
Indulge the feaſt, and quaff the generous wine.
Soon as the morning ſhot a purple ray,
And tipp'd the mountains with the beams of day,

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By different ways the buſy train explore
The bounds, the cities, and the winding ſhore.
Here dwell the Latian line; there Tyber flows;
And here thy ſacred ſtream, Numicus, roſe.
Now ſent the Trojan prince (a peace to gain)
A hundred youths ſelected from the train,
With preſents for the king. Without delay,
All crown'd with olives took their ſpeedy way.
Meantime the chief deſign'd th' allotted ground
For the new town, and drew the trench around:
High tow'rs and ramparts all the place encloſe;
And, like a camp, the ſudden city roſe.
Now the commiſſion'd youths proceed with haſte,
And ſpy the lofty Latian ſpires at laſt.
Before the gate, the blooming active train
Or break the fiery courſer to the rein,
Or whirl the chariot o'er the duſty plain;
Or bend the bow, or toſs the whizzing ſpear,
Or urge the race, or wage the mimic war.
When lo! a meſſenger, diſpatch'd with ſpeed,
Spurs to the Latian court his panting ſteed,
And told the monarch what illuſtrious gueſts
Arriv'd from foreign lands in foreign veſts.
The monarch ſummon'd all the train, and ſhone,
In ſtate majeſtic on the regal throne.
High o'er the town, ſurrounded by a wood,
Old Picus' venerable palace ſtood,——
Auguſt and awful! proudly roſe, around,
A hundred columns, and the ſtructure crown'd.
Here kings receiv'd the types of royal pow'r,
The crown and ſceptre, and the robes they wore.
This was their temple; this their court of ſtate,
Here at the ſacred feaſts the fathers ſate;
And in long orders, as their thrones they fill'd,
On offer'd rams their annual banquets held.
Before the gates a venerable band,
In cedar carv'd, the Latian monarchs ſtand.
Sabinus there, who preſt the foaming wine,
Extend the hook that prun'd the generous vine;
The front old Italus and Saturn grace,
And hoary Janus with his double face;
And many an ancient monarch, proud to bear
In their dear country's cauſe the wounds of war.
Hung on the pillars, all around appears
A row of trophies, helmets, ſhields, and ſpears,
And ſolid bars, and axes keenly bright,
And naval beaks, and chariots ſeiz'd in fight.
With his divining wand in ſolemn ſtate,
With robes ſuccinct the royal Picus ſate.
Fierce in his car of old he ſwept the field;
And ſtill the hero graſps the ſhining ſhield.
Him beauteous Circe lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Th' enchantreſs dame, rejected with diſdain,
Transform'd the hapleſs monarch, in deſpair,
Chang'd to a painted bird, and ſent to flit in air.
Thus ſat the ſov'reign in the pompous fane,
And gave admiſſion to the Dardan train.
Then to th' illuſtrious ſtrangers, from the throne,
The prince with mild benevolence begun.
Say, noble Trojans, for we knew your name
An ancient race, before your navy came;
What cauſe your fleet to Latium could convey,
What call, through ſuch a length of wat'ry way?
Or were your gallies wide in ocean loſt?
Or driv'n by tempeſts on th' Heſperian coaſt?
Such dangers oft befall the train who ride
O'er the wild deeps, and ſtem the furious tide.
Vouchſafe to be our gueſts, and Latium grace;
For know, our generous hoſpitable race,
By Saturn form'd, from him their manners draw,
Juſt without ties, and good without a law.
From old Auruntian ſages once our ears
Have heard a tale, tho' ſunk in length of years;
Theſe realms the birth of Dardanus could boaſt,
Who ſail'd from hence, and reach'd your Phrygian coaſt.
He left the Tuſcan realms, and now on high
Dwells in the ſtarry manſions of the ſky:
Call'd from this nether world to heav'n's abodes,——
He reigns above, a god among the gods!
O prince divine! great Faunus' glorious ſon;
(Thus, to the king Ilioneus begun);
Nor ſtars miſled our fleets, nor tempeſts toſt,
Nor wide we wander'd to the Latian coaſt,
But our determin'd courſe, ſpontaneous bore,
With one fixt purpoſe, to this friendly ſhore;
Driv'n from the nobleſt empire o'er the ſeas,
That the bright ſun in all his race ſurveys.
We and our prince derive our birth divine
From Jove, the ſource of our ethereal line;
And at the godlike chief's command we come,
His ſuppliant envoys to this regal dome.
Thoſe, who beyond the bounds of ocean hurl'd,
Poſſeſs that wild unhoſpitable world;
And thoſe who glow beneath the burning zone,
Beneath the fiery chariot of the ſun,
Have heard, and heard with terror from afar,
What a dire deluge, what a ſtorm of war,
With ruin charg'd, and furious to deſtroy, [Troy;
From Greece burſt thund'ring o'er the realms of
When Europe ſhook proud Aſia with alarms,
And fate ſet two contending worlds in arms.
Snatch'd from that ſtorm, to roll around the floods,
We beg ſome place, to fix our wand'ring gods;
Some vacant region, you with eaſe can ſpare;
The common uſe of water, earth, and air.
Nor ſhall this new alliance bring diſgrace,
But add new glories to th' Italian race:
Nor Latium ſhall repent the kind ſupply,
Nor ſhall the dear remembrance ever die.
Now by our potent glorious prince I ſwear,
As true in peace as dreadful in the war;
Though now as ſuppliants at thy throne we ſtand,
With humble pray'rs and olives in our hand,
Yet many nations, prince, invite our train,
And our alliance court, but court in vain.
For know, the gods, the mighty gods command
The ſons of Troy to ſeek the Latian land.
To Tyber's flood great Phœbus urg'd our way,
Where ſpring Numicus' ſacred ſtreams to day;
Here Dardanus was born, of heav'nly ſtrain;
Hence firſt he came, and now returns again.
Yet more---theſe preſents from the Trojan king,
Theſe relics of his former ſtate we bring,
Snatch'd from devouring flames---his fire, of old,
Pour'd due libations from this bowl of gold:
In theſe rich robes the royal Priam ſhone,
And gave the law, majeſtic, from the throne:
This crown, this ſceptre, did the monarch wear;
Theſe veſts were labour'd by the Trojan fair.
He ceas'd---the ſov'reign paus'd in thought profound,
And fixt his eyes unmov'd upon the ground.

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His daughter's fortunes all his mind employ,
And future empire, not the gifts from Troy.
Deep in his mind the prophecy he roll'd,
And deem'd this chief, the ſon the gods foretold,
The mighty hero long foredoom'd by fate
To ſhare the glories of the regal ſtate;—
From whom a race, victorious by their ſwords,
Should riſe in time, the world's majeſtic lords:
Then joyful ſpoke: May heav'n our counſels bleſs,
And its own omens, with the wiſh'd ſucceſs!
Well pleas'd, my friends, your preſents I receive,
And free admiſſion in my kingdoms give;
Nor ſhall you want, while I the throne enjoy,
A land as fruitful as the fields of Troy.
But let your godlike prince, if he requeſt
Our royal friendſhip, be our honour'd gueſt;
The peace he aſks in perſon he may bring:
Go then—report this meſſage to your king.—
A beauteous daughter in her bloom is mine,
Forbid to wed in our Auſonian line:
This all our native oracles deny,
And every dreadful omen of the ſky;
From foreign ſhores, a foreign ſon appears,
Whoſe race ſhall lift our glory to the ſtars.
Your prince, the deſtin'd chief the Fates require,
Our thoughts divine, and we, my friends, deſire.
He ſaid, and order'd ſteeds, to mount the band;
In lofty ſtalls three hundred courſers ſtand,
Their ſhining ſides with crimſon cover'd o'er;
The ſprightly ſteeds embroider'd trappings wore,
With golden chains, refulgent to behold:
Gold were the bridles, and they champ'd on gold.
But to their prince he ſent a glorious car,
With two diſtinguiſh'd courſers for the war;
Fierce as they flew, their noſtrils breath'd a fire;
Theſe Circe ſtole from her celeſtial ſire,
By mortal mares on earth, who, all unknown,
Mixt with the flaming courſers of the ſun.
Pleas'd with the monarch's gift, their ſteeds they preſs,
And to their anxious lord return with peace.
But Jove's imperial queen, from Argos far,
Rides on the whirlwinds through the fields of air.
From proud Pachynus' point, her eyes explore
The Trojan prince, and all his fleet on ſhore.
The bulwarks riſe, the troops poſſeſs the ſtrand,
Deſert the ſhips, and pour upon the land;
She ſtood in anguiſh fixt, and ſhook her head,
Then, fir'd with rage, the wrathful goddeſs ſaid:
Curſt race;—a race I labour to deſtroy!—
But Juno ſinks beneath the fates of Troy!
Did not the captives break the victor's chain?
Did not her ſlaughter'd ſons revive again?
Did they not force, when Troy in aſhes lay,
Through fires and armies their victorious way?
What—heav'n's great empreſs flags, by toils oppreſt:
Or ſure, her glutted vengeance lies at reſt! [high,
And yet I dar'd purſue the baniſh'd train
Through the laſt bounds of Neptune's wat'ry reign,
With rocks, with gulfs, with thunders from on
With all the ſtorms of ocean and the ſky.
In vain with ſtorms I rous'd the roaring main;
Earth, ſkies, and oceans wag'd my war in vain,
In vain dire Scylla thunder'd o'er the ſea;
Nor could the vaſt Charybdis bar the way.
For lo! in Tyber's flood their navies ride,
Mock my revenge, and triumph o'er the tide.
And yet the god of battles could efface
For one neglect, the Lapithæan race,
For one neglect, did Jove himſelf reſign
To Dian's wrath the Calydonian line.
But I, the queen ſupreme of gods above,
The mighty conſort of imperial Jove,
In vain for years one nation have purſu'd;
Nay, by one ſingle mortal am ſubdu'd!
Yet, though my pow'rs are baffled, will I try
Whatever pow'rs in nature's circle lie.
What! though the partial heav'ns my aims repel,
I'll raiſe new forces from the depths of hell!
What!—if the Trojan muſt in Latium reign!
What!—if the Fates a regal bride ordain!
Yet, may I ſtill the nuptial rite delay,
And by a length of wars defer the day.
Yet, ſhall the people bleed! the kings ſhall reign,
The lonely monarchs of an empty plain!
Yet ſhall the father and the ſon make good
Their league of friendſhip, in their ſubjects blood;
In the mixt blood of nations ſhall be paid,
At large, thy dreadful dow'r, imperial maid!
Wed then—with every fatal omen wed:
Bellona waits thee to the bridal bed.
The queen of love, like Priam's royal dame,
For Ilion has conceiv'd a ſecond flame.
A Paris, ſprung from Venus, ſhall deſtroy
Once more with fatal fires the tow'rs of Troy.
This ſaid, to earth th' impetuous goddeſs flies,
Inflam'd with rage and vengeance, from the ſkies;
Looks down, and, bending o'er the baleful cell,
Calls dire Alecto from the realms of hell.
Crimes, frauds and murders are the fiend's delight,
The rage of death, and ſlaughters of the fight.
So fierce her looks! ſuch terrors from her eyes!
Round her grim front ſuch monſtrous ſerpents riſe!
She ſcares ev'n Pluto, her immortal ſire;
Her ſiſter Furies tremble and retire. [train,
Then heav'n's great queen, againſt the Trojan
Inflam'd her native rage, and thus began:
Daughter of night! thy potent aid I claim
To guard my honour, and ſupport my fame.
Oh! let not Troy her pow'rs to Latium bring,
Nor with this match amuſe her eaſy king.
'Tis thine, the peace of brethren to confound,
To arm their hands, and ſpread deſtruction round;
Through kindling houſes, towns and realms to beat
The torch of diſcord, and the flames of war.
To thee a thouſand noxious arts are known,
And every form of miſchief is thy own.
Rouſe, rouſe the fury in thy ſoul! excite
The chiefs, and kindle all the rage of fight!
Diſſolve the peace; and fir'd by dire alarms,
Bid the mad nations ruſh to blood and arms! [eyes,
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when ſudden from her
Smear'd with Gorgonean blood, the fury flies
Sublime; and tow'ring o'er the palace roars;
Then ſtands unſeen before Amata's doors;
While grief and wrath the raging queen employ,
For Turnus, injur'd by the match with Troy.
Here ſtopt the fiend; and, diſcord all her view,
Snatch'd from her hiſſing locks, a ſnake ſhe threw; [ſlew.
And through her inmoſt ſoul the fiery ſerpent
Unfelt, the monſter glides through every vein,
And breathes the ſecret poiſon in her breaſt.
Now like a fillet, round her temples roll'd,
Now round her boſom, like a chain of gold.

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Now to her treſſes he repairs, and there
Thrids every ringlet of her golden hair.
Thus while her kindling ſoul the peſt inſpires
With the firſt ſparkles of her fatal fires,
Before the boſom of the royal dame
Felt the full furies of th' infernal flame,
She ſpeaks her grief, in accents ſoft and mild,
Implores the fire, and ſorrows o'er her child:
And muſt Lavinia then, our only joy,
Wed with this wand'ring fugitive of Troy?
And can a father iſſue the decree,
So fatal to himſelf, to her and me?
For ſure the pirate ſoon will bear away
With the firſt riſing wind the lovely prey.
Such, ſuch a gueſt of old, the Phrygian boy
Bore raviſh'd Helen to the tow'rs of Troy. [now?
Where, where is friendſhip, truth and honour
A father's promiſe, and a monarch's vow!
If thy great ſire's commands have fixt thy mind,
To chooſe ſome hero of a foreign kind:
Then every kind, my lord, and every land
Are foreign, that are free from our command:
And if we trace brave Turnus' blood, he ſprings
From a long line of ancient Argive kings.

Thus urg'd the mother, in a mournful ſtrain,
Her loud complaints, yet urg'd them all in vain.
But now the ſpreading poiſon, fir'd her whole,
Ev'n to the laſt receſſes of her ſoul.
In her wild thoughts a thouſand horrors riſe;
And fierce, and madding round the ſtreets ſhe flies.
So the gay ſtriplings laſh in eager ſport
A top, in giddy circles, round a court.
In rapid rings it whirls, and ſpins aloud,
Admir'd with rapture by the blooming crowd;
From every ſtroke, flies humming o'er the ground,
And gains new ſpirit, as the blows go round.

Thus flew the giddy queen, with fury ſtung,
Through the wide town, amid the wond'ring throng.
Yet more;—the deſtin'd nuptials to delay,
Fierce to the darkſome wood ſhe bounds away;
And, riſing ſtill in rage, with rites divine
She feign'd new orgies to the god of wine.
Thou, Bacchus, only thou, deſerv'ſt the fair!
For thee in ringlets grows her lovely hair!
For thee ſhe leads the dance, and wreaths her ivy ſpear.

Now ſpread around the wild infectious flames;
With the ſame fury glow the Latian dames;
Let looſe their flying treſſes in the wind,
Ruſh to the woods, and leave the town behind;
Toſs high their ivy-ſpears; while clamours riſe,
And trembling ſhrieks, tumultuous rend the ſkies.
The madding queen, with rage ſuperior ſtung,
Rear'd high a flaming pine, amid the throng,
And for young Turnus rais'd the nuptial ſong.
Then rolls her fiery eyes, and loud exclaims:
Hear, all ye matrons! hear ye Latian dames!
If yet a mother's woes your ſouls can move,
If yet your injur'd princeſs ſhares your love;
Like me, unbind your treſſes; rove abroad;
And hold theſe ſacred orgies to the god.

Thus the fierce fiend Amata's breaſt invades,
And drives her raving to the ſylvan ſhades.
When all the monarch's palace ſhe ſurvey'd,
With all his counſels in confuſion laid;
As wide around the riſing Fury grew,
On duſky wings to Ardea ſwift ſhe flew:
Ardea, by Danaë built in days of yore, [ſhore;
When with her Argive train ſhe fought the
But now her periſh'd ruins are no more!
Where o'er the reſt brave Turnus' manſion roſe,
She found the hero ſunk in ſoft repoſe;
And firſt, her dread infernal form to hide,
Laid the grim terrors of her front aſide:
With ſilver hairs her temples were o'erſpread,
And wreaths and verdant olives crown'd her head,
Her wither'd face with wrinkles was emboſt,
And in the woman all the fiend was loſt.
She now appear'd a venerable dame,
And to the couch like Juno's prieſteſs came:
Then are thy labours vain, (ſhe thus begun)
And ſhall a Trojan ſeize thy rightful throne?
The king denies the crown he long has ow'd,
Denies the fair thy labours bought with blood.
Go—ſave his kingdom; fight the Tuſcan train!—
Go, prince, and conquer, to be ſcorn'd again!
Hear then by me the mandate from on high
Sent by the mighty empreſs of the ſky:
Fly, fly; the valiant youth for arms prepare;
And through the opening gates let looſe the war.
Lo! where in Tyber ride the fleets of Troy;
Go then, their chiefs and painted ſhips deſtroy;
So Heav'n commands—and, if the Latian lord
Detain the fair, regardleſs of his word,
Let him in blood thy vengeful ſword deplore,
The ſword that conquer'd in his cauſe before.

Thus the diſſembled dame—with ſcornful pride,
In haughty terms the martial youth reply'd:
The tidings you convey, I knew before;
The Trojan fleet is landed on the ſhore.
Hence—nor with idle tales my boſom move;
I live ſecure in Juno's guardian love.
But, worn with years, you dote with vain alarms,
And, when you nod, you dream of kings in arms.
Go, mother, go—and make your gods your care,
But leave to men the province of the war.

While yet he ſpoke, her looks the youth confound,
And the black fiend in all her terrors frown'd.
Aghaſt, he ſhook, and trembled with affright,
While all her native horrors blaſt his ſight.
Such a tremenduous front the Fury ſpread,
So dreadful hiſt the ſerpents round her head;
So grim a figure now ſhe ſeem'd to riſe;
That hell, all hell was open'd in her eyes! [ply'd,

Then, ere the fault'ring trembling youth re-
She roll'd their fiery orbs from ſide to ſide; [ſhook
Snatch'd two black ſerpents from her locks, and
The ſounding ſcourge, and thund'ring thus ſhe ſpoke:
Behold, behold this wretch, by vain alarms
And age, reduc'd to dream of kings in arms!
A fury from the deeps of hell, I bear,
In theſe dread hands, deſtruction, death and war!

With that a flaming torch the goddeſs threw;
Deep through his breaſt the fiery weapon flew.
Strait rous'd the ſtartled warrior; and a ſtream
Of ſweat ran copious down from every limb.
Through the wide dome he raves with mad alarms,
He runs, he flies, he calls aloud to arms;
Fell wrath and vengeance in his eyes appear,
The thirſt of ſlaughter, and the rage of war.
So when in parting ſpires the flame divides,
And crackling climbs along the cauldron's ſides,
In the deep womb glow fierce the hiſſing ſtreams,
Boil, ſwell and foam, and bubble o'er the brims;

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Till high in air the fuming liquids riſe,
And in a length of vapours mount the ſkies.
He ſends to great Latinus, to declare
The peace polluted, and denounce the war:
To arms he cries,—this moment will we go
To guard our country, and repel the foe.
Himſelf, he boaſts, will all the war maintain,
And fight the Trojan and Auſonian train.
His troops take fire, and (heaven invok'd in pray'r)
With eager rage they gather to the war:
Some by his beauty mov'd, his cauſe embrace,
Some by his valiant deeds, and regal race.
While thus his ſocial train the prince inſpires,
Swift to the Trojan hoſt the fiend retires.
Big with new miſchiefs to the place ſhe came,
Where young Iülus hunts the ſavage game.
A ſtag he chas'd; the chaſe the Fury ſees,
And bids the ſcent grow warm in every breeze;
His opening hounds, exulting, ſhoot away,
And bear impatient on the panting prey:
From this light cauſe ſhe rais'd the firſt alarms,
And fir'd the brutal ſwains to blood and arms.—
Snatch'd from the dam, by Tyrrheus' children rear'd,
(Tyrrheus, chief maſter of the royal herd)
With care domeſtic had this ſtag been bred;
Of beauteous ſhape; and antlers grac'd his head.
The beaſt became their ſiſter's darling care;
His horns were dreſs'd with garlands by the fair.
Fed from the board, accuſtom'd to command,
The fawn familiar lick'd her ſtroking hand.
Full oft ſhe bath'd him in the limpid tide,
And fondly curious comb'd his ſilken hide:
All day amid the foreſts would he roam,
But came each evening to his wonted home.
Alcanius' hounds had rous'd the trembling prey,
As down the gentle flood he took his way,
And on the cooling bank in length luxuriant lay.
The youthful hero fir'd with love of fame,
Directs a feather'd arrow at the game;
The feather'd arrow flew; the Fury guides
The pointed weapon through the wanton's ſides.
Pierc'd with the dart, the bleeding fawn in vain
Flies back for refuge to his home again;
Complains with human tears, and human ſighs,
And begs for aid with unavailing cries.
The beauteous Sylvia heard his moving ſtrains,
Beat her white boſom, and alarm'd the ſwains.
Inſpir'd with ſudden rage they wing their way,
For in the wood the lurking Fury lay.
Some arm'd with knotted clubs, impetuous came,
And ſome with ſtaves well-ſeaſon'd in the flame.
With ſtones or brands the peaſants throng from far,
And every ſudden weapon, to the war.
Tyrrheus, who clove a tree with many a ſtroke,
Left the huge wedge within the gaping oak;
Then ſeiz'd the pond'rous axe with loud alarms,
And call'd the ruſtics all around to arms.
Meantime the Fury from her ſtand deſcries
The growing diſcord every moment riſe;
Aſcends the roof, and, from the lofty height,
Calls in the boiſt'rous peaſants to the fight:
With her full force her mighty horn ſhe winds;
Th' infernal ſtrain alarms the gathering hinds.
The dreadful ſummons the deep foreſts took;
The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains ſhook.
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound,
The Veline fountains trembled at the ſound.
The thick ſulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blaſt that blew the flames of war:
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers preſt
With ſhrieks their ſtarting infants to the breaſt.
Thus the mad ruſtics caught the dire alarms,
And at the horrid ſignal flew to arms.
Nor leſs, in ſuccour of the princely boy,
Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy: [tain;
Clubs, ſtaves and brands, at firſt the fight main-
But now embody'd armies ſpread the plain,
And deadly ſwords and ſhining bucklers wield;
And groves of ſpears gleam dreadful o'er the field.
On brazen arms the ſun refulgent plays,
And to the ſkies the fiery helmets blaze.
So when the wind has ſtirr'd the gentle ſeas,
The waves juſt ſwell, and whiten by degrees;
Till all the heaving wat'ry worlds ariſe,
In one vaſt burſt of thunder to the ſkies.
Firſt Almon, Tyrrheus' eldeſt hope, was ſlain,
Fierce as he fought, the foremoſt on the plain.
Beneath his throat the arrow found its way;
And chok'd in blood, the beauteous warrior lay.
Now heaps on heaps fall thick on every ſide,
And in the cloud of fight Galeſus dy'd;
Good old Galeſus! while with earneſt care,
He labour'd to prevent the riſing war:
The ſage for juſtice bore the foremoſt place,
Though far the wealthieſt of the Latian race:
Five flocks, five bellowing droves, his paſtures held, [field.
And with a hundred teams he turn'd the ſpacious
Thus, while on either ſide, the martial train
With mutual ſlaughter bath'd the purple plain:
When the ſtern Fury, from her promiſe freed,
Beheld with joy the growing battle bleed;
She leaves th' Heſperian ſhores, ſhe mounts the ſkies,
And in proud triumph thus to Juno cries:
Behold my promiſe, mighty queen! made good;
The Trojan ſword has drawn the Latian blood.
War, boundleſs war, runs raging round the plain;
Nor can yourſelf command the peace again;
Speak but you will, I'll ſpread the dire alarm,
And bid the bord'ring towns and countries arm,
Both ſides to aid, the nations ſhall repair;
Wide round, the riſing diſcord will I bear,
And rouſe in every breaſt the furies of the war.
Enough, replies the queen, enough is done,
The war ſtands fixt; the ſlaughters are begun.
They fly to war; their arms with blood diſtain:
Death, rage, and terror, range the purple plain.
Such are the nuptial rites, that we prepare
For Latium's king, and Venus' worthy heir!
But go—this moment leave the realms above;
Go—nor offend the ſacred eyes of Jove.
To thy unhallow'd feet the fire denies
Th' ethereal walks, and freedom of the ſkies.
Retire to hell! if aught remains undone,
Ourſelf ſhall finiſh what thy toils begun.
Swift as the goddeſs ſpoke, the Fury ſprings
With rapid ſpeed, and ſpreads her duſky wings;
Her ſerpents hiſſing all around, ſhe flies
To hell's dark realms, impetuous, from the ſkies.
Amid fair Italy, renown'd by fame,
Lies a deep vale, Amſanctus is the name.

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Her gloomy ſides are ſhaded with a grove;
And a huge range of mountains tow'rs above;
Fierce through the duſky vale the torrents pour,
And o'er the rattling ſtones the whirlpools roar.
There the black jaws of hell are open'd wide;
There rolls dire Acheron his fiery tide;
There lies the dark infernal cave, and there
Grim Pluto breathes the ſoft ethereal air.
Down through this dreadful opening, from on high,
The fiend plung'd headlong, and reliev'd the ſky.
Meantime the queen of heav'n exerts her care,
With her laſt hand to crown the growing war.
In one vaſt tide the loud tumultuous ſwains
Pour to the city, and deſert the plains.
Young Almon's corſe they bear in open ſight,
And old Galeſus ſlaughter'd in the fight;
Implore the gods with vows, and beg in vain
The hoary monarch to revenge the ſlain.
While the fierce Daunian lords complaints conſpire,
To ſpread the gath'ring fears of ſword and fire.
Turnus, he cries, is baniſh'd with diſgrace,
And wrong'd in favour of a foreign race.
The king prefers a Trojan for his ſon;
A Trojan prince already fills the throne!
Thoſe too, whoſe mothers by the queen were led,
When, fir'd by Bacchus, to the woods ſhe fled,
(Such was her intereſt in the realm) declare
For open arms, and breathe revenge and war.
War is the fatal univerſal cry,
Againſt all omens of the angry ſky!—
Furious they crowd their ſovereign's regal door,
And, madding, round the rich pavilions roar;
Beſiege their king, as waves a rock, in vain,
Some mighty rock, amidſt the rolling main;
That hears unmov'd the ſounding tempeſts blow,
That ſees the furious ſurges foam below;
And o'er the deeps, majeſtic to the ſight,
Stands fixt, and glories in its matchleſs height.
Proud of its bulk; while ſtorms and working tides
Fly, daſh and break againſt the tow'ring ſides!
When long the prince had labour'd to retain
The riſing madneſs of their ſouls in vain,
And ſaw the crowd no counſel would obey,
But ruſh'd to arms as Juno led the way;
The mournful ſire obteſts the gods and ſkies;
And lo! we yield to fate, the monarch cries.
The ſtorm impetuous bears us down the flood—
But heav'n, heav'n claims your ſacrilegious blood!
Thou too, raſh Turnus, ſhalt thy part ſuſtain,
And late, too late, implore the gods in vain!
Safe to the port am I already come,
And all your king can loſe, is but a tomb!
Then penſive he retir'd, and left to fate
The reins of empire, and the cares of ſtate.
A ſolemn cuſtom in Heſperia reign'd,
Which long the potent Alban lords maintain'd,
And Rome ſtill holds, when terrible in might,
The world's great empreſs ſends her ſons to fight.
Whether the chain for Dacia they prepare,
Or wage th' Hyrcanian, or Arabian war,
Or their victorious arms on India turn,
And ſpread her eagles to the riſing morn;
Or urge proud Parthia's long-expected doom,
And bring in pomp our raviſh'd enſigns home.—
Two maſſy ſolid gates have ever ſtood,
For ages ſacred to the * Thracian god.
Old, double Janus guards the dreadful doors;
Grim war within, his mighty captive, roars.
On many a pond'rous hinge the gates are hung;
With brazen bars impenetrably ſtrong.
Soon as the fathers of the ſtate proclaim,
The fight muſt vindicate the Roman fame;
Strait, at their high decree, the conſul, dreſt
In the rich ſacred robe and Gabine veſt,
While the loud trumpets ſound a martial ſtrain,
(In pomp attended by the valiant train,) [far
Throws wide the gates; and through the nations
Lets looſe the boundleſs furies of the war.
So now the madding Latian crowds implore
Their monarch, to unfold the ſacred door.
But from the fatal office he withdrew,
Abhorr'd the province, and retir'd from view.
Then heav'n's dread empreſs, while the prince delay'd,
Shot down, and both the burſting gates diſplay'd:
The bolts fly back, with every brazen bar;
And, like a ſtorm, broke forth th' impriſon'd war.
Till now unmov'd by diſcord and alarms,
Auſonia burns, and calls her ſons to arms.
Some to the furious fight on foot proceed
Some vault impetuous on the bounding ſteed,
Some whet the blunted pole-axe for the field,
Brighten the ſpear and long-neglected ſhield;
With tranſport hear the trumpet's clangors riſe,
And view the banners ſtreaming in the ſkies.
Ardea, proud Tybur, Cruſtumerium's pow'rs,
Atina ſtrong, and high Antemnæ's tow'rs,
Five potent cities, all their ſons employ,
To forge new arms againſt the troops of Troy.
For greaves the ductile ſilver they extend,
And for the ſhield the pliant fallow bend:
The guiltleſs arms the rural trade affords,
Scythes, plough-ſhares, hooks, are ſtreighten'd into ſwords.
And in the glowing forges they reſtore
The blunted faulchions which their fathers wore.
And now the ſprightly trumpets ſound from far;
The world flies round; the ſignal of the war.
Some ſnatch the poliſh'd helm with eager ſpeed;
Some to the yoke compel the ſnorting ſteed.
Brace on the golden cuiraſs, ſeize the ſhield;
And, with the glitt'ring ſword, ruſh furious to the field.
Ye muſes! now unlock your ſacred ſpring;
Inſpire your bard, and teach him how to ſing
What mighty heroes led the martial train,
And what embattled armies ſpread the plain:
The Latian chiefs, ye goddeſſes! declare,
And the dire progreſs of the waſteful war;
You know, and can record the pow'rs who came,
Which we learn only from the voice of fame.
Mezentius firſt, who ſcorn'd th' immortal pow'rs,
Conducts his armies from the Tuſcan ſhores.
Him follow'd Lauſus, fluſh'd with youthful fire,
A ſon, whoſe ſhining virtues might require
A happier throne, and far a better fire!
He tam'd the ſteed, and urg'd the generous chaſe,
And none but Turnus match'd his blooming face;
He led from fair Agylla to the plain
A thouſand warriors, but he led in vain!

* Mars.

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Great Aventinus, great Alcides' ſon,
Wore the proud trophy that his father won:
A hundred ſerpents round his buckler roll'd,
And Hydra hiſs'd from all her heads, in gold.
Freſh wreaths of palm his lofty chariot crown'd,
And fierce he laſh'd his fiery courſers round.
When great Alcides from Geryon ſlain
Return'd triumphant to the Latian plain;
And the brave victor, ſafe in theſe abodes,
Cool'd his Heſperian herds in Tyber's floods;
He won in ſhades the beauteous Rhea's grace,
And this bold hero crown'd his ſtrong embrace,
Born in mount Aventine's ſequeſter'd wood;
The mortal mother mingling with the god.

His valiant troops long Sabine javelins bear,
And arm'd with ſteely piles, provoke the war.
He ſtalk'd before his hoſt; and wide diſpread,
A lion's teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
Then ſought the palace in this ſtrange attire,
And look'd as ſtern and dreadful as his ſire.

From Tibur, Coras and Catillus came,
Tibur, the town that took their brother's name.
Brave youths! who led the martial Argive train,
And ruſh'd the foremoſt to th' embattled plain.
So two fierce centaurs of the cloud-born race,
Ruſh furious down the frozen hills of Thrace;
The groves give way, the crackling woods reſound,
And trampled foreſts ſpread their ruins wide around.

Next mighty Cæculus to battle flies,
Who bade the tow'rs of proud Præneſte riſe;
Found on the hearth, amid the glowing fire;
The nations deem'd great Mulciber his ſire.
A hoſt of warriors to the field he led,
The hardy ſwains that fair Præneſte bred,
Or Gabii ſent where Juno's temple roſe;
The troops who dwell where chilling Anio flows,
With thoſe who drink old Amaſenus' ſtream,
Or from the walls of rich Anagnia came.
Not all with arms are furniſh'd for the war,
Nor graſp the ſhield, nor whirl the rapid car;
But moſt from ſlings a ſtorm of bullets throw,
And leaden deaths deſtroy the diſtant foe.
Some in their hands two pointed javelins bore,
And ſpoils of wolves for glitt'ring helmets wore;
The left foot bare, they boldly ruſh to fight,
But a tough hide, unſeaſon'd, ſheaths the right.

Next Neptune's ſon, the brave Meſſapus came,
Exempt from ſteel, and ſacred from the flame.
To long neglected wars he fir'd his train,
And urg'd his troops to ſhine in arms again,
From the Flavinian and Feſcennian coaſt
At his command advance th' embody'd hoſt;
With the Faliſcan band, who pureſt juſtice boaſt.
Thoſe who on high Soracte's tow'rs reſide,
Or dwell by Ciminus' expanded tide,
Or o'er the rough aſpiring mountain rove,
Or haunt divine Feronia's ſhady grove:
All march, embattled in array, and ſing
The martial glories of their godlike king.
So from the fiſhy floods, a ſnowy train
Of ſwans embody'd wing th' aërial plain;
Stretch their long necks o'er Aſius' cryſtal ſpring,
And the reſponſive ſhores and echoing waters ring.
Not one, who heard the loud confus'd alarms,
Had thought this noiſy train a hoſt in arms,
But ſome huge cloud of clamorous fowls, who ſoar
Among the cliffs, and ſcream around the ſhore.

Lo! next brave Clauſus leads his troops along;
From the old Sabine race the warrior ſprung:
With a vaſt hoſt, a ſhot himſelf, he came,
The firſt great father of the Claudian name;
That ſpread through Latium, when, the line to grace,
Rome ſhar'd her empire with the Sabine race.
The ancient Cures march at his commands,
And a large force from Amiternian lands,
With thoſe who dwell where full Velinus runs,
Or where Nomentum boaſts her martial ſons,
Or old Eretum ſtretch'd her utmoſt bound,
And rich Mutuſca ſmiles, with olives crown'd;
Or where ſteep Tetrica's rough rocks ariſe,
Or proud Severus tow'rs amid the ſkies;
Where, with fair Foruli Caſperia ſtands,
And clear Himella floats the fruitful lands,
Where gentle Fabaris ſerenely glides,
Whoſe ſtreams augment imperial Tyber's tides:
Where, near cold Nurſia, beauteous Orta ſtood,
And mournful Allia rolls her fatal flood.
Thick ſhines with moving troops the blazing plain,
Thick, as the billows on the ſtormy main;
Thick as the ripen'd harveſts are beheld,
That nod and wave along the golden field.
The bucklers ring, the claſhing arms reſound;
Beneath their foot ſteps groans the trembling ground.

Then Agamemnon's ſon, Heleſus came,
By birth a foe to all the Trojan name;
He yok'd his fiery courſers to the car,
And with a thouſand ſoldiers ruſh'd to war,
From where on mountains live th' Auruntian line,
Where maſſic hills produce the generous wine;
Warriors, who dwell along the roaring ſea,
Or from the walls of Cales took their way:
With thoſe who drink Vulturnus' ſhoaly flood,
The rough Saticulan and Oſcan ſtood.
Short, pointed javelins, faſten'd by a ſtring,
With fatal force the dext'rous artiſts fling:
Light ſhields of ſeaſon'd hide aloft they bear,
And, arm'd with bending ſwords, provoke the war.
Nor thou, unſung, brave Oebalus! ſhalt paſs,
The nymph Sebethis' ſon, of Telo's race.
While pleaſing Capræa own'd his father's ſway,
And the Teleboan realms his nod obey;
The ſon, far more ambitious, ſtretch'd his reign
O'er thoſe rich towns, where Sarno bathes the plain.
Now to the fight he leads his warlike pow'rs
From ancient Batulum, and Rufa's tow'rs,
From where, her blooming fruits Abella crown,
And old Celenna ſpreads her ſpacious down.
Theſe, like the rough Teutonic warriors, threw
Huge ſpears with barbs, that wing'd with ſlaughter flew. [wore,
Light caſques of cork around their heads they
And brazen ſwords, and brazen bucklers bore.

Thee too, bold Uſens, to the dire alarms,
Cold Nurſia ſent a chief renown'd in arms.
Her fierce rough ſons through foreſts bound away,
And o'er wild mountains chaſe the panting prey.
In arms the natives turn the frozen ſoil,
Make war a ſport, and fly upon the ſpoil.

Umbro, the brave Marrubian prieſt, was there,
Sent by the Marſian monarch to the war.

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The smiling olive with her verdant boughs
Shades his bright helmet, and adorns his brows.
His charms, in peace the furious serpent keep,
And lull the envenom'd viper's race to sleep;
His healing hand allay'd the raging pain;
And at his touch the poisons fled again.
But yet he fail'd to cure, with all his art,
The wound inflicted by the Trojan dart!
Nor all his charms, nor potent herbs that grow
On Marsian mountains could prevent the blow!
For thee, wide echoing sigh'd th' Angitian woods;
For thee, in murmurs wept thy native floods!
Next, brave Hyppolytus! thy beauteous heir,
The lovely Virbius mingled in the war.
In the dark woods by fair Egeria bred,
His troops the youth from old Aricia led:
Where, on the shore, Diana's altar stood,
(But now unstain'd with offer'd human blood;)
For when Hippolytus, as records tell,
By his fierce stepdame's arts and vengeance fell,
Chas'd by his father's curses to the shore,
The hapless youth the startled coursers tore;
By Æsculapius' skill and Dian's care
The chief reviv'd and breath'd etherial air,
But Jove incens'd, a mortal to survey,
From the Tartarean shades restor'd to day,
Great Phœbus' son, the godlike artist, hurl'd,
Transfixt with thunder, to the nether world:
But Dian hid the youth in groves, and there
Consign'd her darling to Egeria's care.
There, in the forests, with the sacred dame
He past his days, and Virbius was his name.
For this, th' unhallow'd steed must still remove
From Dian's fane and consecrated grove:
Since the mad horses startled as they flew,
And on the ground their mangled master threw.
Yet his brave offspring drove the thund'ring car,
And lash'd his fiery coursers to the war.
Bold Turnus in the front, supremely tall,
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, outshines them all;
High on his helm a triple plume was rais'd,
And on his crest the dire chimæra blaz'd:
From her wide jaws the horrid fiend expires
A dreadful length of fires succeeding fires.
When the loud voice of slaughter rends the skies,
And the full horrors of the battle rise,
She glows, she lightens, as the warrior turns;
She flames with rage; and the whole monster burns.
Chang'd to an heifer in the flowery field, [d
The beauteous Io charg'd the shining shield.
Here stood her * guard; and there her † father
His swelling surges thro' the figur'd gold. [roll'
A cloud of foot succeeds; a mighty train,
With spears and shields; and armies hide the plain.
The pow'rs from Argive and Auruntian lands
Mix'd with the ancient bold Sicanian bands.
With painted shields the brave Labici came
And Sacran forces to the field of fame;
With those who till Numicus' fair abodes,
Or dwell where Tyber views his rising woods:
Or where the rough Rutulians turn the ground,
And the steep hills of Circe stretch around:
Where fair Feronia boasts her stately grove,
And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove:
Where stands the Pontine lake and o'er the plain,
Cold Ufens' stream steals gently to the main,
Last with her martial troops, all sheath'd in brass,
Camilla came, a queen of Volscian race.
Nor were the web or loom the virgin's care,
But arms and coursers, and the toils of war.
She led the rapid race, and left behind,
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind:
Lightly she flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender grass, nor bends the golden grain;
Or o'er the swelling surge suspended sweeps,
And smoothly skims, unbath'd, along the deeps.
From the dispeopled towns and fields repair
Men, matrons, maids and youths, to view the fair;
The crowds all gaze with transport, to survey
Loose in the winds, her purple garments play,
Her polish'd bow, her quiver's gaudy pride
With arrows stor'd, and glittering at her side:
Her shining javelin, wondering they behold,
And her fair tresses bound with clasps of gold.

† Argus † Inachus, a river god.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes; Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

Now Turnus rous'd all Latium with alarms
To mount the fiery steeds and fly to arms;
Fixt on Laurentum's tow'rs, sublime in air,
His standard wav'd, the signal of the war:
And the loud trumpets, heard from far, excite
The generous youth, and call them to the fight.
Confederate pow'rs conspire, the war to wage;
And the mad nations breathe revenge and rage.
Their armies Ufens and Messapus guide,
With proud Mezentius who the gods defy'd.
From the suspended plough they drag the swains,
And for the war dispeopled all the plains.

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To Arpi next ſage Venulus they ſped
To beg the aid of royal Diomede;
And charge the hoary envoy to inform
The martial monarch of the riſing ſtorm;
That Troy's proud navy rides in Tyber's floods;
Æneas here has fixt his vanquiſh'd gods;
And vaunts himſelf the prince ordain'd by fate
To ſway the ſceptre of th' Heſperian ſtate;
The nations own his cauſe, his right proclaim,
And Latium echoes with his growing fame;
That beſt himſelf could judge, who knew the foe,
From ſuch a war what dread effects may flow;
What is his mighty aim, his proud intent;
And, ſhould he conquer, what the dire event,
Was left for him to weigh; whoſe ſtate and throne,
And fortunes, ſtood endanger'd like their own.
All this the Trojan chief beheld, oppreſt
With cares that roll'd tumultuous in his breaſt.
A thouſand thoughts his wavering ſoul divide,
That turns each way, and points to every ſide.
So from a brazen vaſe the trembling ſtream
Reflects the lunar, or the ſolar beam:
Swift and elluſive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies:
Thence to the cieling ſhoot the glancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering ſplendor plays.
'Twas night—and, weary with the the toils of day,
In ſoft repoſe the whole creation lay;
And laſt the Trojan prince, oppreſt with care
On the dire proſpect of th' approaching war,
Sunk, and in balmy ſlumbers cloſ'd his eyes;
His couch the bank; his canopy the ſkies.
When, flow-emerging through the poplar wood,
Roſe the majeſtic father of the flood,
Tyber, the guardian god, in open view;
A ſea-green mantle round his ſhoulders flew;
A wreath of reeds adorn'd his hoary head,
And to relieve his ſorrows, thus he ſaid:
O long-expected on our bleſt abodes,
Great chief, the true deſcendant of the gods!
Whoſe conduct brings thy reſcu'd Troy once more
To riſe immortal on our Latian ſhore;
Proceed, and conquer, prince! nor yield to fear;
Here lies thy fated home, thy Ilion here.
Go!—meet the threat'ning war; thy cares are vain,
The gods relent, and heav'n grows mild again.
Nor think, an airy viſion of the night,
A tranſient empty dream deludes thy ſight.
Soon thou ſhalt view, beneath an oak reclin'd,
A large white mother of the briſtly kind,
With her white numerous brood of thirty young,
Who drain her udders as ſhe lies along.
There, there, thy town, great hero, ſhall aſcend,
There all thy labours, all thy woes ſhall end.
Heav'n, by this ſign, ordains thy royal ſon,
When thirty years in full ſucceſſion run,
Shall build a city of diſtinguiſh'd fame,
Which from this omen ſhall derive her name.
But to ſucceed, purſue what I adviſe;
Go, make th' Arcadian tribes thy firm allies.
The race, that own'd of old great Pallas' ſway,
Hither beneath Evander bent their way;
Then rais'd their walls on the tall mountain's crown;
And Pallas' name adorn'd the riſing town.
But ſoon the Latian race in arms appear;
And with the ſtrangers wage a dreadful war.
Go, join their forces, and their aid implore,
And fear the gath'ring hoſtile train no more.
Riſe, ſon of Venus, riſe, employ thy oars;
Our ſelf will guide thee to the friendly ſhores.
Soon as the day ſhall dawn, thy gifts prepare,
And vanquiſh heav'n's revengeful queen with pray'r.
Crown'd with ſucceſs, and all thy foes o'er-aw'd,
Diſcharge to me the honours of a god,
To me the ſire of this immortal flood:
For know, old Tyber ſtands before thine eyes,
Ador'd on earth, and reverenc'd in the ſkies.
I lead, in peaceful pomp, my humid train
Along theſe banks, and bathe the fruitful plain:
And on our ſides a city ſhall be ſeen;
Our glorious ſeat; the world's majeſtic queen!
The god then plung'd beneath his oozy bed;
And with the night the hero's ſlumber fled.
He roſe, and ſtrait his joyful eyes ſurvey
The purple ſplendors of the dawning day;
Then water in his palm devoutly took,
Rais'd to the ſkies, and thus with tranſport ſpoke:
Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs! from whoſe ſupplies
And watery ſtores the ſwelling rivers riſe;
And thou, old Tyber! my propitious guide,
Receive Æneas on thy ſacred tide;
From every ill defend him, as he goes,
And look with pity on his endleſs woes.
Then from whatever ſource thy ſtreams ſurvey
The golden light, and murmuring ſpring to day;
O thou, the greateſt of the wat'ry gods,
Majeſtic prince of all th' Heſperian floods!
Still to thy name due honours will I pay,
And gifts unceaſing on thy altars lay.
But oh! be preſent with thy aid divine,
Diſplay, and then confirm the promis'd ſign.
He ſaid, then arm'd his Trojans, and ſupply'd
Two barks with oars, to ſtem the yellow tide.
When lo! the promis'd omen was diſplay'd;
The large white dam lay ſtretch'd along the ſhade,
With all her ſnowy young, in open view;
Whom, with her brood, the prince to Juno ſlew.
Now while the ſhips with equal ſtrokes they row'd,
All night old Tyber calm'd his ſwelling flood.
The ſlumbering ſtreams no mingling murmurs make,
Smooth, as the glaſſy level of the lake.
With joyful ſhouts the ſable gallies glide,
Eaſy and light, along the floating tide.
Surpris'd, the foreſts and the floods beheld
Bright arms and veſſels on the wat'ry field.
All night, all day, they ply their buſy oars
Along the mazes of the winding ſhores.
And gently move beneath the waving ſcene
Of groves, that paint the checquer'd floods with green.
Now had the ſun's bright courſers whirl'd on high
His fiery chariot to the mid-day ſky:
When lo! the diſtant tow'rs the train deſcries;
And walls and intermingled houſes riſe;
Evander's homely ſtate—where now appears
Immortal Rome, advanc'd above the ſtars!
Thither they turn the prow without delay,
And to the city bend their eager way.

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Before the town, within the gloomy woods,
To great Alcides and the favouring gods,
It chanc'd, that day, th' Arcadian monarch paid
A ſolemn offering in the ſecret ſhade.
Pallas his ſon, the rural ſenate round,
And the chief youths the flaming altars crown'd:
With fuming incenſe in their hands they ſtood,
And the red pavement bluſh'd with ſacred blood.
Soon as they ſaw the ſhips in ſilence move,
And ſhine between the openings of the grove;
A ſudden dread ſtrikes cold through every breaſt;
They ſtart, they riſe, and leave th' unfiniſh'd feaſt.
But Pallas bids the gueſts the rite purſue,
Then ſnatch'd a javelin, and impetuous flew—
Reſolve me, ſtranger, (from a point he calls)
Who, whence you are, and why approach our walls?
What urg'd your voyage to theſe ſhores, declare?
Speak, ſpeak your buſineſs—bring you peace or war?
High on the ſtern the Trojan hero ſtands,
And held a branch of olive in his hands.
Behold, he cries, the far-fam'd ſons of Troy;
Theſe ſwords againſt the Latians we employ;
The perjur'd Latians; whoſe unjuſt alarms
Force us to fly to great Evander's arms.
Go, tell your king, the Dardan chiefs appear,
And beg his potent ſuccour in the war.
Whoe'er thou art, approach, he cries with joy,
(All fir'd to hear the glorious name of Troy;)
To my great father be thy ſuit addreſt,
And grace our manſions as a friend and gueſt.
With that he gave the Dardan prince his hand,
And led the godlike hero from the ſtrand:
Then to the ſacred grove, their way they took;
And thus the Trojan to the monarch ſpoke:
Beſt of the Greeks! to whom devoid of fear,
Conſtrain'd by fate, theſe types of peace I bear.
Though from Arcadia's hoſtile bounds you came
Allay'd to both the kings of Atreus' name,
Yet hither did thy fame my ſteps incline,
My own fixt choice, heav'n's oracles divine;
And the mixt glories of our kindred line.
For know we both from mighty Atlas trace,
Who props th' ethereal ſpheres, our ancient race.
Our father Dardanus, a glorious name,
From his fam'd daughter, fair Electra, came.
His beauteous Maia, on Cyllene's height,
Diſclos'd your ſire, great Mercury, to light.
Thus from that common ſource divided run
Our ſacred lines, as firſt they met in one.
Rais'd by theſe hopes all caution I diſown,
And ſent no envoys to addreſs thy throne,
But came unguarded, fearleſs, and alone.
Our Daunian foes, with equal rage, deſtroy
Your ſuff'ring ſubjects and the ſons of Troy;
And hope, if they expel the Dardan train,
From ſea to ſea to propagate their reign.
Then in a league let either nation join,
For know, our Trojans are a martial line,
Valiant and bold, and ſeaſon'd to alarms,
True to their leagues, and exercis'd in arms!
Thus he—the monarch roll'd his eager eyes
O'er his majeſtic form, and thus replies:
On all thy features how I dwell with joy:
Welcome, thrice welcome, glorious prince of Troy!
How in thy face, my ancient friend I ſee!
Anchiſes looks, and lives, and ſpeaks in thee!
Well I recall great Priam's ſtately port,
Whence once he fought his * royal ſiſter's court
On Salamanian ſhores, with all his train;
And took his way through our Arcadian plain.
Then but a youth, I gaz'd the ſtrangers o'er,
And much admir'd the chiefs, their monarch more;
But moſt Anchiſes; for, ſupremely tall,
Thy graceful godlike ſire outſhin'd them all.
Eager I long'd in friendſhip's ſacred bands
To hold the chief, and join our plighted hands,
Led him to Pheneus' ancient walls, careſt
Th' illuſtrious prince, and claim'd him for my gueſt.
On me, at parting, generous he beſtow'd
Two golden bridles, that refulgent glow'd,
(A glorious preſent by my ſon poſſeſt),
With a rich quiver and embroider'd veſt.
The peace you aſk, we give; our friendſhip plight,
And, ſoon as morn reveals the purple light,
With our confederate troops, a martial train,
Safe I'll diſmiſs thee from theſe walls again.
Now, ſince as friends you honour our abode,
Aſſiſt, and pay due offerings to the god.
With us purſue the ſolemn annual feaſts,
And from this hour commence our conſtant gueſts.
He ſaid; the bowls replac'd in open view,
The joyful train the holy rites renew;
The hoary king diſpos'd his gueſts around,
And plac'd the Trojans on the verdant ground.
But for their prince an ample couch was ſpread;
A lion's ſpoils adorn'd the rural bed.
Now brought the choſen youths and prieſts again
The ſacred banquet to the ſtranger train;
Diſpens'd from caniſters the bread around,
And with the foaming wine the goblets crown'd:
The Dardan prince and every Trojan gueſt,
Reclin'd at eaſe, partake the ſolemn feaſt.
But when the rage of craving hunger fled,
Thus to the chief the hoary monarch ſaid:
'Tis not for nought we pay theſe rites divine
To great Alcides' ever-honour'd ſhrine;
Our worſhip ſprings from gratitude ſincere,
Not heady zeal, nor ſuperſtitious fear;
Nor are our tribes by blind devotion aw'd;
But, ſav'd by Hercules, adore the god.
For lo! in air yon hanging rock behold!
See heaps on heaps, on ruins ruins roll'd!
See yon huge cavern, yawning wide around!
Where ſtill the ſhatter'd mountain ſpreads the ground.
That ſpacious hold, grim Cacus once poſſeſt,
Tremendous fiend! half human, half a beaſt:
Deep, deep as hell, the diſmal dungeon lay,
Dark and impervious to the beams of day.
With copious ſlaughter ſmok'd the purple floor;
Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,
Dreadful to view! and dropp'd with crimſon gore.
The fiend from Vulcan ſprung; and, like his ſire,
The mighty monſter breath'd a ſtorm of fire,
So fierce he rag'd; till time at length beſtow'd
The preſence, aid, and vengeance of a god.
For now Alcides left the realms of Spain,
Proud of the ſpoils of huge Geryon ſlain.

* Heſione.

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To theſe fair ſhores the bellowing droves he led;
Along the banks and flow'ry vales they fed.
The fiend reſolves to bear the prize away
By fraud or force; and meditates the prey.
Four beauteous heifers, four fair bulls he took,
Enclos'd and lodg'd them in the gloomy rock;
But by their tails the ſtruggling prey he drew,
And thought to puzzle the deluded view.
The turning tracks, inverted, where they tread,
Back from the monſters darkſome cavern led.
Meantime the mighty drove the hero leads
To freſher paſtures, and untrampled meads.
The parting herds ſpread wide, and roar around;
Fields, woods and hills, rebellow to the ſound.
When lo! a heifer heard her love complain,
And roar'd reſponſive from the cave again;
From vault to vault the ſound in thunder flew,
And the detected fraud appear'd in view.
Alcides ſeiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire,
Rage in his looks, and all his ſoul on fire:
Fierce in his hands the pond'rous club he ſhook,
And, mad for vengeance, mounts th' aërial rock.
Then, firſt appall'd, the monſter we deſcry,
Death in his cheek, and horror in his eye.
Swift as the wind, with terror wing'd, he fled,
And in the gloomy cavern plung'd his head.
The pond'rous rock, impenetrably ſtrong,
On ſolid hinges by his father hung,
To guard the dreadful dungeon down he drew:
The ſhatter'd chains and burſting barriers flew.
Scarce had the fiend let down th' enormous weight,
When fierce the god came thund'ring to the gate.
He gnaſh'd his teeth with rage, the paſſes try'd,
And roll'd his eager eyes on every ſide;
Now here, now there, a fiery glance he threw,
And thrice, impetuous, round the mountain flew;
Thrice ſtrove to ſtorm the maſſy gates in vain;
And thrice, o'erſpent, ſat panting on the plain.
A pointed rock behind the cavern ſtood,
That to the left frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
Black, rough, and vaſt; a pile of wond'rous height;
A ſolemn haunt for every bird of night.
This, from the right, the god incumbent ſhook;
Fierce from the ſolid baſe he heav'd the rock.
Then puſh'd convulſive with a frightful peal,
The ſmoking ſteep rolls thund'ring down the vale.
To the loud din, earth, air and heav'n reply;
The banks ſtart wide; and back the ſurges fly.
Expos'd to fight the monſter's dungeon lay,
And the huge cave flew open to the day.
So, if the bolts of Jove ſhould burſt the ground,
And opening earth diſcloſe the vaſt profound,
The ſolemn ſecrets of the dark abodes,
Hell's dreadful regions, dreadful ev'n to gods;
Full on the black abyſs the beams would play,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day:
As pale (his dungeon ſtorm'd) with wild affright,
Glares the dire fiend, ſurpris'd in open light.
He roars aloud, while thund'ring from above,
Full on the foe the furious hero drove.
With every vengeful inſtrument in view,
Whole trunks of trees and broken rocks he threw.
Now round the cavern, in deſpair of flight,
Th' enormous monſter breathes a ſudden night;
To blind or blaſt his mighty foe, expires
Thick clouds of ſmoke, and all his father's fires.
With that the vengeful god in fury grew,
And headlong through the burning tempeſt flew.
Fierce on the fiend, through ſtifling fumes he came,
Through ſtreams of ſpoke and deluges of flame;
There, while in vain he breath'd the fires around,
His trembling prize the great Alcides found;
Limb lock'd in limb, from earth his feet he rends,
And on the ground his monſtrous bulk extends;
Strangled the ſtruggling foe with matchleſs might,
And from their caverns tore the balls of fight.
Thus the huge fiend, exhauſted, breathleſs, tir'd,
Loud bellowing, in th' Herculean graſp expir'd.
The god then burſt the gates; and open lie
The den's vaſt depths, all naked to the ſky.
Th' expanded caves diſmiſs th' impriſon'd prey,
From the black darkſome dungeon to the day.
Forth by the feet the crowds the monſter drew;
On his huge ſize they feaſt their eager view;
His ſhaggy limbs, his dreadful eyes admire,
And gaping throat, that breath'd infernal fire.
From that bleſt hour th' Arcadian tribes beſtow'd
Theſe ſolemn honours on their guardian god.
Potitius firſt, his gratitude to prove,
Ador'd Alcides in the ſhady grove;
And, with the old Pinarian ſacred line,
Theſe altars rais'd, and paid the rites divine,
Rites, which our ſons forever ſhall maintain;
And ever ſacred ſhall the grove remain.
Come then, with us to great Alcides pray,
And crown your heads, and ſolemnize the day.
Invoke our common god with hymns divine,
And from the goblet pour the generous wine.
He ſaid, and with the poplar's ſacred boughs,
Like great Alcides, binds his hoary brows;
Rais'd the crown goblet high, in open view:
With him, the gueſts the holy rite purſue,
And on the board the rich libation threw.
Now from before the riſing ſhades of night,
Roll'd down the ſteep of heav'n, the beamy light.
Glad in the fleecy ſpoils of ſheep, proceed
The holy prieſts; Potitius at their head.
With flaming brands and offerings, march the train,
And bid the hallow'd altars blaze again;
With care the copious viands they diſpoſe;
And for their gueſts a ſecond banquet roſe.
The fires curl high; the Salii dance around
To ſacred ſtrains, with ſhady poplars crown'd.
The quires of old and young, in lofty lays,
Reſound great Hercules' immortal praiſe.
How firſt, his infant hands the ſnakes o'erthrew,
That Juno ſent; and the dire monſters ſlew.
What mighty cities next his arms deſtroy,
Th' Oechalian walls, and ſtately tow'rs of Troy.
The thouſand labours of the hero's hands,
Enjoin'd by proud Euryſtheus' ſtern commands,
And Jove's revengeful queen. Thy matchleſs might
O'ercame the cloud-born Centaurs in the fight;
Hylæus, Pholus ſunk beneath thy feet,
And the grim bull, whoſe rage diſpeopled Crete.
Beneath thy arm the Nemean monſter fell;
Thy arm with terror fill'd the realms of hell;
Ev'n hell's grim porter ſhook with dire diſmay,
Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled prey.
No ſhapes of danger could thy ſoul affright;
Nor huge Typhœus, towering to the fight,

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Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,
With all her hundred heads, that hiss'd around.
Hail mighty chief, advanc'd to heaven's abodes!
Hail son of Jove! a god among the gods!
Be present to the vows thy suppliants pay,
And with a smile these grateful rites survey.
Thus they—but Cacus' cavern crowns the strain,
Where the grim monster breath'd his flames in vain.
To the glad song, the vales, the woods rebound,
The lofty hills reply, and echo to the sound.
The sacred rites complete, the numerous train
Back to the city bend their course again.
Trembling with age, slow moves the monarch on,
Between the hero and his blooming son.
They pass with pleasure the remains of day
In various converse, that beguiles the way.
Around th' illustrious stranger darts his sight,
And views each place with wonder and delight:
Curious each ancient monument surveys,
And asks of every work of ancient days,
Half sunk in ruins, and by age o'ercome—
When thus, the founder of majestic Rome:
Know, mighty prince, these venerable woods,
Of old, were haunted by the silvan gods,
And savage tribes, a rugged race who took
Their birth primeval from the stubborn oak.
No laws, no manners form'd the barbarous race:
But wild, the natives rov'd from place to place;
Untaught and rough, improvident of gain,
They heap'd no wealth, nor turn'd the fruitful plain.
Their food, the savage fruits the forests yield,
Or haunted game, the fortune of the field,
Till Saturn fled before victorious Jove,
Driv'n down and banish'd from the realms above.
He by just laws embody'd all the train,
Who roam'd the hills, and drew them to the plain;
There fixt; and Latium call'd the new abode,
Whose friendly shores conceal'd the latent god.
These realms in peace the monarch long controll'd,
And bless the nations with an age of gold.
A second age succeeds, but darker far,
Dimm'd by the lust of gain, and rage of war.
Then the Sicanians and Ausonians came,
And Saturn's realm alternate chang'd her name.
Successive tyrants rul'd the Latian plain;
Then stern, huge Tybris held his cruel reign.
The mighty flood that bathes the fruitful coast,
Receiv'd his name, and Albula was lost.
I came the last, through stormy oceans driv'n
From my own kingdom by the hand of heav'n.
My mother goddess and Apollo bore
My course at length to this auspacious shore.
This said, the prince the gate and altar shows,
That to his parent, great Carmenta, rose;
Whose voice foretold, the sons of Troy should
With everlasting fame the rising town. [crown
Here, Pan, beneath the rocks thy temple stood;
There, the renown'd asylum, in the wood.
Now points the monarch, where by vengeful steel,
His murder'd guest, poor, hapless Argus fell!
Next, to the capitol their course they hold,
Then roof'd with reeds, but blazing now with gold.
Ev'n then her awful sanctity appear'd;
The swains the local majesty rever'd.
All pale with sacred horror, they survey'd
The solemn mountain and the reverend shade.
Some god, the monarch said, some latent god
Dwells in that gloom, and haunts the frowning wood.
Oft our Arcadians deem, their wondering eyes
Have seen great Jove, dread sovereign of the skies;
High o'er their heads, the god has ægis held,
And blacken'd heaven with clouds, and shook th' immortal shield!
In ruins there, two mighty towns, behold,
Rais'd by our sires; huge monuments of old!
Janus' and Saturn's name they proudly bore,
Their two great founders!—but are now no more!
Thus they convers't on works of ancient fame,
Till to the monarch's humble courts they came;
Their oxen stalk'd, where palaces are rais'd,
And bellowing herds in the proud Forum graz'd.
Lo! said the good old king, this poor abode
Receiv'd great Hercules, the victor god!
Thou too, as nobly, raise thy soul above
All pomps, and emulate the seed of Jove.
With that the hero's hands the monarch prest,
And to the mansion led his godlike guest.
There on a bear's rough spoils his limbs he laid,
And swelling foliage heap'd the homely bed.
Now awful night her solemn darkness brings,
And stretches o'er the world her dusky wings;
When Venus, (trembling at the dire alarms
Of hostile Latium, and her sons in arms),
In those still moments, thus to Vulcan said,
Reclin'd and leaning on the golden bed;
(Her thrilling words her melting consort move,
And every accent fans the flames of love);
When cruel Greece and unrelenting fate
Conspir'd to sink in dust the Trojan state,
As Ilion's doom was seal'd, I ne'er implor'd,
In those long wars, the labours of my lord;
Nor urg'd my dear, dear consort to impart,
For a lost empire, his immortal art;
Though Priam's royal offspring claim'd my care,
Though much I sorrow'd for my godlike heir.
Now as the chief, by Jove's supreme command,
Has reach'd at length the destin'd Latian land;
To thee, my guardian pow'r, for aid I run;
A goddess begs; a mother for her son.
Oh! guard the hero from these dire alarms,
Forge, for the chief, impenetrable arms.
See, what proud cities every hand employ,
To arm new hosts against the sons of Troy;
On me and all my people, from afar
See what assembled nations pour to war!
Yet not in vain her sorrows Thetis shed,
Nor the fair partner of Tithonus' bed,
When they implor'd my lord of old to grace
With arms immortal an inferior race.
Hear then, nor let thy queen in vain implore
The gift, those goddesses obtain'd before.
This said; her arms, that match the winter snows,
Around her unresolving lord she throws;
When lo! more rapid than the lightning flies,
That gilds with momentary beams the skies,
The thrilling flames of love, without control,
Flew through the sooty god, and fir'd his soul.
With conscious joy her conquest she descry'd;
When, by her charms subdu'd, her lord reply'd:
Why all these reasons urg'd, my mind to move;
When such your beauties, and so fierce my love!

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Long ſince, at your requeſt, my ready care,
In Troy's fam'd fields, had arm'd your ſon for war.
Nor did the high decrees of Jove and fate
Doom to ſo ſwift a fall the Dardan ſtate;
But, ten years more, old Priam might enjoy
Th' imperial ſceptre, and the throne of Troy.
Yet, if our queen is bent the war to wage,
Her ſacred cauſe ſhall all our art engage.
The nobleſt arms our potent ſkill can frame,
With breathing bellows or the forming flame,
Or poliſh'd ſteel, refulgent to behold,
Or mingled metals, damaſk'd o'er with gold,
Shall grace the chief: thy anxious fears give o'er,
And doubt thy intereſt in my love no more.
He ſpoke; and, fir'd with tranſport by her charms,
Claſp'd the fair goddeſs in his eager arms;
Then pleas'd, and panting in her boſom lay,
Sunk in repoſe, and all diſſolv'd away!
But roſe refreſh'd, impatient from the bed,
When half the ſilent hours of night were fled:
What time the poor laborious frugal dame,
Who plies the diſtaff, ſtirs the dying flame;
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their taſk with half the night;
Thus to her children ſhe divides the bread,
And guards the honours of her homely bed:
So to his taſk, before the dawn, retires
From ſoft repoſe the father of the fires.
Amid th' Heſperian and Sicilian flood
All black with ſmoke, a rocky iſland ſtood,
The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the god.
Here the grim cyclops ply, in vaults profound,
The huge Æolian forge, that thunders round.
Th' eternal anvils ring, the dungeon o'er;
From ſide to ſide the fiery caverns roar. [blows;
Loud groans the maſs beneath their ponderous
Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows
To this dark region, from the bright abode,
With ſpeed impetuous flew the fiery god.
Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal;
Thick burſt the ſparkles from the tortur'd ſteel.
Huge ſtrokes, rough Steropes and Brontes gave,
And ſtrong Pyracmon ſhook the gloomy cave.
Before their ſovereign came, the cyclops ſtrove
With eager ſpeed, to forge a bolt for Jove,
Such as by heaven's almighty lord are hurl'd,
All charg'd with vengeance, on a guilty world.
Beneath their hands, tremendous to ſurvey!
Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:
Three points of rain; three forks of hail conſpire;
Three arm'd with wind; and three were barb'd with fire.
The maſs they temper'd thick with livid rays,
Fear, wrath, and terror, and the lightning's blaze.
With equal ſpeed, a ſecond train prepare
The rapid chariot for the god of war;
The thund'ring wheels and axles, that excite
The madding nations to the rage of fight.
Some, in a fringe, the burniſh'd ſerpents roll'd
Round the dread egis, bright with ſcales of gold;
The horrid egis, great Minerva's ſhield,
When, in her wrath, ſhe takes the fatal field,
All charg'd with curling ſnakes the boſs they rais'd,
And the grim Gorgon's head tremendous blaz'd.
In agonizing pains the monſter frown'd,
And roll'd in death, her fiery eyes around.

Throw, throw your taſks aſide, the ſovereign ſaid;
Arms for a godlike hero muſt be made. [work
Fly to the work before the dawn of day;
Your ſpeed, your ſtrength, and all your ſkill diſplay!
Swift as the word, (his orders to purſue)
To the black labours of the forge they flew;
Vaſt heaps of ſteel in the deep furnace roll'd,
And bubbling ſtreams of braſs, and floods of melted gold.
The brethren firſt a glorious ſhield prepare,
Capacious of the whole Rutulian war.
Some, orb in orb, the blazing buckler frame;
Some with huge bellows rouſe the roaring flame:
Some in the ſtream the hiſſing metals drown'd;
From vault to vault the thund'ring ſhokes rebound,
And the deep caves rebellow to the ſound.
Exact in time each ponderous hammer plays;
In time their arms the giant brethren raiſe,
And turn the glowing maſs a thouſand ways.
Theſe cares employ the father of the fires:
Meantime Evander from his couch retires,
Call'd by the purple beams of morn away,
And tuneful birds, that hail'd the dawning day.
Firſt the warm tunic round his limbs he threw;
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals drew.
Around his ſhoulders ſlow'd the panther's hide,
And the bright ſword hung glittering at his ſide.
Two mighty dogs, domeſtic at his board,
(A faithful guard) attend their aged lord.
The promis'd aid revolving in his breaſt,
The careful monarch ſought his godlike gueſt,
Who with Achates roſe at dawn of day,
And join'd the king and Pallas on the way.
Their friendly hands exchang'd, their ſeats they took
Amid the hall; and firſt Evander ſpoke:
Great prince, the guardian of the Trojan ſtate!
Who, ſafe in thee, deſies the frowns of fate;
Small is our force, and ſlender our relief;
Far, far unworthy ſuch a glorious chief.
For here, old Tyber bounds our lands; and there
The ſtern Rutulians gird our walls with war;
Yet to our court kind fortune led thy way;
And mighty aids the willing fates diſplay;
By me whole nations, in thy cauſe ally'd,
Whole hoſts in arms ſhall gather to thy ſide.
For near theſe walls, amid the Tuſcan lands,
Seated on rocks, proud Agyllina ſtands.
Rais'd by the Lydian train, ſublime in air,
A martial race, and terrible in war,
For ages flouriſh'd this diſtinguiſh'd town;
Vaſt was her wealth, and glorious her renown;
Till ſtern Mezentius made her ſons obey
His lawleſs arms, and arbitrary ſway.
What tongue can ſuch barbarities record,
Or count the ſlaughters of his ruthleſs ſword?
Give him, ye gods! if juſtice you regard,
Give him, and all his race the due reward!
'Twas not enough, the good, the guiltleſs bled;
Still worſe; he bound the living to the dead.
Theſe, limb to limb, and face to face he join'd,
(Oh! monſtrous crime of unexampled kind!)
Till chok'd with ſtench the ling'ring wretches lay,
And in the loath'd embraces dy'd away. [length,
At length, their patience tir'd, his ſubjects roſe,
Beſiege the tyrant, and his walls encloſe,

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Subdue his guards, deſtroy his friends, and aim
Full at the regal towers the vengeful flame;
While for defence to Turnus he withdrew,
And, ſafe through all the cloud of ſlaughter, flew.
But arm'd by ſuch revenge, the Tuſcan band
To death the royal fugitive demand.
At once Etruria fires her martial train,
And all her ſons embattled ſpread the plain,
By me diſpos'd, ſhall march theſe mighty hoſts
Beneath thy conduct, from their native coaſts,
For now, ev'n now their fleets have reach'd the land,
And the tall ſhips are rang'd along the ſtrand;
They wait the ſignal, for the fight prepare;
But thus a ſage retards the moving war:
"Ye choſen martial train, the glorious grace
"And flower of all our old Mæonian race;
"Though by juſt rage inſpir'd, your hoſts are led
"To pour full vengeance on your tyrants' head,
"No Latian chief theſe armies muſt command;
"Chooſe ſome brave general from a foreign land."
With that, their forces ſtopp'd in theſe abodes,
Struck with this aweful warning of the gods.
To me, their chief bold Tarchon ſent, before,
The crown, and every type of regal pow'r;
Me they requeſt to lead their armies on,
Accept the ſway, and fill the vacant throne.
But for theſe ſilver hairs 'tis far too late
To mix in battles, or the cares of ſtate;
Vain were the thoughts, ſo great a war to wage;
Too rough the taſk for unperforming age;
My ſon had led them, but his race withſtood:
Born half a native by the mother's blood.
But thou, great prince, whoſe years and godlike
Stand well approv'd by every pow'r divine, [line
Go thou; the high imperial taſk ſuſtain;
Go; to ſure conqueſt lead the vengeful train:
And let my Pallas by thy ſide engage;
Pallas, the joy of my declining age,
Beneath ſo great a maſter's forming care,
Let the dear youth learn every work of war;
In every field thy matchleſs toils admire,
And emulate thy deeds, and catch the glorious
Beneath his ſtandard rang'd, a choſen force [fire!
I ſend, two hundred brave Arcadian horſe;
And, to ſupport the gathering war, my ſon
Shall lead an equal ſquadron of his own. [found,
He ſaid; the prince and friend, in cares pro-
Long fixt their eyes with anguiſh on the ground,
Sad, and dejected at the ſhort ſupply;
Till Venus gave a ſignal from the ſky;
Swift from the opening heavens, with awful ſound,
A ſudden ſplendor broke, and blaz'd around.
A rolling general din they heard from far;
And the loud Tyrrhene trumpets rend the air.
While thus, amaz'd, they gaze with wondering eyes,
Peal after peal runs rattling round the ſkies.
At laſt bright claſhing arms the train behold,
That fluſh the ſkies, and fringe the clouds with gold.
But ſoon Æneas knew the loud alarms,
The promis'd preſent of immortal arms.
To me alone, my royal friend, he cries,
This ſign belongs, an omen from the ſkies.
My mother promis'd theſe portents in air,
On the firſt opening of the waſteful war;
To me ſhe brings through yon ethereal road,
Thoſe glorious arms, the labour of a god!
Oh! what a gathering ſtorm of ſlaughter ſpreads
On yonder hoſts, and blackens o'er their heads!
How ſhall thou, Turnus, my full rage deplore!
How ſhall thy waves, old Tyber, ſmoke with gore,
When all thy ſtreams, encumber'd with the ſlain,
Roll ſhields, and helms, and heroes to the main!
Now let the perjur'd train their arms prepare;
Since 'tis their wiſh, I'll give a looſe to war!
He ſaid; and from the ſylvan throne retires;
Then on Alcides' altar wakes the fires.
Glad he returns, the offering to renew,
And to the houſehold gods the victims ſlew.
To the ſame rites return, with equal joy,
The hoary monarch and the youths of Troy.
Then to the ſhip he bends his courſe again,
There culls the flower of all the warrior train,
To wait him to the field; the reſt he ſends
With the glad tidings to his ſon and friends.
Smooth o'er the waves the painted veſſels glide,
And with the ſtream move gently down the tide.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan train,
And ſpeed their progreſs to the Tuſcan plain.
But to their prince a courſer was aſſign'd,
Of matchleſs ſpirit and ſuperior kind.
The bounding ſteed a lion's ſpoils enfold,
With paws dependent, ſheath'd in ſhining gold.
Strait through the city flies the loud report
Of troops advancing to the Tuſcan court.
The ſhrieking matrons weary heav'n with pray'r
Near and more near they view in wild deſpair,
The horrid image of gigantic war.
The good old monarch then embrac'd his ſon,
And with a flood of tender tears begun:
Oh! would almighty Jove once more renew
That vigorous ſtrength of youth which once I knew;
When, by this hand, beneath her rocky wall,
Prænesta ſaw her vanquiſh'd armies fall;
When, victor of the field, and crown'd with fame,
With piles of hoſtile ſhields, I fed the flame,
And ſent great Herilus, of matchleſs might,
Their martial monarch, to the ſhades of night;
On whom, deſcended from celeſtial blood,
Three lives his goddeſs † mother had beſtow'd.
Wond'rous to tell! the warrior thrice was ſlain,
As oft reviv'd, and arm'd, and fought again.
Thrice, though renew'd for fight, the monarch bled,
And thrice, of all his arms I ſtripp'd the dead.
Such were I now---not all theſe dire alarms,
Dangers, or deaths, ſhould tear me from thy arms:
Nor had Mezentius thus his ſlaughters ſpread,
Thus heap'd with wrongs thy father's aged head;
Nor thus unpuniſh'd ſtretch'd his rage abhorr'd
O'er towns, diſpeopled by his waſteful ſword.
But hear, ye gods! and heaven's great ruler, hear,
With due regard, a king's and father's pray'r!
My dear, dear Pallas, if the Fates ordain
Safe to return, and bleſs theſe eyes again:
With age, pain, ſickneſs, this one bleſſing give;
On this condition I'll endure to live.
But oh! if fortune has decreed his doom,
Now, now, by death, prevent my woes to come;

† Feronia,

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Now, while my hopes and fears uncertain flow;
Now, ere ſhe lifts her hand to ſtrike the blow;
While in theſe feeble arms I ſtrain the boy,
My ſole delight, my laſt ſurviving joy!
Ere the ſad news of his untimely doom [tomb!
Muſt bow this hoary head with ſorrow to the
With theſe laſt words he ſwoon'd, and ſunk away;
His ſervants to the couch their breathleſs lord convey. [ride,

Now through the opening gates the warriors
Æneas firſt, Achates by his ſide.
The Trojan chiefs ſucceed: amid the train
Young Pallas towers, conſpicuous o'er the plain.
All bright his military purple flow'd;
His poliſh'd arms with golden ſplendors glow'd.
So, bath'd in ocean with a vivid ray
Flames the refulgent ſtar that leads the day:
Wide through the ſky, before the ſacred light
Break, and diſperſe the ſcattering ſhades of night.
High on the battlements the mothers ſtand,
And, from the towers, ſurvey the martial band.
Through the thick woods, embody'd in array,
The glittering ſquadrons take the neareſt way.
Loud ſhouts ariſe; the thundering courſers bound
Through clouds of duſt, and paw the trembling ground.
A mighty grove, rever'd for ages ſtood [flood:
Where Cære views with pride her rolling
Hills clad with fir, to guard the hallow'd bound,
Roſe in the majeſty of darkneſs round.
In times of old, the pious Argive train,
The firſt poſſeſſors of the Latian plain,
To the great † guardian of the fields, had made
For ever ſacred the devoted ſhade, [paid.
And, on his ſolemn day, their annual offerings
Not far from hence the Tuſcan hoſt diſpread
Their mighty camp, with Tarchon at their head.
From the tall towering point in full ſurvey,
Stretch'd o'er the vale, th' embattled army lay.
Hither Æneas, with his band, ſucceeds;
The train refreſh'd releaſe the panting ſteeds.

Meantime his beauteous mother, from on high,
Had brought the blazing preſent down the ſky.
By the cool ſtream the hero ſhe ſurvey'd
Within the winding vale, and thus ſhe ſaid:
Behold the promis'd arms; in every part
By Vulcan labour'd with immortal art.
Now dare thy foes, collected in thy might,
Now call the haughty Turnus to the fight.
Then the fair queen her joyful ſon embrac'd,
And by an oak, the radiant burthen plac'd.
The wondering chief with ſudden rapture glow'd,
Struck with the glorious labours of the god.
Aſtoniſh'd at the blazing arms he ſtands,
And, one by one, he pois'd 'em in his hands.
The ſword, with death all pointed, he admires,
And the proud helm, that ſhoots a length of fires.
The mighty corſlet caſt a vivid ray;
With ſcales of braſs and ſanguine colours gay;
And, like a flaming cloud, refulgent ſhone,
Pierc'd with the glancing glories of the ſun.
The poliſh'd greaves his manly thighs infold,
With mingled metals wrought and ductile gold.
With joy the weighty ſpear the prince beheld;
But moſt admir'd the huge myſterious ſhield;
For there had Vulcan, ſkill'd in times to come,
Diſplay'd the triumphs of immortal Rome;

There all the Julian line the god had wrought,
And charg'd the gold with battles yet unfought.
Here in a verdant cave's embow'ring ſhade,
The foſtering wolf and martial * twins were laid;
Th' indulgent mother, half reclin'd along,
While at her dugs the ſportive infants hung,
Look'd fondly back, and form'd 'em with her tongue.
Next Rome appear'd; here ſhriek the Sabine dames,
Surpris'd, and raviſh'd at her ſolemn games.
In arms the Cures with their king appear,
And wage with infant Rome a ſudden war.
At length agreed, from fight the monarchs ceaſe,
And at the ſhrine of Jove, conclude the peace.
Each king beſide the bleeding victim ſtands,
With lifted eyes, a goblet in his hands.
Here the mad courſers flew the foreſt o'er,
And, limb from limb, the perjur'd Metius tore.
As vengeful Tullus drags him through the wood,
The ſculptur'd trees are all bedropp'd with blood.
Here proud Porſenna, with his martial train,
Bids Rome receive her baniſh'd king again.
Her noble ſons ſurrounded with alarms,
Fly, in the cauſe of liberty, to arms.
While glorious Cocles all his hoſt withſtood,
And Cloëlia broke her chains, and ſwam the flood.
With furious looks, tremendous to behold,
The raging monarch frown'd, and ſtorm'd in gold.
There, for the Capitol, brave Manlius ſtrove,
Fought like a god, and look'd a ſecond Jove.
There ſtood thy palace, Romulus, (decreed
The ſeat of empire) roof'd with homely reed.
Here fled the ſilver gooſe through courts of gold,
And, cackling loud, th' approaching Gauls foretold.
Through the thick foreſt move the hoſtile pow'rs,
And, favour'd by the night, invade the tow'rs.
Fair golden treſſes grace the comely train,
And every warrior wears a golden chain.
Embroider'd veſts their ſnowy limbs infold;
And their rich robes are all adorn'd with gold.
Two Alpine ſpears with martial pride they wield,
And guard their bodies with an ample ſhield.
The Salii next in ſolemn garbs advance;
And naked here the mad Luperci dance,
The pledge of future empire from the ſky,
The ſacred targe ſtrikes dazzling on the eye.
In ſtately cars the pious matrons rode,
Who ſav'd their country, and appeas'd the god.
Far hence remov'd, appear the realms below,
The horrid manſions of eternal woe; * [chains
Where howl'd the damn'd; where Catiline in
Roars from the dark abyſs, in endleſs pains;
Sees the grim furies all around him ſpread,
And the black rock ſtill trembling o'er his head.
But in a ſeparate ſpace the juſt remain;
And awful Cato rules the godlike train.
Full in the midſt, majeſtically roll'd
The ſolemn ocean wrought in figur'd gold:
But hoary waves curl high on every ſide,
And ſilver dolphins cut the ſable tide.
Amid the flood, two navies roſe to fight
With beaks of braſs; th' immortal Actian fight!
All charg'd with war the boiling billows roll'd,
And the vaſt ocean flam'd with arms of gold.

* Sylvanus,

† Romulus and Remus,

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Here leads divine Auguſtus, through the floods
The ſons of Rome, her fathers and her gods:
From his high ſtern the martial ſcene ſurveys,
While ſtreaming ſplendors round his temples blaze;
His ſparkling eyes a keener glory ſhed,
Than his great father's ſtar, that glitters o'er his head.

Next with kind gales, the care of every god,
Agrippa leads his ſquadron through the flood.
A naval crown adorns the warrior's brows,
And fierce he pours amid th' embattled foes.

There brings proud Antony his various bands,
From diſtant nations, and from barbarous lands.
Diſpeopled Egypt fills the wat'ry plain,
And the whole Eaſtern world o'erſpreads the main.
But O;—the curſe of Rome, the ſhame of war,
His ‖ Pharian conſort follows in the rear!

Ruſh the fierce fleets to fight! beneath their oars
And claſhing beaks, the foaming ocean roars!
All big with war the floating caſtles ride,
In bulk enormous, o'er the yielding tide;
The frothy ſurge like moving mountains ſweep,
Or iſles uprooted, rolling round the deep.
Spears, darts and flames fly furious o'er the main;
The fields of Neptune take a crimſon ſtain.
The beauteous queen, amidſt the dire alarms,
With her loud timbrels calls her hoſts to arms,
Flies to the fight, nor ſees the ſnakes, that wait
And hiſs behind, dread miniſters of fate!
Againſt great Neptune, in his ſtrength array'd,
And beauteous Venus, and the blue-ey'd maid,
Engage the dog Anubis, on the floods,
And the lewd herd of Egypt's monſter gods,
In poliſh'd ſteel, conſpicuous from afar,
Amid the tumult ſtorms the god of war.
Her robes all rent, with many an ample ſtride,
Grim diſcord ſtalk'd, triumphant o'er the tide.
Next, with her bloody ſcourge Bellona flies,
And leads, in fatal pomp, the furies of the ſkies.

Meantime, enthron'd on Actim's towering height,
The god of day ſurveys the raging fight,
And bends his twanging bow. With ſudden dread,
At the dire ſignal, all Arabia fled:
At once retire, in wild confuſion hurl'd,
Egypt, and all th' aſſembled Eaſtern world.
Amid the ſlaughters of the fight was ſeen,
Pale with the fears of death, the Phrian queen;
Aghaſt, ſhe calls the kind propitious gales
To ſpeed her flight; and ſpreads her ſilken ſails.
The god diſplay'd her figure, full in view,
As o'er the floods with weſtern winds ſhe flew.
While ſunk in grief, the mighty Nile bemoans
The ſhame and ſlaughter of his vanquiſh'd ſons.
He ſaw the rout; his mantle he unroll'd,
Spread forth his robes, and open'd every fold,
Expanded wide his arms, with timely care,
And in his kind embrace receiv'd the flying war.

Now moves great Cæſar (all his foes o'ercome,)
With three proud triumphs thro' imperial Rome;
And pays immortal honours to the ſkies:
Behold at once three hundred temples riſe!
The ſtreets reſound with ſhouts and ſolemn games;
And to the temples throng the Roman dames
With ardent pray'rs: high altars riſe around;
And with the blood of victims ſmoke the ground.
He ſits enthron'd in Phœbus' Parian fane;
In ranks before him paſs the vanquiſh'd train,
While he accepts the gifts that crown his toils,
And hangs on high the conſecrated ſpoils.
Before the victor move the mighty throngs,
With different habits and diſcordant tongues.
Here paſs, diſtinguiſh'd by the god of fire,
The ſons of Afric in their looſe attire;
The Carians march; the bold Numidians ride;
The Gelons ſhine with quivers at their ſide.
Here crowd the Daæ; and the nations, there,
From earth's laſt ends aſſembled to the war.
Here with diminiſh'd pride Euphrates mourns;
There the maim'd Rhine bemoans his broken horns:
And fierce Araxes, bridg'd of old in vain,
Now bends, ſubmiſſive to the Roman chain.

Such was the glorious gift in every part
By Vulcan finiſh'd with immortal art:
(The forms unknown, that grac'd its ample field;)
The prince with joy ſurveys the ſtory'd ſhield;
Aloft he bears the triumphs yet to come,
The fortunes of his race, the fates of mighty Rome.

‖ Cleopatra.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's abſence, attempts to fire his ſhips (which are transformed into ſea-nymphs) and aſſaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the laſt extremities, ſend Niſus and Euryalus to recal Æneas, which furniſhes the poet with that admirable epiſode of their friendſhip, generoſity, and concluſion of their adventures. In the morning, Turnus puſhes the ſiege with vigour; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he purſues. The gates are immediately cloſed upon him; and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced at laſt to leap, armed as he is, into the river, and ſwims to his camp.

Thus while the prince collects auxiliar hoſts,
And leads new armies from the Tuſcan coaſts;
Diſpatch'd by heav'n's great empreſs from the ſkies,
The goddeſs of the bow to Turnus flies; [Where, cover'd with the ſhade, he made abode
In his old grandſire's conſecrated wood;
There, as at eaſe reclin'd the godlike man,
Her roſy lips ſhe open'd, and began:

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Turnus, this kind auſpicious hour beſtows
What ſcarce a god could promiſe to thy vows:
For lo! the Trojan chief has parted hence,
And for new ſuccours courts th' Arcadian prince.
Thence to the Tuſcan coaſts his courſe he bends,
And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.
Now, while the Lydians in his cauſe unite,
And the raw peaſants gather to the fight:
Call, call the fiery courſers, and the car;
Fly---ſtorm his camp---and give a looſe to war.
This ſaid; with levell'd wings ſhe mounts on high,
And cuts a glorious rainbow in the ſky.
He knew the fair; his lifted hands he ſpread,
And with theſe words purſu'd her as ſhe fled:
Bright beauteous goddeſs of the various bow,
What pow'r diſpatch'd thee to the world below?
What ſplendors open to my dazzled eyes!
What floods of glory burſt from all the ſkies;
And lo! the heav'ns divine, the planets roll!
Thick ſhine the ſtars, and gild the glowing pole!
Call'd by theſe omens to the field of blood,
I follow to the war the great inſpiring god!
Raptur'd he ſaid, and ſought the limpid tide,
Where gurgling ſtreams in ſilver currents glide;
There cleans'd his hands, then raiſing high in air,
To ev'ry god addreſt his ardent pray'r.
And now, all gay and glorious to behold;
Rich in embroider'd veſts, and arms of gold,
On ſprightly prancing ſteeds, the martial train
Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.
The van with great Meſſapus at their head;
The deep'ning rear the ſons of Tyrrheus led.
Brave Turnus flames in arms, ſupremely tall,
Tow'rs in the centre, and outſhines them all.
Silent they march beneath their godlike guide:
So mighty Ganges leads, with aweful pride,
In ſev'n large ſtreams his ſwelling ſolemn tide:
So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,
Moves in ſlow pomp, majeſtic, to the main.
Troy ſaw from far the black'ning cloud ariſe:
Then from the rampart's height Caïcus cries:
See, ſee, my friends, yon duſky martial train,
Involv'd in clouds, and ſweeping o'er the plain.
To arms—The foes advance—Your ſwords prepare;
Fly—Mount the ramparts, and repel the war.
With ſhouts they run; they gather at the call;
They cloſe the gates; they mount; they guard the wall.
For ſo th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the hoſt,
When late he parted for the Tuſcan coaſt;
Whate'er befell, their ardour to reſtrain,
Truſt to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.
There, though with ſhame and wrath their boſoms glow.
Shut in their tow'rs, they wait th' embattled foe.
But mighty Turnus rode with rapid ſpeed,
And furrious ſpurr'd his dappled Thracian ſteed;
Eager before the tardy ſquadrons flew
To reach the wall; and ſoon appear'd in view
(With twice ten noble warriors cloſe behind);
His crimſon creſt ſtream'd dreadful in the wind.
Who firſt he cry'd, with me the foe will dare?
Then hurl'd a dart, the ſignal of the war.
Loud ſhout his train; deep wonder ſeiz'd them all,
To ſee the Trojans ſkulk behind their wall;
Safe in their tow'rs their forces they beſtow,
Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.
Now furious Turnus, thund'ring round the plain,
Tries every poſt and paſs, but tries in vain.
As, beat by tempeſts, and by famine bold,
The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold;
Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,
Safe from the ſavage, bleat the tender lambs;
The monſter meditates the fleecy brood;
Now howls with hunger, and now thirſts for blood;
Roams round the fences that the prize contain,
And madly rages at the flock in vain:
Thus, as th' embattled tow'rs the chief deſcries,
Rage fires his ſoul, and flaſhes from his eyes:
Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train
From the cloſe trench to combat on the plain.
But to their fleet he bends his furious way,
That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay
Beſide the camp---He calls for burning brands,
And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.
His great example the bold troop inſpires;
They rob the hearths; they hurl the miſſive fires;
The black'ning ſmokes in curling volumes riſe,
With hov'ring clouds of cinders, to the ſkies.
O ſay, ye muſes, what celeſtial pow'r
Preſerv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,
And ſtopp'd the progreſs of the furious flame?
The tale is old, yet of immortal fame!
The Trojan chief, prepar'd to ſtem the tide,
Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide;
When thus to Jove, in heav'n's ſupreme abodes,
Spoke the majeſtic mother of the gods;
Hear, and our firſt requeſt, my ſon, accord,
The firſt, ſince heav'n has own'd you for her lord.
To our great name, and honour'd by our love,
On lofty Ida tow'rs a ſtately grove;
Tall firs and maples there for years have ſtood,
And waving pines, a venerable wood!
To build his navy, I beſtow'd with joy
The hallow'd foreſt on the chief of Troy.
Now anxious fears diſturb my ſoul with care:
But thou, my ſon, indulge a mother's pray'r:
Bid ſeas and tempeſts ſpare the ſhips divine;
Be this their ſafety, that they once were mine.
Thus ſhe---and thus replies her ſon, who rolls
The golden planets round the ſpangled poles:
What would our mother's raſh requeſt intend:
To turn the fates from their determin'd end?
How! an immortal ſtate would you demand
For veſſels labour'd by a mortal hand?
And ſhall the chief in certain ſafety ride,
O'er rocks, o'er gulfs, and o'er th' uncertain tide?
A pow'r ſo high we never yet beſtow'd;
No---'tis a pow'r too boundleſs for a god!
But this we grant---when, all his labours o'er,
The Trojan prince ſhall reach the Latian ſhore,
Whatever ſhips the friendly ſtrand ſhall gain,
Sav'd from the ſtorms, and the devouring main,
Know, we will take the mortal form from theſe;
Each ſhip ſhall launch, a goddeſs of the ſeas;
And with her ſiſter Nereids ſhall divide
The ſilver waves, and bound along the tide.
This ſaid; the lord of thunder ſeal'd the vow
By his dread brother's aweful ſtreams below;
By the black whirlpools of the Stygian flood;
Then gave the ſanction of th' imperial nod;
The heav'ns all ſhook, and fled before the god.

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Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,
Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate;
When the great mother of the thund'rer came
To guard her ſacred veſſels from the flame.
Firſt from the glowing orient they deſcry
A blazing cloud that ſtretch'd from ſky to ſky;
The golden ſplendors doubly gild the day,
And high in air the tinkling cymbals play.
At length, with wonder, and religious fear,
A deep majeſtic voice the liſt'ning nations hear:
Forbear, forbear, ye ſons of Troy, nor lend
Your needleſs aid, our veſſels to defend.
The proud Rutulian ſhall, with greater eaſe,
Burn to their beds profound the wat'ry ſeas;
Launch you my ſhips; be Nereids of the floods;
So wills the mighty mother of the gods!
Swift at the word, the ſacred ſhips obey,
From their looſe anchors break, and bound away;
Like ſportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,
Then (wond'rous!) riſe in female forms again.
So many nymphs launch ſwiftly from the ſhore,
As rode tall gallies in the port before.
The fierce Rutulians ſhook with wild affright,
Ev'n brave Meſſapus trembled at the fight,
Nor could he rule his ſteeds, nor check their rapid flight.
Old murm'ring Tyber ſhrunk with ſudden dread,
And to his ſource the hoary father fled.
All, but the valiant Daunian hero, ſhook,
Who rais'd their drooping ſouls, while thus he ſpoke:
Theſe omens threat our foes (O glorious day)!
Lo! Jove has ſnatch'd their laſt relief away!
Lo! from our dreaded arms their ſhips retire,
And vaniſh ſwift before our vengeful fire;
To Troy, impriſon'd in yon narrow coaſt,
The wat'ry half of all the globe is loſt.
Their flight, the ſeas and hoſtile armies bar;
The land is ours; and Italy from far
Pours forth her ſons, by nations, to the war.
Her favouring oracles let Ilion boaſt:
On Turnus all thoſe empty vaunts are loſt.
To 'ſcape the ſeas, and reach the Latian land,
Was all, their fates or Venus could demand.
My fates now take their turn; and 'tis in mine,
For my loſt ſpouſe, to cruſh the perjur'd line.
Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame,
The ſame my cauſe, and my revenge the ſame.
Will Troy then venture on a rape once more,
Who paid ſo dearly for the crime before?
Sure they have long ago the thought declin'd,
Forſworn the ſex, and curſt the coſtly kind!
Fools! will they truſt yon feeble wall and gate,
That ſlight partition betwixt them and fate,
Who not long ſince beheld their Troy renown'd,
Their god-built Troy, lie ſmoking on the ground!
Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe;
Seize, ſtorm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.
Nor want we, o'er theſe daſtards to prevail,
Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thouſand ſail;
Though to ſupport their deſp'rate cauſe ſhould join
Arcadia's ſons with all the Tuſcan line:
Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,
The ſacred theſts or murders of the night.
A robb'd palladium, and an ambuſh'd force
Lodg'd in the caverns of a monſtrous horſe.
A conqueſt in the dark my ſoul diſclaims;
No---let us gird by day their walls with flames.
Soon ſhall they find no Argive hoſt appears,
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.
Now go, my valiant friends, and paſs away
In due repaſt the ſmall remains of day:
But riſe, riſe early with the dawning light,
Freſh from repoſe, and vig'rous for the fight.
Meantime it falls to great Meſſapus' care,
The ramparts to ſurround with fire and war.
Twice ſev'n Rutulian leaders head the bands;
An hundred ſpears each valiant chief commands:
Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay,
And crimſon creſts on every helmet play.
They watch, they reſt by turns; and, ſtretch'd ſupine
On the green carpet, quaff the gen'rous wine.
The fires gleam round, and ſhoot a ruddy light;
In plays and pleaſures, paſs the jovial night.
This ſcene the Trojans from their trenches view;
All ſeiz'd their arms, and to their ramparts flew;
In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,
Join bridge to bridge with ſpeed, and tow'r to tow'r.
Thus while th'endanger'd bulwarks they maintain,
Mneſtheus and brave Sereſtus fire the train.
(The prince had left to their experienc'd care,
If aught befel, the conduct of the war).
Now all the ſoldiers to their poſts were flown,
And in their turns, ſucceſſive, guard the town.
The valiant Niſus took his lot, to wait
Before the portal, and defend the gate.
From Ida's native woods the warrior came,
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game:
With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms
Troy's braveſt youths, and far excell'd in charms;
So young, the ſpringing down but juſt began
To ſhade his blooming cheeks, and promiſe man.
Theſe boys in ſacred friendſhip were ally'd,
And join'd in martial labours, ſide by ſide;
In ev'ry danger, ev'ry glory ſhar'd:
And both alike were planted on the guard.
Has heav'n (cry'd Niſus firſt) this warmth beſtow'd?
Heav'n? or a thought that prompts me like a god?
This glorious warmth, my friend that breaks my reſt?
Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breaſt.
My glowing mind what gen'rous ardors raiſe,
And ſet my mounting ſpirits on a blaze!
See the looſe diſcipline of yonder train; [plaint
The lights, grown thin, ſcarce glimmer from the
The guards in ſlumber and debauch are drown'd;
And mark!---a gen'ral ſilence reigns around:
Then take my thought; the people, fathers, all,
Join in one wiſh, our leader to recall.
Now, wou'd they give to thee the prize I claim,
(For I cou'd reſt contented with the fame---)
An eaſy road, methinks, I can ſurvey
Beneath yon ſummit to direct my way.
The brave Euryalus, with martial pride,
Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd:
And will my Niſus then his friend diſclaim?
Deny'd his ſhare of danger and of fame?
And can thy dear Euryalus expoſe
Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes?
Not ſo my father taught his gen'rous boy,
Born, train'd and ſeaſon'd in the wars of Troy.

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And, where the great Æneas led the way,
I brav'd all dangers of the land and sea.
Thou too canst witness that my worth is try'd;
We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd side by side.
Like thine, this bosom glows with martial flame;
Burns with a scorn of life, and love of fame;
And thinks, if endless glory can be sought
On such low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.
Let no such jealous fears alarm thy breast:
Thy worth and valour stand to all confest.
But let the danger fall (he cries) on me:
For this exploit, I durst not think on thee!
No:—as I hope the blest ethereal train
May bring me glorious to thy arms again!
But should the gods deny me to succeed,
Should I—(which heav'n avert!) but should I bleed;
Live thou;—in death some pleasure that will give;
Live for thy Nisus' sake; I charge thee, live.
Thy blooming youth a longer term demands;—
Live, to redeem my corse from hostile hands;
And decent to the silent grave commend
The poor remains of him who was thy friend:
Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,
A vacant tomb in honour of the dead.
Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know
Such heart-felt pangs? Unutterable woe!
Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,
Dar'd every danger of the land and sea!
She left Acestes' walls, and she alone,
To follow thee, her only, darling son!

In vain, he cry'd, my courage you restrain;
My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.
Haste—let us go—He said—and rais'd the guard;
By turns their vacant posts the sentries shar'd.
With eager speed the gen'rous warriors went,
Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.

In silence hush'd the whole creation lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day.
Not so the chiefs of Ilion, who debate
In solemn council on th' endanger'd state;
Propp'd on their spears, their bucklers in their hand,
Amid the camp the hoary fathers stand,
And vote an instant message may be sent
To their great chief, their ruin to prevent.
The friends now beg admission of the court,
The business arduous, and of high import.
The prince commands them to inform the train;
And first bade Nisus speak, who thus began:

Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers!
Our bold adventure by our tender years.
As yonder bands in sleep and wine are drown'd,
We, by kind chance, a secret path have found,
Close by the gate, that near the ocean lies;
The fires are thinn'd, and clouds of smoke arise.
If you permit, since fair occasion calls,
Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.
Soon shall our mighty chief appear again,
Adorn'd with spoils, and striding o'er the slain,
Lord of the field; nor can we miss the road,
But know the various windings of the flood;
For, as we hunt, we see the turrets rise,
Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes.

Then thus Alethes, an illustrious sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age:
Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your pow'rs divine
Will spare the relics of the Trojan line,
Since you the bosoms of our youths inspire
With such high courage, such determin'd fire.
Then in his arms the boys by turns he took
With tears of joy; and panting, thus bespoke:
Oh! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,
What honours, equal to so great a deed?
The best and fairest, all th' applauding sky,
And your own conscious virtue, shall supply;
The next, our great Æneas will bestow,
And young Ascanius' riper years shall owe.
Whatever boon such merit can receive,
The friend, the monarch, and the man, will give.

And I, brave Nisus! cries the royal boy,
Swear by the sacred guardian pow'rs of Troy,
My hopes, my fortunes, are repos'd in you;
Go then, your gen'rous enterprise pursue.
Oh! to these longing eyes my sire restore;
From that blest hour my sorrows are no more.
Two silver bowls, whose ample margins shine,
All rais'd with costly sculpture, shall be thine;
The same my conqu'ring father brought away,
When low in dust the fair Arisba lay:
Two glitt'ring tripods, beauteous to behold,
And two large talents of the purest gold:
With these a goblet, which the queen of Tyre
Bestow'd in Carthage on my royal sire.
And, when these vanquish'd kingdoms are our own;
When my great father mounts the Latian throne;
When our victorious hosts by lot shall share
The rich rewards, and glorious spoils, of war;
What late thou saw'st when Turnus took the field,
His prancing courser, helm, and golden shield;
That courser, shield, and helm, of skill divine,
Exempt from lot, brave Nisus, shall be thine.
My sire will give twelve captives with their arms;
Yet more—twelve females of distinguish'd charms;
And, to complete the whole, the wide domain
Of the great Latian lord, a boundless plain.
But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,
Whose years but just advance before my own,
No fortune henceforth from my soul shall part,
Still at my side, and ever at my heart,
My dangers, glories, counsels, thoughts, to share;
My friend in peace, my brother in the war!

All, all my life, replies the youth, shall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.
Though fortune only our attempt can bless,
Yet still my courage shall deserve success.
But one reward I ask, before I go,
The greatest I can ask, or you bestow.
My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,
Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood;
Such was her love, she left her native Troy,
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
And such is mine, that I must keep unknown
From her, the danger of so dear a son:
To spare her anguish, lo! I quit the place
Without one parting kiss, one last embrace!
By night, and that respected hand, I swear,
Her melting tears are more than I can bear!
For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
Support her, childless; and relieve her, poor;
Oh! let her, let her find (when I am gone),
In you, a friend, a guardian, and a son!
With that dear hope, embolden'd shall I go,
Brave ev'ry danger, and defy the foe.

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Charm'd with his virtue, all the Trojan peers,
But more than all, Aſcanius melts in tears,
To ſee the ſorrows of a duteous ſon,
And filial love, a love ſo like his own.
I promiſe all, heroic youth! he ſaid,
That to ſuch matchleſs valour can be paid;
To me, thy mother ſtill ſhall be the ſame
Creüſa was, and only want the name.
Let fortune good or ill ſucceſs decree;
'Tis merit, ſure, to bear a ſon like thee!
Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,
Whate'er rewards I purpoſe to beſtow,
When ſafe return'd, on thee, the ſame ſhall grace
Thy mother, and thy whole ſurviving race.
So ſpoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,
Gave to the pious youth his coſtly ſword:
The ſword with wond'rous art Lycaon made;
An ivory ſcabbard ſheath'd the ſhining blade.
To Niſus, Mneſtheus gave a lion's hide;
And a new helm Alethes' care ſupply'd.
Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' aſſembly waits,
With high applauſe, their progreſs to the gates.
Mature in wiſdom, far above his years,
The fair Iülus in the train appears,
And ſends his father many an ardent pray'r;
All loſt in wind, and ſcatter'd wide in air!
Now, favour'd by the ſhade, the warriors go,
Paſs the deep trenches, and invade the foe.
But, ere their dang'rous enterpriſe is o'er,
With what large ſlaughter ſhall they bathe the ſhore! [around,
All drench'd in wine and ſleep, lie ſtretch'd
The careleſs ſoldiers on the verdant ground,
Amid a pile of traces, wheels and reins,
And empty cars, encumbring all the plains.
Here lie the ſcatter'd arms; the goblets there;
A mad confuſion of debauch and war.
Now, now, cries Niſus firſt, thy courage call;
The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.
Here lies our road: while I the paſſage find,
Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.
From ſide to ſide, whole ſquadrons will I ſlay,
Through death and horrors op'ning wide thy way.
With that, the youth in ſilence drew his ſword, [lord;
And ſtabb'd proud Rhamnes, a diſtinguiſh'd
In ev'ry deep prophetic art approv'd,
A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd.
On the rich couch in ſlumbers deep he lay,
And, labouring, ſlept the full debauch away.
The fate of others he had ſtill foreſhown,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.
Then on the 'ſquire of Remus fierce he flew,
And, as they ſlept, his three attendants ſlew.
The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,
As, midſt the ſteeds, he ſlumber'd on the plain;
Laſt on their lord employ'd the deadly ſteel;
Swift flew the bead; and mutter'd as it fell.
The purple blood diſtains the couch around;
The welt'ring trunk lies beating on the ground.
Next Lamyrus and Lamus meet their doom:
Serranus laſt, in all his ſprightly bloom:
By the large draught o'erpow'r'd, outſtretch'd he lay,
Full half the night already ſpent in play; [day.
Far happier had it been, if lengthen'd to the

Thus o'er th' unguarded fence by hunger bold,
Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.
All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,
The trembling flock he murders and devours;
While wrapt in ſilence lies the fleecy brood,
The ſavage rages in a foam of blood.
Nor with leſs rage Euryalus employ'd
The deadly ſword; but nameleſs crowds deſtroy'd.
Hebeſus, Fadus, as they ſlept, he goar'd;
But wakeful Rhæſus ſaw the ſlaught'ring ſword:
Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain;
For as the foe, detected, roſe again,
The furious youth, with all his force impreſt,
Plung'd the whole ſword, deep-bury'd in his breaſt; [dy'd;
With blended wine and blood, the ground was
The purple ſoul came floating in the tide.
So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,
And ſcatters death and ſlaughter as he goes.
Now when to brave Meſſapus' tents they came,
The fires juſt glimmer'd with a quiv'ring flame.
The train lie ſcatter'd, while the ſteeds, unbound,
Expatiate wide, and graze the verdant ground.
Then Niſus warn'd him; for he ſaw the boy
Too fierce for blood, too eager to deſtroy; [way—
Enough of death—our ſwords have hew'd the
We ſtand detected by the dawning day.
They part; and leave, in piles confus'dly roll'd, [gold.
Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bowls of
But yet the fond Euryalus would ſtay,
Reſolv'd to ſeize one rich diſtinguiſh'd prey;
The ſhining trappings Rhamnes' courſers bore,
And the broad golden belt the monarch wore,
Of old, to Remulus was ſent the prize
By Cædicus, the pledge of ſocial ties;
Which with his grandſon at his death remain'd,
And laſt by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.
This belt he bore, exulting, from the plain,
And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain!
Next, with Meſſapus' helm, his brows he ſpread,
Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head.
Then, flush'd with ſlaughter and the glorious prey,
They quit the camp, and ſeek a ſafer way.
Meantime, the Daunian hero to ſupport,
Advanc'd a legion from the Latian court;
Three hundred horſe, while ſlow the foot ſucceed,
Fly ſwift before, with Volſcens at their head.
Now to the camp the warriors bend their way,
And, on the left, the hapleſs youths ſurvey.
Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd,
On which the moon in all her glory play'd.
'Tis not for nought, thoſe youths appear; declare [are;
(Cries the ſtern gen'ral) who, and whence you
And whither bound; and wherefore arm'd for war?
Nought they reply, but took their ſudden flight
To the thick foreſts and the ſhades of night.
But the fierce warriors ſpurr'd their ſteeds, and ſtood
All round, to guard the op'nings of the wood.
O'ergrown and wild, the darkſome foreſt lay,
And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way.
Hither, encumber'd with his gaudy prize,
Diſtreſs'd Euryalus for ſhelter flies;
But miſs'd the turnings, in his wild ſurpriſe.

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Not ſo, ſwift Niſus, who the foes declin'd,
Nor knew th' endanger'd boy was left behind;
Beyond the once-fam'd Alban fields he fled,
Where the fleet courſers of Latinus fed.
There ſtood the mournful youth; and from the plain,
Caſt a long look, to find his friend, in vain!
Where is Euryalus, my only joy?
Where ſhall I find (he cry'd) the hapleſs boy?
Then he retrac'd his former ſteps, and trod,
Once more, the winding mazes of the wood,
The trampling ſteeds and warriors pour behind,
And the loud cries come thick in ev'ry wind.
Here, while he paus'd, a general ſhout he heard;
And lo! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,
Surrounded by the foe: the gloomy night,
And pathleſs thickets, intercept his flight.
With joyful clamours crowd the gath'ring train
Around the captive, who reſiſts in vain.
What can his friend attempt, what means employ,
What arms, what ſuccours, to redeem the boy?
Or through th' embattled ſquadrons ſhall he fly,
And, preſt by hoſtile numbers, nobly die?
Then on the moon he caſt a mournful look,
And in his hand the pointed jav'lin ſhook;
Great guardian goddeſs of the woods! (he cries)
Pride of the ſtars, and empreſs of the ſkies!
If e'er with gifts my father hung thy ſhrine
For his dear ſon, and ſought thy pow'r divine,
Or I increas'd them with my ſylvan toils,
And grac'd thy ſacred roof with ſavage ſpoils;
Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,
But, wing'd with death, diſperſe the hoſtile train.
This ſaid; with all his ſtrength the ſpear he threw;
Swift through the parting ſhade the weapon flew.
In Sulmo's back the point all-quiv'ring ſtood,
And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.
He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay;
While in thick ſobs he gaſp'd his ſoul away.
The crowds gaze round; when lo! a ſecond flies,
Fierce as the firſt, and ſings along the ſkies.
Through Tagus' temples, o'er the ſhrinking train,
It flew, and ſunk deep-bury'd in the brain.
Now, mad for vengeance, Volſcens ſtorm'd, nor found
The daring author of the diſtant wound:
But thy curſt blood ſhall pay for both, he ſaid;
Then ruſh'd impetuous with the flaming blade
Againſt the trembling boy—with wild affright,
All pale, confus'd, diſtracted at the ſight,
From his cloſe covert Niſus ruſh'd in view,
And ſent his voice before him as he flew:
Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine;
Here ſheath your javelins; all the guilt was mine.
By yon bright ſtars, by each immortal god,
His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood!
Nor could, nor durſt the boy the deed intend;
His only crime (and oh! can that offend?)
Was too much love to his unhappy friend!
In vain he ſpoke, for ah! the ſword, addreſt
With ruthleſs rage, had pierc'd his lovely breaſt:
With blood his ſnowy limbs are purpled o'er,
And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.
As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd,
Cut by the ſhare, lies languid on the ground;
Or ſome tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain
Bends the faint head, and ſinks upon the plain;
So fair, ſo languiſhingly ſweet he lies,
His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies!
Now midſt the foe, diſtracted Niſus flew;
Volſcens, and him alone, he keeps in view.
The gath'ring train the furious youth ſurround;
Dart follows dart, and wound ſucceeds to wound;
All, all, unfelt; he ſeeks their guilty lord;
In fiery circles flies his thund'ring ſword;
Nor ceas'd, but found, at length, the deſtin'd way;
And, bury'd in his mouth, the faulchion lay.
Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on ev'ry ſide,
Brave Niſus ſlew the murd'rer as he dy'd;
Then, on the dear Euryalus his breaſt,
Sunk down, and ſlumber'd in eternal reſt.
Hail, happy pair! if fame our verſe can give,
From age to age, your memory ſhall live;
Long as th' imperial Capitol ſhall ſtand,
Or Rome's majeſtic lord the conquer'd world command!
The victors firſt divide the gaudy prey;
Then to the camp their breathleſs chief convey:
There too a ſcene of gen'ral grief appears;
There, crowds of ſlaughter'd princes claim their tears.
Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapleſs friends they found,
Some pale in death, ſome gaſping on the ground.
With copious ſlaughter all the field was dy'd,
And ſtreams of gore run thick on ev'ry ſide.
All knew the belt and helm divinely wrought;
But mourn the fatal prize, ſo dearly bought.
Now, dappled ſtreaks of light Aurora ſhed,
And ruddy roſe from Tithon's ſaffron bed:
Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,
Pour'd o'er the op'ning world a flood of day.
When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms;
Firſt arm'd himſelf; then call'd the hoſt to arms,
The chiefs their ſoldiers to the field excite,
Inflame their rage, and lead them to the fight.
On pointed ſpears, a dreadful ſight! they bore
The heads of both the hapleſs youths, before;
With barb'rous joy ſurvey the bloody prize,
And ſhout, and follow with triumphant cries.
The Trojans, on the left, ſuſtain the fight
From their high walls; the river guards the right.
They line the trenches, and the tow'rs maintain;
Thick on the ramparts ſtand the penſive train,
And know the heads too well, though cover'd o'er
With ſanguine ſtains, and all deform'd with gore.
Now to the mother's ears the news had fled,
Her ſon, her dear Eurylaus, was dead:
The vital warmth her trembling limbs forſook,
She dropp'd the ſhuttle, and with horror ſhook;
With hair diſhevell'd from the walls ſhe flies,
And rends the air with agoniz'ing cries;
Breaks through the foremoſt troops in wild deſpair,
Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.
And is it thus, the comfort of my years,
Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears?
And could'ſt thou fly, my child, to certain harms!
To death (oh cruel!) from thy mother's arms?
So fond a mother?—nor thy purpoſe tell?
Nor let me take my laſt, my ſad farewell?
A prey to dogs, alas! thy body lies,
And ev'ry fowl that wings the Latian ſkies!

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Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,
Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath;
Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanse the gore,
Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er;
The work that charm'd the cares of age away,
My task all night, my labour all the day;
The robe I wove, thy absence to sustain,
For thee, my child;—but wove, alas! in vain.
Where shall I find thee now? what land contains
Thy mangled members and thy dear remains?
How on thy face these longing eyes I fed!
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone?
Is that the sole sad relic of my son?
That bloody ball!—No more!—ye foes of Troy,
Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy;
Here, here direct in pity ev'ry dart,
Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart:
Or with thy bolts, O Jove! conclude my woe,
And plunge me flaming to the shades below.
Strike—and I'll bless the stroke, that sets me free;
'Tis ease, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me!
Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear for tear.
Their courage slackens; and the frantic dame
With her wild anguish damps the martial flame.
But young Ascanius, while his sorrows flow,
And his full eyes indulge the gush of woe,
With great Ilioneus, commands the train
To bear the matron to her tent again.
Now the shrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,
With piercing clangors animates the war.
The troops rush on; the deaf'ning clamours rise,
And the long shouts run echoing round the skies.
Strait, in a shell, their shields the Volscians threw;
And the close cohorts march, conceal'd from view,
To fill the trenches which the camp surround,
And tug th' aspiring bulwarks to the ground.
Where thinly rang'd appear the op'ning pow'rs,
They fix their scaling engines in the tow'rs.
From far the Trojans missive weapons throw,
And with tough poles repel the rising foe;
Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,
And guard the ramparts in their ten years war.
Long with huge pointed stones, they strove in vain,
To burst the cov'ring of the hostile train.
Yet still the bands maintain the fight, below
The brazen concave, and defy the foe.
At length the Trojans with a mighty shock,
Roll'd down a pond'rous fragment of a rock;
Full where the thick-embody'd squadron spreads,
Th' enormous mass came thund'ring on their heads,
Broke through the shining arch, and crush'd the train;
And with a length of slaughter smok'd the plain.
In this blind fight no more the foes engage,
But with their darts a distant combat wage.
There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,
And tost within the works the dreadful flame;
Tremendous chief!—while bold Messapus calls
To scale the tow'rs; and thunders at the walls.
Ye sacred nine, inspire me to record
What numbers fell by Turnus' slaught'ring sword.
What foes each hero plung'd to hell, declare,
Each death display, and open all the war!
Those mighty deeds which you alone can know,
Repeat, ye muses! to the world below.
Full o'er the wall a turret rose on high,
Stage above stage, unrivall'd, to the sky.
This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,
Point their full strength, their whole collected war.
Vast fragments from above the Trojans throw,
And through the walls their jav'lins gaul the foe.
A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung;
Close to the sides the flaming mischief hung;
Then, thund'ring through the planks, in fury grew,
Swell'd in the wind, and round the structure flew.
With headlong speed th' imprison'd troops retire,
Throng'd in huge heaps, before the spreading fire.
While on one side their weight incumbent lay,
The beams all burst, the crackling walls give way,
The pond'rous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
And all Olympus trembled at the sound.
With the proud structure fall the Trojan train,
Wrapp'd in the smoky ruins, to the plain,
Their souls crush'd out, the warriors bury'd lie;
Or on the points of their own lances die.
Sav'd from the general fate, but two remain,
And ah! those hapless two were sav'd in vain!
Unbless'd Helenor, most advanc'd in years,
At once encompast by the foe appears;
Him to the Lydian king, his beauteous slave
Lycimnia bore; unfortunately brave.
Though born of servile blood, the gen'rous boy
In arms forbidden fought the wars of Troy.
With glory fir'd he took the dang'rous field;
Light was his sword; and unadorn'd his shield.
At first with wild surprise the youth descry'd
The gath'ring Latian troops on every side;
Then (bent on death) where thick the jav'lins rise,
Fierce on the close embattled war he flies.
So the stern savage, whom the train surrounds
Of shouting hunters, steeds, and op'ning hounds,
On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
Springs forth undaunted on a grove of spears.
But swifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way,
Though jav'lins hiss, and swords around him play;
Flies to the walls and battlements again,
Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.
For close behind the furious Turnus flew:
Fool! could'st thou hope to 'scape when I pursue,
Though swifter than the wind? (aloud he cries)
Then by the foot he seiz'd his trembling prize;
And, as he hung aloft in dire dismay,
Tugg'd him with half the shatter'd wall away.
So Jove's imperial bird, through fields of air,
Snatches the snowy swan or quiv'ring hare:
So the grim prowling wolf, amidst her play,
Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey;
Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,
Seeks, and laments her slaughter'd child in vain.
Now with loud shouts they rend the tortur'd air,
Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.
Some load with hostile fires their vengeful hands,
And at the turrets tos the blazing brands.
As to the gates the bold Lucetius came,
Tow'r'd in the front, and shook the waving flame;
The great Ilioneus with vigour threw
A rocky fragment, and the warrior slew.
Young Liger's certain spear, Emation sped;
Asylas' shaft laid Chorinæus dead.

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Ortygius bleeds by Cæneus' fatal ſteel,
But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell;
Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,
And hapleſs Idas, while he guards the walls.
Sagar, the next, with Promulus was ſlain;
And Capys ſtretch'd Privernus on the plain;
Firſt ſlightly wounded by Themilla's dart;
(The ſhield thrown by) to mitigate the ſmart,
His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd;
Swift flew the ſecond dart, and nail'd it to his ſide:
Its fatal courſe through all his vitals held;
And the pale corſe lay panting on the field.
All bright in arms, the ſon of Arcens ſtood,
Bred in the grove of Mars the warrior god;
From where Palicus' loaded altars flame,
In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.
Mezentius mark'd him, as he tow'r'd on high;
Then ſeiz'd a ſling, and laid the jav'lin by;
Thrice whirl'd around, the whiſtling bullet threw;
The glowing metal melted as it flew;
Through both his temples cut its dreadful way;
And, roll'd in duſt, the beauteous warrior lay.
Then firſt in fight the young Aſcanius bore
His bow; employ'd on beaſts alone before.
His vengeful ſhafts a royal victim found,
And ſtretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.
Not long before the haughty chief had led
Brave Turnus' ſiſter to his bridal bed:
Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,
He ſtalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud:
What ſhame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-vanquiſh'd train,
To lie beleaguer'd in your walls again!
All pale and trembling, in yon tow'rs to wait!
That riſe, ye cowards, between you and fate!
Brave chiefs! bold heroes theſe!—who come ſo far
To gain their brides by violence and war!
From Troy what god, what madneſs call'd you o'er,
To fall and periſh on a foreign ſhore?
Far other foes than Atreus' ſons appear;
No crafty talking Ithacus is here.
We plunge our infants in the hard'ning ſtreams,
And ſeaſon in the froſt their tender limbs.
Our boys the foreſt range, and lead the courſe,
Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing horſe.
Long thirſt, long hunger, our bold youths can bear,
Plough, fight, or ſhake embattled towns with war.
We live in ſteel; in arms our hinds appear;
And the turn'd jav'lin goads the lab'ring ſteer.
Nor flags our gen'rous warmth, by years declin'd;
Still flames the noble ardour of the mind.
Ev'n the grave ſire with martial vigour glows,
And cruſhes with the caſque his hoary brows.
All, all engag'd alike in warlike toils,
Subſiſt on rapine, and divide the ſpoils.
While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy,
Your hours in pleaſures, and the dance employ:
Warm purple robes defend (ye daſtard bands!)
Your heartleſs breaſts and unperforming hands.
Your female ſouls the manly form diſgrace—
Hence then, ye women, to your native place—
Hence—to your Phrygian Dindymus away!—
With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play!
Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—
But leave to men the buſ'neſs of the war.

Thus while he ſpoke in ſcornful ſtrains, no more
The young Aſcanius the proud boaſter bore.
He fits an arrow to the well-ſtrung bow;
But firſt to Jove addreſs'd his ſolemn vow:
My bold attempt, almighty fire, ſucceed;
A milk-white heifer at thy ſhrine ſhall bleed;
Majeſtic ſhall he ſtalk, and paw the ground,
Puſh with his gilded horns, and ſpurn the ſands around.
He ſaid—and, to the left, the fire on high
Roll'd the big thunder through an azure ſky.
At once his twanging bow Aſcanius drew,
And, hiſſing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;
Nor flew the winged wrathful ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his head, and ſtung him to the brain.
Go—and once more a valiant race defy!
Thus the twice-vanquiſh'd Phrygians, thus reply.
No more he ſaid;—loud ſhouts and clamours riſe;
And tranſport lifts the Trojans to the ſkies.
High on a cloud, enthron'd in open air,
Apollo ſat, and thence ſurvey'd the war.
Then to the conqu'ring royal boy he cries;
Riſe, glorious youths; in valour ever riſe;
Riſe thus in time to heav'n's ſupreme abodes,
The ſon, and father, of a race of gods!
Who, great in arms, victorious by their ſwords,
Shall rule mankind, the world's majeſtic lords!
Go—mount from fame to fame, auſpicious boy;
Proceed, and ſcorn the narrow bounds of Troy!
He ſaid; then down th' ethereal road he flies
With rapid ſpeed, and cleaves the liquid ſkies;
Aſſumes old Butes' figure and attire,
Anchiſes' long-try'd friend, and faithful 'ſquire
In fields of old; and now the chief of Troy
Had truſted to his care the royal boy.
Like this ſage guardian to the youth he came;
His voice, his viſage, and his arms the ſame.
Then to the victor boy aloud he cries;
Enough, young warrior—Let it now ſuffice
That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies:
Apollo, pleas'd thy firſt attempts to crown,
Gives to thy bow the glories of his own:
Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,
Too daring youth—he ſaid; and paſt in air,
Paſt in a moment from his wond'ring eye;
And the looſe ſhape diſſolv'd into the ſky.
The ſounding ſhafts the leaders heard, o'eraw'd
With the loud quiver, and confeſt the god;
Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,
Since great Apollo's voice forbade the war.
While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die;
Stones, ſpears, and jav'lins, from the works they flung;
From tow'r to tow'r the ſhouts and clamours rung;
Helms claſh with helms, the rattling ſhields reſound;
Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground;
While loud the battle roars, and thunders all around:
Thick, as from weſtern clouds, all charg'd with rain,
Pours the black ſtorm, and ſmokes along the plain;
Thick as the gather'd hail, tempeſtuous, flies
O'er the wide main, and rattles down the ſkies,

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When all the frowning heav'ns are blacken'd o'er;
When Jove discharges all his wrathful store,
And, deep from every cloud, the bursting thunders roar!
Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal stood,
Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood;
From great Alcanor and Hiera sprung,
The champions rose conspicuous o'er the throng.
The mighty champions of prodigious frame,
Tow'rd like the groves and mountains whence they came.
Their prince, when parting from the Tuscan state,
Appointed these, the guardians of the gate.
Proud of their strength, the daring heroes throw
Th' enormous folds wide open to the foe.
Within, all bright in arms, on either hand
Before the tow'rs the haughty warriors stand:
On their bright helms sat horror plum'd; on high
Their nodding crests float dreadful in the sky.
So where the fields fair Athesis divides,
Or Po tumultuous rolls his swelling tides,
With heads unshorn, two mighty oaks appear,
Wave to the winds, and nod sublime in air!
Soon as the foes an open entrance spy,
The war breaks in; but soon their leaders fly,
Repell'd by hosts; or in the portal die.
Quercens, Equicolus, all bright in steel,
Hæmon and daring Tmarus, fled, or fell.
To dire extremes the rising rage proceeds;
The slaughter swells, and the fierce battle bleeds.
No more imprison'd in their walls they wait;
All Troy at once came pouring to the gate:
Now, flush'd with blood, in bold excursion far
Rush the stern bands, and mix in closer war.
But in a distant quarter long engag'd
Amidst the foes the Daunian hero rag'd:
When to the prince a messenger relates,
That Troy had open'd wide her massy gates;
And heaps on heaps the late imprison'd train
Broke forth, and stretch'd the slaughter o'er the plain.
This heard, with fury sparkling in his eyes,
Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.
First, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead,
Sarpedon's offspring by a Theban bed;
The whizzing lance with all his force address'd,
Transfix'd the foe, and panted in his breast:
Warm'd in the lungs the heaving jav'lin stood:
Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood.
Now Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell;
Then sunk Aphydnus to the shades of hell.
Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,
Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies:
No vulgar lance the valiant victor tost
(In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was lost);
A strong, vast, weighty spear, the hero threw,
A spear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.
Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,
Nor double pond'rous plates, and scales of gold,
Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could stay;
But stretch'd in dust the giant warrior lay:
As the huge champion falls, the fields resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
So from the Baian mole, whose structures rise
High o'er the flood, a massy fragment flies;
The rapid rolling pile all-headlong sweeps,
With one vast length of ruin, to the deeps;
Thick boil the billows; and on ev'ry side,
Work the dark sands, and blacken all the tide:
The trembling shores of Prochyta resound,
And burning Arime shakes wide around;
The mass, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus spread;
The giant hears the peal; and, seiz'd with dread,
Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed.
Now Mars himself inspires the Latian band,
Warms ev'ry heart, and strengthens ev'ry hand;
And, while he turns their trembling foes to fight,
The kindling legions gather to the fight:
Danger nor death their furious course controls,
And all the god came rushing on their souls!
His brother slain when Pandarus beheld,
And saw the changing fortune of the field,
He sets his ample shoulders to the weight,
And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate;
But left, unmindful, as the folds he clos'd,
A crowd of friends to certain death expos'd;
And, with himself, includes the trembling train
Of troops, who rush'd tumultuous from the plain.
Fool! not to see the dreadful Turnus there,
Mix'd with the crowds amidst the flying war;
But in the walls the furious chief to hold,
Like some fierce tyger 'midst the trembling fold:
Loud clash his arms; and, as he tow'rs on high,
Flash the keen flames from his tremendous eye;
Nods his proud crest, and formidably plays;
And from his shield the streamy lightning blaze.
Too soon, with dire surprise, the Trojans know
The dreadful front of their victorious foe.
Strait fir'd with vengeance for his brother slain,
Springs forth fierce Pandarus, and thus began:
Behold the Trojan camp, a fatal scene!
No bridal palace of the Latian queen,
No native Ardea, prince, you here descry,
But hostile walls; and 'tis in vain to fly.
In that vast bulk if any soul reside,
Come, try thy might (the prince sedate reply'd;)
Go, and old Priam's trembling spirit tell,
A new Achilles plung'd thy soul to hell.
Then, first, his knotted spear the Trojan threw;
Rough with the bark the pond'rous weapon flew;
But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,
And in the portal fixt the quiv'ring lance.
But hope not thou to 'scape this sword of mine,
Aim'd by a surer, stronger hand than thine,
The hero cry'd—Then flies against the foe
With the bright blade; and rises to the blow.
Sudden the sword tempestuous cleaves in twain
His cheeks, and sinks deep-bury'd in the brain.
Distain'd with blood, his clashing arms resound,
And, as he fell, he shook the purpled ground:
There, as the mighty bulk lay stretch'd along,
In equal shares the parted visage hung.
Pale with new horror at the dreadful sight,
On ev'ry side the Trojans urge their flight.
Then had the victor broke the barriers down,
And call'd his social troops to storm the town,
That day had seen their warlike labours o'er;
And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.
But the mad chief with boundless slaughter glows,
And rage insatiate drives him on the foes.

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Firſt, valiant Phalaris; next Gyges fell;
Deep through his knee he drove the pointed ſteel.
Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
And in their backs tranſfix'd the flying crew.
New ſtrength, new courage, Juno ſtill ſupply'd:
And now brave Halys and great Phegeus dy'd:
Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fall,
With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,
High on the works engag'd in other fight—
Next flew his flaming faulchion to the right,
And ſtruck bold Lynceus as he call'd around
For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.
At one juſt ſtroke his head and helmet fly
Before the ſword, and far at diſtance lie.
Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,
Whoſe fatal arrow pierc'd the ſavage game;
Who dipp'd the envenom'd ſteel with matchleſs art,
And double arm'd with death the pointed dart.
Next Clytius fell, though ſprung of race divine;
Soft Cretheus laſt, the darling of the nine;
Well was he ſkill'd, in ſacred ſtrains to ſing,
Tune the ſweet lyre, and ſweep the trembling
Arms, and the toils of heroes, to recite, [ſtring;
The plunging furious ſteeds, and thunder of the fight. [band,

Now heard the chiefs, who led the Trojan
What numbers fell by Turnus' conq'ring hand;
Fierce they advance; when ſoon appear in fight,
The ſlaught'ring hero, and their troops in flight.
And where? (great Mneſtheus rais'd his voice on high)
Where, to what other ramparts would you fly;
Shall one, and he enclos'd within your wall,
One raſh, impriſon'd warrior vanquiſh all?
With rage reſiſtleſs, half an hoſt deſtroy;
And open ev'ry bleeding vein of Troy?
Calm you look on, and ſee the furious foe
Plunge crowds of heroes to the ſhades below;
Still ſhall your king, ye baſe abandon'd train,
Your country, and your gods, demand your aid in vain?

Rous'd by theſe words, they rally from afar,
Breathing revenge, and gath'ring to the war:
The Daunian chief ſhrinks backward from the foes,
Where round the works the mighty river flows:
The Trojans ſhout; and, with new tranſport fir'd,
Ruſh on embody'd, as the prince retir'd.
As when with tilted ſpears the clam'rous train
Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
The lordly ſavage from the ſhouting foe
Retires, majeſtically ſtern, and ſlow.
Though ſingly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repel, or ſtand their whole collected war;
Grim he looks back; he rolls his glaring eye;
Deſpairs to conquer; and diſdains to fly.
So Turnus paus'd; and by degrees retir'd;
While ſhame, diſdain, and rage, the hero fir'd.
Yet twice, ev'n then, he flew amid the train,
And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.
But now from all the camp their forces ran
Full on the chief; an army on a man!
Nor longer heav'n's great empreſs from on high
Dares with new ſtrength th' exhauſted prince ſupply:
For winged Iris from the realms above [ſupply:
Brought the ſevere decree of angry Jove,
That bad, with threats, th' imperial queen recal
Her favour'd hero from the Trojan wall.

Now his tir'd arm refus'd the ſword to wield;
Now flew the darts, and planted all his ſhield.
The ſtones now rattle; now the jav'lins ſing,
Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.
A thouſand weapons round his temples lay,
And ſtrike the honours of his creſt away.
Thick and more thick the foes their lances ſped,
With mighty Mneſtheus thund'ring at their head.
Pale, breathleſs, faint, and black with duſt, in ſtreams
The ſweat deſcends from all his trembling limbs.
Arm'd as he was (thus preſs'd on ev'ry ſide),
He plung'd at laſt, undaunted, in the tide.
The ſacred river, for the welcome load,
Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the flood:
The hero to his hoſts the ſurges bear,
Cleans'd from the horrid ſtains of ſlaughter, blood, and war.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of Æneas there is a bloody battle. Turnus kills Pallas; Æneas, Lauſus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is deſcribed as an atheiſt; Lauſus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of theſe two are the ſubject of a noble epiſode.

Now wide unfold th' eternal gates of Jove:
Th' ethereal king convenes the pow'rs above.
Beneath his eye, both hoſts, in full ſurvey,
The ſpacious world, and vaſt creation lay;
There in the ſtarry courts, enthron'd on high,
Sate the majeſtic ſenate of the ſky,
Rank'd by degrees, along the bright abodes;
To whom the king of men, and father of the gods;
What diſcord fires your minds, celeſtial train?
Why was our ſacred mandate urg'd in vain?
Did not your ſov'reign lord his will declare,
That Troy and Latium ſhould not wage the war?
Why are we diſobey'd? What vain alarms
Inflame their ſouls to ſlaughter, blood, and arms?
The deſtin'd time will wing its fatal way,
(Nor need your rage anticipate the day)

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When Carthage, with her proud victorious pow'rs,
Shall burſt, like thunder, o'er the Roman tow'rs,
Break the ſtrong Alpine adamantine chains,
Pour down the hills, and deluge all the plains.
Then, with full licence, your unbounded hate
And ſtern revenge may cruſh the Trojan ſtate.
Till then, ye pow'rs, from wrath and diſcord ceaſe,
And let the nations join in leagues of peace,
Thus, from the throne, in ſhort, almighty Jove;
And thus, at large, the beauteous queen of love:
O fire of men below, and gods on high!
(For to what other power can Venus fly?)
Doſt thou not ſee yon fierce Rutulian train?
With what ſucceſs proud Turnus ſweeps the plain!
Rapt by his ſteeds, triumphant on his car,
The dreadful hero rules the ſtorm of war.
Not walls can guard my Trojans now from fate;
For, lo! grim ſlaughter rages in the gate!
With hoſtile bands the walls are cover'd o'er,
And the deep trenches float with tides of gore!
My ſon is abſent, while his ſubjects bleed;
But muſt we never from a ſiege be freed?
For, lo, great fire! a ſecond army falls,
On riſing Troy, and thunders at her walls.
In Latian fields againſt the Dardan train,
Behold the ſtern Tydides riſe again!
Sprung though I am from thee, prepar'd I ſtand
To bleed once more—and by a mortal hand!
Yet, if againſt thy will the Phrygian hoſt
Have left their Troy, and ſought the Latian coaſt,
Withdraw thy potent aid, O ſov'reign god!
And bid the guilty nation mourn in blood!
But ſince ſo many ſigns their courſe compel,
The voice of heav'n, and oracles of hell;
Why dares another pow'r thy will debate,
Or thwart th' unalterable courſe of fate?
Her boundleſs vengeance why ſhould I repeat?
How on Sicilian ſhores ſhe fir'd the fleet?
How ſhe diſpatch'd to yonder world below,
With that dire charge, the goddeſs of the bow?
How the grim tyrant of th' Æolian reign
Let looſe th' impriſon'd whirlwinds o'er the main?
Hell and th' infernal pow'rs were yet untry'd;
All hell now arms; and riſes on her ſide.
The fiends, the furies range the realms above,
And act well worthy of the queen of Jove!
Through all the Latian towns Alecto flies,
And her black viſage blaſts the golden ſkies!
No hopes of empire now my thoughts employ
(Theſe were my hopes, when fortune ſmil'd on Troy.)
Let Troy and Latium fight on yonder plains,
And fall or conquer as thy will ordains:
Since to the Phrygian race your haughty ſpouſe
No ſpot, no corner, of the world allows.
Yet I implore thy grace, almighty ſire,
By ruin'd Troy, yet ſmoking from the fire!
Give me, at leaſt, the royal youth to bear
(My dear Aſcanius) from the rage of war!
(And let the father, where your vengeful bride
Or fortune points, ſtill wander o'er the tide!)
Th' Idalian realm and Amathus are mine;
Cythera fair, and Paphos the divine;
There he may live defended from the foes,
Loſt to the charms of fame, in ſoft repoſe.
Then to Auſonia let proud Carthage come,
And hold that empire once decreed to Rome,
O'er the wide world extend her boundleſs pow'r;
Our hopes, and Jove's own promiſes, no more!
What now avails it, that my godlike heir
Broke through the hoſtile fires, and 'ſcap'd the war;
Led my poor exiles to the Latian plain,
And rais'd a city, doom'd to fall again;
What has it now avail'd him, to withſtand
Th' exhauſted dangers both of ſea and land;
His lot were happier had he ſcorn'd a crown,
And ſlumber'd o'er his ruin'd native town.
O! give their Xanthus to the wretched train,
Give them their Simois, with their wars again!
Let Greece in arms her vengeful hoſts employ
Ten long years more, and ſtorm a ſecond Troy!
To whom, with fury ſparkling in her eyes,
Reply'd the haughty empreſs of the ſkies:
And why, ſay, why, O goddeſs? am I preſt
To wake the wrath, that ſlumber'd in my breaſt?
What god, or mortal, bad your ſon declare,
Againſt the Latian lord, ſo raſh a war?
Suppoſe, fate call'd him to the Latian plains,
Or (far more likely mad Caſſandra's ſtrains!)
Say, did we bid him leave his town behind,
And truſt the mercy of the ſea and wind?
Commit the war, and his forſaken Troy,
To ſuch a head, an unexperienc'd boy?
To court the Tuſcan, and with vain alarms
To rouſe whole nations from repoſe to arms?
What god, or what perverſe intent of ours
Mov'd the wiſe prince to leave his riſing tow'rs?
Say, does the goddeſs of the bow appear,
Or the keen ſpite of vengeful Juno, here!
'Tis hard, you urge, the Latians ſhould conſpire
To wrap th' unfiniſh'd walls of Troy in fire;
That Turnus lives, and holds his native place
(And yet he ſprung from our immortal race);
Was it leſs hard, that Troy embattled came,
To waſte the Latian lands with ſword and flame?
O'er foreign realms to propagate her ſway,
Join fraud to force, and bear their ſpoils away?
From their own lords the plighted brides to tear?
To proffer peace, and yet to wage the war?
You, from the foe, your darling ſon could ſhroud,
And, for a man preſent a figur'd cloud.
You from your navy could the fires reſtrain,
And change your ſhips to Nereids of the main.
Yet in her friends defence is Juno ſeen?
'Tis a high crime in Jove's imperial queen!
Your ſon, belike, is abſent, while the foe
Invades his tow'rs;—and let him ſtill be ſo!—
Cythera's iſle, and Amathus, are yours;
The Paphian realms, and ſoft Idalian ſhores.
Why ſhouldſt thou then to fights a race incline,
Long ſince inur'd to rougher wars than thine?
Did we conſpire your empire to deſtroy?
Did we urge vengeful Greece to ruin Troy?
We?—or your Paris? your adult'rous boy?
Who did that black deſtructive crime inſpire?
Who fann'd the flame, that ſet two worlds on fire?
Did the lewd youth, at Juno's call, convey,
From injur'd Sparta's walls, his beauteous prey?
Did we procure? did we retain the fair?
And, for his luſt, ſupport a ten years war?
Then, partial goddeſs, then had been your time,
To fear for Troy, on that perfidious crime;

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But now, too late, unjuſtly you complain,
Now vent your anger, and your grief, in vain.
Thus ſpoke the wrathful queen; the gods divide,
And in mixt murmurs vote on either ſide:
So, pent in woods, at firſt with ſullen ſound
The wind low murm'ring rolls the foreſt round;
A dreadful ſignal to the naval train,
Of the loud ſtorms impending o'er the main.
Then ſpoke th' almighty father, as he ſate
Enthron'd in gold, and clos'd the great debate.
(Th' attentive winds a ſolemn ſilence keep;
The wond'ring waves lie level on the deep;
Earth to her centre ſhook; high heav'n was aw'd; [the god.)
And all th' immortal thrones ſtood trembling at
Hear then our ſacred will, ye pow'rs above;
And mark th' unalterable word of Jove.
Since you refuſe to bid your diſcord ceaſe,
And join the nations in the bonds of peace;
Whatever ſchemes or hopes the parties frame,
Latium and Troy to Jove are both the ſame;
Whether in yon fierce leaguer 'tis decreed
That hapleſs Ilion, or Heſperia bleed.
The ſtern Rutulians to their toils ſhall know,
And ev'ry hand ſhall work its weal or woe.
Your king, inclin'd to neither ſide, ſhall wait
The great event, and leave the whole to fate.
This by his brother's awful floods he ſwore,
That through the black infernal regions roar;
Gave the dreadful ſignal of the ſolemn nod,
With his bent brows; the ſanction of the god!
From ſky to ſky the ſtrong concuſſion rolls;
And all Olympus trembled to the poles.
Thus did the fire the high contention cloſe;
Then from the throne majeſtically roſe;
With him at once the ſacred ſenate riſe,
And to his palace wait the ſov'reign of the ſkies.
Meanwhile, at ev'ry gate, the Latian pow'rs
Crowd to deſtroy their foes, and fire the tow'rs.
By hoſts ſurrounded, in deſpair to fly,
Cloſe in their trench, the helpleſs Trojans lie.
Yet ſome undaunted on the ramparts ſtand,
And guard the works; a brave but ſlender band.
There, ſprung from Imbraſus, bold Aſius ſhone:
Thymoetes next, fam'd Hicetaon's ſon.
The dread Aſſaraci their ſuccour bring;
With them, two brothers of the Lycian king.
Thybris and Caſtor next, a martial pair,
Full in the front repel the riſing war,
Theſe Acmon join'd, from fair Lyrneſſus' ſhore;
With all his ſtrength a broken rock he bore:
He match'd his brother Mneſtheus' wond'drous might,
And his father great Clytius in the fight.
Some, pond'rous ſtones, ſome pointed jav'lins aim,
And gaul the foe with ſhafts, or miſſive flame.
Amid the train, bright Venus' darling care,
Aſcanius ſhone; his beauteous head was bare;
A golden chain conſtrains his locks, that deck,
In gloſſy ſable curls, his lovely neck:
So ſhines a gem, illuſtrious to behold,
On ſome fair virgin's neck enchas'd with gold:
So the ſurrounding ebon's darker hue
Improves the poliſh'd ivory to the view.
Thee too, ſtern Iſmarus, O chief divine!
A great deſcendent of the Lydian line,
(Born where the peaſants turn the coſtly mould,
Enrich'd by bright Paſtolus' tides of gold)
The hoſts admir'd; while fierce thy twanging bow
Diſcharg'd thy poiſon'd arrows at the foe.
Brave Capys next ſucceeds, a chief of fame,
From whom proud Capua ſince deriv'd her name.
Great Mneſtheus clos'd the band, of high renown,
Since late he caſt bold Turnus from the town.
Theſe all the rigid toils of fight ſuſtain;
Meantime, by night, their gen'ral ploughs the main.
For when th' prince had left th' Arcadian coaſt,
And ſought the leader of the Lydian hoſt;
With pray'rs declar'd his bus'neſs, race, and name,
And with what force their vengeful tyrant came;
How the Rutulian rag'd; what turns of fate
And chance of war attend the mortal ſtate;
Strait with the league propos'd, the chief complies,
And joins his forces to his new allies.
Now, uncontrol'd by fate, the martial train,
Led by a foreign hero, cleave the main:
In pomp, before, Æneas' gally paſt;
His lofty ſtern the Phrygian lions grac'd;
There, baniſh'd Troy's delight, her ſculptur'd Ide,
Hangs o'er the foamy ſurge, and ſhades the tide.
Here ſate the chief with various thoughts oppreſt,
The fate of war revolving in his breaſt;
Cloſe by his ſide th' Arcadian prince inquires
Of the ſwift motions of the heavenly fires;
What ſeas he meaſur'd; and what lands he ſought;
What ſtorms he ſuffer'd, and what fields he fought.
Ye muſes! now unlock your ſacred ſpring,
Inſpire the bard, and teach him how to ſing,
What ſhips, what heroes, what auxiliar hoſts,
Sail'd with Æneas from the Tuſcan coaſts.
The Tiger firſt the foamy flood divides,
And bears a thouſand warriors through the tides,
Who came beneath great Maſſicus' command,
From Coſa's turrets, and the Cluſian land.
Cloſe to their ſides their poliſh'd quivers ſate;
Strung were their bows; their arrows wing'd with fate.
Six hundred move beneath fierce Abas' care,
From Populonia to the field of war.
Rich in her endleſs beds of ſteely ore,
The rugged Ilva ſends three hundred more:
All, train'd to fight; all, glorious to behold;
And, on the ſtern, Apollo flam'd in gold.
With groves of waving ſpears, in thick array,
From Piſa's walls a thouſand took their way;
They march embattled from the Tuſcan land,
And great Aſylas leads the martial band;
Aſylas, ſkilful ſage! whoſe piercing eyes
Diſcern'd all ſigns on earth, or in the ſkies.
His heart from entrails certain omens drew,
From ſtars and birds, and lightnings as they flew.
Next beauteous Aſtur plough'd the wat'ry field,
Proud of his bounding ſteed and ſculptur'd ſhield;
From where old Pyrgus' lofty turrets riſe,
And rank Graviſcan marſhes taint the ſkies,
Where Cære groan'd beneath Mezentius' reign,
And gurgling Minio glitters o'er the plain;
Three hundred march beneath the leader's care,
Breathing revenge, and eager all for war.
Nor thou unſung, brave Cinyras, ſhall paſs,
The martial chief of the Ligurian race;

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Nor thou, Cupavo, under whoſe command,
Advanc'd to fight a ſmall, but valiant band.
White plumes adorn thy creſt, and wave above,
Expreſſive of thy ſire *, transform'd by love.
While for his Phæton his ſorrows flow,
And ſoft harmonious ſtrains beguile his woe;
While in the duſky poplar grove he made
His melting moans, beneath the ſiſters ſhade,
O'er all the man the ſnowy feathers riſe,
And in a tuneful ſwan he mounts the ſkies.
Now his great offſpring with his ſocial train,
In the huge Centaur plough'd the roaring main.
High on the prow the figur'd monſter ſtood,
And ſhook a rocky fragment o'er the flood,
The ſounding keel the thronging waves disjoin'd,
That foam, and whiten, in long tracks behind.
Next warlike Ocnus brought his troops along,
From preſcient Manto and great Tyber ſprung;
By him, fair Mantua roſe, immortal town!
And from his mother's name deriv'd her own.
Her mighty walls, illuſtrious founders grace,
Of diff'rent countries, and a diff'rent race.
Three tribes diſtinct poſſeſs her fertile lands,
And four fair cities every tribe commands.
Proud of her Tuſcan line, with glory crown'd,
She reigns the miſtreſs of the nations round.
Next, gen'rous hate to ſtern Mezentius draws
Five hundred more, in freedom's ſacred cauſe.
Where, crown'd with reeds, the Mincio takes his courſe
From old Benacus' venerable ſource,
In one vaſt ſhip he pours the warlike train,
Down through his native channel to the main.
Fierce for revenge, the great Auletes guides
Th' enormous bulk, that labours through the tides.
An hundred pines the boiling ocean ſweep,
Plough the white waves, and laſh the bellowing deep.
A mighty Triton, figur'd on the prow,
With his loud trump alarms the ſea below.
Down to his waiſt the human form deſcends,
But in a whale th' amphibious monſter ends.
Swift as he ſwims, the waters fly before; roar.
And, daſh'd beneath the god, the frothy ſurges
So many chiefs in thirty veſſels ride
To Troy's defence, and cleave the ſparkling tide.
Now radiant Cynthia, through th' ethereal height,
Rode in the ſolemn chariot of the night.
Fixt at the ſtern, the helm Æneas plies;
No creeping ſlumber ſeals his careful eyes.
Amid the ſeas, he meets the wond'rous train
Of ſhips transform'd to Nereids of the main;
As many goddeſſes, as ſtood before,
With brazen beaks, tall veſſels on the ſhore.
They know the chief from far, and in a ring
The dancing Nymphs encloſe their wond'ring king.
The firſt whoſe eloquence excell'd the reſt,
Above the waves advanc'd her ivory breaſt;
Held with one hand the ſtern, while one divides,
With many an eaſy ſtroke, the ſilent tides:
And doſt thou wake, great offſpring of the ſkies?
Wake ſtill, and open ev'ry ſail (ſhe cries):
Thy ſhips are we that once on Ida ſtood,
Now chang'd by heav'n to Nereids of the flood.
When the perfidious proud Rutulian came
With the dread ſword, and the devouring flame,
We burſt our anchors, by the foe compell'd,
And ſought our maſter o'er the wat'ry field.
Theſe forms the mother of the ſkies beſtow'd,
And made each ſhip a goddeſs of the flood:
Low in the ſacred ſeas our court we keep.
And dwell beneath the roarings of the deep,
Shut in the town, remains thy royal heir,
Midſt all the terrors of the Latian war.
The brave Arcadian horſe, and Tuſcan hoſt,
Have reach'd the land, and ſeiz'd th' appointed poſt.
The Daunian chief has ſent a ſquadron down
To ſtop their deſtin'd progreſs to the town.
Riſe, hero! riſe; and, with the dawning light,
Lead all th' impatient warriors to the fight.
With thy Vulcanian orb invade the field,
That golden, bright, impenetrable ſhield.
The morning ſon (nor think my promiſe vain!)
Shall ſee vaſt heaps of fierce Rutulians ſlain.
This ſaid; the goddeſs (for ſhe knew the way)
Puſh'd the light veſſel o'er the glaſſy ſea:
Swift as a jav'lin, or a ſtorm ſhe flew;
And, wing'd with rival ſpeed, her courſe the reſt purſue.
While at the fight the hero ſtood amaz'd,
The proſp'rous ſign his bounding ſpirits rais'd.
Then, as he fixt on heav'n his joyful eyes,
To potent Cybele the warrior cries:
Great guardian queen of Ida's hills and woods,
Supreme, majeſtic mother of the gods!
Whoſe ſtrong defence proud tow'ring cities ſhare,
While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car!
Oh! kindly ſecond this auſpicious ſign,
And grace thy Phrygians with thy aid divine.
Inſpir'd by thee, the combat I require,
My boſom kindles, and my ſoul's on fire!
He ſaid; and now the bright revolving day
Blaz'd o'er the world, and chas'd the ſhades away;
When firſt the hero bade the train prepare,
All rang'd beneath their banners, for the war;
Rouſe for the charge their courage, and excite
Their martial ardor, to provoke the fight.
As on his ſtern the godlike warrior ſtands,
And views diſtinct his camp and ſocial bands;
High in his hand the golden ſhield he rais'd:
Wide o'er the flood the ſtrong effulgence blaz'd.
Fir'd with new hopes, the joyful Trojans ſpy
The ſhining orb; their darts and jav'lins fly;
And their loud clamours tempeſt all the ſky.
Leſs loud the thick-embody'd cranes repair,
In ranks embattled, through the clouds of air;
When, at the ſignal giv'n, they leave behind,
With rapid flight, the pinions of the wind.
Amaz'd ſtood Turnus, and their Latian foes,
Nor knew from whence the ſudden tranſport roſe;
Till all th' advancing navy they ſurvey,
A floating ſcene, that cover'd half the ſea.
From great Æneas' creſt the lightnings ſtream,
And his bright helmet darts a ruddy gleam;
A length of flames the mighty ſhield diſplays,
Shoots fires on fires, and pours a boundleſs blaze.
So the dire comet, with portentous light
And baleful beams, glares dreadful in the night:
So the red dog-ſtar, when he mounts on high,
And with his fatal ſplendor fires the ſky
Scares the pale nations; for his burning breath
Darts down diſeaſe, blue peſtilence, and death.

* Cycnus,

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But ſtill, undaunted, Turnus urg'd the train,
To ſeize the ſhore, and drive them to the main.
Lo! what you long have wiſh'd, to prove your might,
The hour!---the place!---the foe!---the promis'd fight!---
Your wives, your ſons, your country calls you on,
Your great forefathers glories and your own.
Now while, with ſtidd'ring ſteps, to gain the land
The Trojans toil; deſcend we to the ſtrand;
Soon as on yonder ſhore our bands appear,
One noble ſtroke, my friends, ſhall end the war:
The brave command ſucceſs.---The hero ſaid;
Then with himſelf for one cool moment weigh'd,
To the bold taſk what choſen troops to call,
And to what bands intruſt the leaguer'd wall.
Meantime the hero lands his warlike train;
Some watch, impatient, the retreating main;
Then vault, and ſeize the half-recover'd ſhores;
Some ſlide, more vent'rous, down the bending oars.
A place at length the daring Tarchon ſpy'd,
Where in ſmooth ſwellings roll'd an eaſy tide;
There, as no waters break, no billows roar,
He fears no ſhoals, but hopes a friendly ſhore.
Thither his veſſels from the deep he drew,
And eager thus exhorts the naval crew:
Now, now my friends, exert your utmoſt force,
Ply, ply your oars, and urge the furious courſe.
Puſh, heave your deſp'rate gallies to the ſtrand;
Plough with your beaks and keels the hoſtile land.
My ſole ambition is to gain the coaſt:
And then---no matter---let the ſhip be loſt.
So ſpoke th' impatient chief; and, as he ſpoke,
They ply their oars, and riſe to ev'ry ſtroke.
Full on the land the ruſhing veſſels bore,
Till with their prows they cleave the ſandy ſhore.
Safe to the ſhelving beach the gallies run;
All 'ſcap'd the ſhock, brave Tarchon, but thy own.
Thy own amid the ſhallows ruſh'd, and there
Daſh'd on the rock, and ſloping hung in air:
Preſt by a war of waves, her ſhatter'd ſides
Burſt, and the crew plunge headlong in the tides.
They ſwim, encumber'd with their broken oars:
The floods ſupplant their feet, and bear them from the ſhores.
Meantime againſt the Trojans, on the coaſt,
Brave Turnus led his cloſe embattled hoſt.
The ſprightly trumpets ſound with martial ſtrains,
When great Æneas charg'd the Latian ſwains;
The valiant Theron ſlew, with matchleſs might,
The firſt auſpicious omen of the fight;
A giant chief; his furious courſe he held
Againſt the prince, the foremoſt of the field.
Fierce thro' his ſhield and mail (an op'ning wide!)
Flew the ſwift ſword, and pierc'd the warrior's ſide.
Then Lycas bled, and ſtain'd the thirſty ſhore,
To Phœbus ſacred from his natal hour;
Ripp'd from the womb, the infant 'ſcap'd the ſteel!
The man, unhappy! by the faulchion fell.
Gyas and Ciſſeus next the hero ſlew,
As their huge clubs whole armies overthrew.
Vain was their ſtrength, their bulk, their martial fire,
Vain their Herculean arms, and boaſted ſire,
Alcides' friend; whoſe glorious ſteps he trod,
While earth-ſupply'd new monſters for the god.
As loudly vaunting, haughty Pharos ſtood,
Fixt in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
On Cydon next, who, fir'd with lawleſs joy,
Fair Clytius courted and careſs'd the boy,
With all his force the mighty hero drove,
And ſoon had finiſh'd his prepoſt'rous love;
Soon had the youth, expiring on the ſhore,
Sunk, and indulg'd his guilty flames no more;
But Phorcus' ſons, ſeven valiant warriors, flew,
And all at once their vengeful jav'lins threw;
Some from his buckler and his helm rebound,
Some, turn'd by Venus, glance upon the ground.
Thus preſs'd, thus compaſs'd round on ev'ry ſide,
The wrathful prince to brave Achates cry'd;
Bring, bring thoſe darts (not one ſhall fly in vain)
That pierc'd the Grecians on the Trojan plain.
Then a long lance with all his might he caſt,
Through Mæon's ſhield the furious weapon paſs'd;
Through the ſtrong cuiraſs pierc'd the hiſſing dart,
Transfix'd his breaſt, and quiver'd in his heart.
The good Alcanor lends his friendly hand,
To raiſe his grov'ling brother from the ſand;
But, wing'd with death, a ſecond jav'lin flies,
Swift as the firſt, and ſings along the ſkies;
Through his extended arm the ſpear was flung;
And by the nerves the dying member hung.
His brother Numitor the weapon drew
From the pale corſe, and at the victor threw;
The whizzing dart glanc'd innocently by,
But ſlightly raz'd Achates' manly thigh.
Next Clauſus, fluſh'd with youthful ſtrength and grace,
(Clauſus, the leader of the Sabine race)
Beheld the mighty Dryops from afar,
And launch'd his pointed ſpear aloft in air,
Which pierc'd his throat; the purple hand of death
Suppreſs'd the voice, and ſtopp'd the vital breath.
Headlong he falls; he grovels on the ſhore,
And his pale mouth ejects a flood of gore.
Still ruſhing on, the chief the ſlaughter ſpread;
By various deaths three ſons of Boreas bled.
As many more, poor hapleſs youths! expire;
Their country Thrace, and Idas was their ſire.
Againſt the prince his bands Haleſus leads,
And fierce Meſſapus laſh'd his fiery ſteed.
In furious conflict mix'd, both armies ſtand
On the firſt verge, and margin of the land;
They meet, they fight; but neither gain, nor yield;
And level hung the balance of the field.
As when the winds from different quarters riſe,
Pour to the charge, and combat in the ſkies,
In due ſuſpence the ſtruggling tempeſts keep
The balanc'd clouds, and poiſe the rolling deep;
The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
Still undecided hangs th' æreal fight:
So join both armies in the dubious fray;
Theſe ſcorn'd to yield, nor thoſe can win the day;
All, man to man, exert the martial fire;
All, foot to foot, or conquer, or expire.
But, in a diff'rent quarter, where the floods
Had ſpread the ground with ſhatter'd rocks and woods,
Th' Arcadian ſquadrons from their ſteeds alight,
And wage on foot an unaccuſtom'd fight.

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Now to an open route their ranks inclin'd,
And close their foes came thund'ring from behind.
This saw their chief, brave Pallas, with despair;
He saw, and strove to stop the flying war;
And thus the troops, as headlong they retir'd,
With pray'rs he mov'd, or with reproaches fir'd:
Whither, ah, whither would you turn your flight?
By your past deeds! by ev'ry former fight!
By all your triumphs! by your sov'reign's name!
By my own hopes to match my father's fame!
Trust not your feet; your hands must hew your way
Through you black body, and that thick array.
Here, here, your country calls you all, to share
With your young chief the glories of the war.
Rush to the fight; no gods our arms oppose;
Men, like ourselves, and mortal, are our foes.
In us an equal strength and soul appears,
Our hands and spirits are as bold as theirs.
Lo! there the foes our bands imprison'd keep!
And here th' eternal barriers of the deep!
Back on the seas, ye dastards, would ye fall?
Or hide your shameful heads in yon beleaguer'd wall?
He said; and rushing on the hostile bands,
First in his way ill-fated Lagus stands;
Low as he stoop'd, a mighty stone to rear,
Full in the reins descends the pointed spear;
Then, as he disengag'd the dart with pain,
Fir'd at the sight, bold Hisbon rush'd in vain
Against the prince; the prince his bosom gor'd,
And plung'd into the lungs his thund'ring sword:
Next, lewd Anchemolus his faulchion sped,
Who dar'd to stain his stepdame's sacred bed.
You too, ye Daunian twins, unhappy pair!
Laris and Thymber! perish'd in the war:
So like your features, that your parents took
On either face, but each for each mistook.
Puzzled, yet pleas'd, they gaz'd on either child,
And fondly in the dear delusion smil'd.
Now clears brave Pallas, in the dire debate,
The nice distinction by a diff'rent fate.
Thy head, fair Thymber, flies before the sword;
Thy hand, poor Laris, fought its absent lord;
Thy dying fingers, quiv'ring on the plain,
With starts convulsive grasp the steel in vain.
The Arcadian squadrons, by their prince inRous'd by his words, by his example fir'd, [spir'd,
Disdain to fly, and arms to arms oppose;
Grief, shame, and fury, drive them on the foes.
From Teuthras and from Tyres, on his car
Pale Rhœteus shoots impetuous through the war;
While Pallas his swift dart at Ilus threw,
It pierc'd the hapless warrior as he flew.
The winged death the hapless warrior stay'd,
And for a space, poor Ilus' fate delay'd;
He tumbles from the car, distain'd with gore,
And, grim in death, lies foaming on the shore.
As, when the summer glows with fervid rays,
The shepherd sets the forest in a blaze,
The groves all kindle, while the winds conspire,
And with their breath enrage the roaring fire:
Wide and more wide the conflagration flies,
Pours o'er the fields and thunders to the skies:
On some steep mountain sits the joyful swain,
While the victorious flames devour the plain.

So pleas'd, brave Pallas sees th' Arcadian pow'rs,
All fir'd with vengeance, sweep along the shores.
Halesus flew to meet the conqu'ring foe;
Sheath'd in bright arms, he rose to ev'ry blow.
First Ladon sunk beneath his pointed steel;
Then great Demodocus and Pheres fell.
While bold Strymonius flies before the band
To seize his throat: the faulchion lops his hand:
Hurl'd from his arm, a stone descended full
On Thoas' head, and crush'd the batter'd skull.
His old prophetic sire, with tender care,
Conceal'd, and warn'd Halesus from the war.
But when in death he clos'd his aged eyes,
The fatal sisters claim'd their destin'd prize.
Now stood the warrior (for his hour drew near)
A victim sacred to th' Evandrian spear.
His jav'lin Pallas at the victor throws,
But first the youth prefers his ardent vows;
O father Tyber! give my winged dart,
To fly direct through proud Halesus' heart!
His arms and spoils thy sacred oak shall bear;
So pray'd the youth; the god allows his pray'r.
Halesus shields Imaon from the foe,
But leaves his breast all naked to the blow.
He fell; his fall alarm'd the Latian host;
They wept, and mourn'd the mighty hero lost.
But soon brave Lausus rais'd them from despair;
Lausus, who shone conspicuous in the war.
Stern Abas first he slew, of matchless might,
Who stood unmov'd, the bulwark of the fight.
Now bled the Tuscan, now th' Arcadian train,
And Troy's bold sons, who scap'd the Greeks in vain.
Fierce to the fight beneath their chiefs they came;
Their chiefs, their numbers, and their strength, the same.
The rear, close pressing to the dire alarms, [arms.
Th' encumber'd troops scarce wield their useless
Here Pallas fires his train, and Lausus there;
In all their charms the blooming youths appear.
Poor, hapless youths! alas your native plain
Must never, never bless your eyes again!
In vain would you engage! for Jove withstands;
Both, both must fall; but fall by greater hands!
Now Turnus to the aid of Lausus came,
Warn'd by his sister *, the celestial dame;
Through cleaving ranks he drives his kindling car
With furious speed, and thunders through the war.
Forbear, forbear; nor touch my due, he cries;
For Pallas, Pallas is your leader's prize.
To me, to me alone belongs the fight:
Oh! could his sire be witness to the fight!
He said; and at the word, th' obedient train
At once retir'd, and left an open plain.
The youth with wonder saw the parting band,
Heard the bold challenge, and the proud command,
With many a fiery glance he roll'd his eyes
Around his manly limbs, and ample size;
And to his haughty foe, in short replies:
Now, by thy royal spoils I will acquire
Immortal fame; or gloriously expire!
Then vaunt no more, for know, almighty Jove
Beholds the fight impartial, from above.
This said; amid the field the hero strode;
All chill'd with fear, the pale Arcadians stood.

* Juturna.

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The Daunian chief ſprung dreadful from the car,
And ruſh'd on foot, impetuous to the war;
Ruſh'd, as a lion, from the mountain's height,
On ſome ſtern bull, that meditates the fight.
But ſoon as Pallas ſaw the prince appear
Within due diſtance of the flying ſpear,
Tho' far o'er-match'd, the youth his fortune tries;
And, ere he threw the dart, invok'd the ſkies:
O great Alcides! by my father's feaſt,
Thyſelf vouchſaf'd to grace, a glorious gueſt;
Aſſiſt his ſon, and crown his bold deſign;
Let Turnus fall, and own the conqueſt mine;
And, while the victor ſpoils the bloody prize,
View the proud trophy with his cloſing eyes.
His ardent pray'r with grief Alcides hears,
And pours a flood of unavailing tears:
While in his breaſt he check'd the riſing groan,
Th' all-gracious father ſooth'd his ſorrowing ſon:
To all that breathe, is fixt th' appointed date;
Life is but ſhort, and circumſcrib'd by fate:
'Tis virtue's work, by fame to ſtretch the ſpan,
Whoſe ſcanty limit bounds the days of man.
How many ſons of gods were doom'd to fall,
Great as they were! beneath the Trojan wall?
Great as he was! among the mighty dead,
Ev'n my own ſon, the brave Sarpedon bled:
Fierce Turnus too the cruel fates attend,
And now, ev'n now, his race is at an end.
This ſaid; th' almighty ſov'reign of the ſkies
Turns from the ſcene of blood his ſacred eyes.
Now with full force his jav'lin Pallas threw
And from the ſheath the ſhining faulchion drew.
The whizzing ſpear, with erring courſe impell'd,
Flew through the ringing margin of the ſhield,
And glancing, raz'd the ſhoulder of the foe.—
Then Turnus ſhook the lance; prepar'd to throw;
He ſhook the lance; and ſee, he cry'd, if mine
Reach not the mark; a ſurer dart than thine!
He ſaid, and threw. The ſpear with forceful ſway
Broke, through the ſolid ſhield, its deſtin'd way;
Through ev'ry ſteely plate, and brazen fold,
Through ſtrong bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Through the thick cuiraſs flew the furious dart,
Tranſfix'd his breaſt, and planted in his heart.
From the wide wound in vain the lance he tore,
The purple ſoul came floating with the gore.
Down ſunk the youth; his rattling arms reſound;
He ſpurns, and grinds in blood the hoſtile ground.
Then, as he ſtrode, exulting, o'er the dead,
Thus to th' Arcadian train the victor ſaid:
Go!—be this meſſage to your maſter known;
Such as the fire deſerv'd, I ſend the ſon;
Unbrib'd, unſought his relics I beſtow,
If ſun'ral honours can relieve his woe.
Dear for the Trojans friendſhip has he paid!—
Then, with his foot he preſt the proſtrate dead;
Seiz'd his embroider'd belt, a glorious prey!
And from his boſom rent the prize away.
In this rich belt, with precious gold inlaid,
His utmoſt art Eurytion had diſplay'd.
Here, thick emboſs'd, the fifty daughters ſhed
Their conſorts blood, and ſtain'd the bridal bed:
The rais'd, bold figures, all divinely bright
Came out, and ſtood projecting to the ſight.
This ſpoil proud Turnus with triumphant eyes
Surveys, and glories in the coſtly prize.

But man, too happy in a proſp'rous ſtate,
Grows blind and heedleſs of his future fate:
The time ſhall come, when Turnus in diſmay,
Shall mourn theſe ſpoils, and this victorious day:
Shall wiſh, too late! the golden belt unfought,
And curſe the tropies he ſo dearly bought!
With groans and tears th' Arcadians, on a ſhield,
Bear back their breathleſs leader from the field.
Thus to thy father's arms doſt thou retire,
Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy ſire!
O early loſt! with ſtrength and beauty grac'd!
This thy firſt day of warfare was thy laſt:
Yet didſt thou ſcatter death through half an hoſt;
And, ere thy own, a thouſand lives were loſt.
Now by ſpectators, not the voice of fame,
To Troy's great chief theſe mournful tidings came;
That round his friends, on danger, danger grows,
Who claim his aid encompaſs'd by the foes.
With his huge weighty ſword, without delay,
Through bleeding ranks he cleaves an ample way.
Thee, Turnus, thee he ſeeks along the plain,
Proud of the ſpoils of hapleſs Pallas ſlain.
The genial feaſt, the ſon the ſire combin'd,
Leagues, friendſhip, all, came ruſhing on his mind:
Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens, bred,
Unhappy victims! deſtin'd to the dead,
He ſeiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
And ſprinkle with their blood the funeral fire.
At Magnus next his furious ſpear he caſt,
But o'er his head the quiv'ring weapon paſt:
The wretch embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art,
To bend his ſtern, inexorable heart.
By thy dead father's ſhade, thy ſuppliant ſpare!
By all the hopes of thy ſurviving heir!
Preſerve, victorious prince, this life alone,
To glad a longing father and a ſon!
High in my dome are ſilver talents roll'd,
With piles of labour'd and unlabour'd gold,
Theſe, to procure my ranſom, I reſign;
The war depends not on a life like mine!
One, one poor life, can no ſuch diff'rence yield,
Nor turn the mighty balance of the field!
Thy talents (cry'd the prince), thy treaſur'd ſtore
Keep for thy ſons; but talk of terms no more.
Your chief, when Pallas he depriv'd of breath,
Left no conditions but revenge and death.
So deems my living ſon; my ſire below;
And, from this ſword, demand the life of ev'ry foe.
This ſaid; he ſeiz'd his helm; and while he pray'd,
Deep-bury'd in his neck the flaming blade.
Apollo's prieſt, illuſtrious Æmon's ſon,
In purple robes and radiant armour ſhone.
The ſacred fillets bind his brows in vain!
Swift flies the gaudy warrior o'er the plain.
Beneath the prince the hapleſs victim dies,
And fate in endleſs ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Sereſtus ſtrips his arms; a coſtly load;
A trophy deſtin'd to the * Thracian god.
Umbro, the Marſian chief, exerts his might,
And valiant Cæculus renews the fight,
Againſt the prince he warms the troops in vain!—
He pours, he ſtorms, he thunders through the plain;
Lops warlike Anxur's arms; the hand and ſhield
Drop down, an uſeleſs burden on the field.
Before he vaunted, and he ſeem'd to riſe
In his proud thought, exalted, to the ſkies;

* Mars.

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But ah! in vain he rais'd his haughty mind
With the fond hope of years on years behind!
In arms great Tarquitus all-blazing ſtood,
Sprung from a Dryad and a Sylvan god:
Full in the hero's front he dar'd appear;
But through his ſhield and corſlet flew the ſpear.
Then as he pray'd, and begg'd his life in vain,
He lopp'd his head, that roll'd along the plain.
The trunk ſtill beating on the ground below,
Thus in proud triumph ſpoke his conqu'ring foe:
Lie mighty warrior, there! no mother's hand
Shall now inter thee in thy native land;
But hungry beaſts thy wretched corſe ſhall tear,
The fiſhes of the flood, and fowls of air.
Lycas and brave Antæus next he kill'd,
Fierce as they fought the champions of the field.
Numa, and fair Camertes, then he ſlew,
Who from bold Volſcens his proud lineage drew.
By far the wealthieſt of the Latian train;
And ſoft Amyclæ own'd his eaſy reign.
And as, of old, the huge Ægeon ſtood
Engag'd in battle with the thund'ring god;
Shook high Olympus with the dire alarms,
And wag'd the war with all his hundred arms;
Long flames from fifty mouths the fiend expires
Back to the ſkies, and anſwers fires with fires;
As many ſhining ſwords he ſhook, and held,
Oppos'd to ev'ry bolt, a pond'rous ſhield.
So, when his reeking ſwords in blood was dy'd,
Fought the brave prince, and rag'd on ev'ry ſide.
Now fierce he ruſh'd againſt Nyphæus' car,
Who ſhone conſpicuous in the ranks of war;
With wild affright the ſtartled ſteeds beheld
The tow'ring hero blazing o'er the field;
Flew back, and caſt their maſter on the plain;
Then whirl'd the bounding chariot to the main.
Liger and Lucagus next came in view:
Drawn by white courſers, through the troops they flew;
Two haughty brothers; that the courſers ſway'd;
This brandiſh'd high in air the glittering blade.
Their threats the Trojan chief diſdain'd to bear,
Ruſh'd on, and ſhook aloft the pointed ſpear.
No Phrygian fields are theſe (proud Liger ſaid),
Nor theſe the ſteeds of Argive Diomede;
You 'ſcape not this, as once Achilles' car;
Here ends thy life, and here ſhall end the war!
Thus the mad boaſter—but, devoid of fear,
The prince, in anſwer, launch'd his whizzing ſpear.
Then, while the brother, bending o'er the horſe,
With his keen jav'lin urg'd the fiery courſe,
And, with one foot protended, ruſh'd to fight,
The lance, that inſtant, wing'd its fatal flight;
Beneath the ſhining margin of the ſhield,
Swift through the groin the pointed jav'lin held.
Down ſinks the warrior with a dreadful ſound,
And, grim in death, lies grov'ling on the ground.
The conquering prince beheld him as he bled,
And thus, in ſcornful terms, beſpoke the dead:
Nor were your courſers ſlow; nor vain affright
At empty ſhadows turn'd your ſteeds to flight;
Yourſelf, brave Lucagus, forſook the car,
And, vaulting on the field, declin'd the war!
This ſaid; he ſeiz'd the courſers by the reign;
When thus the brother, caſt upon the plain,
With lifted hands implor'd the chief in vain;
Now, by thy ſelf, thy mercy I implore;
By thoſe who ſuch a godlike hero bore;
This forfeit life, divine Æneas, ſpare,
And with ſoft pity liſten to my pray'r.——
In far, far diff'rent terms you talk'd before;
Die then (replies the prince), and plead no more;
Go!—'tis a brother's part—in duty go,
And wait thy brother to the realms below!
He rais'd the ſword aloft, as thus he ſaid,
And in his boſom plung'd the pointed blade.
Thus, like a ſtorm or torrent, o'er the ground
He ruſh'd, and ſpread the ſlaughter wide around;
Till from their works, ſo long beſieg'd in vain,
Break forth Aſcanius and the Trojan train.
While thus the battle bled; imperial Jove
Addreſs'd his conſort in the realms above,
As both from heav'n ſurvey'd the deathful ſcene:
Say, ſiſter-goddeſs, and my beauteous queen,
Still, is it ſtill your thought, that Venus' care
Supports her favour'd Trojans in the war?
See! how the martial bands increaſe in might!
Strong from their wounds! and vig'rous for the fight!
Can ſuch brave heroes, who ſuch dangers prove,
Depend for ſuccour on the queen of love?
And why, my lord, ſubmiſſive, ſhe rejoin'd,
Theſe words ſevere, to rack my anxious mind?
Did ſtill your love (as ſure it ſhould) remain,
A wife and ſiſter might not plead in vain,
That from the field poor Turnus may retire,
Exempt from death, and glad his longing ſire.—
But let him die, ſince Jove has ſo decreed!—
To glut the Trojan vengeance, let him bleed!—
And yet his birth might ſome diſtinction claim,
Since from our own celeſtial line he came.
To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid.
Thus ſpoke the ſuppliant queen; and thus replies,
In brief, th' almighty ſovereign of the ſkies:
If 'tis your pray'r to ſpare his forfeit breath,
By a ſhort reſpite of approaching death;
Snatch him this inſtant from the fatal hour.
This grace we grant him;—and we grant no more.
For if you beg his deſtin'd life to ſpare;
Or turn the courſe and fortune of the war;
Vain your requeſt, and vain your hope appears—
To whom once more, the penſive queen, with tears:
And what, my lord, if you reverſe the doom?
Spare the dear youth, and ſave him from the tomb!
Ev'n from your ſoul this grace if you will give,
(Which ſcarce you promiſe) that he yet may live!
Ah! now I ſee, or in my fears portend,
The guiltleſs youth approaching to his end!
But may thoſe fears, my ſov'reign lord, be vain,
And your almighty pow'r recal his doom again!
This ſaid; with momentary ſpeed ſhe flies,
Wrapt in a winged whirlwind, down the ſkies;
In ſable ſtorms ſhe drives the clouds before;
Then to the fields of fight her courſe ſhe bore;
There, in Æneas' ſhape, a figur'd ſhade
Of light impaſſive air, the goddeſs made.
A Trojan ſpear the ſpectre ſeem'd to wield,
Wore a proud creſt and imitated ſhield!
And ſpoke with empty words, in vaunting ſtrain,
And, like the chief, came tow'ring o'er the plain.
(Such are the fleeting forms in viſions bred,
And ſuch the gliding ſpectres of the dead)

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The threat'ning phantom made his bold advance,
On Turnus call'd, and ſhook his airy lance.
The Daunian prince his ſounding jav'lin threw;
While with diſſembled fear, the phantom flew.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
Burn'd with new hopes, and thus exulting, ſaid:
Flies then Æneas, to his fears reſign'd,
And leaves a princeſs' royal bed behind?—
The land, for which he croſs'd the ſtormy wave,
This arm ſhall give—and here he finds a grave!
Then ſhook his ſword, and chas'd him through the war;
But his ſhort triumph ſoon was loſt in air!
By chance a ſhip ſtood anchor'd by the ſhore,
(Which late, from Cluſium, king Oſinius bore)
Cloſe ſhelter'd by a rock, that breaks the tides;
The planks were laid, to climb her lofty ſides.
Swift to her darkſome hold the ſhade withdrew;
As ſwift glad Turnus to the veſſel flew.
That inſtant Juno cut the cords away,
Unmoor'd the bark, and launch'd her on the ſea.
Meantime Æneas ſeeks his abſent foe,
And ſends whole ſquadrons to the ghoſts below.
No more for ſhelter now the phantom flies,
But mounts aloft, and mixes with the ſkies.
While Turnus far in open ocean ſails,
(The veſſel wafted by the riſing gales)
Many a long look, back on the battle bends,
And hears the cries of his forſaken friends:
On ſuch hard terms abhors to live, and rears
His hands and voice, in anguiſh, to the ſtars:
What are my crimes, almighty Jove, that claim
This endleſs infamy to blaſt my name?
This dreadful doom is too ſevere by far;
This load of life is more than I can bear!
Whence came I here? and whither am I borne?
How could I fly?—ah! how ſhall I return?
Oh! with what eyes can I behold again
Yon regal walls, or yon deſerted train?
How will my friends purſue my name with hate?
By me, their worthy chief, expos'd to fate!
Thoſe friends (ye gods) I left on yonder plain,
In my curs'd cauſe and quarrel, to be ſlain!
Ha!— now I ſee 'em fly, or bite the ground!—
I hear, I ſtart at ev'ry dying ſound.
What, what can now be done?—on land or ſea
What gulf will open for a wretch like me?
Ye winds, ye ſtorms, your pity I implore,
Drive, drive my bark on ſome rough rocky ſhore,
Where, nor my friends, not fame, may ever find me more!
This ſaid; the prince debates, by ſhame oppreſs'd,
Whether to plunge the faulchion in his breaſt;
Or from the veſſel leap amid the main,
Swim back and mingle in the fight again.
Thrice on each bold reſolve his ſoul was bent;
And thrice great Juno check'd the raſh intent.
The goddeſs wafts him down, ſecure from harms,
Lands, and reſtores him to his father's arms.
Mezentius now, inſpir'd by Jove's commands,
Succeeds the chief, invades the Trojan bands.
On him, and him alone the Tuſcans ran,
With all their darts; an army on a man,
But, like a rock, the dire alarms he ſtood;
A rock, whoſe ſides project into the flood;
That hears, above, the furious whirlwind blow,
And ſees the frothy billows break below;
But ſtands unmov'd, majeſtically high,
And braves the idle rage of ocean and the ſky.
Firſt Dolicaon's ſon the monarch flew;
Next on the trembling Latagus he flew;
Fierce in his hand a pond'rous ſtone he took,
And on his viſage daſh'd the broken rock;
Then drove thro' Palmus knee the pointed ſteel:
And left the warrior grov'ling where he fell.
His glitt'ring arms young Lauſus' ſhoulders ſpread,
And the plum'd helmet nodded o'er his head.
Next Evas bleeds beneath his vengeful ſpear,
With Mimas, Paris' friend and bold compeer;
Theano bore him when the queen of Troy,
Pregnant with flame, produc'd the fatal boy;
Yet in his native land was Paris ſlain!
But hapleſs Mimas on a foreign plain!
And as ſome mighty boar, who long has fed
High on the rough aërial mountain's head,
Chas'd by the hounds, ſhoots down the hanging brow
With ſpeed impetuous to the vale below;
When on the toils the furious monſter flies,
O'er his bent back the ſtarting briſtles riſe;
Stopp'd and entangled, now he foams with ire;
Now his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
The clam'rous hunters, cautious to engage,
With ſhouts and darts a diſtant combat wage;
He turns, he grinds his teeth; and, void of fear,
Shakes his huge ſides, and ſheds the ſcatter'd war.
Thus (though inflam'd with juſt revenge they ſtand)
None dare engage the monarch hand to hand;
But from afar their miſſile darts they fling,
And with loud ſhouts provoke the raging king.
Acron, of Argive race, for fame had fled
The joys of love, and left the ſpouſal bed.
In purple plumes he tow'r'd, with gaudy pride,
Grac'd with the favours of his beauteous bride.
The Tuſcan king beheld him from afar,
Scatt'ring the ranks, and glitt'ring thro' the war.
As when a lion, that, with hunger bold,
Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
Spies a tall goat, the chief of all the train,
Or beamy ſtag, high-ſtalking o'er the plain;
His horrid mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize;
The prize he rends, with a tremendous roar,
And, growling, rages in a foam of gore:
Thus, on th' embattled foes, Mezentius flew,
And Acron in the pride of beauty flew,
His guſhing blood the broken dart diſtains,
And, as he falls, he ſpurns the hoſtile plains.
Now round the king the growing ſlaughter ſpread,
Who ſcorn'd to kill Orodes as he fled;
But with preventive ſpeed, Mezentius ran,
Turn'd ſhort, and bravely fought him, man to man;
Then preſs'd him with his foot and lance; and cries;
Behold, behold, my friends, no vulgar prize!
Lo! vanquiſh'd by your king, the great Orodes dies.
A ſudden tranſport fires the martial train,
And ſhouts of triumph echo round the plain.
When thus the dying chief: inſulting foe!
Soon, like my own, ſhall thy proud head lie low.

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Vengeance is on the wing; black fate is nigh;
And here, e'en here, art thou fore-doom'd to die—
However, die thou firſt! the king reply'd
(All-grimly ſmiling with diſdainful pride);
And let your boaſted Jove for me provide.
Then from the corſe the bloody dart he drew;
The ſhades of death came hov'ring o'er his view.
Slow, in deep miſts, the heavy vapours riſe,
And in eternal ſlumber ſeal his eyes,

Now by brave Cædicus, Alcathous fell;
Hydaſpes ſunk beneath Sacrator's ſteel;
His weighty ſpear the valiant Rapo threw,
And mighty Orſes and Parthenius ſlew.
Clonius the next by Neptune's ſon was ſlain,
And Ericetes preſs'd the bloody plain:
This, on the ground, the godlike hero kill'd;
That, his mad courſer caſt upon the field.

Next, Tuſcan Valerus, as Agis ſtrode
Before the ranks, thy javelin drank his blood.
Thy faulchion, Salius, pierc'd Atranius' ſide;
The hapleſs victor by Nealces dy'd,
Skill'd or to dart the lance, or bend the bow,
And reach from far the unſuſpecting foe.

The god of war, in equal balance, held
The rage, the woes, and ſlaughters of the field.
Fix'd on the ſpot, the troops diſdain to fly;
By turns, the vanquiſh'd and the victors die.
From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd
Their eyes, and mourn the havock of mankind!
Here heav'n's imperial queen, and Venus, there,
Lean forward from the ſky to view the war;
While pale Tiſiphone, with dire alarms,
Inflames the riſing rage, and calls the hoſts to

Now his laſt ſpear aloft Mezentius held; [arms.
Haughty and high he moves, and blazes o'er the
So through mid ocean when Orion ſtrides, [field.
His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides:
So, when he graſps in his tremendous hand
Some mountain oak, and ſtalks along the land,
Above the clouds his ample ſhoulders riſe,
And his huge ſtature heaves into the ſkies!
Æneas mark'd the hero from afar,
And through the ranks ruſh'd furious to the war.
The hero ſtands collected in his might,
Defies the godlike prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he ſaw the mighty chief advance
Within due diſtance of his flying lance,
Now, now, my ſpear, and conqu'ring hand, he
(Mezentius owns no deity beſide!) [cry'd
Aſſiſt my vows; ſucceed my martial toils,
To ſtrip yon pirate of his bloody ſpoils.
Thou, Lauſus! thou, Æneas' arms ſhalt bear,
A living trophy of my deeds in war!
He ſaid, and hurld the jav'lin o'er the field,
That ſung and glanc'd obliquely from the ſhield;
But held its furious courſe, and, turning wide,
Drove deep the point in great Antores' ſide:
The great Antores (an illuſtrious name)
Evander's gueſt, from ancient Argos came;
Late in th' Arcadian court he made abode;
Alcides' former friend, and partner of the god:
But now, unhappy!—by another's wound
He bleeds, he falls, he welters on the ground;
And, while he caſt to heav'n his ſwimming eyes,
Turns his laſt thoughts on Argos, as he dies!

Next, his ſtrong lance the pious Trojan caſt;
Swift through the ſhining orb the jav'lin paſt,
Through linen plaits, a triple brazen fold,
And three bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Deep pierc'd his groin, and there its fury ſtay'd—
The ſtreaming blood the chief with joy ſurvey'd;
Then from the ſheath the ſhining faulchion drew,
And furious on the wounded monarch flew.

This ſees brave Lauſus, his illuſtrious ſon,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
And, while grief, rage, and love, his boſom fire,
Sighs, weeps, and runs, to diſengage his ſire.
Here then, if future times will credit give,
Thy praiſe, heroic youth! ſhall ever live;
Poor, pity'd youth! in life's firſt early bloom,
Snatch'd from the world, and hurry'd to the tomb!
Encumber'd by the ſpear that pierc'd the ſhield,
With tir'd, ſlow ſteps, the monarch quits the field
Forth ſprings the ſon againſt the Trojan lord,
And ruſh'd beneath the long-deſcending ſword;
Flies to prevent the meditated blow,
And guard his bleeding father from the foe.
His friends, with darts, the prince at diſtance ply,
And with their loud applauſes rend the ſky.
The hero rages, as the jav'lins play'd,
And lies collected in the buckler's ſhade.

As when the rattling hail, impetuous, pours,
And the wide field ſmokes with the ruſhing ſhow'rs,
To the ſafe ſhelving banks the ſwains repair,
Or to ſome cavern'd rock; and, ſhelter'd there,
Wait till the furious tempeſt break away;
And then renew the labours of the day.
So, ply'd by ſhow'rs of jav'lins from afar,
The chief ſuſtain'd the tempeſt of the war
On his broad ſhield; and thus the godlike man
Exhorts, and begs, and threats the youth in vain:
Whither, to death, ah! whither wouldſt thou run,
And tempt a hand far mightier than thy own?
Ah! yet, poor Lauſus! from the field remove;
You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love.

He warn'd in vain! the youth the prince defies;
Till all his dreadful wrath began to riſe;
The fates prepare their ſheers; the Dardan ord
Unſheaths, and whirls aloft the thund'ring ſword:
The thund'ring ſword, with all his force apply'd,
Furious he drove, and bury'd in his ſide.
The thrilling point, with boundleſs rage impreſs'd,
Pierc'd the light buckler, and the golden veſt,
Which his fond mother's hands embroider'd o'er;
And his fair breaſt was ſtain'd with crimſon gore:
The penſive ſpirit leaves the corſe behind,
Flies to the ſhades, and mixes with the wind.

But, when the pious godlike prince of Troy
Saw the pale viſage of the hapleſs boy
In death's laſt agonies; a groan he drew
Deep from his heart, nor cou'd he bear the view.
His ſoul now melts with ſtern Mezentius' woe,
And in the wretched ſire forgets the foe.
Then to the boy he reach'd his hand, and ſaid;
To worth like thine, what honours can be paid?
Lamented youth, too early loſt! receive
The ſole reward a gen'rous foe can give:
Lo! I reſtore thy arms, unhappy boy!
Thy ſword and buckler, late thy only joy:
Yet, Lauſus, ev'n in death, be this your pride,
That by the great Æneas' hand you dy'd.
Then round the corſe he calls his ſocial train,
And rears himſelf the warrior from the plain.

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But ah! how chang'd!—with blood disfigur'd o'er;
And his fair treſſes all-deform'd with gore!
Meantime, retir'd to Tyber's flow'ry bounds,
In the cool ſtream to bathe his glowing wounds,
The wretched father (father now no more!)
In ſullen ſorrow reſted on the ſhore;
Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguiſh ſtung,
And from a bough his brazen helmet hung.
His heavier arms lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
Round the ſad monarch wait the duteous train:
As (o'er his breaſt his hoary beard declin'd)
The chief enjoy'd the freſhneſs of the wind;
Much of his Lauſus, aſks the penſive ſire;
Sends oft in vain, and warns him to retire.
When lo! his ſoldiers bear him on a ſhield, [field.
Pale, ſtretch'd in death, and breathleſs, from the
Deep in his ſide appear'd the grizly wound;
His groaning friends attend, and mourn around.
Far off, that peal of groans the father knew,
And duſt o'er all his hoary locks he threw;
To heav'n, in agonies of anguiſh, ſpread
His hands; and, hov'ring o'er, embrac'd the dead!
And oh! can life (he cry'd) ſuch pleaſure give?
And bleeds my Lauſus, that his ſire may live?
Have I then loſt thy life, and ſav'd my own?
Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd ſon!
In my defence could ſuch a ſon expire?
A ſon like him, for ſuch a guilty ſire!
Now, now, I feel an exile's woe; the ſmart
Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart.
'Tis keen, 'tis ſharp, 'tis terrible at laſt!
Nor half the bitterneſs of life is paſt!
On thy fair fame, my ſon, I left a ſtain,
Driv'n by my people from my native reign;
To them, to thee, my murder'd child! I owe
All, all the deaths ſuch guilt ſhou'd undergo.
And yet I live, and ſee the golden light!
But ſoon will leave it, for I loath the ſight!
This ſaid; with rage and valour boiling high,
The monarch rear'd him on his halting thigh;
And though his wound retards him in his ſpeed,
He calls impatient for the warrior ſteed;
The ſteed, his pride, his ſolace and delight,
That bore him ſtill victorious from the fight.
Then, as he droop'd, and hung his penſive head,
He clapp'd the gen'rous horſe, and thus he ſaid:
Rhœbus, we long have liv'd (if length there be
In mortal life)—'tis now too long for me:
Soon ſhalt thou bear me from the bloody fray,
And bring Æneas' head and ſpoils away;
With thy lov'd lord on yon deteſted plain,
Avenge my ſon, my darling Lauſus ſlain,
And ſhare together in the dire debate,
One common conqueſt, or one common fate.
For thou wilt ſcorn, I truſt, the rule abhorr'd,
And the baſe burden, of a Phrygian lord.
This ſaid; the hero mounts the gen'rous horſe,
And to the foe directs his furious courſe.
High on his head the creſted helm he wore,
And in his hands the ſteely jav'lins bore.
His conſcious valour, his recoiling ſhame,
Grief, wrath, and fury, ſet his ſoul on flame.
Thrice on Æneas' name he calls from far,
Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war.
So may great Jove, an he, the god of light,
Inſpire thy ſoul, to ſtand the proffer'd fight!
The hero cry'd; then made his bold advance,
Fierce o'er the field, and ſhook the flaming lance.
And why, reply'd the king, this vaunting ſtrain?
The father periſh'd, when the ſon was ſlain!
Strike then, and uſe thy preſent fortune:—ſtrike—
Death, and the fabled gods, I ſcorn alike.
No more—I came to die; but firſt beſtow
This parting preſent on the murd'rous foe.
Swift as the word, the vengeful dart he ſped;
Lance after lance, in ſwift ſucceſſion, fled;
Then, in a ſpacious ring, he rode the field,
And vainly ply'd th' impenetrable ſhield;
Thrice round the chief in rapid circles flew,
And at each flight a pointed jav'lin threw.
Collected in himſelf, the hero bears,
On the broad ſhield, a riſing grove of ſpears.
But now the prince, impatient of delay,
So long to tug dart after dart away,
Preſs'd and fatigu'd with ſuch unequal fight,
(At length determin'd to diſplay his might)
Springs forth; and aims his jav'lin's furious courſe
Betwixt the temples of the fiery horſe.
Stung to the brain the horſe begins to rear,
Paw with his plunging feet, and laſh the air.
Headlong at laſt, and madding with the ſteel,
Full on the ſhoulder of his lord he fell.
The hoſts with clamours tempeſt all the ſkies.
With his drawn ſword the fierce Æneas flies:
And where is now the lofty ſtrain (he cry'd)
Of ſtern Mezentius, and the ſcornful pride?
With half-recover'd life, the king replies
(And, as he ſpeaks, ſtares wildly at the ſkies;)
Why, why, inſulting foe, this waſte of breath
To ſouls determin'd, and reſolv'd on death?
In that fond hope to battle did I fly;
And fought far leſs to conquer than to die.
My ſon when ſlaughter'd in the martial ſtrife,
Made no ſuch contract for his father's life;
A worthleſs gift to live at thy command!
Nor wou'd I take it from his murd'rer's hand!
But, if a vanquiſh'd foe this grace may crave,
Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave!
Too well my ſubjects vengeance have I known;
Then guard my corſe; and lay me by my ſon.
Grant, grant that pleaſure, e'er I yield my breath,
To ſhare his dear ſociety in death!
This ſaid; the willing warrior to the foe
Extends his throat, and courts the fatal blow.
The ſanguine ſtream his radiant armour dy'd;
The ſoul came ruſhing in the purple tide.

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BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the ſpoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and ſends home the body of Pallas with great ſolemnity. Latinus calls a council to propoſe offers of peace to Æneas, which occaſions great animoſities between Turnus and Drances. In the meantime there is a ſharp engagement of the horſe; wherein Camilla ſignalizes herſelf; is killed; and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

Now, o'er the waves, Aurora rais'd her head:
The chief (though eager to inter the dead,
And to the wretched father's arms to ſend
The relics of his dear departed friend)
Firſt to the gods diſcharg'd a victor's vows,
And bar'd an oak of all her verdant boughs.
High on a lofty point the trunk he plac'd,
Which with Mezentius' radiant arms he grac'd;
The ſhiver'd lances that the monarch bore,
The plumy creſt that dropp'd with recent gore;
The cuiraſs next; transfixt in ev'ry part
By the keen jav'lin, or the flying dart.
Then on the left, the brazen ſhield was ty'd;
And the dread ſword hung glitt'ring at the ſide.
Thus the rich ſpoils he rais'd aloft in air,
A trophy ſacred to the god of war.
Then to his arms, a glad triumphant train,
Aſſembled round their chief, the prince began:
Diſmiſs your fears; the high exploit is o'er;
The great, the ſtern Mezentius is no more!
Lo! where an omen of ſucceſs he ſtands!
The glorious trophy of your leader's hands!
When heav'n permits, our ſtandard to diſplay,
To yon proud town, intrepid, break your way;
And let your eager hopes, devoid of care,
Fore-run the happy fortunes of the war.
Now let our ſlaughter'd friends in earth be laid,
The laſt, laſt honours we can pay the dead!
On thoſe brave ſouls be fun'ral rites beſtow'd,
Who bought this country with their deareſt blood:
But firſt the cold remains of Pallas ſend
To his ſad father, our unhappy friend;
Since the dire chance of war, in early bloom,
Condemns the valiant hero to the tomb!
Then to the tent his haſty courſe he ſped,
Where old Acœtes ſits, and guards the dead.
Evander's 'ſquire of old, in fields he ſhone:
A far leſs proſp'rous comrade to the ſon!
His friends, his ſoldiers, and the menial train,
With tears bemoan the blooming hero ſlain.
With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order ſtand around.
Soon as Æneas paſt the lofty door,
With louder groans the warrior they deplore:
They beat their breaſts; tears guſh from ev'ry eye;
The rich pavilions to their ſhrieks reply.
His head now rais'd; the pious prince of Troy
Saw the pale features of the hapleſs boy;
Saw the wide wound amidſt his ivory breaſt;
And, with a flood of tears, the dead addreſs'd.

Lamented youth! could fortune then intend
To bleſs my arms, but rob me of my friend?
My friend, I hop'd, (but ah! that hope was vain)!
Wou'd ſhare the glories of my op'ning reign,
And, gay with conqueſt, glad his ſire again.
Far other promiſe to that ſire I paſt!
Nor thought thy firſt, firſt warfare was thy laſt:
Then, when he ſent me to my high command,
The good old king, at parting, graſp'd my hand,
And told, with all a friend's and father's care,
With what fierce nations we muſt wage the war.
Now for his ſon, perhaps, he loads the ſhrine,
And decks the fane of ev'ry pow'r divine;
While, with vain pomp and many an empty rite,
We bring him back his Pallas from the fight,
Pale, ſtretch'd in death; and, in his lateſt hour,
Diſclaim'd by ev'ry ruthleſs heav'nly pow'r!
Now, for theſe triumphs, muſt thy mournful eye
See the ſad fun'ral of thy ſon go by!
Such, hapleſs monarch, are the ſpoils we ſend!
Such, the vain boaſt and promiſe of thy friend!
And yet he fell, by Turnus' arms oppreſs'd,
His wounds all fair, and honeſt, on the breaſt!
Better, than to prolong by ſhame his breath!—
Then hadſt thou curs'd thy age, and wiſh'd for death!
Ah! what a chief have our confed'rate hoſt,
And what a friend haſt thou, Aſcanius, loſt!
Thus, while a ſtream of tears he ſhed in vain,
He bids them raiſe the body of the ſlain.
A thouſand warriors from the hoſt he choſe,
To wait the pomp, and ſhare the father's woes.
The due funereal honours to complete;
A ſlender ſolace for a loſs ſo great!
Soft bending twigs they weave; with care they ſpread
The ſwelling foliage o'er the verdant bed,
And decent on the bier diſpoſe the dead.
There like a flow'r he lay, with beauty crown'd,
Pluck'd by ſome lovely virgin from the ground:
The root no more the mother earth ſupplies;
Yet ſtill th' unfaded colour charms the eyes,
Two rich embroider'd robes Æneas brought,
Robes, which of old the Tyrian princeſs wrought.
One, round the body of the youth he ſpread,
His laſt, laſt gift! and one adorn'd his head,
Drawn o'er his face, that when the flames aſpire,
With the fair locks may feed the crackling fire.
Next, in a line, darts, helms, and ſteeds, appear,
Won by himſelf; the prizes of the war.

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Then with their pinion'd hands the captives came,
Unhappy youths!---devoted to the flame!
With fair inſcriptions of the foes he ſlew,
The nobleſt chiefs, his glorious trophies drew.
Supported by his friends, with woes oppreſs'd,
Acœtes rends his locks, and beats his breaſt;
This moment, pauſes; then, in ſorrow drown'd,
Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.
All cover'd o'er with blood, ſucceeds a train
Of hoſtile cars, in honour of the ſlain.
Stripp'd of his trappings, and his head declin'd,
Æthon, his gen'rous warrior-horſe, behind,
Moves with a ſolemn, ſlow, majeſtic pace;
And the big tears run rolling down his face.
Theſe, the young hero's lance and helmet bear;
The reſt, the victor ſeiz'd, the ſpoils of war.
The Trojan, Tuſcan, and Arcadian train
Trail their inverted jav'lins on the plain.
The pomp all paſt; thus good Æneas ſaid,
With a deep groan, low bending o'er the dead;
Hail, mighty ſpirit, hail!---with dire alarms,
The Fates recal us to the rage of arms,
And to new ſcenes of woe thy friends compel:---
Farewell, brave prince, a long and laſt farewell.
This ſaid; the mournful chief, without delay,
Back to the lofty ramparts bent his way.

Now from the Latian court a train were ſped,
With wreaths of verdant olives on their head;
Who aſk a truce, to ſearch th' enſanguin'd plain,
And decent in their graves diſpoſe the ſlain:
Beg, that his wrath in conqueſt may be laid,
Nor wage a war, relentleſs, with the dead;
But ſpare their nation, late by ſocial ties,
By plighted love, and friendſhip, his allies.
The godlike hero grants their juſt requeſt;
And in theſe words his gen'rous ſoul expreſs'd:
What fate, ye Latians, urg'd your minds ſo far,
To ſhun our friendſhip, for this waſteful war?
Glad would I grant the truce, you aſk for thoſe
Who dy'd in fight, to my ſurviving foes.---
Had not the Fates aſſign'd theſe realms before,
I had not ſail'd to your Heſperian ſhore;
I wage the war but in my own defence;
Not with your people, but your perjur'd prince.
Firſt, from his league, perfidious he withdrew;
Then to proud Turnus' arms for refuge flew.
But let proud Turnus ſtand ('tis juſt and right)
The terrors of this arm in ſingle fight.
Would he repel the Trojans from the land?
Ev'n let him meet their gen'ral hand to hand!
Soon would be known, in combat when we ſtrive,
Which heav'n ordains to periſh, or ſurvive.
Go then, and burn your ſlaughter'd friends, that ſpread
The purple fields; I war not with the dead.
Struck with the gen'rous ſpeech, they ſtood amaz'd,
And on each other, fixt in wonder, gaz'd;
When Drances, ſenior of the rev'rend train,
Th' inveterate foe of Turnus, thus began:
How ſhall my tongue ſo great a prince proclaim,
Whom fame renowns; whoſe deeds tranſcend his fame!
Whoſe force and wiſdom, or in war or peace,
Thought ſcarce an equal; and no words expreſs!
Thy anſwer will we ſoon report, and bring
To thy alliance our deluded king.
And let raſh Turnus other courts implore
His ſinking cauſe and int'reſts to reſtore;
While we will lend our lab'ring hands with joy,
To raiſe this fated town, this ſecond Troy.
He ſaid; the reſt aſſent with equal praiſe,
And fix the truce for twelve ſucceeding days.
Meantime the Latins and the Trojans rove
Safe o'er the hills, and mingle in the grove.
Now the tough aſh the founding axes ply;
Th' unrooted pines turn upward to the ſky:
The wedge divides, with many a vig'rous ſtroke,
The ſcented cedar, and the pond'rous oak.
And, nodding o'er the cars, (a mighty load!)
The length'ning elms roll lumb'ring down the road.
Now fame, the meſſenger of ſorrow, bears
The death of Pallas to the father's ears;
That on triumphant wings with pride, before,
The glorious tidings of his conqueſts bore.
Strait ruſhing through the gates, the people
In ranks, a fun'ral torch in ev'ry hand. [ſtand
The mingling blaze a dreadful ſplendor yields,
Flames to the ſkies, and lightens all the fields.
The Phrygian train approach, a ſolemn ſhow!
And join the mourners in the public woe.
Loud ſhriek the matrons, as the corſe appears,
And the whole city ſeems one ſcene of tears.
But nought the wretched father can reſtrain:
He breaks, all-frantic, through the parting train;
Then on the bier his aged body threw,
And kiſs'd his ſon, as to the corſe he grew:
While from his eyes the guſhing ſorrows flow,
Fixt in a long dumb agony of woe.
A thouſand things in vain he ſtrove to ſay,
But ſcarce could theſe for anguiſh find their way:
Is this thy promiſe then, my child, with care
And cool reſerve, to mingle in the war?
Too well, alas! I knew how honour's charms
Wou'd fire thy youth to ſeek the rough alarms,
In theſe thy firſt eſſays, and rudiments of arms!
Oh! dire eſſays!---too fond was thy delight
To learn the dreadful leſſons of the fight!
Where now are all my vows (my Pallas) where?
Ah! the ſtern gods grew deaf to ev'ry pray'r!
How bleſt art thou, dear partner of my bed,
Free from this ſtroke, among the happier dead!
Thee, heav'n in mercy ſnatch'd to ſhades below!
Thee, death deliver'd from this ſcene of woe!
I, in the dregs of age, O cruel doom!
Uſurp on nature, and defraud the tomb;
Still live, and drag a load of ſorrows on!
Live---and (more terrible!) ſurvive my ſon!
Me, in the battle, if the foes had ſlain,
When, with my force, I join'd the Trojan train,
I (as I ſhould) had periſh'd; and this ſtate
On the dead father, not the ſon, ſhould wait!
Nor yet will I impute my murder'd boy
To you, O warriors! or my leagues with Troy:
'Twas not your crime, my friends, he fell ſo young;
No!---'tis the father's, who has liv'd ſo long,
With his ſlain ſon to blaſt his cloſing eye,
And wiſh, in bitterneſs of ſoul, to die.
Yet, though before his time the Fates requir'd
My dear, dear boy; he glorioufly expir'd!

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Yet to the deſtin'd ſhore his friends he led,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the dead:
Ye gods! I'm ſatisfy'd---he periſh'd well!
His father thanks you; for in fight he fell!
Nor will I add more honours to the boy,
Than thoſe deſign'd him by the prince of Troy,
Thoſe, the bold Tuſcan hoſts and heroes gave,
To wait the corſe triumphant to the grave:
With thoſe, his own bright trophies be his ſhare,
Trophies of chiefs, he vanquiſh'd in the war.
Ah! to thy years, proud Turnus, had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
Ev'n thou hadſt ſtood conſpicuous to the ſight,
The moſt diſtinguiſh'd trophy of the fight.
But why with tears ſo long have I with-held
(Wretch that I am)! the ſoldiers from the field?
Go---tell your prince, that yet I breathe below,
And bear the world, a ſpectacle of woe!
(Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy)!
'Tis, that I wait his vengeance for my boy,
His vengeance on proud Turnus' guilty head,
Due to the ſad ſurvivor and the dead.
'Tis all, himſelf, or fortune, now can give;
'Tis for that only, I endure to live.
Life has no joys for me; but I ſhould go
Pleas'd with theſe tidings to my boy below!
And now, to wretched men, the dawning ray
Reſtor'd their round of labours, and the day.
The Tuſcan chief and Trojan prince command,
To raiſe the fun'ral ſtructures on the ſtrand.
Then to the piles, as ancient rites ordain,
Their friends convey the relics of the ſlain.
From the black flames the ſullen vapours riſe,
And ſmoke in curling volumes to the ſkies.
The foot thrice compaſs the high-blazing pyres;
Thrice move the horſe, in circles, round the fires.
Their tears, as loud they howl at ev'ry round,
Dim their bright arms, and trickle to the ground.
A peal of groans ſucceeds; and heav'n rebounds
To the mixt cries, and trumpet's martial ſounds.
Some, in the flames, the wheels and bridles throw,
The ſwords and helmets of the vanquiſh'd foe.
Some, the known ſhields their brethren bore in vain,
And unſucceſsful jav'lins of the ſlain.
Now round the piles the bellowing oxen bled,
And briſtly ſwine; in honour of the dead,
The fields they drove; the fleecy flocks they ſlew,
And on the greedy flames the victims threw.
Around their friends the penſive warriors ſtand,
And watch the dying fires along the ſtrand;
Many a long look they caſt with ſtreaming eyes,
And wait till dewy night had ſpangled o'er the ſkies.
Nor with leſs toil the buſy Latian train
Erect unnumber'd ſtructures for the ſlain;
Some, to their graves, with pious care commend;
Some to their native coaſts and cities, ſend.
Some, of diſtinguiſh'd rank and high renown,
Are borne with fun'ral trophies to the town;
The reſt, unhonour'd, to the fires they yield;
The huge promiſcuous carnage of the field!
From the thick piles, the ſtreaming flames ariſe,
Blaze o'er the fields, and kindle half the ſkies.
When the third morn diſclos'd the dawning day,
They ſearch'd the heaps, and bore the bones away:
In the warm aſhes their remains they found,
Quench'd with their tears, and bury'd in the ground;
Then o'er the relics rais'd a lofty mound.
But more tumultuous ſhrieks and clamours ring
Through the wide town, and palace of the king:
Boys, mothers, wives, and ſiſters, there complain
For fathers, children, lords, and brothers, ſlain.
All with one gen'ral voice the war abhorr'd,
And the dire nuptials of the Daunian lord.
Let him, whoſe boundleſs and ambitious pride
Aſpires to gain a crown, and regal bride,
Let Turnus (they exclaim) in arms appear,
And with his ſingle ſword decide the war.
This, Drances ſtill inflames; and adds, with ſpite;
His godlike foe has dar'd him to the fight.
But Turnus to his ſide a number draws,
Who warmly plead the blooming hero's cauſe:
He ſtands ſupported by his former fame;
And the queen's favour ſhades his injur'd name.
'Midſt theſe debates the penſive envoys bring
The final anſwer of th' Ætolian king---
Nor pray'rs, nor gifts, avail; but all the coſt,
With all the fruitleſs embaſſy, was loſt.
New ſuccours muſt be ſought; or peace implor'd,
In terms ſubmiſſive, of the Trojan lord.
The Latian king, ſurrounded by his foes,
Sinks in deſpair, and bends beneath his woes.
The wrath of heav'n, the recent tombs, that ſpread
The fields o'ercharg'd and peopled with the dead,
Point out the Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate
To ſway the ſceptre of the Latian ſtate.
He calls a council; at the ſov'reign's call
The peers, aſſembled, crowd the regal hall:
There, 'midſt the rev'rend fathers of the ſtate,
With mournful looks the hoary monarch ſate;
The monarch bids th' embaſſadors report,
Diſtinct, their anſwer from th' Ætolian court.
Then, while attention held the ſolemn train,
With rev'rence due, ſage Venulus began:
Ye peers, a length of lands and perils paſt,
We ſaw the royal Diomede at laſt;
And touch'd, with wonder and reſpectful joy,
The mighty hand that rais'd imperial Troy.
There, bleſt with eaſe, the happy victor builds
A ſecond Argos in the Gargan fields.
Strait to the court admitted, we begun,
And in ſubmiſſive terms addreſs'd the throne;
Preſent our gifts, our names and land diſcloſe;
What war required his aid; and who his foes.
When, with ſoft accents and a pleaſing look,
Thus, in return, the gracious monarch ſpoke:
Ye bleſt Auſonians! bleſt, from times of old,
By righteous Saturn, with an age of gold!
What madneſs rous'd you now with vain alarms,
From long hereditary peace, to arms?
All, all our Argive kings, who dar'd employ
Their ſwords to violate the tow'rs of Troy
(Thoſe chiefs I paſs that under Ilion dy'd,
Or Simois whelm'd beneath his roaring tide)
Toſs'd round the world, in ev'ry diſtant clime,
Atone the guilt of that preſumptuous crime.
From that dire war our deſp'rate courſe we bore,
Each driv'n by tempeſts on a diff'rent ſhore.

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Such ſcenes of ſorrow not a foe could hear,
Nor Priam's ſelf relate without a tear.
This truth Minerva's vengeful ſtorm can tell,
When on Caphareus' rocks Oileus fell.
The * Spartan lord, a baniſh'd wretch, was hurl'd
To † Proteus' pillars, in a diſtant world.
Ulyſſes, on the dread Sicilian coaſt,
Saw the grim Cyclops; and his comrades loſt.
From Crete, Idomeneus, an exile, fled;
In his own realm, unhappy Pyrrhus bled.
To Libyan ſhores the Locrian ſquadrons fly;
To flaming ſuns, that ſcorch the mid-day ſky.
The § king of kings, ill-fated! loſt his life,
Stabb'd in his palace, by his traitreſs wife.
There the great victor of all Aſia bled;
The proud adult'rer mounts his throne and bed.
Then, what long woes were mine? by heav'n deny'd
To ſee my native realm, and beauteous bride?
For that bleſt fight, ſad omens ſhock my eye;
Transform'd to birds, my comrades mount the ſky.
Oh dire inflictions!—Now they wander o'er
The fiſhy floods, or ſcream along the ſhore.
From that curs'd moment all theſe woes were due,
When, fir'd with rage, againſt the gods I flew;
And, in the fight, my daring lance profan'd
(Mad as I was) immortal Venus' hand,
When Ilion fell; my vengeance then was o'er;
And with her ruins will I war no more.
My ſoul, now calm, no longer dwells with joy
On thoſe misfortunes which we brought on Troy.
Bear back the preſents, and the gifts you bring,
('Tis far, far ſafer) to the Trojan king.
For well, too well the mighty chief I know,
And met in rigid fight the godlike foe;
Dreadful in arms he tow'r'd before the hoſt;
Heav'ns! with how fierce a ſpring the lance he toſt!
How, like a whirlwind, hurl'd it o'er the field!
How high he ſhook the ſword, and rais'd the pond'rous ſhield!
Had Troy produc'd two more of equal fame,
Their conduct, courage, ſtrength, and worth, the ſame;
All Greece had trembled through her hundred ſtates;
Troy, with a tide of war, had turn'd the fates;
Pour'd o'er her plains, and thunder'd at her gates.
His conqu'ring ſword, and Hector's valiant hand,
So long of old repell'd the Grecian band:
Their ſingle valour ſav'd their native wall,
And ten whole years ſuſpended Ilion's fall.
Æneas ſhone his equal in the field;
But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, my Latian friends; but oh! forbear
To tempt ſo terrible a foe to war.—
This is the ſum, great king, of what he ſaid,
And this th' advice of royal Diomede.

Thus, of their charge, the legates made report;
Strait ran a mingled murmur through the court.
So when by rocks the torrents are withſtood,
In deep hoarſe murmurs rolls th' impriſon'd flood;
Beats on the banks; and, with a ſullen ſound,
Works, foams, and runs in circling eddies round.
Soon as the noiſe was ſilenc'd from the throne,
(Heav'n firſt invok'd) the hoary prince begun;

I wiſh, O rev'rend fathers, we had fate,
Before theſe perils, on th' endanger'd ſtate:
Far better than a council now to call,
When Troy's embody'd pow'rs ſurround our wall!
An hoſt of heroes to the fight we dare,
And wage with demigods a fatal war.
No toils their fiery ardour can reſtrain;
Though vanquiſh'd, ſtrait they fly to arms again.
Our hopes of great Tydides' aid are flown;
And now muſt centre in ourſelves alone:
Nor theſe how ſlender, need I here relate,
Since your own eyes behold our dang'rous ſtate.
Not but I grant all fought with all their power;
Arms, ſtrength, and courage, could perform no more.
In the dire war, has labour'd ev'ry hand,
With the whole force and numbers of the land,
But ſtill in vain our efforts have we try'd;
Heav'n fights for Troy, and combats on her ſide.
Then hear attentive what my thoughts ſuggeſt—
A length of lands, far-ſtretching to the weſt,
Againſt Sicania, near the Tyber, lies;
Where, high in air, the tow'ring hills ariſe.
Theſe tracts, th' Aurunctans and Rutulians plough,
And feed their flocks along the bending brow.
Theſe, with their woods, the Trojans ſhall poſſeſs,
And both the nations join in leagues of peace.
Since ſuch their wiſh, ev'n let the warlike band
Raiſe a new town, and ſettle in the land.
But would they leave our Latian ſhores again,
And for ſome other region croſs the main,
Twice ten ſtrong veſſels let us build, or more
(For thick the foreſts grow along the ſhore):
The form and number let themſelves aſſign;
The work, the rigging, and the coſt, be mine.
Yet more;—with peaceful olive in their hand,
An hundred peers and princes of the land,
To firm the ſacred league, in ſolemn ſtate,
With ample preſents on their prince ſhall wait;
Rich gifts of gold, and poliſh'd ivory bear,
The robe of purple, and the regal chair.
Ye peers! with freedom theſe high points debate;
Speak, ſpeak your minds, and ſave the ſinking ſtate.

Then Drances roſe, a proud diſtinguiſh'd name,
With envy fir'd at Turnus' ſpreading fame.
His mother's blood illuſtrious ſplendours grace,
By birth as gen'rous as his ſire was baſe.
Potent and rich, in factious counſels ſkill'd;
Bold at the board; a coward in the field;
Loud he harangu'd the court; and, as he roſe,
Theſe vile reproaches on the warrior throws:
What you propoſe, great monarch, is ſo plain
To all the ſynod, that replies are vain.
But none dares ſpeak; though all can underſtand
The ſole expedient our affairs demand.
Let him, by whoſe unhappy conduct led,
For whoſe curs'd cauſe ſo many chiefs have bled,
So many princes of our land lie low,
Till our whole city wears one face of woe,
Him, who pretends to ſtorm a hoſt, but flies,
While the proud boaſtful coward braves the ſkies;
Let Turnus (for I muſt, I will purſue
The public good, though death is in my view)
Grant that high favour to this rev'rend train,
At leaſt, of theſe our ſuff'rings to complain!

* Menelaus. † Egypt. § Agamemnon.

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) king! to thoſe rich gifts deſign'd before
'or the great Trojan, add one preſent more:
he that your duteous ſenate muſt requeſt,
nd one he values more than all the reſt.
y fear or violence no longer ſway'd
ive to ſo brave a prince th' imperial maid;
y that ſure pledge a laſting peace obtain;
r know, the peace without the pledge is vain.
ut ſhould our king ſo bold a ſtep diſclaim,
w'd by the terrors of his rival's name;
o dreadful Turnus we prefer our pray'r
or his permiſſion, to beſtow the fair,
rd to our prince and country to reſtore
heir rights, and bluſter on the throne no more.
hy, for thy pride, our lives ſhould we expoſe,
) fatal chief! the ſource of all our woes?
'is a deſtructive war; but, to be free
rom theſe long ills, we humbly ſue to thee;
o thee, for peace are all our pray'rs apply'd;
nd, the ſole pledge of peace, the royal bride.
nd firſt, myſelf, thy fancy'd foe (a name
ſcorn alike to own, or to diſclaim)
v'n I, a ſuppliant, beg thy grace to ſpare
ur bleeding country, and forſake the war.
n pity, prince, this wond'rous favour yield:
'is time, when routed, to renounce the field!
oo long have we bemoan'd our ſlaughter'd hoſts,
ur lands diſpeopled, and our waſted coaſts.
f love of glory has thy ſoul poſſeſt,
f fame inſpires, or courage warms thy breaſt;
f none can pleaſe thee, but a princeſs—go—
eet in the liſted field thy gen'rous foe.
ure! if our worthy chief a queen can gain,
or us—no matter—we may well be ſlain!
nwept, unbury'd; to the fowls reſign'd;
he world's laſt dregs; the refuſe of mankind!
e, worthleſs ſouls! were born for him alone,
nd, from our necks, he mounts into the throne!
ut go, proud warrior, if one ſpark remains
f courage in thy ſoul, and warms thy veins;
o—meet thy rival—anſwer his demand—
o—fight the Trojan hero, hand to hand.
et the vain boaſter ſoon, I truſt, will fly,
or ſtand the terrors of that deathful eye!
Theſe ſcornful words the haughty youth engage
n all the fiery violence of rage;
hen, while a groan of indignation broke
eep from his heart, the wrathful hero ſpoke:
Drances, that tongue a ſtream of words can yield;
hen, when our hands are wanted in the field,
irſt in debate! but ſure 'tis ſafer far
Vith words to flouriſh, than to wage the war;
o deal in long harangues, while walls encloſe
hee and thy fears; and guard thee from thy foes.
emov'd from danger, you can talk aloud,
nd mouth and bellow to the liſt'ning crowd.
roceed then, daſtard, in thy wonted ſtrain;
hrow forth a ſtorm of eloquence again:
Vith all thy malice, all thy art, declaim,
nd brand with cowardice my injur'd fame!
ince the full triumphs of the day are thine,
nd thy own trophies ſtand as high as mine!
ry, try, this hour, thy courage; ſee! the foes
dvance, approach us, and our walls encloſe:
o! in the battle all the troops are join'd!
Why halts the fiery Drances yet behind?
Shall all thy valour, wretch! conſiſt ſo long
In thoſe ſwift feet, and in that ſwifter tongue?
I routed, monſter! and compell'd to fly?—
Who but thyſelf could forge that ſhameleſs lie!
Say, was I routed on yon deathful plain,
When Tyber's ſtreams ran purple to the main?
Where, wretch, didſt thou ſit brooding o'er thy fear,
When Pallas bled beneath my vengeful ſpear?
When, all in heaps, his vanquiſh'd troops retir'd
Before this arm, or round their lord expir'd.
Or where?—when both the giant brethren fell;
When thouſands more my faulchion plung'd to hell
In one victorious day, though compaſs'd round
With foes, and preſs'd within the hoſtile mound?
All, all, but thou, ſtood witneſs to the fight!
Nor didſt thou dare look out upon the fight!
'Tis a deſtructive war—Go, daſtard, go,
And preach that rule you practice to the foe;
At once avow that int'reſt you embrace:
Go, and alarm our friends, our arms diſgrace;
But praiſe and honour a twice-vanquiſh'd race.
Tell, tell the crowd, how ev'ry Argive lord
And monarch trembled at the Phrygian ſword;
That Tydeus' ſon, that Peleus' baffled heir,
Retir'd from Hector, nor could ſtand his war;
That Aufidus himſelf, with ſudden dread,
When on his banks Æneas rais'd his head,
Ran back, aſtoniſh'd, to his native bed.
Such are his baſe ſuggeſtions, which appear
Falſe as himſelf; or his diſſembled fear
Of my revenge: that vanity reſign;
Such blood ſhall never ſtain a ſword like mine!
Still may thy ſoul diſmiſs that idle care,
Lurk in that abject breaſt, and tremble there!—
But to reſume, O king! our great debate
(Your dread commands) the ſolemn cares of ſtate:
Since on our arms no farther ſtreſs you lay,
But loſe at once all courage, with the day;
If, on this one defeat, our hopes are o'er;
If all our future proſpects are no more;
Gods! let us raiſe theſe coward hands, to gain
Peace, pardon, life; and court the victor's chain!
Yet, O ye princes! did the leaſt remains
Of our bold fathers courage warm our veins;
Thoſe I ſhould ever deem the truly great,
Thoſe, who in fields of battle brave their fate;
Thoſe, who, to 'ſcape that ſhame, with glory fir'd,
Bled; and, at once, triumphantly expir'd!
But ſince a yet-unbroken force we find,
Confed'rate towns, and nations ſtill behind;
Since Troy, ſo nobly by our troops withſtood,
Has bought her glory with her deareſt blood;
Since, in their turn, the tempeſt threatens all;
Since, with the vanquiſh'd, the proud victors fall;
Why, on our firſt attempt, this low deſpair?
This flight, before the trumpet calls to war?
Time oft has ſuccour'd an endanger'd ſtate
By ſome new change, and ſnatch'd her from her fate!
Some kingdoms ſtrange viciſſitudes ſuſtain;
Now cruſh'd by fortune, and now rais'd again!
What though th' Ætolian monarch has deny'd
To arm, and bring his forces to our ſide,
Yet, with Meſſapus, on our part appears
Tolumnius, ſtill ſucceſsful in the wars;

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And many a glorious chief who lead their bands,
Impatient for renown, from diſtant lands.
Beſides our Latian youth, of matchleſs might,
With glory fir'd, and eager for the fight,
The Volſcian princeſs leads her valiant train,
All ſheath'd in brazen armour, to the plain.
But ſince my foes and friends the fight demand;
The public peace no longer I withſtand:
Full well the way to victory I know;
In that high hope, I'll dare this dreaded foe,
This new Achilles to the liſted field,
In all his heav'nly arms, and huge Vulcanian ſhield!
Nor ſhall my deeds my anceſtry diſgrace,
Nor once degen'rate from my glorious race.
For you, O king! for you, my friends, for all,
Behold your ſelf-devoted Turnus fall!
Me does my rival to the fight demand?
Grant, O ye gods! the challenge ſtill may ſtand;
Nor let yon wretch, however you decide
My fate, the danger or the fame divide.
Meantime Æneas, 'midſt the high debate,
Leads on his eager troops to ſeize the gate.
The Trojan ſquadrons, and the Tuſcan train,
March from the flood, embattled, o'er the plain.
Before the godlike prince, the loud report
Flew ſwift, and ſcar'd the city and the court;
The crowds all kindle at the dire alarms,
And, fir'd with martial fury, fly to arms.
The youth ruſh forth to war; the fires complain,
And ſtrive to ſtop the growing rage in vain.
From either ſide the diff'rent murmurs riſe,
And their tumultuous clamours rend the ſkies,
So ring the foreſts with the feather'd brood,
A thouſand notes re-echoing through the wood:
So ſcream the ſwans on fair Paduſa's bounds;
And down the waters float the mingling ſounds.
Is this an hour, cool methods to deviſe,
And talk of peace? The fiery Turnus cries;
Declaim, ye daſtards, talk, ye triflers, on,
While the proud Trojan arms, and ſtorms the town!
He ſaid; and ruſh'd impetuous to the plain;
Lead, lead, brave Voluſus, our Ardean train,
And ſummon to the fight the Volſcian horſe;
Thou, thou, Meſſapus, range th' embattled horſe,
And join great Coras, and his brother's care,
Wide o'er the field to ſpread the op'ning war.
All, all be ready; with divided pow'rs
Guard you the paſſes; you defend the tow'rs.
Bend you to battle; and, in firm array,
Attend your gen'ral where he leads the way.
The troops obey; and, gath'ring at the call,
Pour in tumultuous heaps to guard the wall.
The penſive father of the Latian ſtate
(Confus'd, amaz'd) ſuſpended the debate;
And his own conduct blames, that he reſign'd
To the queen's counſel his compliant mind;
On ſuch wrong motives rais'd an impious war,
And robb'd the Trojan of the promis'd fair.
To ſink a trench before the gates, they run.
Fix the ſtrong pile, and roll the pond'rous ſtone.
Alarm'd, and ſummon'd by the trumpet's ſound,
Boys, maids, and matrons, crowd the ramparts round.
All aids theſe dire extremities demand,
Fire ev'ry heart, and ſtrengthen ev'ry hand.

Now, with the queen, the matrons in a train
Ride with large preſents to Minerva's fane:
Lavinia grac'd her ſide: the royal fair;
The guiltleſs cauſe of this deſtructive war.
To earth her ſtreaming eyes the maid inclin'd;
In ſad proceſſion move the crowd behind.
They burn rich odours at the ſacred ſhrine,
And ſeek, with ſuppliant pray'r, the pow'rs divine:
Againſt the Phrygian pirate, lend thy aid,
O queen of battles! great Tritonian maid!
Break, break his jav'lin; let him meet his fate,
And grind the duſt beneath our lofty gate!
Meanwhile, in arms the furious Turnus ſhone:
Firſt, the brave hero drew the corſlet on;
Thick ſcales of braſs the coſtly work infold;
His manly legs he cas'd in greaves of gold.
Bare was his face; and, with a martial pride,
The ſtarry ſword hung glitt'ring at his ſide.
Bold and exulting, with a dauntleſs air,
The mighty chief anticipates the war;
In his fond hopes already has he won
The field, before the battle is begun.
The golden ſplendours, dazzling to the view,
Flaſh'd from his arms, and lighten'd as he flew.
So the gay pamper'd ſteed, with looſen'd reins,
Breaks from the ſtall, and pours along the plains;
With large ſmooth ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
Bathes his bright ſides, and cools his fiery blood;
Neighs as he flies; and, toſſing high his head,
Snuffs the fair females in the diſtant mead;
At ev'ry motion, o'er his neck reclin'd,
Plays his redundant mane, and dances in the wind.
Him, at the gate, thus iſſuing to the plain,
Camilla meets with all her female train;
Leaps in a moment from her gen'rous ſteed;
The beauteous band alight with equal ſpeed:
Prince, if the bold and brave (ſhe cries) may dare
Truſt their own valour for ſucceſs in war;
Myſelf, with theſe, will ſtand the Trojan force;
Myſelf will vanquiſh all the Tuſcan horſe.
Guard thou the city; be that province thine;
But let the dangers of the field be mine.
O queen! thy country's pride, the chief replies
(And on the dread virago fix'd his eyes);
To ſuch uncommon worth, heroic maid!
What thanks are due? what honours can be paid!
Since thoſe, and death, you ſcorn with equal pride,
With me, the labours of the day divide.
The Trojan bent his fraudful ſcheme to frame
(In this my ſpies confirm the voice of fame),
Has ſent, before, his active troops, who wield
The lighter arms, to ſcour along the open field.
Meantime himſelf, along the lofty crown
Of yon ſteep mountain, haſtens to the town.
But, in the wood, an ambuſh I prepare,
And try to foil him in the wiles of war.
He lies impriſon'd in that narrow ſtreight;
And, if he moves, he ruſhes on his fate.
Go thou, ſupported by our Latian force,
Go---with ſpread enſigns meet the Tuſcan horſe,
Great Tybur's brothers, both renown'd in might,
With brave Meſſapus, wait thee to the fight.
Beneath thy care, ſhall march the martial band,
Fir'd by thy high example and command.
This ſaid; each chief he rous'd to arms, and goes
With eager ſpeed to circumvent the foes.

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A winding vale there lay, within the ſhade
Of woods, by nature for an ambuſh made.
To this, a rough and ſlender paſſage led;
Above, a ſmooth and level plain was ſpread,
Unknown, and ſtretching o'er the mountain's head.
There ſafe, the ſoldier, to the left or right,
May dare th' aſcending war, and urge the fight;
Roll rocky fragments from the craggy brow,
And daſh the pond'rous ruins on the foe.
Hither the prince (for well he knew the way)
Flew, ſeiz'd the poſt, and cloſe in ambuſh lay.
But now Latonia, in th' ethereal ſphere,
For her Camilla touch'd with anxious fear,
Beſpoke ſwift Opis, in a mournful ſtrain,
A nymph, and one of her own virgin train:
Alas! dear Opis, my Camilla goes
To ſeek the fatal war, and brave the foes;
See! where ſhe ruſhes to the deathful plain,
And proudly wears Diana's arms in vain!
Still from my ſoul the darling maid I lov'd;
And time the growing fondneſs has improv'd;
E'er ſince ſtern Metabus, her hapleſs ſire,
Forc'd by his rebel ſubjects to retire,
Fled from Privernum, his imperial town,
And loſt his old hereditary crown.
Safe he convey'd, through crowds of raging foes,
His babe, the dear companion of his woes,
And call'd Camilla, from her mother's name;
And in his flight through wilds and deſerts came;
The ſavage hills and woods he wander'd o'er,
And in his arms the lovely burthen bore;
While with their jav'lins, in an endleſs tide,
The Volſcians preſs'd their prince on ev'ry ſide:
When lo! old Amaſenus' ſtreams delay
His courſe, and foam acroſs the warrior's way:
For late, the flood, increas'd with ſudden rains,
Had burſt the banks, and floated half the plains:
Firſt he reſolves to ſwim, and gain the ſhore;
But love retards him, and the charge he bore.
Thus, while a thouſand ſchemes divide his breaſt,
Sudden, on this, he fixes as the beſt:
His mighty pond'rous ſpear, of knotted oak,
Long harden'd in the flames, the monarch took;
To this ſtrong lance the tender babe he bound,
With cork and pliant oſiers wrapt around,
Then pois'd the loaded ſpear, in act to throw;
But for my favour firſt addreſs'd his vow:
To thee, chaſte goddeſs of the foreſt wild,
Behold! a father dedicates his child:
She flies for refuge to thy pow'r divine,
And the firſt weapons that ſhe knows are thine.
Thus then I ſend, to thy protecting care,
Thy little ſuppliant through the fields of air.
This ſaid; with all his force the lance he threw;
High o'er the roaring waves Camilla flew;
Then the bold warrior, preſs'd on ev'ry ſide
By his fierce foes, plung'd headlong in the tide,
The flood ſurmounted, and the jav'lin tore,
Charg'd with the ſacred infant, from the ſhore.
Each town with ſtern unhoſpitable hate,
Againſt the wand'ring monarch ſhut her gate:
Nor could he bear (his ſcorn was grown ſo high)
To ſtand diſtinguiſh'd by the public eye.
From all ſociety of men he fled;
A ſhepherd's life among the mountains led;
There with his daughter paſt the hours away,
In dens of beaſts and ſavages of prey;
Sought ev'ry foſter-mother of the wood,
And in her lips diſtill'd the milky food.
Soon as the little Amazon could go;
He on her ſhoulders hung a ſlender bow:
A ſmall light quiver at her ſide ſhe wore,
And in her hand a pointed jav'lin bore:
No rich embroider'd robes her limbs enfold,
Nor were her waving locks adorn'd with gold.
The ſpoils of ſome fierce tyger wrapt her round,
That, from her head, hung trailing to the ground:
Ev'n then her tender hand the dart could fling,
Or whirl the pebble from the founding ſling,
Strike the long crane, or ſnowy ſwan, on high,
And fetch the tow'ring quarry from the ſky.
Her charms ſurpris'd the Tuſcan matron train,
Who count the huntreſs for their ſons in vain.
Not all their courtſhip, nor their pray'rs, could move
The maid, from ſworn virginity, to love.
With Dian's love content, ſhe keeps her vow;
She ſhoots my arrows, and ſhe bends my bow.
Ah! from my ſoul I wiſh, the hapleſs fair
Had never mingled in the direful war!
Then ſtill my darling might the maid remain,
The pride and glory of my virgin train!
But, ſince her doom is ſeal'd, her fate is nigh,
Deſcend, my nymph, this inſtant from the ſky.
To yonder plain, impetuous, bend thy flight,
Where, ſee! in arms ſhe ruſhes on the fight.
Here, take my bow; and, from this dreadful ſheath
Draw forth the winged meſſenger of death.
And, who the ſacred virgin ſhall deſtroy,
Or of the Latian bands, or ſons of Troy,
With this keen arrow make my vengeance good;
Let him atone the ſacrilege with blood.
Then will I bear the breathleſs maid away,
Her ſpoils and body in a cloud convey,
To the dark grave commend her dear remains,
And ſafe diſpoſe 'em in her native plains.
The goddeſs ſaid; the nymph obedient flies,
Wrapt in a ſounding whirlwind down the ſkies.
Now to the walls (a cloſe-embody'd force)
March the ſwift Trojan and the Tuſcan horſe;
Beneath their valiant chiefs, in thick array,
The troops embattled urge their fiery way.
Aloft the foaming courſers prance and bound,
Preſs on the rein, and proudly paw the ground.
Trembling for joy, they hope the dire alarms;
The fields gleam dreadful with their waving arms.
Spears, nodding helms, and ſhields, with mingled rays,
Flame round, and ſet the region in a blaze.
Nor with leſs ſpeed, beneath Meſſapus' care,
The Latian troops pour furious to the war.
Full in the front the mighty Coras came,
With bold Catillus, to the field of fame.
O'er all diſtinguiſh'd in the martial ſcene,
Rode with her female train the Volſcian queen.
Fierce to the fight the valiant troops advance,
Portend, and poiſe, and ſhake the flaming lance.
Thick clouds of duſt their trampling feet excite;
Th' impatient courſers neigh, and ſnuff the diſtant fight.
At length, within a jav'lin's reach appear
Both hoſts; and, ſhouting, join the horrid war;
Rouſe to the fight their gen'rous ſteeds, and pour
Their darts inceſſant, in a rattling ſhow'r.

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In one dark ſtorm the ſounding lances fly,
Shade the bright ſun, and intercept the ſky.
Firſt horſe to horſe, and man to man, oppos'd
The bold Aconteus and Tyrrhenus clos'd;
Each eager warrior hurl'd the pointed ſpear,
And urg'd his courſer in a full career;
The ſteeds, encount'ring with a thund'ring ſound,
Shock; and Aconteus tumbles to the ground.
Swift, as diſcharg'd from the loud engine flies
The glowing ſtone, or lightning from the ſkies;
Lo ſwift the warrior, from his courſer far, [air.
Shoots with a ſpring, and breathes his fiery ſoul in
Now all the Latian horſe diſorder'd run,
(Their ſhields ſlung back) tumultuous, to the town,
The chaſe with cries the joyful Trojans led,
With great Aſylas thund'ring at their head.
Soon as they reach'd the walls, the rallying train
Rein round their ſteeds, and face the foes again.
Then, in their turn, the vanquiſh'd Trojans wheel'd,
And, pale with terror, meaſur'd back the field.
Thus, in alternate tides, o'er all the ſtrand
Swells the vaſt ocean, and invades the land.
Wave after wave, the waters mount on high,
Till o'er the rocks the foamy ſurges fly.
Then headlong, in her turn, the roaring main
Rolls back, impetuous, to her bounds again;
Rolls back, as rapid as ſhe came before,
With all the floating trophies of the ſhore.
Twice the Rutulians to the city flew;
And twice they rally, and the foes purſue.
Till in the third aſſault the hoſts engage;
Then burns the fight with unextinguiſh'd rage.
All, man to man, and breaſt to breaſt, oppos'd,
In one dire ſhock the charging ſquadrons clos'd.
Then bled the battle; and a load of ſlain,
Shields, helms, and jav'lins, cover'd wide the
In a red deluge all the fields lie drown'd; [plain.
And cries and agonizing groans reſound
Of wounded warriors, lab'ring out their breath,
And courſers plunging in the pangs of death.
With cautious eyes, Orſilochus from far
Obſerv'd ſtrong Remulus, and mark'd for war;
Nor durſt approach the chief; but hurl'd the ſpear,
With all his ſtrength, beneath his courſer's ear.
Stung with the ſtroke, and madding with the wound,
He rears and paws in air, with many a bound,
And caſts his hapleſs maſter on the ground.
Next bled Iolas by Catillus' ſteel;
By the ſame hand the huge Herminius fell:
All pale in death the mighty hero lies;
Vain were his giant arms, and giant ſize;
Th' intrepid chief (his head and ſhoulders bare,
Tall, and diſtinguiſh'd by his golden hair)
Tow'r'd in the front, the mark of all the war!
Through his broad ſhoulders paſt, the deadly wound
Contracts, and bends him double to the ground.
Now all the fields with crimſon ſtreams are dy'd;
And the vaſt carnage ſmokes on ev'ry ſide.
The charms of honour ev'ry boſom fire,
To win the day; or glorioufly expire.
Her breaſt half-naked, through the direful ſcene
Of blood and ſlaughter flew the Volſcian queen.
The ſhafts and quiver at her ſide appear,
The polliſh'd bow, and all Diana's war.

Now the ſwift dart with matchleſs might ſhe caſt;
Now with her axe ſhe laid the battle waſte:
Ev'n when ſhe flies, ſhe bends the backward bow,
And ſends the winged vengeance at the foe.
Around, in pomp, her ſiſter warriors ride,
All-bright in arms and combat ſide by ſide.
Her brazen pole axe, there, Tarpeia wields;
And, here, Larina glitters o'er the fields;
Italian virgins; her ſupreme delight;
In piece her friends; her comrades in the fight.
So round their queen, Hippolyte the fair,
Or bold Penthefile's refulgent car,
Move the triumphant Amazonian train,
In bright array, exulting, to the plain.
Proudly they march, and claſh their pointed arms,
And all Thermodoon rings with proud alarms;
With female ſhouts they ſhake the ſounding field;
And fierce they poiſe the ſpear, and graſp the moony ſhield,
Who firſt, who laſt, by thy victorious hand,
Heroic maid! ſunk breathleſs on the ſand!
Firſt, Clytius' ſon, the great Eumenius, dies;
Through his broad breaſt the quiv'ring jav'lin flies:
Grimly he grinds the duſt, diſtain'd with blood,
And rolls and welters in the crimſon flood.
Liris and Pegaſus at once are kill'd,
And both; tranſfix'd, fall headlong on the field;
One ſtoop'd, to reach his wounded courſer's rein;
One flew, to prop his ſinking friend in vain!
Now Hippotas' brave ſon Amaſtrus fell:
And now ſhe threatens, with the pointed ſteel,
Tereus the ſwift, Harpalycus the ſtrong;
And drove in heaps the hoſtile chiefs along.
Demophoon, Chromis, fled her dreadful ſpear;
She pours, and hangs tempeſtuous in the rear.
Thus through the ranks of war ſhe rag'd, and ſlew
A Phrygian foe with ev'ry dart ſhe threw.
The mighty hunter, Ornytus, from far,
On his Apulian courſer ſought the war:
A bull's black hide his ample ſhoulders ſpread;
A wolf's rough ſpoils grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
A bended ſpear he brandiſh'd in his hand,
And tow'r'd conſpicuous o'er the martial band.
With eaſe, as all the troops confus'dly fled,
She ſlew the foe, and thus inſults the dead:
Me, Tuſcan, didſt thou deem thy deſtin'd prey,
Like hunted game, the fortune of the day?
Lo! by a woman's arm, this fatal hour,
That boaſt is anſwer'd, and thy vaunts no more!
Go!—let thy ſire the glorious tidings know;
Camilla ſent thee to the ſhades below!
Then on two Trojan chiefs, of giant ſize,
Butes, and tall Orſilochus, ſhe flies.
But Butes, face to face, ſhe brav'd in war; [ſpear,
Swift through the neck ſhe drove the pointed
Where the bright helm and corſlet left a part,
To let in fate, wide-open to the dart.
From fierce Orſilochus the virgin wheel'd
At firſt, in flight diſſembled, round the field:
But, in a ring ſtill leſſening, to delude
The furious chief, ſhe fled, till ſhe purſu'd:
Then while, in vain, her circumvented foe
Implores his life; high-riſing on the blow,
Cleaves his broad front with a redoubled wound;
The blood and brains ruſh ſmoking to the ground.
The ſon of Aunus croſs'd her in the way,
And for a while ſtood trembling in diſmay;

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A wretch, that, like his own Ligurian line,
Could cheat, while fortune favour'd the design.
Soon as he found it vain to shun by flight
The female warrior, or maintain the fight;
Resolv'd to circumvent the hostile maid,
Thus to the queen the low dissembler said:
Where is the mighty praise, to vaunt the force,
And trust the swiftness, of your rapid horse?
Dismiss your steed, vain maid! and let us stand
Engag'd in single combat, hand to hand.
Soon shall be known, proud princess, what you can,
When, on these terms, a woman fights a man.
Thus he:—the queen springs furious on the plain
From her fleet steed, and gives him to the train.
On foot she dares the dastard to the field,
Draws her bright sword, and grasps her maiden shield.
Flush'd with gay hopes, to find his fraud succeed,
He turns, he flies, and, to his utmost speed,
With goring spurs provokes his smoking steed.—
Deluded fool! (she cries, in lofty strain)
On me thy little arts are try'd in vain;
Nor hence, ev'n yet, in safety shalt thou run,
To please thy sire with falsehoods like his own.
She said; and, springing with a fiery course,
The raging maid out-stripp'd the flying horse;
Turn'd, seiz'd the reins; oppos'd in battle stood;
Then gluts her vengeance with his reeking blood.
Not with more ease the falcon, from above, [dove;
Shoots, seizes, gripes, and rends, the trembling
All stain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,
And the loose plumes come flutt'ring down the sky.
Meantime th' almighty sire of men and gods,
Enthron'd in high Olympus' bright abodes,
Surveys the war; the Tuscan chief inspires
With gen'rous rage, and fills with martial fires.
Through all the cleaving ranks, with eager speed,
Flies the bold Tarchon on his rapid steed;
Calls on each chief by name; adjures the train,
Leads, rallies, and inflames the troops again.
Ye scandal of your race, your country's shame!
Warm'd with no honour, no regard of fame!
What fear, ye cowards, ev'ry breast controls,
Unnerves your limbs, and chills your trembling souls?
Thus then, from one flies all our scatter'd band!
Gods!—but from one, and from a female hand!
Oh! cast away the sword, the shield and spear;
The idle pomp and pageantry of war!
Yet were you never recreants to delight,
Nor to the softer battles of the night!
When pipes proclaim the sacred revels nigh,
How swift, how eager, to the feast you fly!
In the full bowls you centre all your love;
Pleas'd, when the priest invites you to the grove,
You run, and riot in the rich repast;
The first in banquets, but in fights the last!
He said; and, bent on death, in deep despair,
Rush'd on his steed amidst the thickest war:
Then urg'd at Venulus his furious course, [horse.
Seiz'd him at once, and snatch'd him from his
Thus in his arms, with matchless strength he bore,
Fierce as he rode, the hapless chief, before.
His troops behold the scene with strange surprise,
And peals of shouts run rattling round the skies;
While with his captive, all in open view,
O'er the wide field the fiery hero flew.
The point then breaking from the warrior's dart,
The chief explores a penetrable part,
And meditates the wound; the struggling foe
Defends his throat, and disappoints the blow.
As when th' imperial eagle soars on high,
And bears some speckled serpent through the sky:
While her sharp talons gripe the bleeding prey,
In many a fold her curling volumes play;
Her starting brazen scales with horror rise:
The sanguine flames flash dreadful from her eyes:
She writhes, and hisses at her foe in vain,
Who wings at ease the wide aërial plain;
With her strong hooky beak the captive plies,
And bears the struggling prey, triumphant thro' the skies.
So with the chief the mighty Tarchon flew;
And, kindling at the sight, the troops their prince pursue.
Now Aruns on the Volscian princess waits
(Aruns the destin'd victim of the fates;)
Wheels round, and seeks with ev'ry wily art
The favouring moment to discharge the dart.
Where'er the furious maid her steps inclin'd,
The wretch in silence follows close behind:
When from the conquer'd foes she bends her course,
Thither th' insidious warrior turns his horse;
Oft shifts his place; runs anxious to and fro;
Flies round the circuit; and, in act to throw,
Aims his sure jav'lin at the beauteous foe.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far
Shone in bright arms amid the crowded war.
Magnificently gay, he proudly press'd
A prancing steed, in stately trappings dress'd;
Rich scales of brass and gold, inwrought with art,
Grac'd with a mimic plumage ev'ry part.
Himself, in purple clad, amid the foe
Sent his swift arrows from a Lycian bow.
Gold was the bow, that from his shoulder sounds,
And gold the helmet that his head surrounds.
His robes, with many a rustling silken fold,
With care were gather'd, and confin'd in gold:
His crimson tunic was embroider'd o'er;
And purple buskins on his legs he wore.
This chief she singles from the warring crew,
And, blind to danger, through the squadrons flew;
With the rich spoils to deck Diana's shrine;
Or that herself in Trojan arms may shine.
All, all the woman in her bosom rose!
For this bright prize, she plung'd amid the foes!
When, from his covert, Aruns launch'd his spear;
But first to heav'n preferr'd his suppliant pray'r:
O Phœbus! guardian of Soracte's woods,
And shady hills; a god above the gods!
To whom our natives pay the rites divine,
And burn whole crackling groves of hallow'd pine;
Walk o'er the fire, in honour of thy name,
Unhurt, unsing'd, and sacred from the flame;
Give to my favour'd arms, to clear away
The deep dark stains of this disgraceful day.
Nor spoils nor trophies from the maid I claim;
No—to my future life I trust for fame.
If by my hand this raging pest be slain,
I ask no honour; but retire again,
Pleas'd, though inglorious, to my native plain.

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The god conſents to half his warm requeſt,
But in the fleeting winds diſpers'd the reſt.
Camilla's death was granted to his pray'r;
His ſafe return was loſt in empty air.
Now as the jav'lin ſings along the ſkies,
All to the Volſcian princeſs turn their eyes.
The fair ruſh'd on, regardleſs of the ſound,
Till in her pap ſhe felt the fatal wound.
Deep, deep infix'd, the pointed weapon ſtood
Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood.
Swift to her ſuccour fly her female train,
And in their arms the ſinking queen ſuſtain;
But far more ſwift affrighted Aruns fled,
With fear and joy, nor turn'd his guilty head:
Back he retires, all-trembling and diſmay'd;
Nor could he bear, in death to view the dreadful-maid.
As when a prowling wolf, whoſe rage has ſlain
Some ſtately heifer, or the guardian ſwain,
Flies to the mountain with impetuous ſpeed,
Confus'd, and conſcious of the daring deed,
Claps cloſe his quiv'ring tail between his thighs,
Ere yet the peopled country round him riſe:
Nor leſs confus'd, pale Aruns took his flight;
Shunn'd ev'ry eye, and mingled in the fight.
The dying queen, in agonizing pain,
Tugs at the pointed ſteel, but tugs in vain.
Deep-riveted within, the rankling dart
Heav'd in the wound, and panted in her heart.
She ſinks, ſhe ſwoons, ſhe ſcarcely draws her breath,
And, all around her, ſwim the ſhades of death.
The ſtarry ſplendours languiſh in her eyes,
And from her cheeks the roſy colour flies.
A maid ſhe calls, the partner of her cares,
Her friend in peace; her ſiſter in the wars.
Acca; no more:—for mortal is my wound;
A dizzy miſt of darkneſs ſwims around:
The victory was mine; but ah! 'tis paſt!
This hour, this fatal moment is my laſt;
Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear;
Bid him this inſtant to the field repair;
This inſtant, from the town the foe repel:—
And now, dear friend, a long and laſt farewel!
With that the queen, expiring, dropp'd the rein,
And from her courſer ſunk upon the plain.
In thick ſhort ſobs the vital ſpirit flies,
Her head declin'd, and drooping as ſhe dies!
Her radiant arms beſtrew the field of fight:
Her ſoul, indignant, ſought the realms of night.
Then, from the hoſts the doubling clamours riſe,
And ſhouts tumultuous echo to the ſkies.
The Trojan band, a firm determin'd force,
The Tuſcan chiefs, with all th' Arcadian horſe,
Ruſh furious to the field; the ſlaughter ſpread;
The tumult deepen'd, and the combat bled.
Meantime fair Opis, from a mountain's brow,
A while unmov'd ſurvey'd the fight below.
But when from far ſhe ſaw Camilla ſlain,
And, round the corſe, the ſhooting hoſtile train,
Deep from her heaving ivory boſom broke
A mournful groan, and thus the goddeſs ſpoke:
Too, too ſeverely, much lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou haſt paid!
In vain made ſacred by thy virgin vow
To Dian's name, and grac'd with Dian's bow!
Nor yet in death thy goddeſs will diſclaim
Her favour'd maid, but crown with endleſs fame!
Thy praiſe ſhall round the nations be diſplay'd,
And to thy fate due vengeance ſhall be paid.
This moment will I make that vengeance good;
The guilty wretch ſhall render blood for blood.
Beneath a hill, Dercennus' tomb appears,
A potent Latian lord in former years;
A grove of venerable oaks diſplay'd,
Wide round the monument, a gloomy ſhade.
Hither the goddeſs took her rapid flight,
And ſpy'd gay Aruns from the tow'ring height.
There as the youth exults, and ſwells with pride,
Whither, poor daſtard, wouldſt thou fly? (ſhe cry'd)
Turn, wretch—this moment for thy guilt atone;
And for Camilla's death receive thy own.
Go—to the ſhades of hell, her victim, go—
A prize unworthy of Diana's bow!
She ſaid; and inſtant from the golden ſheath
Drew forth the feather'd meſſenger of death.
Fierce in her rage, the circling horns ſhe bends
To the full ſtretch, and joins the doubling ends.
One hand approach'd the point; one drew the bow,
And to her breaſt ſtrain'd the tough nerve below.
At once the murd'rer heard the ſounding dart,
And felt the ſteely vengeance in his heart.
He lies deſerted by his ſocial train,
Pale and expiring on a foreign plain!
While, from the field, triumphant Opis flies,
And on ſpread pinions mounts the golden ſkies.
Firſt fled Camilla's band (their princeſs kill'd);
Then the Rutulians, routed, quit the field.
Atinas' ſelf, the chiefs, and armies, run,
And ſpur their ſmoking courſers to the town.
Nor can the troops ſuſtain, nor dare oppoſe
The ſlaught'ring ſwords of their victorious foes;
Athwart their backs th' unbended bows they ſling;
And with their trampling ſteeds the ſounding champaign rung.
The city now th' advancing hoſt appalls:
A cloud of duſt, thick-gath'ring to the walls,
From the tall tow'rs the trembling matrons ſpy;
And female ſhrieks, tumultuous, rend the ſky.
Mixt with their foes, ruſh headlong through the gate
The Latian ſquadron, nor can ſhun their fate;
In vain for ſhelter to their houſes fly;
Ev'n there transfixt, in heaps the wretches die.
Some cloſe the gates, exclude their ſocial train,
Who beg admiſſion to the town in vain.
While theſe defend th' endanger'd poſts, and thoſe
Ruſh on their ſwords, a dreadful ſlaughter roſe.
With piercing ſhrieks, and lamentable cries,
The children bleed before their parent's eyes.
While cloſe behind advanc'd the thund'ring foe:
Some leap down headlong to the trench below;
Some with looſe reins, abandon'd to their fate,
Spurr'd their impetuous ſteeds againſt the gate.
But, when Camilla's corſe appear'd in view,
Warm'd by their country's love, the women flew.
And from the walls a ſtorm of jav'lins threw.
With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they daſh,
And with tough ſtaves repel the riſing war.
Fierce they ruſh on: they glow with martial fire,
And for their native walls with joy and pride aſpire.

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Meanwhile to Turnus, ambuſh'd in the ſhade,
The careful nymph the diſmal news convey'd;
That in the fight the Volſcian queen was ſlain;
That the proud foe purſu'd the vanquiſh'd train,
Who, fluſh'd with full ſucceſs, ruſh'd furious on,
And ſpread the growing terror to the town.
The chief, (for ſo his adverſe fates requir'd:)
Struck with the tidings, and with anger fir'd,
All headlong leaves the guarded hills again;
But ſcarce deſcended to the ſubject plain,
Ere the great Trojan ſeiz'd the vacant road,
Climb'd the tall hill, and iſſu'd from the wood.

By the black clouds of duſt, Æneas found
The Latian hoſt embattled wide around:
And Turnus knew the Dardan chief was near,
From the loud ſhouts, that thicken'd on his ear;
Perceiv'd the footſteps of the trampling foe,
And heard diſtinct the fiery courſers blow.
Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight;
But now the ſun roll'd down the rapid light;
And plung'd, beneath the red Iberian ſea,
The panting ſteeds that drew the burning day.
Before the city, camp th' impatient pow'rs;
Theſe to defend; and thoſe to ſtorm the tow'rs.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a ſingle combat. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutulians, who wound Æneas. He is miraculouſly cured by Venus, and forces Turnus to a duel; with whoſe death the poem concludes.

When Turnus ſaw the Latians, in deſpair,
Sink with the weight of unſucceſsful war,
Himſelf the object of the public ſpite
Mark'd out, and ſummon'd to the promis'd fight;
The furious prince the ſingle combat claims,
And conſcious courage ſets his ſoul in flames.
As, pierc'd at diſtance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouſes at the ſmart;
And loudly roaring traverſes the plain;
Scourges his ſides; and rears his horrid mane;
Tugs furious at the ſpear; the foe defies;
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat flies:
So ſtorm'd proud Turnus; and in wrathful ſtrain,
Thus to the king th' impetuous chief began:
Where is this Trojan foe, ſo bold and brave?
Would he retract the challenge that he gave?
My ſoul can brook no more delays; I yield
To his own terms, and dare him to the field.
Renew the truce, perform the ſacred rite:
This hour, this moment, I demand the fight.
This hand ſhall wipe our late diſgrace away
(Our hoſts may ſit ſpectators of the day!)
This truſty ſword the daſtard ſhall deſtroy,
And plunge to hell that fugitive of Troy,
If not---I'll own him victor of the war,
And to his arms reſign the royal fair.
So ſpoke the furious prince, with ſcornful pride.
The king with mild benevolence reply'd:
The more, brave youth, thy try'd, diſtinguiſh'd might
And valour drive thee headlong to the fight,
The more it ſhould concern our royal care,
To weigh the perils and events of war;
This fond and youthful ardour to aſſwage
With the cool caution of conſid'rate age.
How many vanquiſh'd cities are thy own,
Beſides a fair hereditary throne!
Me too theſe wealthy warlike lands obey:—
Thus both may reign with independent ſway.
Our realm, brave Turnus, other virgins grace,
Of blooming features, and illuſtrious race.
Then undiſguis'd, this truth with patience hear,
Though harſh and wounding to a lover's ear.
All pow'rs forbid, the human and divine,
To match our daughter in the Latian line.
Won by thy birth, my conſort's tears and cries,
And my own love, I broke all ſacred ties;
Robb'd the great Trojan of the plighted fair;
Then flew to arms, and wag'd an impious war.
From that dire ſource to tell what miſchiefs flow,
Would be to mention, what too well you know:
Fights, deaths, defeats, that ſpeak the wrath divine;
Where all the ſad pre-eminence is thine.
In two fierce battles routed and o'erthrown,
Scarce our laſt hopes are ſhelter'd in the town:
Huge heaps of bones ſtill whiten all the ſhore,
And the full ſtreams of Tyber ſmoke with gore.
Where am I borne, irreſolute and blind?
What changeful phrenſy turns my wav'ring mind?
If, on thy death, the Trojan is my friend,
Sure in thy life the ſtern debate may end!
How would all Italy my name diſgrace!
How all my kindred of thy royal race!
Shouldſt thou (which heav'n avert!) by me be led
To death, the victim of my daughter's bed!
If I ſhould haſten to ſo ſad an end
My child's fond lover, and my gen'rous friend!
Think on the turns of fate, and chance of wars;
Pity thy rev'rend father's ſilver hairs,
Who mourns thy abſence in thy native town,
Nor knows the danger of ſo dear a ſon!
But no ſucceſs theſe warm entreaties found:
The proffer'd med'cine but inflam'd the wound.
Scarce cou'd he ſpeak for rage, diſdain, and pride,
But thus at length the fiery youth reply'd:
O beſt of fathers! all this needleſs care
For Turnus' life, at his requeſt, forbear.
Life is a trifle I with ſcorn diſclaim,
For the bright purchaſe of immortal fame.
This hand, theſe weapons too, are fatal found;
And the blood flies, where Turnus deals the wound.

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Nor in this combat shall his mother shroud
The recreant Trojan in an airy cloud.
Nor shield the coward with her aid divine:
This day, ye gods! this glorious day is mine.
But now the frantic queen, on these alarms,
Half-dead with fear, hung trembling on his arms:
Oh! grant me, Turnus, grant this one request;
If ever love or rev'rence touch'd thy breast
For lost Amata, to these sorrows yield!
Nor meet thy rival in the fatal field.
Regard, dear youth, regard my streaming tears,
Thou only prop of my declining years!
Our sinking house relies on thee alone;
On thee, our fame, our empire, and the throne.
In thy misfortune must Amata join;
Her fate and welfare are involv'd in thine.
With thee to death, for refuge, will I run,
Nor live a captive to a Trojan son.
With pity touch'd, the fair Lavinia hears
Her mother's cries, and answers with her tears.
A lovely blush the modest virgin warms,
Glows in her cheek, and lights up all her charms.
So looks the beauteous iv'ry, stain'd with red:
So roses, mixt with lilies in the bed,
Blend their rich hues—Then, gazing on the fair,
The hero rag'd, more eager for the war.
And thus—O royal mother! cease your fears,
Nor send me to the fight with boding tears.
'Tis not in me, if heav'n has fix'd my date,
To check th' unalterable course of fate.
Go, faithful herald, go! and instant bear
This dreaded message to the Phrygian's ear:
Soon as Aurora's rays the mountain gild,
He need not lead his forces to the field:
Our single valour shall dispute the day
(The hosts in peace the combat shall survey).
Thus shall his death or mine the war decide,
And the proud victor gain the royal bride.
He said: and furious to the palace speeds;
There, at his call, rush forth the fiery steeds,
Of matchless spirit, and immortal kind,
White as the snow, and swifter than the wind.
Of old, to great Pilumnus, bold and brave,
The sires of these Erectheus' daughter gave.
Before their lord the gen'rous courses bound,
Neigh, foam, and fly, and paw the trembling ground; [vide,
The grooms with combs their flowing manes di-
And gently stroke their chests, and sooth their noble pride.
Meantime the hero drew his armour on;
With gold and burnish'd brass the cuirass shone;
The glitt'ring helmet, next his temple spread;
The crimson crest plays dreadful o'er his head;
He grasps the pond'rous shield, and flaming blade,
The sword that Vulcan for his father made,
Of matchless temper; which the fiery god
Had plung'd red-hissing in the Stygian flood.
Last the bright spear he seiz'd, large, strong, and tall,
Propp'd on a column 'midst the lofty hall;
The mighty Actor's spoil. The hero shook
The beamy jav'lin; and with fury spoke:
My trusty spear, still faithful to my hand!
Still wing'd with death, to answer my command:
Which once brave Actor's arm was wont to wield!
And mine now throws; the terror of the field!
In this great moment fly, nor fly in vain,
But stretch yon Phrygian eunuch on the plain:
Oh! give me, through his heart thy point to thrust,
And foil his scented tresses in the dust,
The costly cuirass from his breast to tear,
And by one noble stroke to terminate the war!
Thus, fir'd with fury, to the fight he flies;
Keen flash the flames, and lighten from his eyes.
So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
Roars for his rival, and demands the fight;
Impatient for the war, with fury burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns;
Bends his stern brows, and pushes at the air;
And paws the flying sands, the prelude of the war.
As fierce and eager for the dire alarms,
The Trojan blazes in celestial arms;
To meet his rival in the field prepares,
Pleas'd with the fight to terminate the wars.
He sets his sorrowing friends and son at ease;
Expounds the fates' unchangeable decrees;
And instant bids the messengers report
The terms of combat to the Latian court.
Scarce had the morn (all beauteous to behold:)
Tipt the blue mountains with a gleam of gold;
The sun's fierce steeds, high-bounding o'er the sea,
From their wide nostrils snort the beams of day;
When for the chiefs they drew a line around,
And in just limits close the lifted ground:
Then verdant altars raise to all the pow'rs
Of earth or heav'n, whom either host adores.
In linen robes, with vervain crown'd, they bring
The sacred fire, and water from the spring.
Here, with bright lances, all the Ausonian train
Pour through the op'ning portals to the plain:
The Trojans there, and Tuscans in array,
And ranks embattled bend their eager way.
Amid the thousands with a grace divine,
In gold and purple gay, the leaders shine.
Here, tow'ring o'er the troops Asylas stood;
Great Mnestheus there, of Troy's imperial blood;
There, brave Messapus, of immortal strain,
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the main.
The sign now giv'n through each impatient host,
Each chief retires to his appointed post.
At ease the soldiers fall their pond'rous shields,
And pitch their idle jav'lins in the fields.
Old fires and matrons, with the vulgar throng,
Lean'd o'er the walls, and from the turrets hung.
With longing eyes the great event they wait,
And crowds on crowds press forward through the gate.
But from the fam'd Albano's shady brows,
(Though then without a name the mountain rose)
The queen of heav'n the Latian town beheld,
The hosts embattled, and the crowded field.
Then to brave Turnus' sister, who presides
O'er lakes and streams, and awes the roaring tides,
(On the fair nymph, that province was bestow'd
For her lost honour, by the thund'ring god)
Her fears the goddess of the skies express'd;
And thus the regent of the floods address'd:
Queen of the founts and streams, and far above
The race of Latian nymphs in Juno's love,
Those nymphs, who, by my wand'ring lord misled,
Presum'd to mount our own imperial bed;
Yet thee I suffer'd in his grace to rise,
And share th' immortal honours of the skies.

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With deep concern ſad tidings muſt I bear,
What I muſt grieve to ſpeak, and you to hear.
The Latian ſtate and Turnus, in the war,
While fortune favour'd, were my conſtant care.
Now his enevitable hour draws nigh;
On terms unequal is he doom'd to die.
But from the fatal field, th' appointed fight,
Lo! I retire; nor can I bear the ſight.
If thou can'ſt ſave him yet from death, deſcend:
Some better fate thy efforts may attend;
Fly—and exert the ſiſter and the friend.
She ſaid; Juturna wept, by grief oppreſt,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her iv'ry breaſt.
Fly, Juno cries, and ſtop the dire debate,
Fly, fly, and ſnatch him, if you can, from fate.
Nor waſte the hours in tears, and vain deſpair;
Break, break the truce, and wake the ſlumb'ring war.
On me diſcharge the crime.—The goddeſs ſaid;
And left involv'd in doubts the mournful maid.
Now came the kings: four ſtately courſers bear,
In pomp, the Latian lord's imperial car.
Twelve golden rays around his temple ſhone,
To mark his glorious lineage from the ſun.
Young Turnus next appear'd; two ſpears he held,
And two white courſers drew him to the field.
Æneas then advanc'd with grace divine,
Th' illuſtrious father of the Roman line;
High in his hand the ſtarry buckler rais'd;
And in immortal arms the hero blaz'd.
With him his ſon Aſcanius took his place,
The ſecond hope of Rome's majeſtic race.
Slow the proceſſion moves: the ſacred prieſt
Stood by his altar in the linen veſt;
A tender lamb for ſacrifice preſerr'd,
And a young victim from the briſtly herd.
They turn their faces to the dawning day;
The ſalted cakes with ſolemn rev'rence pay;
The victims ſign'd; the foremoſt hairs they drew,
And on the hearth the firſt libations threw.
Then the great Trojan prince unſheath'd his ſword,
And thus with lifted hands the gods ador'd.
Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
Great ſource of day, be witneſs to my vow!
Almighty king of heav'n, and queen of air
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r);
Thou Mars, enthron'd on great Olympus' height,
Lord of the field, and maſter of the fight;
Ye ſprings, ye floods, ye various pow'rs who lie
Beneath the deeps, or tread the golden ſky;
Hear, and atteſt! if victor in the fray,
The Daunian leader gains the glorious day,
My ſon his claim of empire ſhall releaſe;
My Trojan ſubjects ſhall depart in peace.
But ſhould the conqueſt prove my happy lot,
(For ſo I think, and heav'n confirm the thought!)
The Latians never ſhall my rule obey;
Already I diſclaim th' imperial ſway.
From fight let each unconquer'd nation ceaſe,
And join in leagues of everlaſting peace.
To king Latinus I reſign the care,
The pomp of ſtate, with all concerns of war,
And ev'ry regal claim:—the rites divine,
And the religious province, ſhall be mine.
For me my Trojan friends a town ſhall frame,
And grace the tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name.
Thus he. Then old Latinus lifts his eyes,
And his right hand, with rev'rence, to the ſkies.
By the ſame oath, by heav'n, and earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain;
Latona's twins, that grace the bright abode;
Janus, the mighty, double-fronted god!
Th' infernal monarch, and the fiends below,
And Jove, whoſe bolts avenge the broken vow!
To ſanctify my word, behold! I ſtand,
And on theſe hallow'd altars lay my hand:
Whate'er enſues, misfortune, or ſucceſs,
No time ſhall break this ſolemn league of peace,
Nor ſhake my purpoſe; but entire and whole
I'll keep the ſacred tenor of my ſoul;
No art ſhall win me, and no pow'r compel;
Not, though the golden ſkies ſhould plunge to hell;
Yon ſtarry ſplendours from their ſpheres ſhould fall,
And ocean ſpread his waters o'er the ball.
Firm is the ſword, and ſure the oath I ſwore;
Sure, as the ſceptre ne'er ſhall flouriſh more;
No more its verdant honours ſhall renew,
Lopt from the mother-tree where once it grew;
Now by the artiſt's hand adorn'd with braſs,
And worn ſucceſſive by our regal race!
The princes thus the ſolemn compact bound
By mutual oaths, with all the peers around.
The prieſts before the fires the victims ſlay;
Eager the ſmoking entrails rend away; [lay.
And, on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers
But the Rutulians griev'd, by fears oppreſt,
And various tumults work'd in every breaſt.
Long ſince they ſaw their prince o'ermatch'd in might.
And curs'd the terms of ſuch unequal fight.
Their dread increaſes, as the chiefs draw near,
And Turnus' looks augment the gen'ral fear.
Trembling, aghaſt, he moves with ſilent pace:
A deadly paleneſs ſpreads o'er all his face.
Cloſe by the altar's ſide, in care profound,
His penſive eyes he fix'd upon the ground.
Soon as the ſiſter ſaw the giddy crowd
Had chang'd their minds, and ſpoke their fears
In great Camertes' form, of high renown, [aloud;
For birth, his father's valour and his own,
Her flight amidſt the murm'ring bands ſhe took,
Enflam'd their rage, and thus the hoſt beſpoke:
What ſhame, Rutulians, valiant as we are,
On one to lay the whole ſucceſs of war!
Behold the utmoſt force the foe can boaſt,
The few poor relics of their ſhatter'd hoſt.
Heav'n's!—can we ſhrink from ſuch a ſlender pow'r!
Are not our men the ſame? our numbers more?
Should our whole army to the fight repair,
Scarce all their troops would half employ our war!
'Tis true, your hero to the gods ſhall riſe,
A ſelf-devoted victim to the ſkies.
Yet the brave chief eternal praiſe ſhall claim,
And live for ever in a length of fame:
While we, O ſhame! a baſe degen'rate hoſt
Look tamely on, and ſee our country loſt!
Stretch our vile hands to ſervitude abhorr'd
And court the bondage of a foreign lord!
This fiery ſpeech inflam'd the liſt'ning train;
Through all the hoſt the gath'ring murmur ran.
Now chang'd, the Latians wiſh for peace no more
But long to break the league they fought before.

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They pity Turnus' fortune, and prepare
With eager ardour to renew the war.
His ſiſter ſent (the tumult to improve)
A falſe deluſive omen from above
In pomp a tow'ring eagle ſoars on high,
And ſudden, ſhooting from th' ethereal ſky,
Drives a vaſt flock of wat'ry fowls before,
On ſounding wings, along the winding ſhore;
Then, where the floods in ſoft meanders ran,
And his huge talons truſs'd a ſilver ſwan.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Latian bands in courage riſe,
When lo! the flock (more wond'rous to their eyes)
Turn, and purſue the victor through the ſkies.
Preſs'd by the foe, encumber'd with the prey,
He drops the prize, and wings th' aërial way;
With ſhouts the Latians hail th' auſpicious ſight,
Range all their troops, and haſten to the fight.
'Tis what I wiſh'd, the long-expected ſign,
(Tolumnius cry'd) I thank the pow'rs divine.
Riſe, follow me, my friends, your aid ſurply,
Forc'd by the foe, like yonder birds to fly;
While through your waſted ſhores the victor ſweeps:
Who now ſhall ſoon ruſh headlong to the deeps.
Haſte; ſave your leader from the fatal fray;
Cloſe, cloſe your ranks; engage; and win the day.
He ſaid: ſprung forth; and 'midſt the Trojans threw
His furious dart, that whiſtled as it flew; [ſhouts
Tumultuous ſhouts purſue the parting ſpear,
And all now grow more eager for the war.
Nine brave Arcadians at their ſquadrons head,
Gilippus' offspring by a Tuſcan bed,
Shone in the front; the ſpear impetuous flew
Amidſt the brothers, and the youngeſt ſlew;
A lovely blooming youth; with fury caſt,
Beneath the belt the ſtedely jav'lin paſt,
Tranſfix'd the ſtripling with a deadly wound,
And ſtretch'd him pale and gaſping on the ground,
All fir'd with vengeance for their brother ſlain,
Fierce to the combat fly the martial train.
Some draw the glitt'ring ſword, and ſome advance
With the broad ſpear, and ſhake the flaming lance.
With equal ſpeed, their ardor to oppoſe,
Pour forth in endleſs tides the Latian foes.
As ſwift th' Arcadian troops, with ſculptur'd ſhields,
Ruſh'd on with Troy, and delug'd all the fields.
Strait to their enſigns the bold bands repair,
Impatient to decide the great event by war.
The madding crowd the ſacred rites confound;
Strip the bright altars: toſs the fires around;
Away ſeize the goblets: while the jav'lins fly
In iron ſtorms, and tempeſt all the ſky.
The good old king, affrighted, from the plain
Bears back his violated gods again.
Some yoke the courſers to the car with ſpeed,
Some vault, impetuous, on the ſnorting ſteed.
Some to the field the kindling troops excite,
Draw their bright ſwords, and headlong ruſh to fight
Eager to break the peace, with all his force,
The fierce Meſſapus ſpurr'd his ſhund'ring horſe
Full on Auſones, with a furious ſpring,
Who were the royal enſigns of a king.
O'er the high antlers as the chief gave way,
Headlong he plung'd in duſt and grov'ling lay.

There at his length extended, on the plain,
He pleads for mercy; but he pleads in vain!
Th' impetuous victor flew with rapid ſpeed,
Shook his huge ſpear, and, bending from the ſteed,
Tranſfix'd the monarch; then, inſulting, cries;
He bleeds!—this victim ſure muſt pleaſe the ſkies!
The joyful Latians, eager for the prey,
Strip the warm corſe, and bear the ſpoils away.
Then, as the mighty Ebuſus drew near,
And at bold Chorinæus ſhook the ſpear,
He ruſh'd againſt him with a furious pace,
Snatch'd a red brand, and daſh'd it on his face.
Through ambient air a noiſome ſcent expires,
As the long beard ſhrunk crackling in the fires.
Stunn'd as he ſtood with ſudden darkneſs round,
The raging victor drags him to the ground;
Then ſeiz'd his locks; his forceful knee apply'd,
And plung'd the vengeful taulchion in his ſide.
From Podalirius, eager to purſue,
Through the firſt ranks, the ſhepherd Alſus flew;
Then turn'd, and, with his axe deſcending full,
Cleaves at one dreadful ſtroke his ſhatter'd ſkull.
With blood and brains his arms are cover'd o'er;
The thirſty ſands are drench'd with ſtreams of gore.
An iron ſleep came ſwimming o'er his ſight,
And wrapt the warrior in eternal night.
But the juſt Trojan prince, amidſt the band,
Without his helmet ruſh'd, and ſtretch'd his hand:
Whither, my friends, ah! whither wou'd you run?
The terms ſtand fixt; the combat is my own.
Diſmiſs your fears; nor my revenge purſue;
For Turnus, Turnus is your gen'ral's due.
That victim, theſe religious rites demand,
Already ſacred to this conq'ring hand.
While yet he ſpoke; loud-hiſſing through the ſkies,
With thirſty rage, a feather'd arrow flies;
And reach'd the hero with a certain aim;
But from what hand, was never told by fame.
None knew, what fortune, or aſſiſting god,
So proud a triumph on the foe beſtow'd,
Nor one in all the mighty hoſt was found,
Who claim'd the merit of ſo baſe a wound.
The chiefs aſtoniſh'd, Turnus now beheld,
And the brave prince retiring from the field:
High hopes of conqueſt in his boſom riſe;
Strait for his courſers, and his arms, he cries;
Vaults, with a furious bound, into the car,
Shakes the looſe reins, and ruſhes to the war.
Raging he ſpreads the growing ſlaughter round:
Some fates expire; ſome welter on the ground:
Some fly—in vain! for, ſwifter than the wind,
His winged lance arreſts 'em from behind.
Fierce o'er the proſtrate foes the hero rolls
His whirling wheels, and cruſhes out their ſouls.
As when on Hebrus' banks the god of war
Flies to the combat on his rattling car;
Frowns, ſhouts, and claſhing on his dreadful ſhield,
Laſhes his fiery courſers to the field;
The ſteeds devour the ground, out-ſtrip the wind,
And leave the pinions of the ſtorm behind:
Thrace feels through all her realms their furious courſe,
Shook by the prancings of the thund'ring horſe;
Fear, fraud, and force, and flight, a ghaſtly train
Of horrid fiends, attend him to the plain.
So drove ſtern Turnus with reſiſtleſs might,
His ſmoking courſers o'er the field of fight;

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Their rapid hoofs through heaps of carnage tore;
Plung'd deep into the fands, diftain'd with gore;
O'er piles of dead and dying warriors bound,
And, as they fly, they daſh the bloody duſt around.
Now hapleſs Thamyris and Pholus fell,
And now he ſent bold Sthenelus to hell.
Theſe, hand to hand, he ſlew, approaching near;
The laſt, at diſtance, with his pointed ſpear:
At diſtance both th' Imbraſidæ expire,
Train'd in fair Lycia, by their valiant ſire:
In cloſer fight, the dauntleſs warriors join'd;
Or diſtanc'd with their ſteeds the winged wind.
There with high vaunts ruſh'd proud Eumedes
Foredoom'd to fate, ambitious Dolon's ſon. [on,
Baſe as his father, with his grandſire's name,
The recreant ſoldier ſought the field of fame,
But with the luckleſs fortune of his ſire,
Who claim'd Pelides' courſers for his hire,
When ſent the Grecian army to explore;
Vain fool! he ventur'd, but return'd no more;
Slain by Tydides' hand, reſign'd his breath,
And ſhar'd a juſter recompenſe in death!
Him when the Daunian hero ſpy'd from far,
Firſt a light dart he launch'd in open air,
Stops the fleet ſteeds, and, furious, quits the car;
Stood o'er the Trojan, proſtrate as he lay,
Trod on his neck, and wrench'd the ſword away.
Then through his throat the deadly faulchion thruſt,
And thus inſults him grov'ling in the duſt:
Lie there! poſſeſs the land thy valour gains!
And meaſure, at thy length, our Latian plains!
Such, ſuch deſerv'd rewards I ſtill beſtow,
When call'd to battle, on the vaunting foe;
Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy,
Theſe realms, ye proud preſumptuous ſons of Troy!
Next, by his flying ſpear Aſbutes bled:
A ſecond lance laid mighty Chloerus dead.
In Dares's breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel,
And ſent the bold Therſilochus to hell:
Then pierc'd Thymœtes with a fatal wound,
Whoſe flownd'ring ſteed had caſt him to the ground.
As o'er th' Ægean deeps when Boreas roars,
And rolls the waves tumultuous to the ſhores,
The driving clouds before the whirlwind fly,
And break, and ſcatter, through the ruffled ſky:
So where bold Turnus ruſh'd, inflam'd with ire,
Their orders ſcatter, and whole hoſts retire.
Whirl'd on his rapid car, the hero gains
New rage, new vigour, as he ſweeps the plains.
High o'er his helm his crimſon creſt, inclin'd
By ev'ry breath, nods dreadful in the wind.
No more, in proud diſdain, cou'd Phegeus bear
To ſee the hero rule the tide of war;
But, raſhly furious, to the car proceeds,
Seiz'd the looſe reins, and turn'd the flying ſteeds.
Him, as ſuſpended on the yoke he hung,
By the ſwift chariot dragg'd in duſt along,
Through the bor'd corſlet, the ſharp jav'lin found,
And rais'd the warrior with a ſlender wound.
Yet with his ſhield oppos'd he dares the blow,
And with his brandiſh'd ſword aſſaults the foe.
The whirling wheels, the fiery ſpeed impell'd,
Soon ſhoot him headlong on the ſanguine field.
Swift Turnus follow'd; and his faulchion drew;
Between the cuiraſs and the head it flew:
The guſhing blood diſtains the ſands around,
And the pale trunk, lay grov'ling on the ground.
Thus while the conq'ring chief his progreſs held,
Rag'd, ſtorm'd, and reign'd the maſter of the field;
Achates, Mneſtheus, and the royal heir,
Attend the Trojan prince with duteous care,
(As propt, and leaning on the ſpear he went);
And plac'd the bleeding hero in the tent.
The ſteel, deep-rivetted, with eager hands
He tugs impatient, and their aid demands,
More wide to lay the wound, a paſſage bare,
Unroot the dart, and ſend him to the war.
Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
On whom the god had profer'd to beſtow
His lyre, his bays, his preſcience, and his bow.
But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre, and bays,
And preſcient ſkill; but choſe the healing part,
A ſilent, uſeful, though inglorious art.
Unmov'd with all the ſorow and the care
Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
His mighty ſpear, th' impatient chief ſuſtains,
Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glowing pains,
The ſage now haſtens to the taſk aſſign'd,
And firſt diſpatchful, tucks his robes behind;
Tries all the vegetable pow'rs around,
To cool the ſmart, and mitigate the wound.
His hands ſolicit now with tender art;
Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.
At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the pray'r;
And nearer every moment pour'd the war,
Thick and more thick the growing horrors riſe;
A cloud of duſt involves the golden ſkies.
The trampling ſteeds, the thundering foes, drew nigh,
And 'midſt the camp the ſhow'ring jav'lins fly.
The mingling cries from ev'ry part reſound;
Some ſhout, ſome groan, ſome gaſp upon the ground.
Now, touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
Deſcends the goddeſs mother on the plain.
A branch of ſovereign dittany ſhe bore,
From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan ſhore.
Luxuriant leaves the taper ſtalk array;
The ſtalk in flow'rs; the flow'rs in purple gay.
The goats, when pierc'd at diſtance by the dart,
Apply the med'cine to the wounded part.
This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
The queen infuſes in the golden vaſe
Temper'd with ſcented panacee the whole,
And with ambroſial liquors crowns the bowl.
Nor knew the ſage the ſuccour that he found,
But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound.
At once the throbbing anguiſh paſt away;
Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.
The dart, though deeply rooted, at command
Moves up, and anſwers the phyſician's hand.
His former vigour now ſucceeds to pain,
And life burns bright in all her pow'rs again.
Iapis firſt perceiv'd th' immortal art,
That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part.
Raptur'd he ſaw the cure; and firſt impell'd
The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
Arms for the chief, he cries, prepare his arms
And inſtant ſend him to the dire alarms.

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This cure, great hero is no work of mine,
Not mortal art but done by hands divine.
Thy life some guardian god had made his care,
Who sends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war.
The fierce, impatient prince, had cover'd o'er
His manly legs with golden greaves before.
Now, all on fire, his mighty lance he took,
And in his hand the pond'rous weapon shook.
High on his arm the heav'nly shield he rais'd;
And, on his breast, the radiant cuirass blaz'd.
Then, with a close embrace he strain'd his son;
And kiss'd him through his helm, and thus begun:
From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
From others learn, my son, success in war.
I go to labour in the bloody fray,
To fight, and guard thee, in the dreadful day;
To crown thee with a bright immortal name;
To teach thy youth the glorious paths to fame.
Thou, in thy riper years, the virtues trace,
And copy all the worthies of thy race.
Thy soul may Hector and Æneas fire,
Thy godlike uncle, and thy martial sire!
So spoke the hero, and, by rage impell'd,
Tow'r'd from the tent, majestic, to the field;
Shook an huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand;
And with their chief pour'd forth the martial band.
Antheus and Mnestheus led th' embattled train,
And all rush'd furious to the deathful plain.
Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of dust involve the region round.
Now Turnus and his host the foe beheld
From a high mound, advancing o'er the field.
Th' astonish'd troops a gen'ral fear confounds;
But first his sister heard the dreadful sounds.
Too well she knew the dire alarms from far,
And trembling fled before the moving war.
Fierce, with their leaders, march the Trojan train;
And the black squadrons darken all the plain.
As when some tempest o'er mid ocean roars,
And, wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the shores;
With boding hearts the peasants hear from far
The sullen murmurs of the distant war;
Foresee the harvests level'd with the ground,
And all the forests spread in ruins round;
Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind
Flies, and proclaims the furious storm behind.
So swift, so furious, great Æneas flew,
And led against the foes the martial crew.
The thick'ning squadrons, wedg'd in close array,
In one black body win their desp'rate way.
By Mnestheus slain, in dust Archesius lies,
And by Thymbræus' sword Osiris dies.
Next Gyas' lance the mighty Usens sped,
And Eupolo by brave Achates bled.
Ev'n curs'd Tolumnius fell, whose fatal spear,
Launch'd at the Dardan host, renew'd the war.
A peal of shouts, tumultuous, tore the sky,
And o'er the field the pale Rutulians fly.
But with disdain the Trojan hero glows;
Nor wastes his vengeance on inferior foes.
He scorns to fight the few that stand their ground,
Or in their backs the flying crowds to wound:
Turnus, and him alone, he calls aloud
To fight, and hunts him through the dusty cloud.
On this, his anxious sister, seiz'd with fear,
Hurl'd from his lofty seat the charioteer,
Metiscus the renown'd; tost far away,
The wond'ring chief beneath the harness lay,
Herself assumes his armour, voice and air;
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the car.
As the black swallow, that, in quest of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children she provides the feast,
To still the clamours of the craving nest;
Now wild excursions round the cloister takes;
Now, sportive winds, or skims along the lakes:
So flies the goddess on the rapid car,
From side to side, and traverses the war:
Now here, now there, she brings the chief to fight,
But still she turns him from the fatal fight.
Nor less the prince unravels all her ways,
And hunts his foes through ev'ry various maze;
Thrids all the shifting course, and breaks the crowd
With furious speed, and calls the chief aloud.
Oft has he spy'd him, and approach'd the car;
As oft his sister plung'd amid the war.
Where'er the Trojan hero bends his course;
Averse the goddess turns the flying horse.
What should he do? a thousand thoughts divide
His wav'ring soul, that points to ev'ry side!
When lo! Messapus cross'd him in the field,
And in his hand two shining jav'lins held.
One, at the prince, with level'd aim, he threw:
Beneath his shield the cautious prince withdrew;
Low bending on his knee, secure he lay;
But, the swift jav'lin strikes his plume away.
Then, when the meditated fraud he view'd,
That still his rival fled, as he pursu'd;
He first invok'd the thund'rer to redress
The rites profan'd, and violated peace;
Then rush'd amid the train; nor check nor bound
His fury knew, but stretch'd the slaughter round.
The faithless foe he thinks it vain to spare,
And, fir'd with vengeance, gives a loose to war.
What god will now inspire me, to display
The rage of death, and horrors of the day!
What crowds of heroes perish'd on the plain,
By mighty Turnus, and Æneas, slain!
Was it thy will the nations should engage
(Great sire of heav'n) with such unbounded rage?
So soon from war and violence to cease,
Leagu'd in a bond of everlasting peace?
Æneas first slew Sucro in the fight,
Whose sword had turn'd the Trojan troops to flight.
With a swift stroke, and all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the deadly faulchion in his side.
Then, with his brother, Amycus was kill'd,
Cast from their steed by Turnus on the field.
With the long lance, this tow'ring chief he gor'd:
Through that, impetuous, drove the pointed sword:
Then, on his chariot hung, in triumph bore
Their heads aloft, that dropp'd with livid gore:
Next, at one charge, on three bold chiefs he flew;
Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus, slew.
With them, of Theban race, Onytes fell,
Fair Peridia's son; and sunk to hell.
Then bled two brothers, who from Lycia come;
Nor their own Phœbus could prevent their doom.
Next poor Menœtes by his arm was slain,
Who shunn'd so long the dreadful war in vain;
A skilful angler; once he made abode,
Eleis'd with content, by Lerna's plenteous flood.

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There dreſs'd his father, to the great unknown,
A ſtranger field, and furrows not his own.
As the fierce flames through the tall foreſt fly,
This way and that, and kindle all the ſky;
Or rapid torrents from the mountains ſweep,
Roar down the ſides, and thunder to the deep;
With weight reſiſtleſs, and deſtructive ſway,
O'er half a ruin'd country break their way:
So through the field, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
As ſwift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd.
They burſt with wrath; they riſe to ev'ry blow;
They ſend their ſouls with ev'ry lance they throw.
A rock's vaſt weight the great Æneas threw:
Th' enormous fragment like a whirlwind flew,
And hurl'd Murranus on the ground, who brings
His vaunted lineage from the Latian kings.
Headlong the warrior from the chariot flies
Amidſt the harneſs, and encumber'd lies:
The courſers ſtartle at the flaming ſword;
Paw down, and trample on their dying lord.
On Hyllus, Turnus ruſh'd with all his might,
As, fir'd with rage, the chief advanc'd to fight.
Full at his golden helmet, o'er the plain
The jav'lin flew, and ſtung him to the brain:
Nor thee, the braveſt of the Grecian band,
Thy valour, Creteus, ſav'd from Turnus' hand!
Next fell the prieſt Cupencus in the ſtrife,
Nor his own gods could guard his ſacred life;
Full in his breaſt Æneas plung'd the dart,
That pierc'd the ſhield, and quiver'd in his heart.
Then bled great Æolus, by Turnus kill'd,
And ſunk, a bulk enormous, on the field!
Whom not the Grecian heroes could deſtroy,
Nor all their armies, in the wars of Troy,
Nor great Achilles with vengeful ſteel,
Though by his arm the Phrygian empire fell.
Here ends his life; his ſtately palace ſtood
Beneath fair Ida's conſecrated wood:
There liv'd the mighty man; his cold remains
At length lie bury'd in the Latian plains.
Now in all parts the martial ſquadrons wage
A gen'ral war, with undiſtinguiſh'd rage.
The Latian, Trojan, and Rutulian force,
The Tuſcan cohorts, and Arcadian horſe,
Beneath their chiefs, embattled, ſpread the plain;
Here Mneſtheus, there Sereſtus, fires the train;
Here great Aſylus ſwept the field; and there
Storm'd brave Meſſapus, the renown'd in war.
Each fights, as in his arm the mighty day,
With all the fate of his great general lay;
No ſtop, no check the fiery warriors knew;
With their long toils their kindling ardour grew,
And with freſh vigour to the combat flew.
But Venus now inſpires her godlike ſon
To leave the field, and ſtorm th' imperial town.
As following Turnus through the ranks he flies,
From ſide to ſide he darts his eager eyes;
When, lo! before him, in a full ſurvey,
Exempt from war, the fenceleſs city lay.
He views the promis'd prize with ſtern delight;
His ſoul takes fire, and kindles at the ſight.
Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a riſing ground.
Then, as they rais'd their ample ſhields, and ſhook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader ſpoke.
Attend, and inſtant theſe commands obey;
Inſpir'd by favouring Jove, who points the way:
All ſpeed this noble enterpriſe demands,
Claims all your care, and urges all your hands.
This day, this hour, unleſs the Latians yield,
And own your chief the victor of the field,
Ev'n from the loweſt ſtone my rage ſhall tear
Yon town, the ſource of this deſtructive war.
Yon perjur'd court my vengeance ſhall confound,
And thoſe proud tow'rs lie ſmoking on the ground.
Twice have we vanquiſh'd the Rutulian train;
Still muſt I wait till Turnus will be ſlain;
No!—at yon walls the ſure deſtruction aim;
Revenge the broken league with ſword and flame;
Your arms againſt the guilty city bend:
There the dire war began, and there ſhall end.
Rous'd at the word, all wedg'd in firm array,
Strait to the town the ſquadrons urge their way,
They toſs the brands, the ſcaling engines rear,
And round the ramparts roſe the ſudden war.
Some to the portals fly with ſpeed, and ſlay
The guards or citizens, who croſs their way.
Some hurl the vengeful darts; the jav'lins fly
In duſky clouds, and intercept the ſky.
Æneas rais'd his hand, amid the crowd,
Calls, and upbraids the Latian prince aloud,
Obteſting heaven, that, wounded, and compell'd
By his perfidious foes, he took the field;
That twice the rites of peace their arms profane,
And from their impious rage a ſecond war began.
But mad confuſions in the city riſe:
'Tis tumult all; for all at once adviſe.
Theſe arm, and fly to guard the walls; and thoſe,
More loud, demand admiſſion for the foes.
Some, to renew the peace, with clamours bring
Ev'n to the gates the helpleſs hoary king.
So when the ſwain invades, with ſtifling ſmoke,
The bees cloſe-cluſter'd in a cavern'd rock,
They riſe; and, trembling for th' endanger'd ſtate,
Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate,
This way, and that, in loud tumultuous ſwarms,
Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarſe alarms.
The ſteams offenſive roll the cells around;
Their ſullen murmurs through the rock reſound;
While, thick'ning, through the cleft the ſmokes
ariſe,
And in a length of vapours mount the ſkies.
But to complete and aggravate their fears,
A new miſchance involv'd the town in tears.
For, when the wretched queen beheld on high
O'er the proud domes the fiery tempeſt fly;
The ramparts ſtorm'd; th' exulting Trojans near;
Nor Turnus' troops before the town appear;
Many a long look ſhe caſt, but caſt in vain:
And in her fears concludes the hero ſlain;
She raves againſt the gods in wild deſpair;
She calls herſelf the auth'reſs of the war:
A thouſand plaints ſhe vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage her purple garments tore.
Then, on a lofty beam, the matron ty'd
The nooſe diſhoneſt, and obſcenely dy'd.
Soon through the court the dreadful rumour ran;
With frantic ſorrow rave the female train.
Struck with ſuperior grief, Lavinia tears
Her blooming roſy cheeks, and golden hairs.
To their loud ſhrieks the palace-walls reply;
Thence through the town the fatal tidings fly.
All feel the ſtroke; and all, the loſs lament;
His royal robes the rev'rend monarch rent.

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In wild deſpair, with furious hands he ſpread
A cloud of duſt o'er all his hoary head;
And weeps and mourns aloud (a moving ſcene)!
His ruin'd empire, and ſelf-murder'd queen.
Oft, but in vain, he blam'd himſelf alone,
That raſhly he refus'd the Trojan for his ſon.
But now more ſlow his progreſs Turnus held,
And chas'd a few poor ſtragglers o'er the field.
With heartleſs cheer, dejected, he proceeds;
And with their matter flag the fiery ſteeds.
He hears the tumult in the walls behind,
Shrieks, cries, and ſhouts, that thicken in the wind.
Alas! he cries, what clamours ſtrike my ear!
What ſounds diſtreſsful from the town I hear!
Then to the hero, as the ſteeds he ſtay'd,
Thus in the driver's form the ſiſter ſaid:
This way, my lord, your former courſe purſue,
And urge your conqueſt o'er the hoſtile crew.
Your friends defend the town; th' Italians there
Wage with the Dardan chief an equal war.
Againſt his Trojans let us bend our way,
As num'rous, valiant, and renown'd, as they.
Siſter, the chief replies, whom well I knew
(Though in a mortal form conceal'd from view)
When you diſſolv'd the league, by art with-held
The ſingle fight, and mingled in the field,
O ſay! what pow'r diſpatch'd thee from the ſkies,
With this ſad ſcene to ſhock thy mournful eyes?
To ſhare the labours of the dire debate,
A weeping witneſs of thy brother's fate!
That brother ſoon muſt periſh on the plains!
For ah! what chance, what beam of hope remains?
I ſaw my dear Murranus yield his breath,
Who call'd on Turnus in the pangs of death;
Ev'n yet I ſee the warrior bite the ground,
And the ſoul ruſhing through the mighty wound!
I ſaw, where, ſtretch'd in duſt, brave Ufens lay,
Nor liv'd, this ſcene of ruin to ſurvey,
But ſhut out bondage from his cloſing eyes;
His corſe and arms remain the victor's prize.
And ſhall I ſee the city wrapt in flame?
What elſe was wanting to complete my ſhame?
How will the Latians hoot their hero's flight!
Gods!—how will Drances point them to the fight!
But oh!—ſhall Latium ſee her hero fly!—
Is it ſo terrible but once to die?—
Hear me, oh hear me, all ye gods below!
Since ev'ry pow'r celeſtial is my foe;
Lo! I deſcend to your infernal coaſt,
From realms of light, a great and glorious ghoſt,
White, and unſully'd with that dire diſgrace,
Nor ſtain the ſplendors of my regal race!
While yet he ſpoke, athwart the war with ſpeed
Flew bleeding ſages on his foaming ſteed.
Full in his face a feather'd arrow ſtood;
And to the Daunian chief he calls aloud.
Turnus, on you, our laſt, laſt hope depends;
Oh! haſte in pity, and relieve your friends:
For, raging, to the town Æneas pours,
To level with the duſt the Latian tow'rs.
See! o'er the roofs the fires tempeſtuous riſe!
Hark!—how they roar, and thunder in the ſkies!
All eyes are fixt on you, and you alone:
The king himſelf ſtands doubtful which to own,
You, or your Trojan rival, for his ſon.
Yet worſe—his queen, till now your chief ſupport,
Self-murder'd, fills with terror all the court,
Meſſapus only with Atinas ſtands,
To guard the gates, and animate the bands;
Whom in wedg'd ranks the hoſtile troops encloſe,
And round them thick an iron harveſt grows;
While you, for whom they fight, neglect the train,
And idly wheel your chariot round the plain!
A thouſand various thoughts confound the chief,
He ſtood; he gaz'd; his boſom ſwell'd with grief:
Pride, conſcious valour, fury, love, and ſhame,
At once ſet all the hero in a flame,
Soon as his ſoul recover'd from the ſtroke;
Soon as, diſper'd, the cloud of paſſion broke;
Back from his car, the ruin to behold,
His eager eyes the mournful warrior roll'd,
Where the fierce fires in burning torrents riſe
O'er the tall roofs; and, curling to the ſkies,
Had wrapt a tow'r in flames, ſublime and ſtrong,
Rais' by himſelf, that roll'd on wheels along;
Whence the bold ſoldier broke the war below,
And rain'd an iron tempeſt on the foe.
Now, ſiſter, fate prevails; no more delay;
I'll go where rigorous fortune points the way,
Prepar'd the bitterneſs of death to bear,
I'll meet this Trojan hand to hand in war.
No more thoſe eyes ſhall view thy brother's ſhame,
Purſu'd, and flying o'er the field of fame;
Give, give me, goddeſs, in this martial fire,
This high-wrought blaze of fury, to expire.
He ſaid; and ſudden, with an eager bound,
Leap'd from the trembling chariot to the ground;
Leaves his lamenting ſiſter in deſpair;
Springs through a ſtorm of darts the prince to dare;
And burſts impetuous through the ranks of war.
As when, by age, or rains, or tempeſts, torn,
A rock from ſome high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds, and ſwains, involving in the ſweep,
The maſs flies furious from th' aërial ſteep;
Leaps down the mountain's ſide, with many a bound,
In fiery whirls, and ſmokes along the ground;
So to the city, through the cleaving train,
Through ſtreams of blood, that drench'd the purpled plain,
While round his head the whiſtling jav'lins play,
As ſwift, the raging hero breaks his way.
Then from afar, he beckons with his hand,
And loudly thus beſpoke his ſocial band:
To me, ye Latians, the whole war reſign,
All, all the fortune of the field is mine.
'Tis juſt, ye warriors, that your chief alone
Aſſert the compact, or its breach atone.
I claim, I claim the right, in ſingle fray,
To meet my rival, and decide the day.
Back at the word the ſquadrons are compell'd,
And for the champions form an open field.
Now the great Trojan chief, at Turnus' name,
Fierce from the town in all his terrors came;
Leaves ev'ry ſecond work of war behind;
Joy, pride, and courage, raiſe his daring mind.
All-flaſh'd with hopes, and glorying in his might,
The godlike prince moves forward to the fight:
He burns impatient for the dire alarms;
And thunders in the bright Vulcanian arms.
With vaſt gigantic ſtrides, he tow'rs on high,
And looks a ſecond Athos in the ſky;

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Or Eryx, that in heav'n his forehead ſhrouds;
Or father Appenine involv'd in clouds,
When with a depth of ſnows his brows are crown'd,
And all his nodding groves, majeſtic, wave around.
Meantime the warriors, who defend the town,
Or with huge engines break the bulwarks down,
And all the nations, ſtudious of the fight,
Their arms unbuckled, to ſurvey the fight.
Ev'n death ſtands ſtill; and, o'er the crowded plains,
Through the long ranks, a ſolemn ſilence reigns.
Nor leſs amaz'd, the Latian lord beheld
Two chiefs engag'd in combat on the field,
By love, fate, honour, and ambition, led
To try their title to his daughter's bed.
Soon as each army from the field withdrew,
Fierce, to the fight, the mighty heroes flew.
They launch their ſpears; their claſhing ſhields reſound:
Beneath their fury groans the trembling ground:
Then their bright ſwords the raging champions drew,
And with repeated blows the charge renew.
Courage, and chance, and ſtrength, in both unite;
And the bold chiefs maintain an equal fight.
As, where proud Sila's tow'ring ſummits riſe,
Or huge Taburnus heaves into the ſkies,
With frowning fronts two mighty bulls engage;
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage:
Far from the ſcene the trembling keepers fly;
Struck dumb with terror, ſtand the heifers by;
Nor know which lord the ſubject herds ſhall lead,
And reign at large the monarch of the mead.
Fierce ſtrokes they aim, repeated o'er and o'er;
Their dewlaps, necks, and ſides, are bath'd in gore;
The mountains, ſtreams, and woods, rebellow to the roar.
So to the fight the furious heroes fly,
So claſh their ſhields, and echo to the ſky.
Now Jove ſuſpends his ſcales; two diff'rent weights
He caſts in both, and try'd the warrior's fates.
This, light with conqueſts, to the gods aſcends;
That, charg'd with death, ſinks downwards to the fiends.
With his drawn faulchion Turnus ſtrikes the foe
On his full ſtretch, and riſes to the blow.
Loud ſhouts and groans ſucceed; each army bent
Their eager eyes, and wait the great event;
When lo! all-ſhatter'd flies the traitor ſword,
And in the ſtroke deſerts the Daunian lord.
A ſtranger hilt he ſpies, and ſhakes in vain:
All, all his hopes in flight alone remain;
And, ſwifter than the wind, he darts along the plain.
For when the chief firſt vaulted on the car
With headlong haſte, and ruſh'd into the war,
He left his father's temper'd ſword, 'tis ſaid,
And ſeiz'd his charioteer Metiſcus' blade;
And, ev'n with this, the growing ſlaughter ſpread,
While from his rage the trembling Trojans fled.
But when the mortal ſteel a ſtroke beſtow'd
On heav'nly arms, the labour of a god!
The faulchion, faithleſs to the warrior's hand,
Broke ſhort—the fragments glitter'd on the ſand.
O'er the wide field diſtracted Turnus ſprings,
And flies with wild affright in mazy rings;
For here he views th' embattled Trojan pow'rs;
Here a vaſt lake; and there the Latian tow'rs.
But ſtill his foe, though tardy from his wound,
Treads all his ſteps, unrav'ling ev'ry round
As the fleet ſtag, by the ſtaunch hound purſu'd,
Now bounds above the banks, now ſhoots along the flood;
Now from the meſhy toils with terror ſprings,
Scar'd by the plumes, that dance upon the ſtrings:
He ſtarts, he pants, he ſtares, with wild amaze,
And flies his op'ning foe a thouſand ways.
Cloſe at his heels, the deep-mouth'd furious hound
Turns as he turns, and traces all the ground.
On his full ſtretch he makes his eager way,
And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling prey.
Forth darts the ſtag—his foe caſt far behind,
Catches but empty air, and bites the wind,
The hunters ſhout; the ſtreams, the rocks reply;
And the tumultuous pearls run rattling round the ſky.
Thus, flying in diſtreſs, the Daunian lord
Calls on his friends; demands his truſty ſword.
But the great Trojan, with a lofty cry,
Forbids the bands the weapon to ſupply;
Denouncing death, and threat'ning all around,
Th' imperial town to level with the ground.
O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
This hero leads, and that purſues the chaſe.
No light reward muſt crown their eager ſtriſe;
The long-contended prize is Turnus' noble life!
To Faunus ſacred had an olve ſtood:
The ſhipwreck'd ſailors on the hallow'd wood,
Hung their devoted veſts in honour of the god.
But late, to leave the field for combat free,
The Trojans fell'd the venerable tree.
Full in the root, Æneas drove his ſpear:
The dart, deep riveted, ſtood trembling there:
The hero ſtruggling with inceſſant pain,
Now bends to diſengage the lance again;
And with his dart, at leaſt, o'ertake the foe,
Who, frighted, to the god preferr'd his vow.
Thy ſuppliant's pray'r, in pity, Faunus, hear,
And thou, kind mother earth, detain the ſpear;
If ſtill I honour'd with a pious hand
Your plant, by guilty Troy with ſteel profan'd.
Thus he; the god attends his humble ſtrain:
The Trojan labours at the root in vain:
There as he tugs the lance with all his might,
Fierce, and impatient no renew the fight,
Once more Juturna to the chief reſtor'd
(In brave Metiſcus' form) his temper'd ſword.
This heav'nly Venus view'd with high diſdain,
And from the root releas'd the dart again.
Renew'd in might, the tow'ring chiefs advance;
One ſhook the ſword, and one the flaming lance.
Their heaving boſoms ſwell with ſtern delight,
Pant for the combat, and demand the fight,
Then to his conſort, who the war ſurvey'd
Thron'd on a golden cloud, the thund'rer ſaid:
What ſchemes, my queen, are left, with vain debate,
Ev'n yet to check the ripe events of fate?
You know, and own, Æneas ſoon muſt riſe
From earth, already ſacred to the ſkies.
Long ſince, thoſe glories to the chief are ow'd.
And heav'n now opens to receive the god.
To what fond purpoſe then his fruitleſs care?
To linger in the clouds, and urge the war?

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Say, was it juſt, to wake the dire alarms?
To violate a god with mortal arms,
When the bold ſiſter to the chief reſtor'd,
By the aſſiſtance, his paternal ſword?
(For what without thy ſuccour could ſhe dare)?
And ſent the vanquiſh'd Turnus to the war?
At length, at length, the needleſs ſtrife give o'er;
At my requeſt, indulge your rage no more;
Nor let revenge, dire enemy to reſt,
For ever prey on that immortal breaſt.
Oh! let thy lord thy ſecret ſorrow ſhare,
Or, more than ſhare it, give me all thy care!
To their laſt ſacred point the fates are come;
Here, here they fixt th' unalterable doom.
The Latian court in ruins could you lay,
And drive the Trojans o'er the land and ſea;
Profane with blood the holy bridal rite,
Rekindle war, and urge them to the fight;
This we indulg'd: now give thy efforts o'er
At our command; and thwart the Fates no more.
So ſpoke th' imperial ſov'reign of the ſkies;
And, in ſubmiſſive terms, the queen replies:
Great ſire; becauſe thy ſacred will I know,
I left my Turnus to his doom below.
Nor had I ſtay'd, but at the will of Jove,
Diſgrac'd and penſive, in the clouds above;
But in the front of fight my foes engag'd,
And, wrapt in flames, through all the battle rag'd;
I bade Juturna mingle in the ſtrife,
Nay, venture more, to ſave a brother's life.
That charge I own; but not to bend a bow,
Or hurl a ſingle jav'lin at the foe.
This, this, I ſwear by the black Stygian floods,
The ſole dread ſanction of th' immortal gods:
Now back to heav'n, great father, I repair,
And from this hour renounce the hateful war.
But yet I beg, O ſov'reign of the ſky!
What not the hardeſt laws of fate deny;
For your own Latium, I implore this grace,
This honour for your own majeſtic race;
When by theſe nuptials both the realms combine,
And in firm leagues of peace and friendſhip join;
Still may the Latians, ſtill remain the ſame,
Nor take from Troy their language, garb, or name!
May the great race of Alban monarchs reign;
Kings after kings the regal line ſuſtain;
And from th' Italian blood may Rome ariſe,
In all her pride and glory, to the ſkies.
But may a long oblivion quite deſtroy
The laſt, laſt ruins, with the name of Troy!
The goddeſs ſpoke; and, with a ſmile, replies:
The fire of men, and monarch of the ſkies:
Can Saturn's other heir, who reigns above,
Th' imperial ſiſter, and the wife of Jove,
With endleſs ſchemes of vengeance break her reſt?
Why burns ſuch wrath in a celeſtial breaſt?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, at length, and lay your anger by,
Since with your wiſh, my empreſs, we comply.
Th' Auſonians ever ſhall remain the ſame
In cuſtoms, garb, religion, and the name;
And the loſt Trojan race forget from whence they came:
In manners, laws, and language, ſhall they join,
And Ilion ſhall increaſe the Latian line.
From hence a pious godlike race ſhall riſe;
The firſt of men; the darlings of the ſkies.
Nor all the nations of the world ſhall pay
More glorious honours to thy name, than they.
Then, pleas'd and reconcil'd, the queen of Jove
Flies to her palace, in the realms above.
'Twas then th' eternal ſire of heav'n expell'd
The wat'ry goddeſs from the fighting field:
Two hideous monſters wait obſequious by,
Tremendous fiends! the furies of the ſky;
Hell-born and horrible, they ſpring to light,
With dire Megæra, from the womb of Night.
Huge wreaths of ſerpents ſpires their temples bound:
Their wings in whirlwinds drove the air around,
When bent the minds of mortal men to ſcare
With the black horrors of the laſt deſpair;
When for the guilty world the god prepares
Woes, death, diſeaſe, blue peſtilence, and wars;
In pomp terrific, frown the fiends abhorr'd;
Before the throne of heav'n's Almighty Lord,
To wreak his vengeance, in his courts they ſtand,
Watch his imperial nod, and fly at his command.
Of theſe, the ſwifteſt from the ſkies he ſent,
To fright the goddeſs with a dire portent.
Fir'd with her charge, the fiend, with rapid flight,
Shot in a whirlwind from Olympus' height.
As when the Parthian dips, with fatal art,
And doubly arms, with death, th' envenom'd dart;
He draws the circling bow; the quiv'ring ſtring
Twangs; and the weapon whizzes on the wing:
So ſwift to earth the baleful fury flew,
Till Turnus and the hoſts appear'd in view.
When lo! contracted, to the bird ſhe turns,
That hoots o'er deſolated piles and urns,
Whoſe piercing ſtrains the midnight hours invade,
And break the ſolemn ſilence of the ſhade.
Chang'd to this form obſcene, the fury flies
Round Turnus' head, and chills him with ſurpriſe;
This way and that ſhe flutters o'er the field,
And ſcreams his death, and beats his ſounding ſhield.
His inmoſt ſoul a ſudden horror ſtung;
Stiff roſe his hair; amazement chain'd his tongue:
But ſoon, too ſoon, the goddeſs knew the ſound
Of the black Fury as ſhe flies around:
She tore her beauteous face in wild deſpair,
Beat her white breaſt, and rent her golden hair.
Ah me! ſhe cries, in this unequal ſtrife,
How can thy ſiſter now defend thy life?
What can I more to lengthen out thy date,
(Wretch that I am)! and ſtop the courſe of fate?
How can I ſtand that hideous fiend of night?
Hence, hence, ye furies!—Lo, I quit the fight.
Your threats, ye baleful birds of night, forbear,
Nor fright a trembling goddeſs to deſpair.
Too well I know your pinions clatt'ring round.—
There was a ſcream!—Hell, hell, is in the ſound!
You came (I know) commiſſion'd from above,
Sent by the high command of haughty Jove.
This then, is this the ſole reward beſtow'd,
For my loſt honour, by the grateful god?
Ah! why this lengthen'd life muſt I endure,
Deny'd the taſte of death, its only cure!
Curs'd with the fruitleſs honours of the ſky!
Condemn'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Pleas'd, with my brother, would I yield my breath,
And ſhare his fate, unprivileg'd from death.

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Joy is no more; and nothing Jove beſtows
In life immortal, but immortal woes!
Earth! earth! thy inmoſt centre open throw,
And reſt a goddeſs in the ſhades below!
Then in her azure robes ſhe wrapt her head,
Sigh'd, ſobb'd, and plung'd into her wat'ry bed;
Her laſt low murmurs, as the ſtream divides,
Work up in air, and bubble on the tides.
Now at the foe, the Trojan hero ſhook
His pointed ſpear, and ſternly thus beſpoke:
What methods, Turnus, yet remain for flight?
'Tis ſtrength, not ſwiftneſs, muſt decide the fight.
Try all thy arts and vigour to eſcape
Thy inſtant doom, and vary ev'ry ſhape;
Wiſh for the morning's rapid wings, to fly,
Shoot down to hell; or vault into the ſky.—
Not thoſe inſulting empty vaunts I dread,
Reply'd the mournful chief (and ſhook his head);
No—but the gods with fear my boſom move,
And he, my greateſt foe, Almighty Jove!
The warrior ſaid; and caſt his fiery eyes
Where an huge ſtone, a rocky fragment, lies;
Black, rough, prodigious, vaſt!—the common bound
For ages paſt, and barrier of the ground.
Scarce twelve ſtrong men the pond'rous maſs could raiſe,
Such as diſgrace theſe dark degen'rate days.
This in his trembling hand he heav'd to throw,
Ran with the load, and hurl'd it at the foe:
But ran all-giddy with affright, nor knew
Which way he took, nor what a weight he threw.
His looſe knees tremble, nor ſupport their load:
Round his cold heart congeals the ſettling blood.
Short of the mark, and guiltleſs of a wound,
Th' unwieldy maſs came thund'ring to the ground.
And, as when ſlumber ſeals the cloſing ſight,
The ſick wild fancy labours in the night:
Some dreadful viſionary foe we ſhun
With airy ſtrides, but ſtrive in vain to run;
In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs eſſay;
We faint, we ſtagger, ſink, and fall away;
Drain'd of our ſtrength, we neither fight nor fly,
And on the tongue the ſtruggling accents die:
The chief ſo labours, but with fruitleſs pain;
The fiend ſtill thwarts him, and he toils in vain!
Amidſt a thouſand doubts, he ſtands oppreſt,
A thouſand terrors working in his breaſt.
Now to the Latian battlements on high,
Now to his friends, he turns his trembling eye,
Now to the threat'ning lance, already wing'd to fly.
No friendly aid, no glimm'ring hopes appear,
No car, no ſteeds, nor goddeſs charioteer:
With levell'd eye the Trojan mark'd the part;
Then whirls, with all his force the whizzing dart,
A ſtone diſploded, with leſs fury far,
Flies from the brazen enginery of war:
And wrapp'd in flames, far leſs enrag'd and loud,
Burſts the big thunder from the breaking cloud.
Swift as the whirlwind ſweeps along the ſkies,
The jav'lin, charg'd with ſure deſtruction, flies;
Its rapid progreſs through the ſev'n-fold ſhield,
And the thick mail, with matchleſs fury held;
Thence, through his thigh, drove deep the griding wound,
And bent the hapleſs warrior to the ground.
With peals of groans the pale Rutulians riſe;
The groves and mountains ring with mournful cries.
His eyes and hands the vanquiſh'd hero rear'd,
And to the chief his moving pray'r preferr'd:
Prince, I deſerve, nor deprecate my death:
Then, uſe thy fortune; take my forfeit breath!
Yet, if a parent's woes thy ſoul incline,
Think what thy father was; then pity mine!
Think at thy feet the hoary monarch thrown,
Grov'ling, and pleading for an only ſon!
Then ſave the ſon! in him the father ſave!
Nor bow his age, with ſorrow, to the grave!
Or, oh!—at leaſt, this mercy I implore,
My breathleſs relicks to my friends reſtore.
Thine is the conqueſt; lo! the Latian bands
Behold their gen'ral ſtretch his ſuppliant hands!
Reſtrain thy farther vengeance; I reſign
My former claim; the royal fair is thine.
A while, the hero, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Repreſs'd his hand, and gaz'd upon the foe.
His melting words to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind;
When lo! by chance, the golden belt he ſpy'd,
The belt of Pallas, glitt'ring at his ſide;
Which from the dying youth the warrior tore,
And the refulgent prize in triumph wore.
His eyes, fierce-flaming, o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the ſlumb'ring vengeance in his ſoul.
Then with loud accents, and a dreadful look,
Stern and terrific, to the prince he ſpoke:
Thou! wretch accurs'd! can'ſt thou to grace pretend?
Clad in the ſpoils of my dear murder'd friend?
Go then, a victim to his ſpirit, go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow.
Thus is his ghoſt aton'd.—The hero ſaid;
And bury'd in his breaſt the furious blade.
With a deep groan the dying warrior fell,
And the majeſtic ſoul diſdainful plung'd to hell.

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THE WORKS

OF

JUVENAL;

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ. AND OTHERS.

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DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

My Lord,

The wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your Lordship from your first appearance in the world, are at length accomplished, in your obtaining those honours and dignities, which you have so long deserved. There are no factions, though irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally pleased in your prosperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Vespasian was not more the delight of human-kind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it is not less: and though you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you have lost as few days as that excellent emperor, and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some unhappy man. This, my Lord, has justly acquired you as many friends as there are persons who have the honour to be known to you: mere acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line; and they who have conversed with you are for ever after inviolably yours This is a truth so generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a first principle, which is received as soon as it is proposed; and needs not the reformation which Descartes used to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the same assurance can I say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon; and all who have the benefit of sight, can look up as well, and see the sun.

It is true, I have one privilege, which is almost particular to myself; that I saw you in the east at your first arising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addresses to your Lordship, in my essay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakspeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly: and Jonson, who, by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy posterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may say before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage amongst the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet, even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your Lordship: a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excused by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, An Essay. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspired to foretel you to mankind, as the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and

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candour, is the product of right reason; which of neceſſity will give allowance to the failings of others, by conſidering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and, by diſtinguiſhing that which comes neareſt to excellency, though not abſolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candour in the judge. It is incident to an elevated underſtanding, like your Lordſhip's, to find out the errors of other men: but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleaſure on thoſe things, which are ſomewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions: and to forgive the many failings of thoſe, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to thoſe heights that you poſſeſs from a happy, abundant, and native genius, which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakſpeare; and, for aught I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and ſciences, all moral and natural philoſophy, without knowing that they ever ſtudied them.

There is not an Engliſh writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordſhip excels all others, in all the ſeveral parts of poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The moſt vain, and the moſt ambitious of our age, have not dared to aſſume ſo much, as the competitors of Themiſtocles; they have yielded the firſt place without diſpute: and have been arrogantly content to be as ſecond to your Lordſhip; and even that alſo with a "*longe ſed proximi intervallo.*" If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their ſelf-conceit, they muſt be very ſingular in their opinion; they muſt be like the officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The world will eaſily conclude, whether ſuch unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnaſſus.

I will not attempt, in this place, to ſay any thing particular of your lyric poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The ſubject of this book confines me to ſatire; and in that, an author of your own quality (whoſe aſhes I ſhall not diſturb), has given you all the commendation, which his ſelf-ſufficiency could afford to any man: "The "beſt good man, with the worſt-natured muſe." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonſon's verſes to the memory of Shakſpeare: an inſolent, ſparing, and invidious panegyric: where good-natute, the moſt godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your perſon, and denied to your writings: for they are every where ſo full of candour, that, like Horace, you only expoſe the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedneſs of thought, which is viſibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of ſalt in all your verſes, than I have ſeen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been ſparing of the gall; by which means you have pleaſed all readers, and offended none. Donne alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your verſification. And were he tranſlated into numbers and Engliſh, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expreſſion. That which is the prime virtue and chief ornament of Virgil, which diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of writers, is ſo conſpicuous in your verſes, that it caſts a ſhadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be ſeen, or but obſcurely, while you are preſent. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner, and the words. I read you both with the ſame admiration, but not with the ſame delight. He affects the metaphyſics, not only in his ſatires, but in his amorous verſes, where nature only ſhould reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair ſex with nice ſpeculations of philoſophy, when he ſhould engage their hearts, and entertain them with the ſoftneſs of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for ſo bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; ſo great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his Miſtreſs infinitely below his Pindarics, and his latter compoſitions, which are undoubtedly the beſt of his poems, and the moſt correct. For my own part, I muſt avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in ſatire, wherein I have not ſtudied your writings as the moſt perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greateſt commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have ſomething more or leſs of the original. Some few touches of your Lordſhip, ſome ſecret graces which I have endeavoured to expreſs after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to paſs with approbation: but take your verſes altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is becauſe you have not written more. You have not ſet me ſufficient copy to tranſcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint againſt your Lordſhip, and I muſt have leave to upbraid you with it, that, becauſe you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wiſhes you ſo well, in all things that relate to your proſperity, have their intervals of wiſhing for themſelves, and are within a little of grudging you the fullneſs of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you uſed it not ſo well, and with ſo much generoſity.

Fame is in itſelf a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires ſtrength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his gods, and place it in the happineſs of the bleſt: the divinity which we worſhip has given us not only a precept againſt it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my lord, would be content to allow you a ſeventh day for reſt; or, if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuſe you half your time: if you come out, like ſome great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diverſion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in ſhort, if you were a bad, or which is worſe, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for your own quiet, and not expoſe you to the want of yours. But when you are ſo great and ſo ſucceſsful, and when we have that neceſſity of your writing, that we cannot ſubſiſt entirely without it; any more (I almoſt ſay) than

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the world without the daily courſe of ordinary providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repoſe for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then ſomewhat of extraordinary, that is, any thing of your production, is requiſite to refreſh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a ſufficient reproach to you; and, ſhould I carry it as far as mankind would authoriſe me, would be little leſs than ſatire. And, indeed, a provocation is almoſt neceſſary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced ſometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of ſcribblers, who daily peſter the world with their inſufferable ſtuff, that they might be diſcouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons, and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either ſhot at rovers, and therefore miſſed, or their power was ſo weak, that I might ſafely ſtand them, at the neareſt diſtance. I anſwered not the Rehearſal, becauſe I knew the author ſat to himſelf when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce. Becauſe alſo I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that ſatire: and, laſtly, becauſe Mr. Smith and Mr. Jonſon, the main pillars of it, were two ſuch languiſhing gentlemen in their converſation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, thoſe noble characters of men of wit and pleaſure about the town. The like conſiderations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their proſe and doggrel: I am ſo far from defending my poetry againſt them, that I will not ſo much as expoſe theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof againſt their attacks, let me be thought by poſterity, what thoſe authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure ſo long, as to another age. But theſe dull makers of lampoons, as harmleſs as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: ſome witty men may perhaps ſucceed to their deſigns, and mixing ſenſe with malice, blaſt the reputation of the moſt innocent amongſt men, and the moſt virtuous amongſt women.

Heaven be praiſed, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever miſchief they have deſigned, they have performed but little of it. Yet theſe ill writers, in all juſtice ought themſelves to be expoſed: as Perſius has given us a fair example in his firſt ſatire, which is levelled particularly at them: and none is ſo fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but alſo ſo juſt, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verſe, to puniſh and make examples of the bad. But of this I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true ſatires.

In the mean time, as a counſellor, bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and ſtatute laws, may honeſtly inform a juſt prince how far his prerogative extends; ſo I may be allowed to tell your Lordſhip, who, by an undiſputed title, are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exerciſe it over the petulant ſcribblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know you are abſolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the ſtage. You can baniſh from thence ſcurrility and profaneneſs, and reſtrain the licentious inſolence of poets and their actors in all things that ſhock the public quiet, or the reputation of private perſons, under the notion of humour. But I mean not the authority which is annexed to your office: I ſpeak of that only which is inborn, and inherent to your perſon. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a maſterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are empowered, when you pleaſe, to give the final deciſion of wit; to put your ſtamp on all that ought to paſs for current; and ſet a brand of reprobation on clipt poetry and falſe coin. A ſhilling, dipt in the bath, may go for gold amongſt the ignorant; but the ſceptres on the guineas ſhow the difference. That your Lordſhip is formed by nature for this ſupremacy, I could eaſily prove (were it not already granted by the world), from the diſtinguiſhing character of your writings; which is ſo viſible to me, that I never could be impoſed on to receive for yours what is written by any others; or to miſtake your genuine poetry for their ſpurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without ſome vanity in ſaying it), that in the ſame paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordſhip was only part, I could ſeparate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own braſs (for there is not the ſame rule for diſtinguiſhing between bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good), yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not; and was abſolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was poſitively yours, and could not poſitively be written by any other.

True it is, that ſome bad poems, though not all, carry their owner's mark about them. There is ſome peculiar awkwardneſs, falſe grammar, imperfect ſenſe, or, at the leaſt, obſcurity; ſome brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who are the owners of the cattle, though they ſhould not ſign it with their names. But your Lordſhip, on the contrary, is diſtinguiſhed, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your ſtyle and manner of expreſſing them. A painter, judging of ſome admirable piece, may affirm with certainty that it was of Holben, or Van Dyck: but vulgar deſigns, and common draughts, are eaſily miſtaken and miſapplied. Thus, by my long ſtudy of your Lordſhip, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like thoſe artiſts, I can only ſay, this is like the draught of ſuch a one, or like the colouring of another. In ſhort, I can only be ſure, that it is the hand of a good maſter; but in your performances, it is ſcarcely poſſible for me to be deceived. If you write in your ſtrength, you ſtand revealed at the firſt view; and ſhould you write under it, you,

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cannot avoid ſome peculiar graces, which only coſt me a ſecond conſideration to diſcover you: for I muſt ſay it, with all the ſeverity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordſhip's only fault is, that you have not written more; unleſs I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the public the accuſation would not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modeſty will not publiſh.

Virgil has confined his works within the compaſs of eighteen thouſand lines, and has not treated many ſubjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the beſt poet. Martial ſays of him, that he could have excelled Varius in tragedy, and Horace in lyric poetry, but, out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The ſame prevalence of genius is in your Lordſhip: but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the ſame conſideration; becauſe we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whoſe excellencies both of poems, odes, and ſatires, you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majeſty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good ſenſe is the ſame in all or moſt ages; and courſe of time rather improves nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may poſſibly ariſe from thoſe very cauſes which produced the firſt: though it would be imprudence to affirm that any ſuch have appeared.

It is manifeſt, that ſome particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all ſorts of arts and ſciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Ariſtophanes, and the reſt for ſtage poetry amongſt the Greeks: that of Auguſtus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all ſorts of poetry in the perſons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; eſpecially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the ſame time lived Cicero, Salluſt, and Cæſar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his ſon Leo X. wherein painting was revived, and poetry flouriſhed, and the Greek language was reſtored.

Examples in all theſe are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That, in ſuch an age, it is poſſible ſome great genius may ariſe, equal to any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing and commerce makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil were the only of their ſpecies, and that nature was ſo much worn out in producing them, that ſhe is never able to bear the like again; yet, the example only holds in heroic poetry: in tragedy and ſatire, I offer myſelf to maintain againſt ſome of our modern critics, that this age and the laſt, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both thoſe kinds; and, I would inſtance in Shakſpeare of the former, of your Lordſhip in the latter ſort.

Thus I might ſafely confine myſelf to my native country; but, if I would only croſs the ſeas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the perſon of the admirable Boileau; whoſe numbers are excellent, whoſe expreſſions are noble, whoſe thoughts are juſt, whoſe language is pure, whoſe ſatire is pointed, and whoſe ſenſe is cloſe: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with uſury of his own, in coin as good, and almoſt as univerſally valuable: for, ſetting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the ſtamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Auguſtus Cæſar. Let this be ſaid without entering into the intereſt of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praiſe ſo juſt, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuſe it to him.

Now, if it be permitted me to go back again to the conſideration of epic poetry, I have confeſſed, that no man hitherto has reached, or ſo much as approached to, the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I muſt further add, that Statius, the beſt verſificator next Virgil, knew not how to deſign after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in deſign and ſubject, and is, beſides, too full of heat and affectation; that, among the moderns, Arioſto neither deſigned juſtly, nor obſerved any unity of action, or compaſs of time, or moderation in the vaſtneſs of his draught: his ſtyle is luxurious, without majeſty or decency; and his adventures, without the compaſs of nature and poſſibility: Taſſo, whoſe deſign was regular, and who obſerved the rules of unity in time and place more cloſely than Virgil, yet was not ſo happy in his action; he confeſſes himſelf to have been too lyrical; that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verſe, in his epiſodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his ſtory is not ſo pleaſing as Arioſto's; he is too flatulent ſometimes, and ſometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almoſt always forced; and beſides, is full of conception, points of epigram and witticiſm; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verſe, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And thoſe who are guilty of ſo boyiſh an ambition in ſo grave a ſubject, are ſo far from being conſidered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenſer to Flecnoe; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Taſſo: he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worſe, imitates Homer ſo very ſervilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jeruſalem fifty ſons, only becauſe Homer had beſtowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngeſt in the ſame manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not as below thoſe two Italians, and ſubject to a thouſand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the Engliſh have only to boaſt of Spenſer and Milton, who neither of them want-

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ed either genius or learning, to have been perfect poets; and yet both of them are liable to many cenſures. For there is no uniformity in the deſign of Spenſer: he aims at the accompliſhment of no one action: he raiſes up a hero for every one of his adventures; and endows each of them with ſome particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without ſubordination or performance. Every one is moſt valiant in his own legend; only we muſt do them that juſtice to obſerve, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, ſhines throughout the whole poem; and ſuccours the reſt, when they are in diſtreſs. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought moſt conſpicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finiſh his poem, in the ſix remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, becauſe the model was not true. But prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and ſpirit, to accompliſh his deſign: for the reſt, his obſolete language, and the ill choice of his ſtanza, are faults but of the ſecond magnitude: for, notwithſtanding the firſt, he is ſtill intelligible, at leaſt, after a little practice; and for the laſt, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under ſuch a difficulty, his verſes are ſo numerous, ſo various, and harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he profeſſedly imitated, has ſurpaſſed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the Engliſh.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with ſo much juſtice, his ſubject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly ſo called. His deſign is the loſing of our happineſs: his event is not proſperous, like that of all other epic works: his heavenly machines are many, and human perſons are but two. But I will not take Mr Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promiſed the world a critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his poem for Heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words ſounding, and that no man has ſo happily copied the manner of Homer, or ſo copiouſly tranſlated his Græciſms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, ſometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of ſcripture: his antiquated words were his choice, not his neceſſity; for therein he imitated Spenſer, as Spenſer imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps the love of their maſters may have tranſported both too far, in the frequent uſe of them; yet, in my opinion, obſolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more ſounding, or more ſignificant, than thoſe in practice; and, when their obſcurity is taken away, by joining other words to them which clear the ſenſe; according to the rule of Horace, for the admiſſion of new words. But in both caſes, a moderation is to be obſerved in the uſe of them. For unneceſſary coinage, as well as unneceſſary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I juſtify Milton for this blank verſe, though I may excuſe him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have uſed it: for whatever cauſes he alleges for the aboliſhing of rhyme (which I have not now the leiſure to examine) his own particular reaſon is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the eaſe of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifeſt in his Juvenilia, or verſes written in his youth; where his rhyme is always conſtrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the ſoul is moſt pliant, and the paſſion of love makes almoſt every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias ſo long together, and made ſo tedious a digreſſion from ſatire to heroic poetry. But, if you will not excuſe it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Davenant ſays, is always narrative; yet I hope the uſefulneſs of what I have to ſay on this ſubject, will qualify the remoteneſs of it; and this is the laſt time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verſe. I have then, as you ſee, obſerved the failings of many great wits amongſt the moderns, who have attempted to write an epic poem: beſides theſe, or the like animadverſions of them, or other men, there is yet a farther reaſon given, why they cannot poſſibly ſucceed ſo well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all thoſe other wonderful qualifications which are neceſſary to the forming of a true accompliſhed heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they ſay, that Chriſtianity is not capable of thoſe embelliſhments which are afforded in the belief of thoſe ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the ſevere notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Chriſtian conſiſts in patience and ſuffering, for the love of God, whatever hardſhips can befal in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of thoſe enterpriſes which the poets call heroic; which are commonly the effects of intereſt, oſtentation, pride, and worldly honours. That humility and reſignation are our prime virtues; and that theſe include no action, but that of the ſoul: whereas, on the contrary, an heroic poem requires to its neceſſary deſign, and as its laſt perfection, ſome great action of war, the accompliſhment of ſome extraordinary undertaking, which requires the ſtrength and vigour of the body, the duty of a ſoldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in ſhort, as much, or more, of the active virtue, than the ſuffering. But to this, the anſwer is very obvious. God has placed us in our ſeveral ſtations; the virtues of a private Chriſtian are patience, obedience, ſubmiſſion, and the like: but thoſe of a magiſtrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counſel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful commands, and the exerciſe of magnanimity, as well as juſtice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an epic poem, or the heroic action of ſome great commander, enterpriſed for the common good and honour of the Chriſtian cauſe, and executed happily, may be as

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well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the poet be endued with the same talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet, as near approaching to it as our modern barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critic, as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, That the machines of our Christian religion, in heroic poetry, are much more feeble to support the weight than those of heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a superior providence); but also espoused the several parties, in a visible corporeal descent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles sometimes in opposition to each other; though Virgil (more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented himself with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counsels, or commands, to those whose cause they had espoused, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now our religion (says he) is deprived of the greatest part of those machines; at least the most shining in epic poetry. Though St. Michael, in Ariosto, seeks out Discord, to send her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire; and Satan, in Tasso, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance; yet the archangel, in the former example, when Discord was restive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery with fair words, has the whip hand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, in God's name, about her business; and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a minister of hell. The same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso (as if God had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confined like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already killed, and all the rest are in a fair way of being routed, stickles betwixt the remainder of God's host and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remained untaken. This, says Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment, can be raised from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of the battle, from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourselves? For, if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting Heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much ease, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred soldiers defeats another, which consists only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answered by those mediums which have been used. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnished us with any such machines, as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defects of our new writers? I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness; and it is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds, and coadjutors, the critics. Yet we see the art of war is improved in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily: something new in philosophy and the mechanics is discovered almost every year: and the science of former ages is improved by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in short, that Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had searched the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of Platonic philosophy, as it is now Christianized, would have the ministry of angels as strong an engine, for the working up heroic poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their gods, which were only received for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

It is a doctrine almost universally received by Christians, as well Protestants as Catholics, That there are guardian angels appointed by God Almighty as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy. The prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose, and design of all, was certainly the service of their great

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Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that, for ends beſt known to the Almighty Majeſty of Heaven, his providential deſigns for the benefit of his creatures, for the debaſing and puniſhing of ſome nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to theſe his miniſters; elſe why thoſe factious quarrels, controverſies, and battles amongſt themſelves, when they are all united in the ſame deſign, the ſervice and honour of their common maſter? But being inſtructed only in the general, and zealous of the main deſign; and, as finite beings, not admitted into the ſecrets of government, the laſt reſorts of providence, or capable of diſcovering the final purpoſes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleaſes; and irreſiſtibly ſways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the beſt, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular; they muſt of neceſſity be ſometimes ignorant of the means conducing to thoſe ends, in which alone they can jar and oppoſe each other. One angel, as we ſuppoſe the prince of Perſia, as he is called, judging that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Perſian monarchy, when delivered from the Babyloniſh captivity, ſhould ſtill be uppermoſt: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other ſide, for the riſe of Alexander, and his ſucceſſors, who were appointed to puniſh the backſliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more obſervient of the law revealed. But how far theſe controverſies and appearing enmities of thoſe glorious creatures may be carried; how theſe oppoſitions may beſt be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my buſineſs to ſhow or determine: theſe things muſt be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of ſo happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who, being converſant in the philoſophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to Chriſtian uſe; for as Virgil gives us to underſtand by his example) he is the only proper perſon, of all others, for an epic poem, who, to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a ſtrong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and ſcienc s, and particularly moral philoſophy, the mathematics, geography, and hiſtory, and with all theſe qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practiſe, the variety of numbers, and is maſter of the language in which he writes; if ſuch a man, I ſay, be now ariſen, or ſhall ariſe, I am vain enough to think, that I have propoſed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant, ſince the ancients.

There is another part of theſe machines yet wanting; but, by what I have ſaid it would have been eaſily ſupplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the oppoſition of ill ſpirits to the good; they have alſo their deſign, ever oppoſite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect ſyſtem, if I may call it ſuch, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypotheſis of the evil ſpirits contending with the good. For, being ſo much weaker ſince their fall than thoſe bleſſed beings, they are yet ſuppoſed to have a permitted power of God, of acting ill, as, from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of deſigning it. A great teſtimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty ſuffered Satan to appear in the holy ſynod of the angels (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets), and alſo gave him power over all things belonging to his ſervant Job, excepting only life.

Now, what theſe wicked ſpirits cannot compaſs by the vaſt diſproportion of their forces to thoſe of the ſuperior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a ſeeming league, confederacy, or ſubſerviency to the deſigns of ſome good angel, as far as conſiſts with his purity, to ſuffer ſuch an aid, the end of which may poſſibly be diſguiſed, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to ſuppoſe a great error in ſuch a being: yet ſince a devil can appear like an angel of light; ſince craft and malice may ſometimes blind for a while a more perfect underſtanding; and, laſtly, ſince Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the ſun circumvented him even in his own province, and paſſed only for a curious traveller through thoſe new-created regions, that he might obſerve therein the workmanſhip of God, and praiſe him in his works.

I know not why, upon the ſame ſuppoſition, or ſome other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himſelf, but yet a creature; at leaſt by the connivance, or tacit permiſſion, of the omniſcient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your Lordſhip, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of ſuch a poem); and to have left the ſtage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two ſubjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I ſhould chooſe that of King Arthur, conquering the Saxons; which, being farther diſtant in time, gives the greater ſcope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince, in ſubduing Spain, and reſtoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compaſs of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatneſs of the action, and its anſwerable event; for the magnanimity of the Engliſh hero, oppoſed to the ingratitude of the perſon whom he reſtored; and for the many beautiful epiſodes which I had interwoven with the principal deſign, together with the characters of the chiefeſt Engliſh perſons; wherein, after Virgil and Spenſer, I would have taken occaſion to repreſent my living friends and patrons of the nobleſt families, and alſo ſhadowed the events of future ages, in the ſucceſſion of our imperial lines.

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with these helps, and those of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors; or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design. But, being encouraged only by fair words by king Charles II. my little salary ill-paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of times, has wholly disenabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honour of your Lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that since this revolution, wherein I have patiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune, and the less of that poor subsistence which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself; then your Lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which, at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my Lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgement, and to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your Lordship is engaged against it: but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure disinterested charity. This is one among many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without these ties of gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. It is no shame to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and Cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You, who without flattery, are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all those honours to which your birth has entitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

"Ne, forte, pudori
"Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo."

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others: it is now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceit on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every man of sense and judgment, who loves poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species than the conceptions of other poets; yet, you go not out of nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground; but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the mines of it are seldom found; but the force of waters casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends your Lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men. It is the "curiosa felicitas" which Petronius ascribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence: we cannot give it such a term, such a propriety, and such a beauty: something is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet when you have finished all, and it appears in its full lustre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughness smoothed, when it is cut into a form, and set in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be so vain to think he himself could have performed the like, till he attempts it. It is just the description that Horace makes of such a finished piece: it appears so easy, "Ut sibi quivis "speret idem; sudet multum, frustraque laboret, "ausus idem." And besides all this, it is your Lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that were they closer they would be crowded, and even a due connection would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits; you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but satisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call "Cæna dubia;" where there is such plenty, yet, withal, so much diversity and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place. See, my Lord, whether I have not studied your Lordship with some application: and since you are so modest, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, though it is but in miniature: and, that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet, what I have done is enough to distinguish you from many others, which is the proposition I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have said to my present business. The Satires of Juvenal and Persius appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any man as to your Lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your Lordship, amongst many other favours, has given me your permission for this address; and you have particularly encouraged me by your perusal and approbation of the sixth and tenth satires of Juvenal, as I have translated

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them. My fellow-labourers have likewiſe commiſſioned me to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all poſſible reſpect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your Lordſhip already; and they who have not yet that happineſs, deſire it now. Be pleaſed to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without entitling you to the protection of our common failings, in ſo difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epiſtle, to give you, from the beſt authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the completement of ſatire among the Romans. To deſcribe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its ſeveral qualifications and virtues, together with the ſeveral ſorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Perſius, and Juvenal, and ſhow the particular manners of their ſatires. And laſtly, to give an account of this new way of verſion which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakneſs of my ability, and the beſt lights which I can get from others, ſhall be the ſubject of my following diſcourſe.

The moſt perfect work of poetry, ſays our maſter, Ariſtotle, is Tragedy. His reaſon is, becauſe it is the moſt united; being more ſeverely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without epiſodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumſcribed at leaſt within the compaſs of one town or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without diſtraction.

But after all theſe advantages, an heroic poem is certainly the greateſt work of human nature.—The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; thoſe of the epic are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or ceſſation from buſineſs, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the epic is greater: the extenſion of time enlarges the pleaſure of the reader, and the epiſodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The inſtruction is equal; but in the firſt is only inſtructive, the latter forms a hero and a prince.

If it ſignifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the beſt and moſt abſolute heroic poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented; but if we conſider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are neceſſary to make an accompliſhed writer in either kind, tragedy requires a leſs and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and obſervation of the rules is ſufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epic poet, one who is worthy of that name, beſides an univerſal genius, is required univerſal learning, together with all thoſe qualities and acquiſitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have, through haſte or negligence, omitted. And after all, he muſt have exactly ſtudied Homer and Virgil as his patterns, Ariſtotle and his guides, and Vida and Boſſu as their commentators, with many others, both Italian and French critics, which I want leiſure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to ſay in relation to this ſubject, which does not particularly concern ſatire, is, that the greatneſs of an heroic poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may eaſily be diſcovered, by obſerving how few have attempted that work, in compariſon of thoſe who have written dramas; and of thoſe few, how ſmall a number have ſucceeded. But leaving the critics on either ſide, to contend about the preference due to this or that ſort of poetry; I will haſten to my preſent buſineſs, which is the antiquity and origin of ſatire, according to thoſe informations which I have received from the learned Caſaubon, Heinſius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I ſhall add ſome obſervations of my own.

There has been a long diſpute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their ſatire from the Grecians, or firſt invented it themſelves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinſius, are of the firſt opinion; Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publiſher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take ſatire in the general ſignification of the word, as it is uſed in all modern languages for an invective, it is certain that is almoſt as old as verſe; and though hymns, which are praiſes of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had curſed Adam and Eve in Paradiſe, the huſband and wife excuſed themſelves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to thoſe conjugal dialogues in proſe, which the poets have perfected in verſe. The third chapter of Job is one of the firſt inſtances of this poem in Holy Scripture: unleſs we will take it higher, from the latter end of the ſecond; where his wife adviſes him to curſe his Maker.

The original, I confeſs, is not much to the honour of ſatire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that ſcoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and conſequently that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But conſidering ſatire as a ſpecies of poetry, here the war begins amongſt the critics. Scaliger the father will have it deſcend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word ſatire from ſatyrus, that mixt kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked noſe, pouting lips, a bunch of ſtruma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body ſhagged with hair, eſpecially from the waiſt, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Caſaubon, and his followers, with reaſon, condemn this derivation; and prove, that from ſatyrus, the word *ſatira*, as it ſignifies a poem, cannot poſſibly deſcend. For *ſatira* is not properly a ſubſtantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in Engliſh, a charger, or large platter, is underſtood: ſo that the Greek poem, made according to the manner of a ſatyr, and expreſſing his qualities, muſt properly be called ſatyrical, and not

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ſatyr. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had ſuch poems; but that they were wholly different in ſpecies from that to which the Romans gave the name of ſatire.

Ariſtotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progreſs of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art completed. Mankind, even the moſt barbarous, have the ſeeds of poetry implanted in them. The firſt ſpecimen of it was certainly ſhown in the praiſes of the Deity, and prayers to him: and as they are of natural obligation, ſo th y are likewiſe of divine inſtitution. Which Milton obſerving, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The firſt poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet and meaſures The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Feſtivals and hollidays ſoon ſucceeded to private worſhip, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reaſon knew they were to invoke ſome ſuperior Being in their neceſſities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whoſe bounty they ſuppoſed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother earth, or Veſta, to Silvanus, and their genius, in the ſame manner. But as all feſtivals have a double reaſon for their inſtitution; the firſt of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds; ſo both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their ſacrifices were performed, to ſpend the remainder of the day in ſports and merriments; amongſt which, ſongs and dances, and that which they called wit (for want of knowing better) were the chiefeſt entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of ſatires, whom I have already deſcribed; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young ſatyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themſelves like thoſe rural deities, and imitated them in their ruſtic dances, to which they joined ſongs, with ſome ſort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers: and to theſe they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans alſo (as nature is the ſame in all places) though they knew nothing of thoſe Grecian demigods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who, at their feſtivals, danced and ſung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verſe, which they called Saturnian: what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to diſcover; but we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at leaſt with very feeble beginnings of it. Thoſe ancient Romans, at theſe holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a cuſtom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a ſort of extempore poetry, or rather a tuneable hobbling verſe; and they anſwered in the ſame kind of groſs raillery; their wit and their muſic being of a piece. The Grecians, ſays Caſaubon, had formerly done the ſame in the perſons of their petulent ſatyrs: but I am afraid he miſtakes the matter, and confounds the ſinging and dancing of the ſatyrs, with the ruſtical entertainments of the firſt Romans. The reaſon of my opinion is this; that Caſaubon, finding little light from antiquity, of theſe beginnings of poetry, amongſt the Grecians, but only theſe repreſentations of ſatyrs, who carried caniſters, and cornucopias full of ſeveral fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feaſts: and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jetting at one another in the ſame kind of ſolemnities, might ſuppoſe thoſe wanton ſatyrs did the ſame. And eſpecially becauſe Horace poſſibly might ſeem to him to have ſhown the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwiſe, that he only deſcribed the beginning, and firſt rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verſes are theſe, which h cites from the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which was written to Auguſtus:

" Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
" Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
" Corpus et ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem
" Cum ſociis operum pueris, et conjuge fidâ,
" Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
" Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
" Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
" Verſibus alternis opprobrio ruſtica fudit."

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the ſoil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At harveſt-home, with mirth and country-cheer
Reſtor'd their bodies for another year;
Refreſh'd their ſpirits and renew'd their hope
Of ſuch a future feaſt, and future crop.
Then, with their fellow-joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children and their faithful ſpouſe,
A ſow they ſlew to Veſta's deity,
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With flowers, and wine, their genius they ador'd;
A ſhort life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhymes enſue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet ſince it is a hard conjecture, that ſo great a man as Caſaubon ſhould miſapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not inſiſt on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that ſince all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Romans had the ſame beginning: both were invented at feſtivals of thankſgiving: and both were proſecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verſe: amongſt the Greeks, by thoſe who repreſented ſatyrs; and amongſt the Romans by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Caſaubon on theſe two ſubjects, methinks I hear the ſame ſtory told twice over, with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice in his interpretation of the Latin verſes which I have tranſlated, ſays plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the ſame, with a ſmall variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that moſt learned critic takes notice alſo, in his illuſtrations on the

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firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the ſame beginning, at feaſts of thankſgiving, as it has been obſerved: and the old comedy of the Greeks, which was invective, and the ſatire of the Romans, which was of the ſame nature, were begun on the very ſame occaſion, ſo the fortune of both, in proceſs of time, was juſt the ſame; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in expoſing of particular perſons, and the rude ſatire of the Romans was alſo puniſhed by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in theſe words:

" Libertaſque recurrentes acceptа per annos
" Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
" In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; et per honeſtas
" Ire domus impune minax: doluere cruento
" Dente laceſſiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
" Conditione ſuper communi, quinetiam lex,
" Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollit carmini quem-
" quam
" Deſcribi, vertere modum formidine fuſtis;
" Ad bene dicendum delectandumque re-
" dacti."

The law of the Decemviri was this; " Siquis " occentaſſit malum carum, ſivi condidiſit, quod " infamiam faxit, flagitiamve alteri, capital eſto." A ſtrange likeneſs, and barely poſſible; but the critics being all of the ſame opinion, it becomes me to be ſilent, and to ſubmit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whoſe ſatiric dramas, the elder Scaliger and Heinſius will have the Roman ſatire to proceed; I am to take a view of them firſt, and ſee if there be any ſuch deſcent from them as thoſe authors have pretended.

Theſpis, or whatſoever he were that invented Tragedy (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus, and dancers, and ſatyrs, which had been uſed in the celebration of their feſtivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was alſo kept, which was mirth and wantonneſs; and this was given, I ſuppoſe, to the folly of the common audience, who ſoon grow weary of good ſenſe; and, as we daily ſee, in our own age and country, are apt to forſake poetry, and ſtill ready to return to buffoonry and farce. From hence it came, that the Olympic games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the ſatiric tragedy was the laſt of them; for, in the reſt, the ſatyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of Euripides which are yet remaining, there is one of theſe ſatirics, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may ſee the nature of thoſe poems, and from thence conclude what likeneſs they have to the Roman ſatire.

The ſtory of this Cyclops, whoſe name was Polyphemus, ſo famous in the Grecian fables, was, That Ulyſſus, who, with his company, was driven on the coaſt of Sicily, where thoſe Cyclops inhabited, coming to aſk relief from Silenus, and the ſatyrs, who were herdſmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till, being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made priſoners againſt the rites of hoſpitality, for which Ulyſſes eloquently pleaded; were afterwards put down in the den, and ſome of them devoured; after which, Ulyſſes, having made him drunk, when he was aſleep, thruſt a great firebrand into his eye; and ſo revenging his dead followers, eſcaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and the ſatyrs, were freed from their ſervitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their firſt liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the ſubject of the tragedy; which being one of thoſe which end with a happy event, is therefore by Ariſtotle judged below the other ſort, whoſe ſucceſs is unfortunate. Notwithſtanding which, the ſatyrs, who were part of the " dramatis perſonæ," as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulyſſes was to entertain the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth perſons of Silenus, and the ſatyrs, to divert the common people with their groſs railleries.

Your Lordſhip has perceived by this time, that this ſatiric tragedy, and the Roman ſatire, have little reſemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different: for what has a paſtoral tragedy to do with a paper of verſes ſatirically written? The character and raillery of the ſatyrs is the only thing that could pretend to a likeneſs; were Scaliger and Heinſius alive to maintain their opinion. And the firſt farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek ſatiric poem, from Caſaubon, before I leave this ſubject. The ſatiric, ſays he, is a dramatic poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which conſiſts of ſatyrs: the perſons repreſented in it, are illuſtrious men: the action of it is great; the ſtyle is partly ſerious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action moſt commonly is happy.

The Grecians, beſides theſe ſatiric tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman ſatire: thoſe Silli were indeed invective poems, but of a different ſpecies from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the reſt of their ſucceſſors. They were ſo called, ſays Caſaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foſter-father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking himſelf better, he derives their name *ἀπὸ τῦ σίλλαινειν*, from their ſcoffing and petulancy. From ſome fragments of the Silli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were ſatiric poems, full of parodies; that is, of verſes patched up from great poets, and turned into another ſenſe than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Auſonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying them to another ſenſe, they are made the relation of a wedding-night; and the act of conſummation ſulſomely deſcribed in the very words of the moſt modeſt amongſt all poets. Of the ſame manner are our ſongs which are turned into burleſque, and the ſerious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli, the words are generally

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thoſe of Homer, and the tragic poets; but he applys them ſatirically to ſome cuſtoms and kinds of philoſophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not uſing any of theſe parodies in their ſatires; ſometimes, indeed, repeating verſes of other men, as Perſius cites ſome of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the Silli cannot be ſuppoſed to be the original of Roman ſatire. To theſe Silli, conſiſting of parodies, we may properly add the ſatires which were written againſt particular perſons; ſuch as were the iambics of Archilochus againſt Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in ſome of his odes and epodes, whoſe titles bear a ſufficient witneſs of it: I might alſo name the invective of Ovid againſt Ibis, and many others: but theſe are the underwood of ſatire, rather than the timber-tree, they are not a general extenſion, as reaching only to ſome individual perſon. And Horace ſeems to have purged himſelf from thoſe ſplenetic reflections in thoſe odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of ſatires, which were properly ſo called.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length diſengaged myſelf from thoſe antiquities of Greece: and have proved, I hope, from the beſt critics, that the Roman ſatire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almoſt gotten into my depth; at leaſt by the help of Dacier I am ſwimming towards it. Not that I will promiſe always to follow him, any more than he follows Caſaubon; but to keep in my eye, as my trueſt guide; and where I think he may poſſibly miſlead me, there to have recourſe to my own lights, as I expect that others ſhould do by me.

Quintillian ſays, in plain words, "Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt:" and Horace has ſaid the ſame thing before him, ſpeaking of his predeceſſor in that ſort of poetry, "Et Græcis intacti carminis auctor." Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the beſt critics of the two beſt ages of the Roman empire, that ſatire was wholly of Latin growth, and not tranſplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have ſaid, Scaliger the father, according to his cuſtom, that is, inſolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reaſon, than the derivation of ſatyrus from σάθη, *falacitas*; and ſo, from the letchery of thoſe fauns, thinks he has ſufficiently proved, that ſatire is derived from them. As if wantonneſs and lubricity were eſſential to that ſort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the ſatrys carried platters and caniſters full of fruit in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the leſs ſatyrs? Or were the fruits and the flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to ſatire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Grecian? Caſaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on ſure authority, that ſatire was derived from *ſatura*, a Roman word which ſignifies full, and abundant, and full alſo of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, ſays Dacier, that we lay a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from *ſatur*, comes *ſatura*, or *ſatyra*, according to the new ſpelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now ſpelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is underſtood. And this *lanx*, in Engliſh, a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all ſorts of fruits, which were offered to the gods at their feſtivals, as the premices, or firſt-gatherings. Theſe offerings of ſeveral ſorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them πανσπερμα θυσια, a ſacrifice of all ſorts of fruits; and πανσπερμια, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned theſe ſacrifices in his Georgics.

"Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta."

And in another place, "Lanceſque et liba ferimus:" that is, we offer the ſmoking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *ſatura* has been afterwards applied to many other ſorts of mixtures; as Feſtus calls it a kind of olla, or hotchpotch, made of ſeveral ſorts of meats. Laws were alſo called *leges ſaturæ*, when they were of ſeveral heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per ſaturam legem ferre*, in the Roman ſenate, was to carry a law without telling the ſenators, or counting voices, when they were in haſte. Salluſt uſes the word *per ſaturam ſententias exquirere*; when the majority was viſibly on one ſide. From whence it might probably be conjectured, that the diſcourſes or ſatires of Ennius, Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; becauſe they are full of various matters, and are alſo written on various ſubjects, as Porphyrius ſays. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that theſe ſatires are ſo called: for that name had been uſed formerly for other things, which bore a nearer reſemblance to thoſe diſcourſes of Horace, in explaining of which (continues Dacier) a method is to be purſued, of which Caſaubon himſelf has never thought, and which will put all things into ſo clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the leaſt diſpute.

During the ſpace of almoſt four hundred years, ſince the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the ſtate: chance and jollity firſt found out thoſe verſes which they called Saturnian and Feſcennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, firſt produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpoliſhed, as all other operations of the ſoul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and ſtudy. However, in occaſions of merriment they were firſt practiſed; and this rough caſt unhewn poetry was inſtead of ſtage-plays, for the ſpace of one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarſians of old were much renowned; and we ſee the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that ſavage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verſe. Little of the Saturnian verſes is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer proſe than poetry, without feet or meaſure. They were

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ἔρρυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι: perhaps they might be used in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, who were invented after them, in their afternoon's debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were also called Fescennine, from Fescennina, a town in the same country, where they were first practised. The actors, with a gross and rustic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failings; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allowed to slaves, even against their masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. Soldiers also used those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example in the triumph of Julius Cæsar over Gaul, in these expressions: "Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem; ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem." The vapours of wine made the first satirical poets amongst the Romans; which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bake-houses and barbers-shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes, for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of satire, because of its variety: and this satire was adorned with compositions of music, and with dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player: and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence; when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year ab Urbe Condita CCCXC: those actors, I say, were therefore called *histriones*: and that name has since remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former extempore stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master; and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa commœdia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage. The first of which was represented in the year CCCCCXIV since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of those Grecian wits, his countrymen, he imitated not only the ground-work, but also the manner of their writing. And how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expressed the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the forementioned Aristophanes, who turned the wise Socrates into ridicule; and is also very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage was given by the Greeks. Not from the satyrica, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse; but from their old comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that satire is wholly Roman; and a sort of verse, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the standard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, since they spake of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was formed into a separate work; begun by Ennius, pursued by Lucilius, and completed afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this postulatum: that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were also imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable supposition, it is easy to infer, that the first light which was given to the Roman theatrical satire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifestly discovered, when I come to speak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, says he, ran in crowds to these new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former satires, which for some time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama; as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a separate entertainment from their tragedies. But

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more particularly they were joined to the Atellane fables, says Casaubon; which were plays invented by the Osci. Those fables, says Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were tempered with the Italian severity, and free from any note of infamy or obscenenes; and, as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the Exordiarii, which were singers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light songs, and mimical gestures, that they might not go away oppressed with melancholy, from those serious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient satire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuscany: to that succeeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all these, sprung two several branches of new Roman satire; like different scions from the same root: which I shall prove with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman stage with his new dramas, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's estate, having seriously considered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the first satires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write satires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preserved the ground-work of their pleasantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular persons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of an ill success, in a public representation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet as Andronicus had been upon the stage. The event was answerable to his expectation. He made discourses in several sorts of verse, varied often in the same paper; retaining still in the title their original name of satire. Both in relation to the subjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the satires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of verse, as Horace does; but taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himself in his Margites, which is a kind of satire, as Scaliger observes, gives himself the licence, when one sort of numbers runs not easily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambic tremeters; or with trochaic tetrameters; as appears by those fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inserting many things of his into his own satires, as Virgil has done in his Æneid.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the first satirist in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, satire abstracted from the stage, and new modelled into papers of verse, on several subjects. But he will have Ennius take the ground-work of satire from the first farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may possibly be so; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he saw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarseness of all his old countrymen, in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But, besides this, it is universally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verses were stuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault: and he himself believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the soul of Homer was transfused into him: which Persius observes in his sixth satire: "postquam destertuit esse Mæonides." But this being only the private opinion of so inconsiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther disquisition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the first author of Roman satire, as it is properly so called, and distinguished from any sort of stage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him: only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his sister's son; that in probability he was instructed by his uncle, in his way of satire, which we are told he has copied; but what advances he made, we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flourished most; he also made satires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavoured to imitate more closely the Vetus Comœda of the Greeks: of the which the old original Roman satire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of satire in verse amongst the Romans, in these words, "Quid cum est Lucilius ausus primus "in hunc operis componere carmina morem:" he is only thus to be understood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new satire of his own: and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace in these words: "Satira qui- "dem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem "laude adeptus est Lucilius."

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, among the Latin satirists. For as the Roman language grew more refined, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius. on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference. And Horace himself, in two of his satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only loosely, and muddily, with little art, and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purged from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But, to proceed, Dacier justly taxes Casaubon, saying, that the satires of Lucilius were wholly different in specie, from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by

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Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect ſays this: ſatire, among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy for the reprehenſion of vices: ſuch as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Perſius. But in former times the name of ſatire was given to poems, which were compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of verſes: ſuch as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius: more fully expreſſing the etymology of the word ſatire, from *ſatura*, which we have obſerved. Here it is manifeſt, that Diomedes makes a ſpecifical diſtinction betwixt the ſatires of Ennius and thoſe of Lucilius. But this, as we ſay in Engliſh, is only a diſtinction without a difference; for the reaſon of it is ridiculous, and abſolutely falſe. This was that which cozened honeſt Caſaubon, who, relying on Diomedes, had not ſufficiently examined the origin and nature of thoſe two ſatires: which were entirely the ſame, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predeceſſors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeneſs, and more ſalt; without any change in the ſubſtance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the ſame ſatire ſeveral ſorts of verſes, as Ennius did; yet he compoſed ſeveral ſatires of ſeveral ſorts of verſes, and mingled them with Greek verſes: one poem conſiſted only of hexameters; and another was entirely of iambics; a third of trochaics; as is viſible, by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In ſhort, if the ſatires of Lucilius are therefore ſaid to be wholly different from thoſe of Ennius, becauſe he added much more of beauty and poliſhing to his own poems, than are to be found in thoſe before him; it will follow from hence, that the ſatires of Horace are wholly different from thoſe of Lucilius, becauſe Horace has not leſs ſurpaſſed Lucilius in the elegancy of his writing, than Lucilius ſurpaſſed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This paſſage of Diomedes has alſo drawn Douſa, the ſon, into the ſame error of Caſaubon, which I ſay, not to expoſe the little failings of thoſe judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works; when they treat a ſubject of ſo much obſcurity, and ſo very ancient, as is this of ſatire.

Having thus brought down the hiſtory of ſatire from its original, to the times of Horace, and ſhown the ſeveral changes of it; I ſhould here diſcover ſome of thoſe graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the compariſon betwixt him and Juvenal. In the meanwhile, following the order of time, it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomewhat of another kind of ſatire, which alſo was deſcended from the ancients. it is that which we call the Varronian ſatire, but which Varro himſelf calls the Menippean; becauſe Varro the moſt learned of the Romans, was the firſt author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manner of Menippus, the Gadarenian, who profeſſed the philoſophy of the Cynics.

This ſort of ſatire was not only compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of verſe, like thoſe of Ennius, but was alſo mixed with proſe; and Greek was ſprinkled amongſt the Latin. Quintilian, after he had ſpoken of the ſatire of Lucilius, adds what follows: "There is another and former kind of ſatire, compoſed by Terentius Varro, the moſt "learned of the Romans: in which he was not "ſatisfied alone with mingling in it ſeveral ſorts "of verſe." The only difficulty of this paſſage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this ſatire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we poſſibly imagine this to be, ſince Varro, who was contemporary to Cicero, but muſt conſequently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the ſatire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to underſtand, that the Varronian ſatire, with a mixture of ſeveral ſorts of verſes, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more ſevere, and more correct; and gave himſelf leſs liberty in the mixture of his verſes, in the ſame poem.

We have nothing remaining of thoſe Varronian ſatires, excepting ſome inconſiderable fragments, and thoſe for the moſt part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preſerved, and they are generally double: from whence, at leaſt, we may underſtand, how many various ſubjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his Academics, introduces Varro himſelf giving us ſome light concerning the ſcope and deſign of thoſe works. Wherein, after he had ſhown his reaſons why he did not *ex profeſſo* write of philoſophy, he adds what follows. Notwithſtanding, ſays he, that thoſe pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not tranſlated him, are ſprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inſerted which are drawn from the very entrails of philoſophy, and many things ſeverely argued: which I have mingled with pleaſantries on purpoſe that they may more eaſily go down with the common ſort of unlearned readers. The reſt of the ſentence is ſo lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the compoſition of his ſatires, he ſo tempered philology with philoſophy that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himſelf confirms us in this opinion; when, a little after, he addreſſes himſelf to Varro in theſe words: "And you yourſelf have compoſed a moſt ele"gant and complete poem; you have begun phi"loſophy in many places: ſufficient to incite us, "though too little to inſtruct us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of thoſe writers whom they called σπουδογελοῖοι, ſtudious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his buſineſs was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he intituled his own ſatires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any ſatires (for his were either dialogues or epiſtles), but that Varro imitated his ſtyle, his manner, his facetiouſneſs. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly loſt, is, that by ſome he is eſteemed, as, amongſt the reſt, by Varro; by others he is noted of Cynical impudence, and obſcenity: that he was much given to thoſe parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verſes of Homer and the Tragic Poets, and turned their ſerious meaning into ſomething that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's ſatires are by Tully called abſolute, and moſt elegant,

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and various poems. Lucian who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his style in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himself is often introduced as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character is expressed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called Νεκυομαντεία. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian satires, in imitation of him: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whose satire, they say, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered and made complete: when it is made public, it will easily be seen by any one sentence, whether it be suppositious or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may also be properly called Varronian satires; particularly his True History: and consequently the Golden Ass of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the Mock Deification of Claudius, by Seneca: and the Sympotium, or Cæsars of Julian the Emperor. Amongst the moderns we may reckon the Encomium Moriæ of Erasmus, Barclay's Icon Animio, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the English I remember none, which are mixed with prose, as Varro's were: but of the same kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spenser; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Absalom and Mac Flecno.

This is what I have to say in general of satire: only, as Dacier has observed before me, we may take notice that the word satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly; but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons, who would appear to the world what they are not in themselves. For in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, Medisance. In the criticism of spelling, it ought to be with *i* and not with *y*, to distinguish its true derivation from *satura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then it is false spelled throughout this book; for here it is written satyr. Which having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any other way than satire.

I am now arrived at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. It is observed by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that these three poets have all their particular partisans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself obliged to prefer his author to the other two; to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice: and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters; so it is with critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him: after which they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake as for their own. It is a folly of the same nature, with that of the Romans themselves, in their games of the circus; the spectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Prasini: some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colours themselves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the case was altered: he was concerned for his own labour; and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happened: and in the declension of the Grecian empire, the very sovereigns themselves engaged in it, even when the Barbarians were at their doors; and stickled for the preference of colours, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now myself on the brink of the same precipice; I have spent some time on the translation of Juvenal and Persius; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong: for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality: and a rich man unheard cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of King Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales (who was doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man), That his servants were sure to be cast on a trial which was heard before him; not that he thought the judge was possible to be bribed, but that his integrity might be too scrupulous; and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due, without taking from another's heap, to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinsius and Dacier are the most principal of those, who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal: and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who succeeded him.

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I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakeſt cauſe, which is that of Perſius; and labouring, as Tacitus profeſſes of his own writings, to diveſt myſelf of partiality, or prejudice, conſider Perſius, not as a poet whom I have wholly tranſlated, and who has coſt me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet, in ſome things to be preferred to both of them.

Firſt, then, for the verſe, neither Caſaubon himſelf nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Caſaubon gives this point for loſt; and pretends not to juſtify either the meaſures, or the words of Perſius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verſe is ſcabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well choſen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal, and conſequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; ſo his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, inſufferably ſtrained.

In the third place, notwithſtanding all the diligence of Caſaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extremely commended for his illuſtrations of him); yet he is ſtill obſcure; whether he affected not to be underſtood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his ſafety under Nero, compelled him to this darkneſs in ſome places; or, that it was occaſioned by his looſe way of thinking, and the brevity of his ſtyle, and crowding of his figures; or, laſtly, whether, after ſo long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many cuſtoms, and ſtories relating to them, loſt to us; whether ſome of theſe reaſons, or all, concurred to render him ſo cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the beſt of commentators can but gueſs at his meaning, in many paſſages: and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man like his friend and contemporary Lucan: both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, conſidering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is neceſſary to the accompliſhing of a formed poet. And this conſideration, as on the one hand it lays ſome imperfections to their charge: ſo on the other ſide, it is a candid excuſe for thoſe failings, which are incident to youth and unexperience; and we have more reaſon to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write ſo well, and think ſo ſtrongly; than to accuſe them of thoſe faults, from which human nature, and more eſpecially in youth, can never poſſibly be exempted.

To conſider Perſius yet more cloſely: he rather conſulted over vice and folly, than expoſed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And as chaſte and moſt as he is eſteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in ſome place he is broad and fulſome, as the latter verſes of the fourth ſatire, and of the ſixth ſufficiently witneſſed. And it is to be believed that he who commits the ſame crime often, and without neceſſity, cannot but do it with ſome kind of pleaſure.

To come to a concluſion: he is manifeſtly below Horace, becauſe he borrows moſt of his greateſt beauties from him: and Caſaubon is ſo far from denying this, that he has written a treatiſe purpoſely concerning it; wherein he ſhows a multitude of his tranſlations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls "Imitatio Horatiana."

To theſe defects, which I caſually obſerved while I was tranſlating this author, Scaliger has added others: he calls him, in plain terms, a ſilly writer, and a trifler; full of oſtentation of learning; and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After ſuch terrible accuſations, it is time to hear what his patron Caſaubon can allege in his defence. Inſtead of anſwering, he excuſes for the moſt part; and when he cannot, accuſes others of the ſame crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modeſt ſcholar with a maſter. He compliments him with ſo much reverence, that one would ſwear he feared him at leaſt as much as he reſpected him. Scaliger will not allow Perſius to have any wit; Caſaubon interprets this in the mildeſt ſenſe; and confeſſes his author was not good at turning things into a pleaſant ridicule; or, in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptiſſimus ad jocandum*. But that he was oſtentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Perſius ſhowed his learning, but was no boaſter of it; he did *oſtendere*, but not *oſtentare*: and ſo, he ſays, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Caſaubon turns it handſomely upon that ſupercilious critic, and ſilently inſinuates that he himſelf was ſufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaſter of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable cenſor, continues Caſaubon, which are χρυσᾶ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itſelf, are everywhere ſwelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be oſtentation and vain-glory from a gentleman, ſo well-born, and ſo nobly educated, as Scaliger. But ſays Scaliger, he is ſo obſcure, that he has got himſelf the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, ſays Caſaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obſcure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a ſtrong compliment, but no defence. And Caſaubon, who could not but be ſenſible of his author's blind ſide, thinks it time to abandon a poſt that was untenable. He acknowledges that Perſius is obſcure in ſome places: but ſo is Plato, ſo is Thucydides, ſo are Pindar, Theocritus, and Ariſtophanes, amongſt the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongſt the Romans. The truth is, Perſius is not ſometimes, but generally obſcure; and therefore Caſaubon, at laſt, is forced to excuſe him, by alleging, that it was *ſe defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write ſo cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his maſter. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that ſubject. Perſius was an apt ſcholar; and when he was bidden

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to be obſcure in ſome places, where his life and ſafety were in queſtion, took the ſame counſel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Caſaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be ſure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Perſius, ſays he, be in himſelf obſcure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no queſtion but he deſerves that praiſe, which he has given to himſelf: but the natute of the thing, as Lucretius ſays, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Beſides many examples, which I could urge, the very laſt verſe of his laſt ſatire, upon which he particularly values himſelf in his preface, is not yet ſufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to juſtify his conſtruction; but Stelluti is againſt it: and for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chaſtity of his thoughts, Caſaubon denies not but that one particular paſſage, in the fourth ſatire, "At ſi unctus ceſſes," &c. is not only the moſt obſcure, but the moſt obſcene of all his works: I underſtood it; but, for that reaſon, turned it over. In defence of his boiſterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as inſtruments of the ſublime, fit to move and ſtir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched, and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the underſtanding; and may be reckoned amongſt theſe things of Demoſthenes which Æſchines called δαίμονα not ῥήματα, that is, prodigies, not words. It muſt be granted to Caſaubon, that the knowledge of many things is loſt in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that ſatire is a poem of a difficult nature in itſelf, and is not written to vulgar readers. And, through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of perſons makes the ſenſe perplexed, when we can but divine who it is that ſpeaks; whether Perſius himſelf, or his friend and monitor; or, in ſome places, a third perſon. But Caſaubon comes back always to himſelf, and concludes, that if Perſius had not been obſcure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himſelf ſo hard a taſk, he then conſidered the Greek proverb, that he muſt χαλεπὸς φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν, either eat the whole ſnail, or let it quite alone; and ſo he went through with his laborious taſk, as I have done with my difficult tranſlation.

Thus far, my lord, you ſee it has gone very hard with Perſius: I think he cannot be allowed to ſtand in competion, either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet, for once, I will venture to be ſo vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expreſſions, are in my tranſlation: but more of this in its proper place, where I ſhall ſay ſomewhat in particular of our general performance, in making theſe two authors Engliſh. In the mean time, I think myſelf obliged to give Perſius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Caſaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled, his two competitors.

A man who is reſolved to praiſe an author, with any appearance of juſtice, muſt be ſure to take him on the ſtrongeſt ſide, and where he is leaſt liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged, to chooſe his mediums accordingly; Caſaubon, who ſaw that Perſius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jeſting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloſs. Moral doctrine, ſays he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are the two things which conſtitute the Roman ſatire. But of the two, that which is moſt eſſential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very ſoul which animates it, is the ſcourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reaſon, is already almoſt out of doors; and allowed only for an inſtrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the ſatiriſt makes uſe, in the compaſſing of his deſign. The end and aim of our three rivals, is conſequently the ſame. By what methods they have proſecuted their intention, is farther to be conſidered. Satire is of the nature of moral philoſophy, as being inſtructive: he, therefore, who inſtructs moſt uſefully, will carry the palm from his two antagoniſts. The philoſophy in which Perſius was educated, and which he profeſſes through his whole book, is the Stoic: the moſt noble, moſt generous, moſt beneficial to human kind, amongſt all the ſects, who have given us the rules of ethics, thereby to form a ſevere virtue in the ſoul; to raiſe in us an undaunted courage, againſt the aſſaults of fortune; to eſteem as nothing the things that are without us, becauſe they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honours, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniences, and ſo many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In ſhort, to be any ways happy, while we poſſeſs our minds with a good conſcience, are free from the ſlavery of vices, and conform our actions and converſations to the rules of right reaſon. See here, my Lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Perſius. And this he expreſſed, not only in all his ſatires, but in the manner of his life. I will not leſſen this commendation of the Stoic philoſophy, by giving you an account of ſome abſurdities in their doctrine, and ſome, perhaps, impieties, if we conſider them by the ſtandard of Chriſtian faith: Perſius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from thoſe imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice ſpeculations of divinity, and controverſies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the ſhepherd than for the edification of the flock. Paſſion, intereſt, ambition, and all their bloody conſequences of diſcord and of war, are baniſhed from this doctrine. Here is nothing propoſed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffuſed in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the preſent Biſhop of Saliſbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth ſatire of Juvenal, in his Paſtoral Letter, to the ſerious peruſal and practice of the divines in his dioceſe, as the beſt common-places for their ſermons, as the ſtore houſes and magazines of moral virtues, from whence

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they may draw out, as they have occaſion, all manner of aſſiſtance for the accompliſhment of a virtuous life, which the Stoics have aſſigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Perſius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He ſticks to his own philoſophy: he ſhifts not ſides, like Horace, who is ſometimes an Epicurean, ſometimes a Stoic, ſometimes an Eclectic, as his preſent humour leads him; nor declaims, like Juvenal, againſt vices, more like an orator, than a philoſopher. Perſius is everywhere the ſame; true to the dogmas of his maſter. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practiſes himſelf. There is a ſpirit of ſincerity in all he ſays: you may eaſily diſcern that he is in earneſt, and is perſuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jeſt, and laughs while he inſtructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honeſt and ſerious as Perſius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Caſaubon, and enlarged upon him; becauſe I am ſatisfied that he ſays no more than truth; the reſt is almoſt all frivolous. For he ſays, that Horace, being the ſon of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, ſmells everywhere of the meanneſs of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the ſubjects of his ſatires; that he does *plebeium ſapere*; and writes not with that elevation which becomes a ſatiriſt: That Perſius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewiſe the advantage of a better maſter; Cornutus being the moſt learned of his time, a man of the moſt holy life, the chief of the Stoic ſect at Rome; and not only a great philoſopher, but a poet himſelf; and in probability a coadjutor of Perſius: That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much converſant in philoſophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a ſlave: but Horace, ſpeaking of him, gives him the beſt character of a father, which I ever read in hiſtory; and I wiſh a witty friend of mine, now living, had ſuch another. He bred him in the beſt ſchool, and with the beſt company of young noblemen. And Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain teſtimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himſelf abroad, by the converſation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was ſo pleaſed with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him "tribunus militum," a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old ſoldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mæcenas, and his introduction into the court of Auguſtus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his converſation, and render him accompliſhed and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in ſhort, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was firſt miniſter. So that, upon the whole matter, Perſius may be acknowledged to be equal with him in thoſe reſpects, though better born, and, Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the ſide of Horace; as much as the court of Auguſtus Cæſar was ſuperior to that of Nero. As for the ſubjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar ſubjects, nor always choſe them. His ſtyle is conſtantly accommodated to his ſubject, either high or low: if his fault be too much lowneſs, that of Perſius is the fault of the hardneſs of his metaphors and obſcurity: and ſo they are equal in the failings of their ſtyle; where Juvenal manifeſtly triumphs over both of them.

The compariſon betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; becauſe their forces were more equal: a diſpute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. "Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites." I ſhall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the ſide of Horace. Virgil himſelf muſt yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who ſays that Pindar is inimitable, is himſelf inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt theſe two great maſters, is for the prize of ſatire: in which controverſy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to ſtand excluded. I ſay this, becauſe Horace has written many of them ſatirically, againſt his private enemies: yet theſe, if juſtly conſidered, are ſomewhat of the nature of the Greek Silli, which were invectives againſt particular ſects and perſons. But Horace has purged himſelf of this choler, before he entered on thoſe diſcourſes, which are more properly called the Roman ſatire: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Caſſius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former ſort of ſatire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous ſort of weapon, and for the moſt part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot reſtore to them. There are only two reaſons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promiſe that they can always juſtify us: the firſt is revenge, when we have been affronted in the ſame nature, or have been anywiſe notoriouſly abuſed, and can make ourſelves no other reparation. And yet we know, that in Chriſtian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for thoſe which we daily commit againſt Almighty God. And this conſideration has often made me tremble when I was ſaying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveneſs which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which reaſon I have many times avoided the commiſſion of that fault, even when I have been notoriouſly provoked. Let not this, my Lord, paſs for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written againſt me, than almoſt any man now living: and I had reaſon on my ſide, to have defended my own innocence: I ſpeak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them uſe it as they

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please; posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for interest and passion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed; that any sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindicative, have suffered in silence, and, possessed my soul in quiet.

Any thing, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will wave this subject, and proceed to give the second reason, which may justify a poet, when he writes against a particular person: and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. And those, whom Horace in his satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! and how little wit they bring, for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust, are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted; no venom is wanting as far as dullness can supply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit: no impression can be made where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in the unnatural season: the corn which held up its head, is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal that Horace [illegible] in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine: but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned: to such impartial men I must appeal: for they who have already formed their judgments, may justly stand suspected of prejudice: and though all who are my readers, will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury: or, if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his instructions are more general: Juvenal's more limited. So that granting, that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use; Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, "Bonum quo communis, eo melius." Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined, to the exposing of some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive: but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetualy moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences: to give you the virtue of them, without showing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. "Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant:" he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and, as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so perhaps, it was not so much his talent. "Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus "amico, tangit, et admissus circum præcordia "ludit." This was the commendation which Persius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means

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thoſe little vices, which we call follies, the defects of human underſtanding, or at moſt the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly paſſions and exorbitant deſires. But in the word *omne*, which is *univerſal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmoſt receſſes of nature; found out the imperfections even of the moſt wiſe and grave, as well as of the moſt common people; diſcovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addreſſes the firſt ſatire, his hunting after buſineſs, and following the court, as well as in the perſecutor Criſpinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he expoſes Criſpinus openly, as a common nuiſance: but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Perſius are confined to noblemen: and the Stoic philoſophy is that alone which he recommended to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are oppoſed to thoſe vices againſt which he declaims: but Horace laughs to ſhame all follies, and inſinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the ſeverity of precepts.

The laſt conſideration ſeems to incline the balance on the ſide of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleaſure. But, after all, I muſt confeſs that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languiſhing. Be pleaſed ſtill to underſtand, that I ſpeak of my own taſte only: he may raviſh other men; but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himſelf, and as Scaliger ſays, only ſhows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended: but his wit is faint; and his ſalt, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and maſculine wit; he gives me as much pleaſure as I can bear: he fully ſatisfies my expectation; he treats his ſubject home: his ſpleen is raiſed, and he raiſes mine: I have the pleaſure of concernment in all he ſays: he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, willingly ſtop with him. If he went another ſtage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progreſs, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a ſign the ſubject is exhauſted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can juſtly be found in him, it is that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; ſays more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-dealer, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of Horace, and much more elevated. His expreſſions are ſonorous and more noble; his verſe more numerous, and his words are ſuitable to his thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the pleaſure of the reader: and the greater the ſoul of him who reads, his tranſports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuoſity than Horace, but as ſecurely; and the ſwiftneſs adds a more lively agitation to the ſpirits. The low ſtyle of Horace is according to his ſubject, that is generally grave: queſtion not but he could have raiſed it: for the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which he writes to Auguſtus, (a moſt inſtructive ſatire, concerning poetry), is of ſo much dignity in the words, and of ſo much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly ſhows, the *ſermo pedeſtris*, in his other ſatires, was rather his choice than his neceſſity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predeceſſor, and was reſolved to ſurpaſs him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we ſee by his remaining fragments, minded neither his ſtyle nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verſe: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of ſatire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reaſon, why he minded only the clearneſs of his ſatire, and the cleanneſs of expreſſion, without aſcending to thoſe heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his deſires only to the conqueſt of Lucilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conqueſt over himſelf, by Juvenal his ſucceſſor. He could not give an equal pleaſure to his reader, becauſe he uſed not equal inſtruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But verſifications and numbers are the greateſt pleaſures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practiſed both ſo happily, that, for aught I know, his greateſt excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultleſs; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And, give me leave, my Lord, ſince I have here an apt occaſion, to ſay, that Virgil could have written ſharper ſatires, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verſe and a half of his, in one of his eclogues, to juſtify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to ſhow, that he has given almoſt as many laſhes, as he has written ſyllables; it is againſt a bad poet, whoſe ill verſes he deſcribes: "Non tu, in triviis indocte, ſolebas, ſtri-"denti, miſerum, ſtipula, diſperdere, carmen?" But to return to my purpoſe: when there is any thing deficient in numbers and ſound, the reader is uneaſy and unſatisfied; he wants ſomething of his complement, deſires ſomewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifeſt defect of Horace, it is no wonder that, finding it ſupplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And beſides this, the ſauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nouriſhing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquiſite; ſo that, granting Horace to be the more general philoſopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in ſatire. His thoughts are ſharper, his indignation againſt vice is more vehement; his ſpirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deſerve, with the utmoſt rigour. and conſequently a noble ſoul is better pleaſed with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty, than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court-ſlave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, becauſe he is naturally ſervile. After all, Horace had the diſadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but worſe for the ſatiriſt. It is generally ſaid, that thoſe enormous vices

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which were practiſed under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Auguſtus Cæſar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppreſſion was to be ſcourged inſtead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the falſe opinions of philoſophers, when the Roman liberty was to be aſſerted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the ſame time excuſes Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the compariſon of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleaſure and delight; and, indeed, I may ſafely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our miniſter of ſtate in ſatire, and Juvenal of private pleaſures; I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the pre-eminence of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleaſure, though but the ſecond in degree, is the firſt in favour. And who would not chooſe to be loved better, rather than to be more eſteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of theſe two ſatiriſts. However, I will purſue my buſineſs where I left it; and carry it farther than that common obſervation of the ſeveral ages in which theſe authors flouriſhed. When Horace writ his ſatires, the monarchy of his Cæſar was in its newneſs, and the government but juſt made eaſy to the conquered people. They could not poſſibly have forgotten the uſurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had uſed, in the compaſſing that vaſt deſign: they yet remembered his proſcriptions, and the ſlaughter of ſo many noble Romans, their defenders. Amongſt the reſt, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her huſband, who was conſtrained to ſee her married, as Dion relates the ſtory, and, big with child as ſhe was, conveyed to the bed of his inſulting rival. The ſame Dion Caſſius gives us another inſtance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Siſenna, being reproached in full ſenate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this anſwer: That he had married her by the counſel of Auguſtus: intimating, ſays my author, that Auguſtus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free acceſs unto her. His adulteries were ſtill before their eyes, but they muſt be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally ſecured; and the people entertained with public ſhows, and donatives, to make them more eaſily digeſt their loſt liberty. But Auguſtus, who was conſcious to himſelf of ſo many crimes which he had committed, thought in the firſt place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict againſt lampoons and ſatires, and the authors of thoſe defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls "famoſos libellos."

In the firſt book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in theſe words: "Primus "Auguſtus cognitionem de famoſis libellis ſpecie "legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Caſſii Severi li"bidini, quâ viros fœminaſque illuſtres, procaci"bus ſcriptis diffamaverat." Thus, in Engliſh: "Auguſtus was the firſt who, under the colour of "that law, took cognizance of lampoons; being pro"voked to it, by the petulancy of Caſſius Severus, "who had defamed many illuſtrious perſons of "both ſexes, in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was "Lex læſæ Majeſtatis;" commonly called, for the ſake of brevity, "Majeſtas;" or, as we ſay, high treaſon: he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inſcribed amongſt the reſt in the twelve tables: to prevent the aſperſion of the Roman majeſty, either of the people themſelves, or their religion, or their magiſtrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death with the faſces, which were borne before the chief officers of Rome. But Auguſtus was the firſt, who reſtored that intermitted law: by the words, "under co"lour of that law," he inſinuates that Auguſtus cauſed it to be executed, on pretence of thoſe libels, which were written by Caſſius Severus, againſt the nobility: but, in truth, to ſave himſelf from ſuch defamatory verſes. Suetonius likewiſe makes mention of it thus: "Sparſos de ſe in Curiâ fa"moſos libellos, nec expavit, et magnâ curâ re"darguit. Ac ne requiſitis quidem actoribus, "id modo cenſuit, cognoſcendum poſt hac, de iis "qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuſpiam "ſub alieno nomine edant." Auguſtus was not afraid of libels, ſays that author: yet he took all care imaginable to have them anſwered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them ſhould be puniſhed. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my ſenſe, that this emperor, for his own ſake, durſt not permit them: "Fecit id Auguſtus in ſpecien, et quaſi gratifica"retur populo Romano, et primoribus urbis; ſed "revera ut ſibi conſideret: nam habuit in animo, "comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem "in loquendo, à quâ nec ipſe exemptus fuit. Nam "ſuo nomine compeſcere erat inviduoſum, ſub "alieno facile et utile. Ergò ſpecie legis tracta"vit, quaſi populi Romani Majeſtas infamaretur." This, I think, is a ſufficient comment on that paſſage of Tacitus; I will add only, by the way, that the whole family of the Cæſars, and all their relations, were included in the law; becauſe the Majeſty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that houſe; "omnia Cæſar erat:" they were all accounted ſacred who belonged to him. As for Caſſius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the ſame poet againſt whom he writes in his epodes, under this title, "In Caſſium Severum maledicum poetam;" perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to their own proverb, with one ſtone, and revenge both himſelf and his emperor together.

From hence I may reaſonably conclude, that Auguſtus, who was not altogether ſo good as he was wiſe, had ſome by-reſpect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the intereſt of his maſter; and avoiding the laſhing of greater crimes, confined himſelf to the ridiculing of petty vices, and common follies; excepting only ſome reſerved caſes, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which, either with permiſſion of the magiſtrate, or without it, every man will revenge,

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though I say not that he should; for *prior læsit*, is a good excuse in the civil law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true, that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was not of that number: so that though his age was exempted from the worst of villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict. And our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipt in the same actions. Upon this account, without farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satire, are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his satires, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty. Horace was a mild admonisher; a court satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deserved a more severe chastisement: vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, whersoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinsius urges in praise of Horace, that, according to the ancient art and law of satire, it should be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says, "fecuit Urbem; & genui-"num fregit in illis;" meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal also mentions him in these words: "Ense velut stricto, quotius Lucilius ar-"dens infremuit." &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. They changed satire, says Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whose interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verse of his translation and his English are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully, but he must also imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to translate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough considered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holiday says, "a perpetual grin, like that "of Horace, rather angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace, in low satire, so easily: let the chastisement of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineness: it must be inborn, it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself: if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Absalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind-sides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolic.

And thus, my Lord, you see I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your Lordship, in the kind satire, to that of Juvenal; and I think, reasonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned so great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or af-

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ter him, to rectify his error, and reſtore to Horace that commendation, of which he has ſo unjuſtly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I ſay, that this way of Horace was the beſt for amending manners, as it is the moſt difficult. His was, an "enſe reſcindendum;" but that of Horace was a pleaſant cure, with all the limbs preſerved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promiſe only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the propoſition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I muſt needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was preſcribed him by his own genius; which was ſharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This, notwithſtanding, I am to ſay another word, which, as true as it is, will yet diſpleaſe the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to ſpeak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the beſt; but Horace has not executed it altogether ſo happily, at leaſt not often. The manner of Juvenal is confeſſed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has railed more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not ſure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpoſe. Horace, for aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongſt the moderns he is not ſo ſucceſsful. They who ſay he entertains ſo pleaſantly, may perhaps value themſelves on the quickneſs of their own underſtandings, that they can ſee a jeſt farther off than other men: they may find occaſion of laughter in the wit battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Sicerus; and hold their ſides for fear of burſting, when Rupilius and Perſius are ſcolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciouſly given: but for my heart I cannot ſo much as ſmile at their inſipid raillery. I ſee not why Perſius ſhould call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adverſary; and that becauſe he had killed Julius Cæſar for endeavouring to be a king; therefore he ſhould be deſired to murder Rupilius, only becauſe his name was Mr. King. A miſerable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honeſt Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be puns were then in faſhion, as they were wit in the ſermons of the laſt age, and in the court of King Charles II. I am ſorry to ſay it, for the ſake of Horace; but certain it is, that he has no fine palate who can feed ſo heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myſelf, and doubt not but I have tired your Lordſhip's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial diſcourſe. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleaſure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better ſatiriſt: they who will deſcend into his particular praiſes, may find them at large in the diſſertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Perſius, I have given the reaſon why I think him inferior to both of them: yet I have one thing to add on that ſubject.

Barten Holiday, who tranſlated both Juvenal and Perſius, has made this diſtinction betwixt them, which is no leſs true than witty: That, in Perſius, the difficulty is to find a meaning: in Juvenal to chooſe a meaning: ſo crabbed is Perſius, and ſo copious is Juvenal: ſo much the underſtanding is employed in one, and ſo much the judgment in the other. So difficult is it to find any ſenſe in the former, and the beſt ſenſe of the latter.

If, on the other ſide, any one ſuppoſe I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the ſecond place, I deſire him to conſider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, beſides the advantages of diligence and ſtudy, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all theſe helps, ſurpaſs him? And whether it be any diſhonour to Horace to be thus ſurpaſſed; ſince no art, or ſcience, is at once begun and perfected, but that it muſt paſs firſt through many hands, and even through ſeveral ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the laſt perfection to that work? Or rather, what diſreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical ſatire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinſius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace: but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the inſtructive part; the part of wiſdom, and not that of pleaſure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithſtanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And, to ſhow that I am impartial, I will here tranſlate what Dacier has ſaid on that ſubject.

I cannot give a more juſt idea of the two books of ſatires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the ſtatues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the Sympoſium. They were figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their outſide: but when any one took the pains to open them, and ſearch into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the ſhape that Horace preſents himſelf to us, in his ſatires, we ſee nothing at the firſt view which deſerves our attention. It ſeems that he is rather an amuſement for children, than for the ſerious conſideration of men: but when we take away his cruſt, and that which hides him from our ſight, when we diſcover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full aſſembly: that is to ſay, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exerciſe of thoſe, who ſeriouſly endeavour to correct their vices.

It is eaſy to obſerve, that Dacier, in this noble ſimilitude, has confined the praiſe of his author wholly to the inſtructive part; the commendation turns on this, and ſo does that which follows.

In theſe two books of ſatire, it is the buſineſs of

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Horace to inſtruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our paſſions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our deſires, to diſtinguiſh betwixt truth and falſehood, and betwixt our conception of things, and things themſelves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to underſtand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men neceſſarily fall, who are intoxicated with thoſe notions which they have received from their maſters: and which they obſtinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reaſon.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourſelves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and diſcreet, ſerviceable, and well-bred in relation to thoſe with whom we are obliged to live, and to converſe. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of ſome perplexed ſentence, or obſcure parentheſis, is no great matter: and, as Epictetus ſays, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal buſineſs, and which is of moſt importance to us, is to ſhow the uſe, the reaſon, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themſelves, according to ſo exact a model, are juſt like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diſeaſes, and pleaſe themſelves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with theſe encomiums, which he has ſo well deſerved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will uſe the words of Virgil, in his fifth Æneid, when Æneas propoſes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three firſt who ſhould reach the goal. "Tres præmia primi accipient, flavaque "caput nectentur olivâ:" Let theſe three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as firſt arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to ſatire. But, after that, with this diſtinction amongſt themſelves, "Primus equum phaleris "inſignem victor habeto." Let Juvenal ride firſt in triumph. "Alter Amazoniam pharetram, "plenamque ſagittis Threiciis, lato quam cir-"cumplectitur auro balteus, & tereti ſubnectit "figula gemma." Let Horace, who is the ſecond, and but juſt the ſecond, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his ſatire; and the golden-belt, and the diamond-button. "Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito." And let Perſius, the laſt of the three firſt worthies, be contented with this Grecian ſhield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman ſatire, but over all the moderns in ſucceeding ages; excepting Boileau and your Lordſhip.

And thus I have given the hiſtory of ſatire, and derived it from Ennius, to your Lordſhip; that is, from its firſt rudiments of barbarity, to its laſt poliſhing and perfection; which is, with Virgil, in is addreſs to Auguſtus,

"——nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,
"Tithoni primâ quot abeſt ab origine Cæſar."

I ſaid only from Ennius; but I may ſafely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have ſaid formerly, taught the firſt play at Rome, in the year "ab urbe conditâ CCCCCXIV." I have ſince deſired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Ariſtophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he aſſures me from the beſt chronologers, that Plutus, the laſt of Ariſtophanes's plays, was repreſented at Athens, in the year of the 97th Olympiad; which agrees with the year *Urbis conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Ariſtophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were ſatirical, and alſo of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which muſt needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the ſatirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: ſo that Andronicus was the firſt who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, ſpeaking properly, began the Roman ſatire. According to that deſcription, which Juvenal gives of it in his firſt; "quicquid agunt homines, "votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, diſcurſus, "noſtri eſt farrago libelli." This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the firſt, who by the *Archæa Comœdia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the firſt rude and barbarous Roman ſatire: which ſort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but neceſſary, that, after ſo much has been ſaid of ſatire, ſome definition of it ſhould be given. Heinſius, in his diſſertation on Horace, makes it for me, in theſe words; "Satire is a kind of "poetry, without a ſeries of action, invented for "the purging of our minds; in which human "vices, ignorance, and errors, and all things be-"ſides, which are produced from them, in every "man, are ſeverely reprehended; partly dramatically, partly ſimply, and ſometimes in both "kinds of ſpeaking; but for the moſt part figuratively, and occultly; conſiſting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a ſharp and pungent "manner of ſpeech; but partly, alſo, in a facetious and civil way of jeſting: by which either "hatred, or laughter, or indignation, is moved." Where I cannot but obſerve, that this obſcure and perplexed definition, or rather deſcription of ſatire, is wholly accomodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Perſius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clauſe in the beginning of it ("without a ſeries "of action") diſtinguiſhes ſatire properly from ſtage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued ſeries of action. The end or ſcope

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of ſatire is to purge the paſſions; ſo far it is common to the ſatires of Juvenal and Perſius: the reſt which follows, is alſo generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clauſe "conſiſting in a low familiar way of "ſpeech," which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it ſpoken, are far diſtant: but how come lowneſs of ſtyle, and the familiarity of words, to be ſo much the propriety of ſatire, that without them, a poet can be no more a ſatiriſt, than without riſibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and ſtanding rule of this poem? Is the *grande ſophos* of Perſius, and the ſublimity of Juvenal to be circumſcribed, with the meanneſs of words, and vulgarity of expreſſion? If Horace refuſed the pains of numbers, the loftineſs of figures, are they bound to follow ſo ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot with his pad in his hand, for his own pleaſure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who chooſe to mount and ſhow their horſemanſhip. Holiday is not afraid to ſay, that there never was ſuch a fall, as from his odes to ſatires, and that he, injuriouſly to himſelf, untuned his harp. The majeſtic way of Perſius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their faſhion? Which alteration, ſays Holiday, is to after times, as good a warrant as the firſt. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his Æneid? Certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred: and he writ according to the politeneſs of Rome, under the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; not to the rudeneſs of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why ſhould we offer to confine free ſpirits to one form, when we cannot ſo much as confine our bodies to one faſhion of apparel? Would not Donne's ſatires, which abound with ſo much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace ſo very cloſe, that of neceſſity he muſt fall with him: and I may ſafely ſay it of this preſent age, that if we are not ſo great wits as Donne, yet certainly, we are better poets.

But I have ſaid enough, and it may be too much, on this ſubject. Will your Lordſhip be pleaſed to prolong my audience, only ſo far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts how a modern ſatire ſhould be made. I will not deviate in the leaſt from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our beſt maſters. I will only illuſtrate them, and diſcover ſome of the hidden beauties in their deſigns, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you pleaſe but to obſerve, that Perſius, the leaſt in dignity of all the three, has notwithſtanding been the firſt, who has diſcovered to us this important ſecret, in the deſigning of a perfect ſatire, that it ought only to treat of one ſubject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at leaſt, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they ſhould only be tranſiently lathed, and not be inſiſted on, ſo as to make the deſign double. As in a play of the Engliſh faſhion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main deſign: and though there be an underplot, or ſecond-walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are ſubſervient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; ſo that the drama may not ſeem a monſter with two heads. Thus the Copernican ſyſtem of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Maſcardi, in his diſcourſe of the "Doppia favola," or double tale in plays, gives an inſtance of it, in the famous paſtoral of Guarini, called "Il Paſtor Fido;" where Corſica and the ſatire are the under-parts: yet we may obſerve, that Corſica is brought into the body of the plot, and made ſubſervient to it. It is certain that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it conſiſts of many parts, muſt yet be one in the action, and muſt drive on the accompliſhment of one deſign; for he gives this very precept, "Sit quod-"vis ſimplex duntaxat & unum;" yet he ſeems not much to mind it in his ſatires, many of them conſiſting of more arguments than one; and the ſecond without dependence on the firſt. Caſaubon has obſerved this before me, in his preference of Perſius to Horace: and will have his own beloved author to be the firſt, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himſelf to one ſubject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not neceſſary; becauſe the very word *ſatura* ſignifies a diſh plentifully ſtored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the ſame ſignification with *ſatura*, has choſen to follow the ſame method of Perſius, and not of Horace. And Boileau, whoſe example alone is a ſufficient authority, has wholly confined himſelf, in all his ſatires, to this unity of deſign. That variety which is not to be found in any one ſatire, is at leaſt, in many, written on ſeveral occaſions. And if variety be of abſolute neceſſity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word; yet it may ariſe naturally from one ſubject, as it is diverſely treated in the ſeveral ſubordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illuſtrated accordingly with variety of examples in the ſubdiviſions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which altogether may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a ſatire.

Under this unity of theme, or ſubject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the deſign of true ſatire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader ſome one precept of moral virtue; and to caution him againſt ſome one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, ſubordinate to the firſt, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be ſcourged, beſides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and inſiſt on that. Thus Juvenal, in every ſatire, excepting the firſt, ties himſelf to one principal inſtructive point, or to the ſhunning of moral evil. Even in the ſixth, which ſeems only an arraignment of the whole ſex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by

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shewing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongst them. But this, though the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a moral poet.

Persius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the Stoic; and every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect; unless we will except the first, which is against bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praised and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or else there is a fundamental error in the whole design.

I have already declared who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name, for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your Lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your Lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is called burlesque, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spake of Donne; but by a slip of an old man's memory, he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my censure: his satire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick turns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire, for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of readers; we are pleased ungratefully, and if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that task to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse; and has written the best in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we say of a court-favourite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion: for this sort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight: in both occasions it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassone and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the Secchia Rapita, and the Lutrin. And next them, Merlin Coccajus in his Baldus. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The Secchia Rapita is an Italian poem, a satire of the Varronian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroic verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestical and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modelled from hence his famous Lutrin. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verse, and calls it an heroic poem: his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the Æneids:

" Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus
" auctor,
" Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
" Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera ti-
" gres."

Which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense:

" Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
" Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horo-
" loger:
" Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche;
" Caucase dans ses flancs, te forma d'une Roche:
" Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre
" écarté,
" Te fit, avec son laict, succer sa Cruauté."

And as Virgil in his fourth Georgic of the Bees, perpetually raises the lowness of his subject, by the loftiness of his words; and ennobles it by comparisons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

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" Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum,
" Magnanimoſque Duces, totiuſque ordine
" gentis
" Mores et ſtudia, et populos, et prælia dicam."

And again:

" Sic Genuus immortale manent; multoſque
" per annos
" Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur a-
" vorum."

We ſee Boileau purſuing him in the ſame flights; and ſcarcely yielding to his maſter. This, I think, my Lord, to be the moſt beautiful, and moſt noble kind of ſatire. Here is the majeſty of the heroic, finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raiſing the delight which otherwiſe would be flat and vulgar, by the ſublimity of the expreſſion. I could ſay ſomewhat more of the delicacy of this and ſome other of his ſatires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your Lordſhip but this bare hint, in what manner this ſort of ſatire may beſt be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requiſite in this, as in heroic poetry itſelf; of which the ſatire is undoubtedly a ſpecies. With theſe beautiful turns I confeſs myſelf to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a converſation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie: he aſked me why I did not imitate in my verſes the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleaſure, and with ſome profit, thoſe two fathers of our Engliſh poetry; but had not ſeriouſly enough conſidered thoſe beauties which give the laſt perfection to their works. Some ſprinklings of this kind I had alſo formerly in my plays; but they were caſual, and not deſigned. But this hint, thus ſeaſonably given me, firſt made me ſenſible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to ſeek for the ſupply of them in other Engliſh authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, inſtead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an oppoſite nature to thoſe puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I conſulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author); I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to expreſs Homer, whoſe age had not arrived to that fineneſs, I found in him a true ſublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Greciſms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenſer, and which, with all their ruſticity, had ſomewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At laſt I had recourſe to his maſter, Spenſer, the author of that immortal poem called the Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for ſo long in vain. Spenſer had ſtudied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and among the reſt of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Taſſo had done the ſame; nay more, that all the ſonnets in that language, are on the turn of the firſt thought; which Mr. Walſh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has obſerved. In ſhort, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are ſo fond of them, that they judge them to be the firſt beauties. " Delicate et bien tourné," are the higheſt commendations which they beſtow on ſomewhat which they think a maſterpiece.

An example on the turn of words, amongſt a thouſand others, is that in the laſt book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes:

" Heu quantum ſcelus eſt, in viſcera viſcera
" condi! [pus;
" Congeſtoque avidum pingueſcere corpore cor-
" Alteriuſque, animantem animantis vivere
" lèto!"

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words, is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when ſhe was left by Theſeus:

" Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
" Nulla viri ſperet ſermones eſſe fideles:
" Qui dùm aliquid cupiens animus prægeſtit
" apici,
" Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parcunt.
" Sed ſimul ac cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
" Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant."

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's Epiſtolæ Heriodum, of Sappho to Phaon:

" Si niſi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
" Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt."

Laſtly, a turn which I cannot ſay is abſolutely on words, for the thoughts turn with them, is in the fourth Georgic of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on expreſs condition not to look on her till ſhe was come on earth:

" Cùm ſubita incautum dementia cepit Aman-
" tem;
" Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere ma-
" nes."

I will not burden your Lordſhip with more of them; for I write to a maſter who underſtands them better than myſelf. But I may ſafely conclude them to be great beauties: I might deſcend alſo to the mechanic beauties of heroic verſe; but we have yet no Engliſh proſodia, not ſo much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; ſo that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the preſent age.

I am ſtill ſpeaking to you, my Lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanneſs can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to

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the laſt petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous lines in this vaſt preface, ſpare it for their ſake; and alſo ſpare the next city, becauſe it is but a little one.

I would excuſe the performance of this tranſlation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part, being the work of ſome gentlemen, who have ſucceeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and thoſe of my ſons. I have peruſed ſome of the ſatires, which are done by other hands; and they ſeem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have ſeen in Engliſh verſe. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal tranſlation, but a kind of paraphraſe; or ſomewhat which is yet more looſe, betwixt a paraphraſe and imitation. It was not poſſible for us, or any men, to have made it pleaſant any other way. If rendering the exact ſenſe of thoſe authors, almoſt line for line, had been our buſineſs, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illuſtrations, not only Juvenal and Perſius, but what is yet more obſcure, his own verſes might be underſtood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to ſcholars: we write only for the pleaſure and entertainment of thoſe gentlemen and ladies, who, though they are not ſcholars, are not ignorant: perſons of underſtanding and good ſenſe, who not having been converſant in the original, or at leaſt not having made Latin verſe ſo much their buſineſs as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be anſwerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the public all the ſatisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether ſo faithful to our author, as our predeceſſors, Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourſelves this praiſe, that we ſhall be far more pleaſing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater diſtance, though not ſtep by ſtep, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone ſo cloſe, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Perſius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be purſued too cloſe by a tranſlator. We loſe his ſpirit, when we think to take his body. The groſſer part remains with us, but the ſoul is flown away, in ſome noble expreſſion, or ſome delicate turn of words or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, ſeized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always eſcaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleaſure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compaſſing the only end, which is inſtruction; muſt yet allow, that without the means of pleaſure, the inſtruction is but a bare and dry philoſophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Ariſtotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impoſſible for them to have ſucceeded in the poetic part.

The Engliſh verſe, which we call heroic, conſiſts of more than ten ſyllables; the Latin hexameter ſometimes riſes to ſeventeen; as for example, this verſe in Virgil:

" Pulverulenta putrem ſonitu quatit ungula
" campum."

Here is the difference of no leſs than ſeven ſyllables in a line betwixt the Engliſh and the Latin. Now the medium of theſe is about fourteen ſyllables; becauſe the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the ſpondee.

But Holiday, without conſidering that he writ with the diſadvantage of four ſyllables leſs in every verſe, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the ſenſe of one of Juvenal's. According to the falſity of the propoſition was the ſucceſs. He was forced to crowd his verſe with ill-ſounding monoſyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty: and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal tranſlation: his verſes have nothing of verſe in them, but only the worſt part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-choſen, and worſe-ſounding monoſyllables ſo cloſe together, the very ſenſe which he endeavours to explain, is become more obſcure than that of his author. So that Holiday himſelf cannot be underſtood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a ſhift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his tranſlation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompenſe my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the firſt place, are mortally offended; and then their ſenſe is ſo perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleaſing taſk, as well as the more eaſy.

This muſt be ſaid for our tranſlation, that if we give not the whole ſenſe of Juvenal, yet we give the moſt conſiderable part of it: we give it, in general, ſo clearly, that few notes are ſufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at leaſt appear in a poetic dreſs. We have actually made him more ſounding, and more elegant, than he was before in Engliſh: and have endeavoured to make him ſpeak that kind of Engliſh, which he would have ſpoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If ſometimes any of us (and it is but ſeldom) make him expreſs the cuſtoms and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was ſome kind of analogy, betwixt their cuſtoms and ours; or when, to make him more eaſy to vulgar underſtandings, we give him thoſe manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuſe it. For, to ſpeak ſincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we ſhould either make them Engliſh, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excuſed, let it be pardoned, at leaſt, becauſe it is acknowledged: and ſo much the more eaſily, as

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being a fault which is never committed without ſome pleaſure to the reader.

Thus, my Lord, having troubled you with a tedious viſit, the beſt manners will be ſhown in the leaſt ceremony. I will ſlip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwiſe employed: with great confuſion for having entertained you ſo long with this diſcourſe; and for having no other recompence to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wiſhes, of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obliged, moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,

Aug. 18. 1692. JOHN DRYDEN.

SATIRE I.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet gives us firſt a kind of humourous reaſon for his writing: that, being provoked by hearing ſo many ill poets rehearſe their works, he does himſelf juſtice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But, ſince no man will rank himſelf with ill writers, it is eaſy to conclude, that if ſuch wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater eſteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himſelf to ſatire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he diſcovers that it is not ſo much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a ſummary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this firſt ſatire is the natural ground-work of all the reſt. Herein he confines himſelf to no one ſubject, but ſtrikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following ſatire he has choſen ſome particular moral which he would inculcate; and laſhes ſome particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being deſirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living perſons, inveighs only againſt thoſe who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and hiſtorians, but alſo, with a finer ſtroke of his pen, brands even the living, and perſonates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could poſſibly, the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illuſtrations, and for that reaſon have tranſlated this ſatire ſomewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewiſe omitted moſt of the proper names, becauſe I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deſerted all the commentators, it is becauſe they firſt deſerted my author, or at leaſt have left him in ſo much obſcurity, that too much room is left for gueſſing.

STILL ſhall I hear, and never quit the ſcore,
Stunn'd with hoarſe Codrus' Theſeid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's elegies and t' other's play
Unpuniſh'd murder a long ſummer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Oreſtes' bulky rage
Unſatisfy'd with margins cloſely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finiſh'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghoſts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick ſhades th' eternal ſcribbler
bawls,
And ſhades the ſtatues on their pedeſtals.
The beſt and worſt on the ſame theme employs
His muſe, and plagues us with an equal noiſe.
Provok'd by theſe incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic ſchools;
Where, with men-boys, I ſtrove to get renown,
Adviſing Sylla to a private gown.
But, ſince the world with writing is poſſeſt,
I'll verſify in ſpite; and do my beſt,
To make as much waſte paper as the reſt.
But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the cauſes which my muſe have led:
When ſapleſs eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When manniſh Mevia, that two-handed whore,
Aſtride on horſeback hunts the Tuſcan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe razor on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the ſpawn of conquer'd Nile,
Criſpinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a-day for needleſs luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be ſann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light ſummer rings his fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a gem of weight:

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Such fulſome objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view ſo lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my ſpleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-faſhion'd chair,
And, after him, the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whoſe evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wiſh'd occaſion does attend,
From the poor nobles the laſt ſpoils to rend,
Whom ev'n ſpies dread as their ſuperior fiend,
And bribe with preſents; or, when preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin diſherit;
For ſuch good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's ſtandard given,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trod upon a ſnake;
Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquiſh'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proceed with impious gains,
Choke up the ſtreets, too narrow for their trains!
Whoſe wards, by want betray'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulſome to be read!
When he who pill'd his province ſcapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he loſt his cauſe:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can riſe at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?
Such villain'es rous'd Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to purſue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede repeat,
Or labouring after Hercules to ſweat,
Or wandering in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged ſmith aloft to fly,
Or fluttering periſh with his fooliſh boy.
With what impatience muſt the muſe behold
The wife, by her procuring huſband ſold!
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may ſucceed;
Who his taught eyes up to th' cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful noſe.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whoſe courſers kept, ran out his father's land;
Who yet a ſtripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the ſtreets, while his vain maſter ſtrove
With boaſted art to pleaſe his eunuch-love.
Would it not make a modeſt author dare
To draw his table-book within the ſquare,
And fill with notes, when lolling at his eaſe,
Mæcenas-like, the happy rogue he ſees
Borne by ſix weary'd ſlaves in open view,
Who cancel'd an old will, and forg'd a new:
Made wealthy at the ſmall expence of ſigning
With a wet ſeal, and a freſh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a laſhing line,
Who ſqueez'd a toad into her huſband's wine:
So well the faſhionable medicine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
Poiſoning, without regard of fame or fear:
And ſpotted corpſe are frequent on the bier.
Would'ſt thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or baniſhment deſerves:
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and ſtarves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate em-
Fair palaces, and furniture of coſt; [boſt,
And high commands: a ſneaking ſin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank old letcher keep
His ſon's corrupted wife, and hope to ſleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to ſin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful ſtuff as I or Shadwell write.
Count from the time, ſince old Deucalion's boat,
Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnaſſus float;
And, ſcarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be reſtor'd;
When ſoften'd ſtones and vital breath enſu'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever ſince that golden age was done,
What human kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, paſſions, pleaſures, impotence of will,
Shall this ſatirical collection fill.
What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?
The well-fill'd ſob not empty'd now alone,
But gameſters for whole patrimonies play;
The ſteward brings the deeds which muſt convey
The loſt eſtate: what more than madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort ſitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
What age ſo many ſummer-ſeats did ſee?
Or which of our foreſathers far'd ſo well,
As on ſeven diſhes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feaſted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The paltry largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd,
Ere given; and every face obſerv'd with care,
That no intruding gueſts uſurp a ſhare.
Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan-blood, [food.
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious
The prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
The freedman juſtles, and will be preferr'd;
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd, he cries; and I, in ſpight
Of your great lordſhips, will maintain my right.
Though born a ſlave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the Lord.
The rent of five fair houſes I receive;
What greater honours can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
In melancholy walks a graſier's ſheep:
Not Pallus nor Licinius had my treaſure;
Then let the ſacred tribunes wait my leiſure.
Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the ſtreet,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greateſt god; though yet we ſee
No temples rais'd to money's majeſty,

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No altars fuming to her power divine,
Such as to valour, peace, and virtue ſhine,
And faith, and concord: where the ſtork on high
Seems to ſalute her infant progeny:
Preſaging pious love with her auſpicious cry.
But ſince our knights and ſenators account,
To what their ſordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched ſhare the poor attends,
Whoſe whole ſubſiſtence on thoſe alms depends!
Their houſehold fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by thoſe harpies; when a wood
Of litters thick beſiege the donor's gate,
And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
The promis'd dole: nay, ſome have learn'd the trick
To beg for abſent perſons; feign them ſick,
Cloſe mew'd in their ſedans, for fear of air:
And for their wives produce an empty chair.
This is my ſpouſe: diſpatch her with her ſhare.
'Tis Galla: let her ladyſhip but peep:
No, ſir, 'tis pity to diſturb her ſleep.
Such fine employments our whole days divide:
The ſalutations of the morning-tide
Call up the ſun; thoſe ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
Then to the ſtatues; where, amidſt the race
Of conquering Rome, ſome Arab ſhows his face,
Inſcrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
Fit to to be piſs'd againſt, and ſomewhat more.
The great man, home-conducted, ſhuts his door;
Old clients, weary'd out with fruitleſs care,
Diſmiſs their hopes of eating, and deſpair.
Though much againſt the grain forc'd to retire,
Buy roots for ſupper, and provide a fire.
Meantime his lordſhip lolls within at eaſe,
Pampering his paunch with foreign rarities;
Both ſea and land are ranſack'd for the feaſt;
And his own gut the ſole invited gueſt.
Such plate, ſuch tables, diſhes dreſt ſo well,
That whole eſtates are ſwallow'd at a meal.
Ev'n paraſites are baniſh'd from his board
(At once a ſordid and luxurious lord):
Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dreſt
(A creature form'd to furniſh out a feaſt).
But preſent puniſhment purſues his maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the peacock raw
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, inteſtate death.
His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with ſcorn,
And he, a jeſt, into his grave is borne.
No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the preſent crimes.
Our ſons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt flow.
Then, ſatire, ſpread thy ſails; take all the winds can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what muſe can yield
Sufficient ſtrength for ſuch a ſpacious field?
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a vein,
Bold truth to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain?
When godlike freedom is ſo far bereft
The noble mind, that ſcarce the name is left?
Ere *ſcandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honeſt licence now you take.
If into rogues omnipotent you take,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a ſtake;
Smear'd o'er with wax, and ſet on blaze, to light
The ſtreets, and make a dreadful fire by night.
Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught
Of poiſonous juice be then in triumph brought,
Make lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Diſdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware, if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis defamation but to ſay, That's he!
Againſt bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epic verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for company:
But when Lucilius brandiſhes his pen,
And flaſhes in the face of guilty men,
A cold ſweat ſtands in drops on every part;
And rage ſucceeds to tears, revenge to ſmart:
Muſe, be adviſ'd; 'tis paſt conſidering time,
When enter'd once the dangerous liſts of rhyme:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the perſons of the dead.

SATIRE II.

TRANSLATED BY MR. TATE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet, in this ſatire, inveighs againſt the hypocriſy of the philoſophers, and prieſts of his time; the effeminacy of military officers, and magiſtrates. Which corruption of manners in general, and more particularly of unnatural vices, he imputes to the atheiſtical principle that then prevailed.

I'm ſick of Rome, and wiſh myſelf convey'd
Where freezing ſeas obſtruct the merchants trade,
When hypocrites read lectures, and a ſot,
Becauſe into a gown and pulpit got,
Though ſurfeit-gorg'd, and reeking from the ſtews,
Nothing but abſtinence for's theme will chooſe.
The rakehells to pretend to learning.—Why?
Cryſippus ſtatue decks their library.
Who makes his cloſet fineſt is moſt read;
The dolt that with an Ariſtotle's head,
Carv'd to the life, has once adorn'd his ſhelf,
Streight ſets up for a Stagyrite himſelf.

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Preciſe their look, but to the brothel come,
You'll know the price of philoſophic bum.
You'd ſwear, if you there briſtled hides ſurvey'd,
That for a bear's careſſes they are made;
Yet of their obſcene part they take ſuch care,
That (like baboons) they ſtill keep podex bare;
To ſee't ſo ſleek and trimm'd the ſurgeon ſmiles,
And ſcarcely can for laughing launce the piles.
Since ſilence ſeems to carry wiſdom's pow'r,
Th' affected rogues, like clocks ſpeak once an hour.
Thoſe grizled locks which nature did provide,
In plenteous growth, their aſſes ears to hide,
The formal ſlaves reduce to a degree
Short of their eye-brows.—Now I honour thee,
Thee Peribonius, thou profeſt be-whore, &c.
And all thy crimes impute to nature's ſcore:
Thou, as in harlots dreſs thou art attir'd,
For ought I know, with harlots itch art fir'd,
Thy form ſeems for the pathic trade deſign'd,
And generouſly thou doſt own thy kind.
But what of thoſe lewd miſcreants muſt become,
Who preach morality and ſhake the bum?
Varillus cries, ſhall I fear Sextus doom,
Whoſe haunches are the common ſink of Rome?
Let him cry blackmoor-devil, whoſe ſkin is white
And bandy-legs, who treads himſelf upright;
Let him reprove that's innocent—In vain
The Gracchi of ſedition muſt complain. [ſpheres,
'Twou'd make you ſwear the planets from their
Shou'd Verres preach thieves, Milo murderers,
Clodius tax bawds, Sethegus Catiline,
Or Scylla's pupils Scylla's rules decline.
Yet we have ſeen a modern magiſtrate
Reſtore thoſe rigid laws that did create
In Mars and Venus dread; himſelf the while,
With impious drugs and potions, did beguile
The teeming Julia's womb, and thence did wreſt
Crude births, that yet th' inceſtuous ſire conceſt,
How ſhall ſuch hypocrites reform the ſtate,
On whom the brothels can recriminate?
Of this we have an inſtance great and new
In a cock-zealot of this preaching crew,
Whoſe late harangue the gaping rabble drew,
His theme, as fate wou'd hav't, was fornication,
And as i'th' fury of his declamation,
He cry'd, why ſleeps the Julian law, that aw'd
This voice?—Laronia, an induſtrious bawd,
(As bawds will run to lectures) nettled much
To have her copy-hold ſo nearly touch'd,
With a diſdainful ſmile, reply'd, bleſt times,
That made the cenſor of the age's crimes!
Rome now muſt needs reform, and vice be ſtopt,
Since a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.
But tell me, Sir, what perfume ſtrikes the air
From your moſt rev'rend neck o'ergrown with hair?
For modeſtly we may preſume, I trow
'Tis not your nat'ral grain—the price I'd know,
And where 'tis ſold; direct me to the ſtreet,
And ſhop, for I with no ſuch eſſence meet.
Let me entreat you, Sir, for your own ſake.
Uſe caution, and permit the laws to take
A harmleſs nap, leſt the Scantinian wake.
Our wiſe forefathers took their meaſures right,
Nor wreak'd on fornicators all their ſpight, &c.
But left a limbo for the Sodomite.
If you commiſſion-courts muſt needs erect
For manners, put the teſt to your own ſect.

But you by number think yourſelves ſecure,
While our thin ſquadron muſt the brunt endure.
With grief I muſt confeſs our muſter's few,
And much with civil broils impair'd, while you
Are to the dev'l and to each other true.
Your penal laws againſt us are enlarg'd,
On whom no crimes, like what you act are charg'd.
Flavia may now and then turn up for bread,
But chaſtly with Catulla lies a bed.
Your Hiſpo acts both ſexes parts, before
A fornicator; and behind, a whore:
We ne'er invade your walks; the clients cauſe
We leave to your confounding and the laws.
If now and then an Amazonian dame
Dares fight a public prize, 'tis ſure leſs ſhame,
Than to behold your unnerv'd ſex ſet in
To needle-work, and like a damſel ſpin.
How Hiſter's bondman his ſole heir became,
And his conniving ſpouſe ſo rich a dame,
Is known; that wife with wealth muſt needs be
Who is content to make a third in bed. [ſped,
You nymphs that would to coach and ſix arrive,
Marry, keep counſel, and y'are ſure to thrive!
Yet theſe obnoxious men, without remorſe,
Againſt our tribe will put the laws in force,
Clip the dove's wing, and give the vulture courſe.
Thus ſpoke the matron—the convicted crew
From ſo direct a charge like lightning flew.
It muſt be ſo—nor, vain Metellus, ſhall
From Rome's tribunal, thy harangues prevail
'Gainſt harlotry, while thou art clad ſo thin,
That through thy cobweb-robe we ſee thy ſkin
As thou declaim'ſt—Fabularis, you ſay,
A whore—I own it; ſo's Cartinia;
Rank proſtitutes, therefore without remorſe
Puniſh the ſtrumpets, give the law its courſe:
But when y'ave ſentenc'd them, Metellus, know
They'd bluſh t' appear ſo looſely dreſt as you.
You ſay the dog-ſtar reigns, whoſe ſultry fire
Melts you to death ev'n in that light attire;
Go naked then, 'twere better to be mad,
(Which has a priv'lege) than ſo lewdly clad!
How wou'd our mountain fires, return'd from plough
Or battle, ſuch a ſilken judge allow?
Canſt thou reſtore old manners, or retrench
Rome's pride, who com'ſt tranſparent to the bench?
This mode in which thou ſingly do'ſt appear,
By thy example ſhall get footing here,
Till it has quite deprav'd the Roman ſtock
As one infected ſheep confounds the flock.
Nor will this crime, Metellus, be thy worſt,
No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at firſt:
For vice like virtue by degrees muſt grow;
Thus, from this wanton dreſs, Metellus, thou
With thoſe polluted prieſts at laſt ſhall join
Who female chaplets round their temples twine,
And with perverted rites profane the golden ſhrine.
Where ſuch vile practiſes 'twixt males are paſt,
As makes our matrons lewd nocturnals chaſte.
Cottytus orgies ſcarce are more obſcene,
For thus th' effeminate priests themſelves demean.
With jet-black pencils one his eye-brows dyes,
And adds new fire to his laſcivious eyes:
Another in a glaſs priapus ſwells
While twitted gold his platted treſſes fills;

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A female robe, and to complete the farce,
His ſervant not by Jove but Juno ſwears.
One holds a mirror, pathic Otho's ſhield,
In which he view'd before he march'd to field,
Nor Ajax with more pride his ſeven-fold targe did wield.
Oh noble ſubject for new annals fit,
In muſty fame's records unmention'd yet!
A looking-glaſs muſt load th' imperial car,
The moſt important carriage of the war!
Galba to kill he thought a general's part,
But, as a courtier, us'd the niceſt art
To keep his ſkin from tan: before the fight
Wou'd paint, and ſet his ſoil'd complexion right.
A ſoftneſs which Semiramis ne'er knew,
When once ſhe had the field and foe in view,
Nor Egypt's queen, when ſhe from Actium flew.
No chaſte diſcourſe their feſtivals afford,
Obſceneneſs is the language of their board:
Soft liſping tones, taught by ſome bald-pate prieſt,
For ſkillful palate, maſter of the feaſt.
A pack of proſtitutes; unnerv'd, and riſe
For the operation of a Phrygian knife;
For from ſuch pathics 'twere but juſt to take
Thoſe manly parts, of which no uſe they make.
Gracchus, 'tis ſaid, gave to his trumpeter
Four hundred ſeſterces—for what?—In dow'r.
The motion's lik'd, the parties are agreed;
And for performance ſeal a formal deed;
Gueſts are beſpoke, a wedding-ſupper made,
The wonted joy is wiſht, that done——
The he bride in his bridegroom's arms is laid!
O peers of Rome! need theſe ſtupendous times
A cenſor or aruſpex for ſuch crimes?
The prodigy leſs monſtrous wou'd appear,
If women calves, or heifers lambs ſhou'd bear!
In bridal robe and veil the pathic's dreſt,
Who bore the pondrous ſhield at Mars his feaſt.
Father of Rome, ſay what deteſted clime
Taught Latian ſhepherds ſo abhorr'd a crime?
Say, thund'ring Mars, from whence the nettle ſprung,
Whoſe venom firſt thy noble offſpring ſtung?
Behold! a man by birth and fortune great
Weds with a man; yet from th' etherial ſeat
No ratling of thy brazen wheels we hear,
Nor is earth pierc'd with thy avenging ſpear!
Oh! if thy juriſdiction (Mars) falls ſhort
To puniſh miſchiefs of ſo vaſt import,
Complain to Jove, and move the higher court.
For ſhame redreſs this ſcandal, or reſign
Thy province to ſome pow'r that's more divine.

To-morrow early in Quirinus vale
I muſt attend—why?—Thereby hangs a tale,
A male-friend's to be marry'd to a male.
'Tis true the wedding's carry'd privately,
The parties being at preſent ſomewhat ſhy;
But that they own the match, e'er long you'll hear,
And ſee it in the public regiſter.
But one ſore grief does theſe he-brides perplex;
Though they debaſe, they cannot change their ſex;
Nor yet, by help of all their wicked art,
Bring offſpring to ſecure their huſband's heart.
Nature too much i'th' dire embrace is forc'd,
But ne'er joins influence with defires ſo curs'd:
Inceſtuous births, and monſters many may appear,
But teeming males not earth nor hell can bear.
Yet Gracchus, thou degen'rate ſon of fame,
Thy pranks are ſtigmatiz'd with greater blame:
Theirs was a private, thine an open ſhame.
Who like a fencer on a public ſtage,
Haſt made thyſelf the ſcandal of the age.
Nor can Rome's nobleſt blood with thine compare,
While thou mak'ſt paſtime for the theatre.
To what dire cauſe can we aſſign theſe crimes,
But to that reigning atheiſm of the times?
Ghoſts, ſtygian lakes, and frogs with croaking note,
And Charon wafting ſouls in leaky boat,
Are now thought fables, to fright fools conceiv'd,
Or children, and by children ſcarce believ'd.
Yet give thou credit. What can we ſuppoſe
The temperate Curii, and the Scipio's;
What will Fabricius or Camillus think,
When they behold, from their Elyſium's brink,
An atheiſt's ſoul to laſt perdition ſink?
How will they from th' aſſaulted banks rebound,
And wiſh for ſacred rites to purge th' unhallow'd ground.
In vain, O Rome! thou doſt thy conqueſt boaſt
Beyond the Orcades ſhort-nighted coaſt,
Since free the conquer'd provinces remain
From crimes that thy imperial city ſtain:
Yet rumour ſpeaks, if we may credit fame,
Of one Armenian youth, who ſince he came
Has learn'd the impious trade; and does exceed
The lewdeſt pathics of our Roman breed.
Bleſſings of commerce! he was ſent, 'tis ſaid,
For breeding hither: and he's fairly bred.
Fly foreign youths from our polluted ſtreets,
And e'er unmann'd, regain your native ſeats;
Left, while for traffic here too long you ſtay,
You learn at laſt to trade th' Italian way;
And, with curs'd merchandize returning home,
Stock all your country with the figs of Rome.

SATIRE III.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ſtory of this ſatire ſpeaks itſelf. Umbritius, the ſuppoſed friend of Juvenal, and himſelf a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reaſons which oblige him to lead a private life.

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in an obſcure place. He complains that an honeſt man cannot get his bread at Rome: that none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral inconveniences which ariſe from a city-life: and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetouſneſs, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for ſtarving them. The great art of this ſatire is particularly ſhown, in common places; and a drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compaſs of it.

GRIEV'D though I am an ancient friend to loſe,
I like the ſolitary ſeat he choſe:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repoſe:
Where far from noiſy Rome ſecure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives.
The road to Bajæ, and that ſoft receſs
Which all the gods with all their bounty bleſs.
Though I in Prochyta with greater eaſe
Could live, than in a ſtreet of palaces.
What ſcenes ſo deſert, or ſo full of fright,
As towering houſes tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worſe than all the clattering tiles, and worſe
Than thouſand padders, is the poet's curſe.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, juſt ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He ſtopp'd a little at the Conduit gate,
Where Numa model'd once the Roman ſtate,
In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd,
Though now the ſacred ſhades and founts are hir'd
By baniſh'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a ſmall baſket, on a wiſp of hay;
Yet ſuch our avarice is, that every tree
Pays for his head; nor ſleep itſelf is free:
Nor place, nor perſons, now are ſecred held,
From their own grove the muſes are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our ſteps we bend,
I and my ſullen diſcontented friend:
The marble caves, and aqueducts, we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the true!
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embelliſh'd with her firſt created green,
Where cryſtal ſtreams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native ſtone!
Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town),
Since noble arts in Rome have no ſupport,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit riſes from th' ungrateful ſtage,
My poverty increaſing with my age,
'Tis time to give my juſt diſdain a vent,
And, curſing, leave ſo baſe a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obſcure retreat I chooſe to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And Lacheſis has ſomewhat left to ſpin.
Now, now, 'tis time to quit this curſed place,
And hide from villains my too honeſt face:
Here let Arturius live, and ſuch as he:
Such manners will with ſuch a town agree.
Knaves, who in full aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houſes, and oppreſs the poor
By farm'd exciſe: can cleanſe the common ſhore;
And rent the fiſhery: can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes diſſembled tears to ſhed,
All this for gain; for gain they ſell their very head.
Theſe fellows ſee (what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minſtrels of a country ſhow:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet cheeks and blotted faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own coſts exhibit public plays:
Where, influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their ſordid avarice rakes 38
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since ſuch as they have fortune in a ſtring?
Who, for her pleaſure, can her fools advance;
And toſs them topmoſt on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what buſineſs have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falſely ſwear?
Nor praiſe my patron's undeſerving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unſkill'd in ſchemes by planets to foreſhow,
Like canting raſcals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognoſticate
To the young gaging heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy preſents to a bride:
For want of theſe town virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none;
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuſeful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conſcious of cloſe intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Labouring with ſecrets which his boſom burn,
Yet never muſt to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honeſt counſels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuſe,
The purſe of Verres may at pleaſure uſe:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the ſea in tributary tides,
Be bribe ſufficient to corrupt the breaſt;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful reſt.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whoſe ſecrecy they purchaſe with their gold.
I haſte to tell thee, nor ſhall ſhame oppoſe
What confidence our wealthy Romans chooſe:
And whom I muſt abhor: to ſpeak my mind,
I hate in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To ſee the ſcum of Greece tranſplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obſcene Orontes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry ſhores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and cuſtoms come:
All find reſceit in hoſpitable Rome.

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The barbarous harlots crowd the public place:
Go, fools, and purchaſe an unclean embrace:
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.
Old Romulus, and father Mars, look down,
Your herdſman primitive, your homely clown,
Is turn'd a beau in a looſe tawdry gown.
His once unkem'd and horrid looks behold
Stilling ſweat oil: his neck enchain'd with gold:
Aping the foreigners in every dreſs;
Which, bought at greater coſt, becomes him leſs.
Meantime they wiſely leave their native land,
From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they ſwarm in ſhoals:
So ſweet and eaſy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at firſt, they purchaſe here:
And, ſoon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flattering ſervile rout:
Work themſelves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and diſſembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and gueſs him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a ſingle man?
A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a phyſician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heaven, to heaven he goes.
In ſhort, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn,
Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloth'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me ſign, whom t' other day
A ſmall craft veſſel hither did convey; [lay?
Where ſtow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulſome flatteries;
A moſt peculiar ſtroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their inſipid friend;
His blobber-lip and betetle-brows commend;
His long crane-neck and narrow ſhoulders praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
Though harſher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as groſsly praiſe; but, to our grief,
No flattery but from Grecians gains belief.
Beſides theſe qualities, we muſt agree
Thy mimic better on the ſtage than we:
The wife, the whore, the ſhepherdeſs, they play,
In ſuch a free, and ſuch a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman ſhown,
And ſaucy ſomething underneath the gown.
But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and raviſh'd eyes can only pleaſe:
The nation is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an aſs can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep ſilently,
There ſeems a ſilent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter clothes they take:
Begin but you to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In froſt and ſnow, if you complain of heat, [ſweat.
They rub th' unſweating brow, and ſwear they
We live not on the ſquare with ſuch as theſe,
Such are our betters, who can better pleaſe:
Who day and night are like a looking-glaſs;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepared for ſome new piece of flattery.
Ev'n naſtineſs, occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching, or well-piſſing lord.
Beſides, there's nothing ſacred, nothing free,
From bold attempts of their bold letchery.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'ſcapes the bridegroom, or the blooming ſon.
If none they find for their lewd purpoſe fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, caſt a view
On what, in ſchools, their men of morals do;
A rigid Stoic his own pupil ſlew:
A friend, againſt a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town [gown?
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks controul the
Some Diphilus, or ſome Protogenes,
Look ſharply out, our ſenators to ſeize:
Engroſs them wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubble's heart:
One drop of poiſon in my patron's ear,
One ſlight ſuggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs fear,
Infus'd with cunning, ſerves to ruin me;
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the family.
In vain forgotten ſervices I boaſt;
My long dependence in an hour is loſt:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater eaſe than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we riſe, and to the levees run;
My lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Leſt his colleague outſtrip him in the race:
The childiſh matrons are, long ſince awake:
And, for affronts, the tardy viſits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born ſon
On the left-hand of a rich hireling run;
Becauſe the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a race of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor ſinner, though you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked ſum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witneſs of unblemiſh'd life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling goddeſs from the fire!
The queſtion is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly ſpends:
Quick to the buſineſs; how he lives, and eats;
How largely gives; how ſplendidly he treats:
How many thouſand acres feed his ſheep,
What are his rents? what ſervants does he keep?
Th' account is ſoon caſt up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our eſtate.
Swear by our gods, or thoſe the Greeks adore,
Thou art as ſure forſworn, as thou art poor:
The poor muſt gain their bread by perjury;
And ev'n the gods, that other means deny,
In conſcience muſt abſolve them, when they lie.

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Add, that the rich have ſtill a gibe in ſtore;
And will be monſtrous witty on the poor:
For the torn ſurtout and the tatter'd veſt,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are jeſt:
The greaſy gown, fully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint to ſay, The man's in mourning:
Or if the ſhoe be ript, or patches put,
He's wounded! ſee the plaiſter on his foot.
Want is the ſcorn of every wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches riſe,
(The maſter of the ceremonies cries)
This is no place for you, whoſe ſmall eſtate
Is not the value of the ſettled rate:
The ſons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileg'd to ſit in triumph there,
To clap the firſt, and rule the theatre,
Up to the galleries, for ſhame, retreat;
For, by the Roſcian law, the poor can claim no ſeat,
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
The man that poll'd but twelve-pence for his head?
Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the judging-chair?
The poor were wiſe, who, by the rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſecret place of reſt.
Once they did ſwell, to free themſelves from ſcorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty.
At Rome 'tis worſe; where houſe-rent by the year,
And ſervants bellies coſt ſo deviliſh dear;
And taverns-bills run high for hungry cheer.
To drink or eat in earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some diſtant parts of Italy are known,
Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely ſtate,
Old plays they act, old feaſts they celebrate:
The ſame rude ſong returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the ſame delights;
And in the mother's arms the clowniſh infant frights.
Their habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by degree)
Are plain alike; the ſame ſimplicity,
Both on the ſtage, and in the pit, you ſee.
In his white cloak the magiſtrate appears;
The country-bumkin the ſame livery wears.
But here, attir'd, beyond our purſe we go,
For uſeleſs ornament and flaunting ſhow.
We take on truſt, in purple robes to ſhine;
And, poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that Coſſus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd diſtinguiſh you;
May take your incenſe like a gracious God,
And anſwer only with a civil nod?
To pleaſe our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the favourite page:
Shave his firſt down, and when he pulls his hair,
The conſecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our offerings, help to raiſe his vails.
Who fears in country-towns a houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttreſſes and props but ſcarcely bear:
And 'tis the village-maſon's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling.
To cleanſe the gutters, and the chinks to cloſe;
And, for one night, ſecure his lord's repoſe.
At Cumæ we can ſleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched ſtore
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
Thy own third ſtory ſmokes, while thou, ſupine,
Are drench'd in fumes of undigeſted wine.
For if the loweſt floors already burn,
Cock-loft and garrets ſoon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their neſts unſafe, are timely fled.
Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head ſix earthen pitcher's grac'd,
Beneath them was his truſty tankard plac'd.
And, to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A bended Chiron caſt from honeſt clay;
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
And with heroic verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt.
Begg'd naked through the ſtreets of wealthy Rome,
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn, [mourn;
The nobles change their clothes, the matrons
The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghaſt, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring ſupplies:
One ſends him marble to rebuild, and one
With naked ſtatues of the Parian ſtone,
The work of Polyclete, that ſeem to live;
While other images for altars give;
One books and ſkreens, and Pallas to the breaſt:
Another bags of gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs Arturius, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his loſſes multiplies his ſtore:
Suſpected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-houſe, and the players too:
Sweet country-ſeats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at leſs price than here,
You hire a darkſome doghole by the year.
A ſmall convenience decently prepar'd,
A ſhallow well that riſes in your yard,
That ſpreads his eaſy cryſtal ſtreams around,
And waters all the pretty ſpot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat,
'Tis ſomewhat to be lord of ſome ſmall ground,
In which a lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of ſleep to die;
Which fumes of undigeſted feaſts deny; [fry.
And, with imperfect heat, in languid ſtomachs
What houſe ſecure from noiſe the poor can keep,
What ev'n the rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep;

So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
And hence the sources of diseases come.
The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets;
The waggoners that curse their standing teams,
Would wake ev'n drowsy Drusius from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or sleep at ease the shutters make it night.
Yet still he reaches, first, the public place:
The press before him stops the client's pace:
The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one justles in the shoal,
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole;
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what smoke our doles we celebrate
A hundred guests, invited, walk in state:
A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens, wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their heads must bear,
Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear.
Yet they must walk upright beneath the loan:
Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames abroad.
Their coats, from botching newly bought, are torn.
Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For should their axle break, its overthrow
Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below:
Nor friends their friends, nor sires their sons could know:
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcase would remain:
But a mash'd heap, a hotch-potch of the slain.
One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
But bodies, like the soul, visibly are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate;
The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing sheets display;
And oil them first; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this busy care they take,
Poor ghost! is wandering by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His passage begs with unregarded prayer:
And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses dreadful height:
From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down;
And lucky ware, from garret-windows thrown;
Wherever they break our heads, and mark the flinty stone.
'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late,
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a piss-pot only for thy share.
The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:
'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
Yet, though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline.
Is cautious to avoid the coach and six,
And on the lacquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
But me, who must by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have stuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick with your answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your rogueship may be found?
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
When every door with iron chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian-robbers by no justice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are abroad,
Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill,
To save complaints and persecution, kill.
Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vast city, as their native home;
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron-mines exhasted and destroy'd
In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
Goads for teams, and plough-shares for the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals restrain:
Which now the walls of Rome can scarce contain.
More I could say, more causes I could show
For my departure; but the sun is low:
The waggoner grews weary of my stay;
And whips his horses forwards on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend; and send me word,
What joys your fountains and cool shades afford:
Then, to assist your satires, I will come;
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

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SATIRE IV.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ——

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet in this ſatire firſt brings in Criſpinus, whom he had a laſh at in his firſt ſatire, and whom he promiſes here not to be forgetful of for the future. He expoſes his monſtrous prodigality and luxury in giving the price of an eſtate for a barbel; and from thence takes occaſion to introduce the principal ſubject, and true deſign of this ſatire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous ſtory of a turbut preſented to Domitian, of ſo vaſt a bigneſs that all the emperor's ſcullery had not a diſh large enough to hold it; upon which the ſenate in all haſte is ſummoned, to conſult in this exigency what is fitteſt to be done. The poet gives us a particular of the ſenators names, their diſtinct characters, and ſpeeches, and advice; and after much and wiſe conſultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he diſmiſſes the ſenate, and concludes the ſatire.

ONCE more Chriſpinus call'd upon the ſtage,
(Nor ſhall once more ſuffice) provokes my rage:
A monſter, to whom ev'ry vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his fame.
Feeble and ſick, yet ſtrong in luſt alone,
The rank adult'rer preys on all the town,
All but the widows nauſeous charms go down.
What matter then how ſtately is the arch
Where his tir'd mules ſlow with their burden march?
What matter then how thick and long the ſhade
Through which, by ſweating ſlaves, he is convey'd?
How many acres near the city-walls,
Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
No ill man's happy; leaſt of all is he
Whoſe ſtudy 'tis to corrupt chaſtity.
The inceſtuous brute, who the veil'd veſtal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
Who for her crime, if laws their courſe might have,
Ought to deſcend alive into the grave.
But now of ſlighter faults; and yet the ſame
By others done, the cenſors juſtice claim.
For what good men ignoble count and baſe,
Is virtue here, and does Criſpinus grace:
In this he's ſafe, whate'er we write of him,
The perſon is more odious than the crime.
And ſo all ſatire's loſt. The laviſh ſlave
Six thouſand pieces for a barbel gave;
A ſeſterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
Give out, that hear great things, but greater ſay.
If by this bribe well-plac'd, he would enſnare
Some ſapleſs uſurer that wants an heir,
Or if this preſent the ſly courtier meant,
Should to ſome punk of quality be ſent,
That in her eaſy chair in ſtate does ride,
The glaſſes all drawn up on ev'ry ſide,
I'd praiſe his cunning; but expect not this,
For his own gut he brought the ſtately fiſh.
Now ev'n Apicius frugal ſeems, and poor,
Outvy'd in luxury unknown before.
Gave you, Criſpinus, you this mighty ſum?
You, that, for want of other rags, did come,
In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome.
Do ſcales and fins bear price to this exceſs?
You might have bought the fiſherman for leſs.
For leſs ſome provinces whole acres ſell,
Nay, in Apulia, if you bargain well,
A manor wou'd coſt leſs than ſuch a meal.
What think we then of his luxurious lord?
What banquets loaded that imperial board?
When in one diſh, that taken from the reſt,
His conſtant table wou'd have hardly miſt,
So many ſeſterces were ſwallow'd down,
To ſtuff one ſcarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefeſt greets,
From crying ſtinking fiſh about her ſtreets.
Begin, Calliope, but not to ſing:
Plain, honeſt truth, we for our ſubject bring.
Help then, ye young Pierian maids to tell
A downright narrative of what befel.
Afford me willingly your ſacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have ſtyl'd you maids.
When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd,
The groaning world with iron ſceptre ſway'd,
When a bald Nero reign'd, and ſervile Rome obey'd,
Where Venus ſhrine does fair Ancona grace,
A turbut taken of prodigious ſpace,
Fill'd the extended net, not leſs than thoſe
That dull Mæotis does with ice encloſe,
Till conquer'd by the ſun's prevailing ray,
It opens to the Pontic ſea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their growth;
Fat with long eaſe, and a whole winter's ſloth,
The wiſe commander of the boat and lines,
For our high-prieſt the ſtately prey deſigns;
For who that lordly fiſh durſt ſell or buy,
So many ſpies and court-informers nigh?
No ſhore but of this vermin ſwarms does bear,
Searchers of mud and ſea-weed! that would ſwear,
The fiſh had long in Cæſar's ponds been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled;
So, juſtly ought to be again reſtor'd:
Nay, if you credit ſage Palphurius word,
Or dare rely on Armillatus ſkill,
Whatever fiſh the vulgar fry excel

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Belong to Cæsar, whereſoe'er they ſwim,
By their own worth confiſcated to him.
The boatman then ſhall a wiſe preſent make,
And give the fiſh before the ſeizers take.
Now ſickly autumn to dry froſts gave way,
Cold winter rag'd, and freſh preſerv'd the prey;
Yet with ſuch haſte the buſy fiſher flew,
As if a hot ſouth-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what re-
Of Alba, ſtill her ancient rites retains, [mains
Still worſhips Veſta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay. [ſort,
The wondring crowd that to ſtrange ſights re-
And chok'd a while his paſſage to the court,
At length gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
The turbut enters in, without the fathers wait.
The boatman ſtrait does to Aſtrides preſs,
And thus preſents his fiſh, and his addreſs:
Accept, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,
Too great for private kitchens to contain.
To your glad genius ſacrifice this day,
Let common meats reſpectfully give way.
Haſte to unload your ſtomachs to receive
This turbut, that for you did only live.
So long preſerv'd to the imperial food,
Glad of the net, and to be taken proud. [well,
How fulſome this! how groſs! yet this takes
And the vain prince with empty pride does ſwell.
Nothing ſo monſtrous can be ſaid or feign'd,
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,
When to his face the worthleſs wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile court-flatt'ry to a god has rais'd.
But oh, hard fate! the palace ſtores no diſh
Afford, capacious of the mighty fiſh.
To ſage debate are ſummon'd all the peers,
His truſty and much-hated counſellors,
In whoſe pale look that ghaſtly terror ſat,
That haunts the dangerous friendſhips of the great.
The loud Liburnian that the ſenate call'd,
Run, run; he's ſet, he's ſet, no ſooner bawl'd,
But with his robe ſnatch'd up in haſte does come
Pegaſus, baliff of affrighted Rome.
What more were prætects then? The beſt he was,
And faithfulleſt expounder of the laws.
Yet in ill times, thought all things manag'd beſt,
When juſtice exercis'd her ſword the leaſt.
Old Criſpus next, pleaſant though old appears,
His wit nor humour yielding to his years.
His temper mild, good nature join'd with ſenſe,
And manners charming as his eloquence.
Who fitter for a uſeful friend than he,
To the great ruler of the earth and ſea, [free,
If as his thoughts were juſt, his tongue were
If it were ſafe to vent his gen'rous mind
To Rome's dire plague, and terror of mankind,
If cruel pow'r could ſoft'ning counſel bear?
But what's ſo tender as a tyrant's ear?
With whom whoever, though a fav'rite ſpake,
At ev'ry ſentence ſet his life at ſtake,
Though the diſcourſe were of no weightier things,
Than ſultry ſummers, or unhealthful ſprings.
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
With his weak arms to ſtem the ſtronger tide.
Nor did all Rome, grown ſpiritleſs, ſupply
A man that for bold truth durſt bravely die.
So ſafe by wiſe complying ſilence, he
Ev'n in that court did fourſcore ſummers ſee,

Next him Acilius, though his age the ſame,
With eager haſte to the grand council came:
With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
That did too near his growing virtues wait,
Urg' by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate.
(But 'tis long ſince old age began to be
In noble blood no leſs than prodigy,
Whence 'tis I'd rather be of giants birth,
A pigmy-brother to thoſe ſons of earth).
Unhappy youth! whom, from his deſtin'd end,
No well diſſembled madneſs could defend;
When naked in the Alban theatre,
In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting ſpear.
Who ſees not now through the lord's thin diſguiſe?
That long ſeem'd fools to prove at laſt more wiſe
That ſtate-court trick is now too open laid,
Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd?
Thoſe honeſt times might ſwallow this pretence,
When the king's beard was deeper than his ſenſe.
Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terror in his face,
Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward ſhame
Of an old crime that is not fit to name.
Worſe, yet in ſcandal taking more delight,
Than the vile Pathic that durſt ſatire write.
Montanus belly next, advancing ſlow
Before the ſweating ſenator did go.
Criſpinus after, but much ſweeter comes,
Scented with coſtly oils and eaſtern gums,
More than would ſerve two fun'rals for perfumes.
Then Pompey, none more ſkill'd in the court-game
Of cutting throats, with a ſoft whiſper, came.
Next Fuſcus, he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vultures was reſerv'd a prey,
Till having ſtudy'd war enough at home,
He led abroad the unhappy arms of Rome.
Cunning Vejento next, and by his ſide
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide.
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply ſmit with charms he could not ſee.
A monſter, that even this worſt age out-vies,
Conſpicuous, and above the common ſize.
A blind baſe flatt'rer, from ſome bridge or gate,
Rais'd to murdering miniſter of ſtate.
Deſerving ſtill to beg upon the road,
And bleſs each paſſing waggon and its load.
None more admir'd the fiſh; he in its praiſe
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raiſe,
But to the left all his fine things did ſay,
Whilſt on his right the unſeen turbut lay.
So he the fam'd Cilician fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with wonder ſeem'd amas'd.
So did the ſcenes and ſtage machines admire,
And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.
Nor came Vegento ſhort; but as inſpir'd
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,
Turns prophet: ſee, the mighty omen, ſee,
He cries, of ſome illuſtrious victory!
Some captive king, thee his new lord ſhall own,
Or from his Britiſh chariot headlong thrown
The proud Aviragus came tumbling down!
The monſter's foreign. Mark the pointed ſpears
That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!
Who nobler could, or plainer things preſage?
Yet one thing 'ſcap'd him, the prophetic rage
Show'd not the turbut's country, nor its age.

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At length by Cæſar the grand queſtion's put:
My lords, your judgment; ſhall the fiſh be cut?
Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries;
Lets not diſhonour thus the noble prize!
A pot of fineſt earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some ſkilful quick Promethus muſt provide.
Clay and the forming earth prepare with ſpeed.
But Cæſar, be it from henceforth decreed,
That potters on the royal progreſs wait,
T' aſſiſt in theſe emergencies of ſtate.
This council pleas'd; nor cou'd it fail to take,
So fit, ſo worthy of the man that ſpake.
The old court riots he remember'd well,
Could tales of Nero's midnight ſuppers tell,
When Falern wines the lab'ring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled falſe deſire.
In arts of eating none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal ſkill attain'd.
He whither Circe's rock his oyſters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian ſhore,
Knew at firſt taſte, nay, at firſt ſight cou'd tell,
A crab or lobſter's country by its ſhell.
They riſe, and ſtraight all, with reſpectful awe,
At the word giv'n, obſequiouſly withdraw,
Whom full of eager haſte, ſurpriſe, and fear,
Our mighty prince had ſummon'd to appear;
As if ſome news he'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expreſſes from all parts had come
With freſh alarms threatning the fate of Rome.
What folly this! but oh! that all the reſt
Of his dire reign had thus been ſpent in jeſt!
And all that time ſuch trifles had employ'd,
In which ſo many nobles he deſtroy'd!
He ſafe, they unreveng'd, to the diſgrace
Of the ſurviving, tame, patrician race!
But when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom ſo many lords had ſlain, they ſlew.

SATIRE V.

TRANSLATED BY MR. W. BOWLES.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet diſſuades a paraſite from frequenting the tables of great men, where he is certain to be treated with the higheſt ſcorn and contempt: and, at the ſame time, inveighs againſt the luxury and inſolence of the Roman nobility.

If harden'd by affronts, and ſtill the ſame,
Loſt to all ſenſe of honour, and of ſhame, [board,
Thou yet canſt love to haunt the great man's
And think no ſupper good but with a lord:
If yet thou can'ſt hold out, and ſuffer more
Than lewd Sarmentus, or vile Galba bore,
Thy ſolemn oath ought to be ſet aſide:
But ſure the belly's eaſily ſupply'd.
Suppoſe, what frugal Nature wou'd ſuffice,
Suppoſe that wanting, hunger is not nice.
Is no bridge vacant, no convenient ſeat,
Where thou may'ſt cringe, and gnaw thy broken meat,
And with a matt, and crutch, and ty'd up leg,
More honeſtly and honourably beg?
Firſt, if he pleaſe to ſay, ſit down, and ſmile
Behold the full reward of all thy toil!
All thy old ſervices are largely paid,
And thou a proud and happy man art made.
See! of thy boaſted friendſhip, ſee the fruits!
And theſe too he upbraids, and theſe imputes.
If after two cold months thy lord think fit
His poor, neglected client to admit,
And ſay, ſup with me, thou haſt thy deſire,
Be thankful, mortal, and no more require.
Thus bleſt, muſt Trebius to his levees run,
When the ſtars languiſh near the riſing ſun;
Break off ſweet ſlumbers, drowſy, and undreſt,
To ſhow his zeal, and to prevent the reſt;
Run to prevent the fawning humble train,
While ſlow Boötes drives his frozen wain.
Perhaps the gen'rous entertainment may
For all the ſtate and dear attendance pay.
For him is kept a liquor more divine,
You ſpunges muſt be drunk with lees of wine,
Drunk for your patron's pleaſure and his jeſt;
Then raving like a coribas poſſeſt,
Thou and the freed-men firſt begin to jar,
From mutual jeers the prelude to the war;
Thou and thy fellow paraſites engage,
And battle with a troop of ſervants wage;
Then glaſſes and Saguntine pitchers fly,
And broken pates diſcolour'd napkins dye.
While happy he, ſtretch'd, on his couch, ſupine
Looks on with ſcorn, and drinks old gen'rous wine,
Preſt from the grape, when warlike Rome ſo
But kindly, never ſends one glaſs to thee.
Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old ſparkling Alban, or Setine,
Whoſe title, and whoſe age, with mould o'ergrow
The good old caſk for ever keeps unknown:
Such bold Helvidius drank, and Thraſea crown'd
With garlands, when the flowing bowl went round
On Brutus birth-day: and to raiſe delight,
To pleaſe at once the taſte, and charm the ſight,
He in bright amber drinks, or brighter gold,
And cups with ſhining berils ſet does hold.
Thou art not ſuffer'd or to touch or taſte;
And if thou dar'ſt, a guard on thee is plac'd
To watch the gems. This may perhaps ſurpriſe
But, Sir, you'll pardon, they are ſtones of price.

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For Firro does, as many do of late,
Gems from his fingers to his cups transſlate,
Which the bold youth to Dido's love preferr'd,
Wore on the ſcabbard of his ſhining ſword.
Thou may'ſt at diſtance gaze, and ſigh in vain,
A crack'd black pot's reſerv'd for thee to drain.
If his blood boil, and th' adventitious fire
Rais'd by high meats, and higher wines, require
To temper and allay the burning heat,
Waters are brought, which by decoction get
New coolneſs, ſuch plain nature does not know,
Not ice ſo cool, nor hyperborean ſnow.
Did I complain but now, and juſtly too,
That the ſame wine is not allow'd to you?
Another water's reach'd you, when you call,
From hands of Mooriſh footmen, lean and tall;
The grim attendance he aſſigns t' affright
Rather than wait; rogues who wou'd ſcare by night
If met among the tombs; the ghaſtly ſlaves
Look as if newly ſtarted from their graves.
Before himſelf the flower of Aſia ſtands,
To watch his looks, and to receive commands.
A boy of ſuch a price as had undone
Old Roman kings, and drain'd the treaſure of a crown.
If thou or any of thy tribe want wine,
Look back, and give thy Ganymedes th' ſign.
The lovely boy, and bought at ſuch a rate,
Is much too handſome, and too proud to wait
On the deſpis'd and poor: will he deſcend
To give a glaſs to a declining friend?
No, his good mien, his youth, and blooming face
Tempt him to think, that with a better grace
Himſelf might ſit, and thou ſupply his place.
Behold there yet remains, which muſt be borne,
Proud ſervants more inſufferable ſcorn.
With what diſdain another gave thee bread!
The meaneſt wretches are with better fed:
Th' impenetrable cruſt thy teeth defies,
And petrify'd with age ſecurely lies:
Hard, mouldy, black, if thou preſume t' invade,
With ſacrilegious hands, thy patron's bread,
There ſtands a ſervant ready to chaſtiſe
Your inſolence, and teach you to be wiſe.
Will you a bold intruder, ever learn
To know your baſket, and your bread diſcern?
'Tis juſt, ye gods! and what I well deſerve;
Why did not I more honourably ſtarve?
Did I for this abandon wife and bed?
For this, alas! by vain ambition led,
Through cold Eliquiæ run ſo oft, and bear
The ſtorms and fury of the vernal air,
And then with cloak wet through attend, and dropping hair?
See! by the talleſt ſervant borne on high,
A ſturgeon fills the largeſt diſh and eye!
With how much pomp he's plac'd upon the board!
With what a tail and breaſt ſalutes his lord!
With what expence and art, how richly dreſt!
Garniſh'd with aſparagus, himſelf a feaſt!
Thou art to one ſmall diſmal diſh confin'd,
A crab ill dreſt, and of the vileſt kind.
He on his own fiſh pour the nobleſt oil,
The product of Venafrum's happy ſoil.
That to your marcid dying herbs aſſign'd,
By the rank ſmell and taſte betrays its kind,
By Moors imported, and for lamps alone deſign,
Well rubb'd with this, when Boccar comes to town,
He makes the theatres and baths his own,
All round from him, as from th' infected run,
The pois'nous ſtink ev'n their own ſerpents ſhun.
Behold a mullet ev'n from Corſu brought!
Or near the rocks of Tauromínium caught.
Since our own ſeas no longer can ſupply,
Exhauſted by our boundleſs luxury:
The ſecret deep can no protection give,
No Tyrrhene fiſh is ſuffer'd now to live
To his juſt growth. The provinces from far
Furniſh our kitchens, and revenge our war.
Baits for the rich, and childleſs they ſupply;
Aurelia thence muſt ſell, and Lenas buy.
The largeſt lamprey which their ſeas afford,
Is made a ſacrifice to Virro's board.
When Auſter to the Æolian caves retires
With dropping wings, and murmuring there reſpires,
Raſh daring nets, in hope of ſuch a prize,
Carybdis, and the treacherous deep deſpiſe.
An eel for you remains, in Tiber bred,
With fouleſt mud, and the rank ordure fed,
Diſcharg'd by common ſhores from all the town;
No ſecret paſſage was to him unknown;
In ev'ry noiſome ſink the ſerpent ſlept,
And through dark vaults oft to Suburra crept.
One word to Virro now, if he can bear,
And 'tis a truth which he's not us'd to hear;
No man expects, (for whom ſo much a ſot,
Who has the times he lives in ſo forgot?)
What Seneca, what Piſo us'd to ſend,
To raiſe, or too ſupport a ſinking friend.
Thoſe godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,
Bounty well-plac'd preferr'd, and well deſign'd,
To all their titles, all their heighth of po'wr,
Which turns the brains of fools, and fools alone adore.
When your poor client is condem'd t' attend,
'Tis all we aſk, receive him like a friend,
At leaſt, let him be eaſy if you can,
Let him be treated like a free-born man.
Deſcend to this, and then we aſk no more,
Rich to yourſelf, to all beſide be poor.
Near him is plac'd the liver of a gooſe,
That part alone which luxury wou'd chooſe,
A boar entire, and worthy of the ſword
Of Meleager, ſmokes upon the board.
Next muſhrooms, larger when the clouds deſcend
In fruitful ſhowers, and deſir'd thunders rend
The vernal air. No more plough up the ground,
O Lybia, where ſuch muſhrooms can be found,
Alecius cries, but furniſh us with ſtore
Of muſhrooms, and import thy corn no more.
Meanwhile thy indignation yet to raiſe,
The carver dancing round each diſh ſurveys,
With flying knife; and as his art directs,
With proper geſtures ev'ry fowl diſſects,
A thing of ſo great moment to their taſte,
That one falſe ſlip had ſurely marr'd the feaſt.
If thou dare murmur, if thou dare complain
With freedom, like a Roman gentleman,
Thou'rt ſeiz'd immediately by his commands,
And dragg'd, like Cacus, by Herculean hands
Out from his preſence. When does haughty he
Deſcend to take a glaſs once touch'd by thee?

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That wretch were loſt, who ſhou'd preſume to think
He might be free, who durſt ſay, come, Sir, drink,
Will any freedom here from you be borne
Whoſe clothes are threadbare, and whoſe cloaks are torn?
Wou'd any god, or godlike man below,
Four hundred thouſand Seſterces beſtow!
How mightily wou'd Trebius be improv'd,
How much a friend to Virro, how belov'd!
Will Trebius eat of this? What ſot attends
My brother? Who carves to my beſt of friends?
O Seſterces, this honour's done to you!
You are his friends, and you his brethren too.
Wouldſt thou become his patron and his lord;
Wouldſt thou be in thy turn by him ador'd?
No young Æneas in thy hall muſt play,
Nor ſweeter daughter lead thy heart aſtray.
O how a barren wife does recommend!
How dear, how pleaſant is a childleſs friend?
But if thy Mycale, thy teeming wife
Pour out three boys, the comfort of thy life;
He too will in the pratling neſt rejoice,
Farthings and nuts provide, and various toys,
For the young ſmiling paraſites, the wanton boys.
He viler friends with doubtful muſhroons treats,
Secure for you, himſelf champignons eats;
Such Claudius lov'd, of the ſame ſort and taſte,
Till Agrippina kindly gave the laſt,
To him are order'd, and thoſe happy few
Whom fate has rais'd above contempt and you,
Moſt fragrant fruits, ſuch in Phæcian gardens grew;
Where a perpetual autumn ever ſmil'd,
And golden apples loaded branches fill'd.
By ſuch ſwift Atalanta was betray'd,
The vegetable gold ſoon ſtopt the flying maid.

To you ſuch ſcabb'd harſh fruit is giv'n, as raw
Young ſoldiers at their exerciſings gnaw,
Who trembling learn to throw the fatal dart,
And under rods of rough centurions ſmart.
Thou tak'ſt all this as done to ſave expence;
No! 'tis on purpoſe done to give offence:
What comedy, what farce can more delight,
Than grinning hunger, and the pleaſing ſight
Of your bilk'd hopes? No! he's reſolv'd t' extort
Tears from your eyes: 'tis barb'rous jeſt and ſport.
Thou think'ſt thyſelf companion of the great,
Art free and happy in thy own conceit.
He thinks thou'rt tempted by th' attractive ſmell
Of his warm kitchen, and he judges well.
For who ſo naked, in whoſe empty veins
One ſingle drop of noble blood remains;
What freeborn man, who, though of mungrel ſtrain,
Wou'd twice ſupport the ſcorn, and proud diſdain
With which thoſe idols you adore, the great,
Their wretched vaſſals and dependants treat?
O ſlaves moſt abject! you ſtill gaping ſit,
Devouring with your eyes each pleaſing bit;
Now ſure we paraſites at laſt ſhall ſhare
That boar, and now that wild-fowl, or that hare;
Thus you expecting gaze, with your teeth ſet;
With your bread ready, and your knives well whet;
Demure and ſilent; but, alas! in vain;
He mocks your hunger, and derides your pain.
If you can bear all this, and think him kind,
You well deſerve the treatment which you find.
At laſt thou wilt beneath the burthen bow,
And, glad, receive the manumitting blow
On thy ſhav'd ſlaviſh head; meanwhile attend,
Worthy of ſuch a treat, and ſuch a friend.

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SATIRE. VI.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

This ſatire, of almoſt double length to any of the reſt, is a bitter invective againſt the fair ſex. It is indeed a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriouſly ſtolen their ſharpeſt raillcries. In his other ſatires, the poet has only glanced on ſome particular women, and generally ſcourged the men. But this he reſerved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him, I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excuſed for imputing to all, the vices of ſome few amongſt them. Neither was it generouſly done of him, to attack the weakeſt as well as the faireſt part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reaſonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole ſex, if all had been true which he alleges againſt them: for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of ſilent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the ſatire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exerciſe his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and amongſt the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will diſprove his accuſations. The whole world muſt allow this to be the wittieſt of his ſatires; and truly he had need of all his parts to maintain, with ſo much violence, ſo unjuſt a charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that conſideration chiefly I ventured to tranſlate him. Though there wanted not another reaſon, which was, that no one elſe would undertake it: at leaſt, Sir C. S. who

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could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principle members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced: and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished; or at least, that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them: and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: it is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with his text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted; and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fiddlers, singing-boys and fencers. These who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so; but only, for their vast dowries, are rather suffered than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives: set up for learning and criticism in poetry; but are false judges. Love to speak Greek (which was then the fashionable tongue, as the French is now with us.) That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are gossips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month, are sluttish with their husbands in private; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miscarrying, and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husbands sons, if they stand in their way to his estate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to show the occasion of all these vices, their original and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we, will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general standing rule: and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

In Saturn's reign, at nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chastity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
The sheep, the shepherds, and their gods were laid:
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were spread
By mountain-housewives for their homely bed,
And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's head.
Unlike the niceness of our modern dames
(Affected nymphs with new-affected names):
The Cynthia's and the Lesbia's of our years,
Who for a sparrow's death diffolve in tears.
Those first unpolish'd matron's, big and bold,
Gave suck to infants of gigantic mold;
Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood,
And, fat with acorns, belch'd their windy food.
For when the world was bucksome, fresh, and young,
Her sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;
And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or struggling from the timid oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun,
No fires they had, or, if a fire, the sun.
Some thin remains of chastity appear'd,
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the servile Greeks had learnt to swear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were enclos'd.
At length uneasy justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
From that old era whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the sin.
Adulterers next invade the nuptial state,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and silver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding ring perhaps already bought:
A sober man like thee, to change his life!
What fury would possess thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratsbane, no kind halter left?
(For every noose compar'd to her's is cheap)
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Would'st thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more.
When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
But still Ursidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a son to settle his estate,
And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
Would gladly grease the rich old batchelor.
What revolution can appear so strange,
As such a leacher such a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
To thrust his neck into the marriage-noose?
He who so often with a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's sight,
That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:

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ut let a heifer with gilt horns be led
'o *Juno* regent of the marriage-bed,
nd let him every deity adore,
his new bride prove not an arrant whore
head and tail, and every other pore.
n Ceres' feaſt reſtrain'd from their delight,
ew matorns there, but curſe the tedious night:
ew whom their fathers dare ſalute, ſuch luſt
heir kiſſes have, and come with ſuch a guſt.
ſith ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
uch is thy bride, and ſuch thy genial bed,
hink'ſt thou one man is for one woman meant!
e ſooner with one eye would be content.
And yet 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
ſome ſmall village, though fame ſays not where:
is poſſible; but ſure no man ſhe found;
'was deſert, all, about her father's ground:
nd yet ſome luſtful god might there make bold,
re Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
lany a fair nymph has in a cave been ſpread,
nd much good love without a feather-bed.
hither wouldſt thou to chooſe a wife reſort,
he park, the mall, the play-houſe, or the court?
hich way ſoever thy adventures fall,
cure alike of chaſtity in all.
One ſees a dancing-maſter capering high,
nd raves, and piſſes, with pure extaſy:
nd one is charm'd with the new opera notes,
dmires the ſong, but on the finger dotes:
he country lady in the box appears,
ſtly ſhe warbles over all ſhe hears;
nd ſucks in paſſion both at eyes and ears.
The reſt (when now the long vacation's come,
he noiſy hall and theatres grown dumb)
heir memories to refreſh and cheer their hearts,
borrow'd breeches act the player's parts.
he poor, that ſcarce have wherewithal to eat,
ill pinch to make the ſinging-boy a treat.
e rich, to buy him, will refuſe no price;
nd ſtretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
agedians, acting love, for luſt are fought
hough but the parrots of a poet's thought).
e pleading lawyer, though for counſel us'd,
chamber practice often is refus'd.
ll thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs
he product of concurring theatres).
rhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
d a young ſword-man to thy lands is born.
Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
d left him for a brother of the ſword:
wondering Pharos with her love ſhe fled,
ſhow one monſter more than Afric bred:
getting houſe and huſband left behind
n children too; ſhe ſails before the wind;
ſe to them all, but conſtant to her kind,
, ſtranger yet, and harder to conceive,
could the play-houſe and the players leave.
n of rich parentage, and nicely bred.
lodg'd on down, and in a damaſk bed;
daring not the dangers of the deep,
a hard mattreſs is content to ſleep.
this, 'tis true, ſhe did her fame expoſe:
that, great ladies with great eaſe can loſe.
tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
much her luſt was ſtronger than her fear.
had ſome honeſt cauſe her paſſage preſt,
ſmalleſt hardſhip had diſturb'd her breaſt:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But woman-kind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were ſhe to follow her own lord to ſea,
What doubts or ſcruples would ſhe raiſe to ſtay?
Her ſtomach ſick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauſeous to her noſe.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never ſea-ſick with a friend.
Amidſt the crew, ſhe walks upon the board;
She eats, ſhe drinks, ſhe handles every cord:
And if ſhe ſpews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now aſk, for whom her friends and fame ſhe loſt?
What youth, what beauty, could th' adulterer boaſt?
What was the face, for which ſhe could ſuſtain
To be call'd miſtreſs to ſo baſe a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the beſt:
Deep ſcars were ſeen indented on his breaſt;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful reſt.
A promontory wen, with grieſly grace,
Stood high upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was ſtubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms, and blood, and cruelty, they love.
But ſhould he quit his trade, and ſheath his ſword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you ſhall hear
What fruits the ſacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old ſluggard but began to ſnore,
When from his ſide uproſe th' imperial whore:
She who preferr'd the pleaſures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight:
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret ſervice ſhe could truſt;
The rival and companion of her luſt.
To the known brothel-houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a naſty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankeſt harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving breaſts, and with deſiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length, when friendly darkneſs is expir'd,
And every ſtrumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and lingering at the gate,
With a repining ſigh ſubmits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unſated with the ſin.
Old Cæſar's bed the modeſt matron ſeeks;
The ſteam of lamps ſtill hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy ſmut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.
Now ſhould I ſing what poiſons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beſide;
And all their arts of death: it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin the ſex can own.
Cæſinia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of every vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters faſt;

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He sighs, adores, and courts her every hour;
Who would not do as much for such a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.
These truths with his example you disprove,
Who with his wife is monstrously in love:
But know him better; for I heard him swear,
'Tis not that she's his wife, but that she's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the saucy steward say,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away:
You grow offensive both at bed and board:
Your betters must be had to please my lord.
Meantime she's absolute upon the throne:
And, knowing time is precious, loses none:
She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine
Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train she craves:
And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.
In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
Makes houses white, she to the merchant goes;
Rich chrystals of the rock she takes up there,
Huge agate vases, and old china-ware:
But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppose her free from strife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life;
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismiss'd their husbands, and their brothers arms;
Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight!
Some country-girl, scarce to a courtesey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Against my wife, and let my children go:
But sullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
Ev'n her, who did her numerous offspring boast,
As fair and fruitful as the sow that carry'd
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price? If stately and severe,
She still insults, and you must still adore;
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues she displays, [praise:
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you
Som faults, though small, intolerable grow;
For what so nauseous and affected too,
As those that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant?
In Greece their whole accomplishments they seek:
Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek:
But raw, in all that does to Rome belong,
They scorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak,
Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek:
Ev'n in the seat of love, they use that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young:
But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
Is showing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή! All those tender words
The momentary trembling bliss affords
The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets
Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
Those words have fingers; and their force is such,
They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.
If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
What reason should thy mind to marriage move?
Why all the charges of thy nuptial feast,
Wine and deserts, and sweetmeats to digest?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their first and only happy night?
If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
To absolute dominion she aspires;
Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
The better husband makes the wife the worse.
Nothing is thine, to give, or sell, or buy
All offices of ancient friendship die;
Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
A privilege, to pimps and panders left;
Thy testament's her will; where she presers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go drag that slave to death. your reason, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'st thou that slave a man, the wife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
I have the sov'reign pow'r to save or kill;
And give no other reason but my will.
Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till, pleas'd with change,
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another subject-husband she desires,
Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So still the reckoning rises; and appears,
In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-stone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She sharpens her, instructs her how to flea
Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
The panting stallion, at the closet-door,
Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er.
Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?

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Her intereſt is in all th' advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cauſe is try'd at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the proceſs, all the briefs they write;
The topics furniſh, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wreſtler's toil
They try, and ſmear their naked limbs with oil:
Againſt the poſt their wicker ſhields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the ſword, and at the ſtaſtron puſh.
Of every exerciſe the maniſh crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the ſtage.
What ſenſe of ſhame in ſuch a breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own ſex to fly?
Yet to be wholly man ſhe would diſclaim;
To quit her tenfold pleaſure at the game,
For frothy praiſes and an empty name.
Oh what a decent ſight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction ſold!
The belt, the cruſted plume, the ſeveral ſuits
Of armour, and the Spaniſh-leather boots!
Yet theſe are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd ſilks, and under farcenet ſweat.
Behold the ſtrutting Amazonian whore
She ſtands in guard with her right-foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions juſt,
She ſtamps, and then cries hah! at every thruſt.
The ghoſts of ancient Romans, ſhould they riſe,
Would grin to ſee their daughters play a prize.
Beſides, what endleſs brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when ſhe has thee ſure within the ſheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conſcious of crimes herſelf, ſhe teazes firſt;
Thy ſervants are accus'd; thy whore is curſt;
She acts the jealous, and at will ſhe cries:
For women's tears are but the ſweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'ſt that love ſincere,
And ſuck'ſt between her lips the falling tear:
But ſearch her cabinet, and thou ſhalt find
Each tiller there with love-epiſtles lin'd.
Suppoſe her taken in a cloſe embrace,
This you would think ſo maniſeſt a caſe,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence outface;
And yet, ev'n then, ſhe cries, the marriage-vow
A mental reſervation muſt allow;
And there's a ſilent bargain ſtill imply'd,
The parties ſhould be pleas'd on either ſide:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Though men yourſelves, and women us you call,
Yet *homo* is a common name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You aſk from whence proceed theſe monſtrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaſte, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-rooft houſes, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
A frugal ſleep ſupply'd the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held them ſtraight;
When Hannibal was hovering at the gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our eaſe,
We ſuffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,
And waſteful riot, whoſe deſtructive charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no luſtful poſtures are unknown;
Since poverty, our guardian god, is gone:
Pride, lazineſs, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:
Since gold obſcene, and ſilver, found the way,
Strange faſhions with ſtrange bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they ſpread?
Wine no diſtinction makes of tail or head.
Who, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oyſters call:
Full brimmers to their ſuddled noſes thruſt;
Brimmers, the laſt provocatives of luſt.
When vapours to their ſwimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding ſlave,
At modeſty's old ſtatue; when by night
They make a ſtand, and from their litters light;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the naſty paddle of his ſpouſe.
The ſecrets of the goddeſs nam'd the good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers underſtood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With muſic rais'd, they ſpread abroad their hair;
And toſs their heads like an enamour'd mare:
Rank'd with the lady the cheap ſinner lies;
For here, not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal ſtriſe;
'Tis downright luſt, and acted to the life.
So full, ſo fierce, ſo vigorous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, would make old Neſtor young.
Impatient of delay, a general ſound,
And univerſal groan of luſt, goes round;
For then, and only then, the ſex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of action: Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty lovers in.
The whoreſons are aſleep; then bring the ſlaves,
And watermen, a race of ſtrong-back'd knaves.
I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred rites were free
From thoſe pollutions of obſcenity:
But 'tis well known what finger, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpris'd;
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed inſtrument;
A grateful preſent to thoſe holy choirs,
Where the mouſe, guilty of his ſex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modeſtly are veil'd,
Yet no profaneneſs on that age prevail'd;
No ſcoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at every altar they abound.
I hear your cautious counſel, you would ſay,
Keep cloſe your women under lock and key:
But, who ſhall keep thoſe keepers? Women, nurſt,
In craft: begin with thoſe, and bribe them firſt.
The ſex is turn'd all whore; they love the game;
And miſtreſſes and maids are both the ſame.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to ſee the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her eſtate,
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try;
But women have no ſhame of poverty:

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They live beyond their ſtint; as if their ſtore,
The more exhauſted, would increaſe the more:
Some men, inſtructed by the labouring ant,
Provide againſt th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their ſinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear:
And think no pleaſure can be bought too dear.
If ſongs they love, the ſinger's voice they force
Beyond his compaſs till his quail-pipe's hoarſe;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the ſtrings, and kiſs the caſe;
And make love to it, in the maſter's place.
A certain lady once, of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Veſta's deity,
That Pollio might, in ſinging, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd and brib'd; what could ſhe more have done
For a ſick huſband, or an only ſon?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The ſhameleſs ſuppliant at the altar ſtands;
The forms of prayer ſhe ſolemnly purſues:
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
Anſwer, ye powers; for, if you heard her vow,
Your godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.
This is not all; for actors they implore:
An impudence not known to heaven before.
Th' Aruſpex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the gout.
But ſuffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If ſhe loves ſinging, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in ſtreets, with Amazonian pace;
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endleſs itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others ſay.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France, is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the ſtepdame and the ſon.
Tell who loves who, what favours ſome partake:
And who is jilted for another's ſake.
What pregnant widow in what month was made,
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.
She, firſt, beholds the raging comet riſe:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands deſtroys.
Still for the neweſt news ſhe lies in wait;
And takes reports juſt entering at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires: whatever ſhe can meet,
She ſpreads, and is the fame of every ſtreet.
This is a grievance; but the next is worſe;
A very judgment, and her neighbour's curſe;
For, if their barking dog diſturb her eaſe,
No prayer can bind her, no excuſe appeaſe.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But firſt the maſter, who the cur maintain'd,
Muſt feel the ſcourge: by night ſhe leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a leſs noiſe create;
She moves in tumult, and ſhe ſweats in ſtate.
Meanwhile, her gueſts their appetites muſt keep;
Some gape for hunger, and ſome gaſp for ſleep.
At length ſhe comes, all flush'd; but ere ſhe ſup,
Swallows a ſwinging prepara tion-cup;
And then, to clear her ſtomach, ſpews it up.
The deluge vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the four favour nauſeates every noſe.
She drinks again; again ſhe ſpews a lake;
Her wretched huſband ſees, and dares not ſpeak:
But mutters many a curſe againſt his wife;
And damns himſelf for chuſing ſuch a life.
But of all the plagues the greateſt is untold;
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame who at her table ſits:
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has ſo far th' aſcendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-pluſt in his ſuit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would ſwear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets ceaſe; for ſhe alone
Is able to redeem the labouring moon.
Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long:
But ſhe who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and ſhould wear a beard;
And mix among the philoſophic herd.
O what a midnight curſe has he, whoſe ſide
Is peſter'd with a mood and figure bride!
Let mine, ye gods! (if ſuch muſt be my fate)
No logic learn, nor hiſtory tranſlate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to ſchool,
Who climbs the grammar-tree, diſtinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priſcian's, breaks her huſband's head.
The gaudy goſſip, when ſhe's ſet agog,
In jewels dreſt, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all ſhe ſays or does is juſtify'd.
When poor, ſhe's ſcarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.
She duly, once a month, renews her face;
Meantime, it lies in dawb, and hid in greaſe;
Thoſe are the huſband's nights; ſhe craves her due,
He takes fat kiſſes, and, is ſtuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adulterer when ſhe ſteers,
Freſh from the bath, in brightneſs ſhe appears:
For him the rich Arabia ſweats her gum;
And precious oils from diſtant Indies come:
How haggardly ſoe'er ſhe looks at home.
Th' eclipſe then vaniſhes; and all her face
Is open'd, and reſtor'd to every grace,
The cruſt remov'd, her cheeks as ſmooth as ſilk,
Are poliſh'd with a waſh of aſſes milk;
And ſhould ſhe to the fartheſt north be ſent,
A train of theſe attend her baniſhment.
But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up before,
'Twas ſo unlike a face, it ſeem'd a ſore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they paſs their time away,
For, if o'er night the huſband has been ſlack,
Or counterfeited ſleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be ſure, the ſervants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dreſſer are call'd whores;
The page is ſtript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole houſe ſuffers for the maſter's crime:
And he himſelf is warn'd, to wake another time.
She hires tormenters by the year; ſhe treats
Her viſitors, and talks; but ſtill ſhe beats.
Beats while ſhe paints her face, ſurveys her gown,
Caſts up the day's account, and ſtill beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids them in the devil's name be gone.

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Compar'd with ſuch a proud, inſulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if ſhe haſtes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Iſis' church (the bawdy-houſe of prayer)
She hurries all her handmaids to the taſk;
Her head, alone, will twenty dreſſers aſk.
Pſecas, the chief, with breaſt and ſhoulders bare,
Trembling, conſiders every ſacred hair;
If any ſtraggler from his rank be found,
A pinch muſt, for the mortal ſin, compound.
Pſecas is not in fault: but, in the glaſs,
The dame's offended at her own ill face.
The maid is baniſh'd; and another girl
More dextrous, manages the comb and curl;
The reſt are ſummon'd on a point ſo nice;
And firſt, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and ſo the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wiſdom, is renown'd:
Such counſel, ſuch deliberate care, they take,
As if her life and honour lay at ſtake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tower.
A gianteſs ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, ſhort-waiſted, ſuch a dwarf ſhe is,
That ſhe muſt riſe on tip-toes for a kiſs.
Meanwhile, her huſband's whole eſtate is ſpent!
He may go bare, while ſhe receives his rent.
She minds him not; ſhe lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of ſtrife:
Near him, in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her hate to all his ſervants and his friends.
Bellona's prieſts, an eunuch at their head,
About the ſtreets a mad proceſſion lead;
The venerable guelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His awkward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their myſtic dance.
Meanwhile, his cheeks the mitred prophet ſwells,
And dire preſages of the year foretels.
Unleſs with eggs (his prieſtly hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert the autumnal blaſt.
And add beſide a murrey-colour'd veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the peſt:
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
Th' aſtoniſh'd matrons pay, before the reſt;
That ſex is ſtill obnoxious to the prieſt.
Through you they beat, and plunge into the ſtream,
If ſo the god has warn'd them in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion ſtrong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's prieſt I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Mero's burning ſand,
Through deſerts they would ſeek the ſecret ſpring;
A holy water for luſtration bring.
How can they pay their prieſts too much reſpect,
Who trade with heaven, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domeſtic gods diſcourſe by night:
By day, attended by his choir in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding through the ſtreet,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they cheat.
The ghoſtly ſire forgives the wife's delights,
Who ſins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her huſband in the holy time,
When carnal pleaſure is a mortal crime.
The ſweating image ſhakes his head, but he
With mumbled prayers atones the deity.
The pious prieſthood the fat gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the god-head muſt forgive.
No ſooner theſe remove, but full of fear,
A gypſy Jeweſs whiſpers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high-prieſts daughter ſhe,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And propheſies beneath a ſhady tree.
Her goods a baſket, and old hay her bed,
She ſtrolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall monies, are her fees;
Yet ſhe interprets all your dreams for theſe.
Foretells th' eſtate, when the rich uncle dies,
And ſees a ſweet-heart in the ſacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's entrails can diſcloſe:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obſcene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inſpection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he purſues;
For gain will his accomplices accuſe.
More credit, yet, is to the Chaldeans given;
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heaven.
Their anſwers, as from Hammon's altar, ceaſe;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond aſtrologers relate.
Of theſe the moſt in vogue is he who, ſent
Beyond ſeas, is return'd from baniſhment,
His art who to aſpiring Otho ſold;
And ſure ſucceſſion to the crown foretold.
For his eſteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was diſgrac'd.
No aſtrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife inquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice ſhall her mother kill:
Her ſiſter's and her uncle's end, would know:
But, firſt, conſults his art, when you ſhall go.
And, what's the greateſt gift that heaven can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If Mars and Saturn ſhall the world infeſt;
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who in theſe ſtudies does herſelf delight,
By whom a greaſy almanack is borne,
With often handling, like chaf'd amber worn:
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the twelve houſes, and their lords, is free.
She, if the ſcheme a fatal journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her huſband go.
If but a mile ſhe travel out of town,
The planetary hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but aches
Or itches, its decumbiture ſhe takes.
No nouriſhment receives in her diſeaſe;
But what the ſtars and Ptolemy ſhall pleaſe.
The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.
But rich the matron, who has more to give,
Her anſwers from the Brachman will receive:

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Skill'd in the globe and ſphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his compaſs, meaſures ſeas and lands.
The pooreſt of the ſex have ſtill an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid inquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty taylor, and the cook forſake.
Yet theſe, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurſes, their own infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich mantle, ſpread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; ſuch arts they uſe
To make them barren, or their fruit to loſe.
But thou, whatever ſlops ſhe will have bought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-ſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for ſaving at her need.
For, if ſhe holds till her nine months be run,
Thou may'ſt be father to an Æthiop's ſon.
A boy, who, ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that, ſhould he croſs the way,
His omen would diſcolour all the day.
I paſs the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameleſs iſſue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent fortune does her care employ,
And, ſmiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment ſpreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her bleſſing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him ſhe promotes; ſhe favours him alone,
And makes proviſion for him, as her own.
The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
And philters for th' unable huſband buys:
The potion works not on the part deſign'd;
But turns his brains, and ſtupifies his mind.
The ſotted moon-calf gapes, and ſtaring on,
Sees his own buſineſs by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumbing froſt,
Conſtrains his head; and yeſterday is loſt:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
Like that Cæſonia to her Caius gave:
Who, plucking from the forehead of the fole
His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hiſſing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
The thunderer was not half ſo much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his deſire.
What woman will not uſe the poiſoning trade,
When Cæſar's wife the precedent has made;
Let Agrippina's muſhroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a ſlavering, old, unuſeful ſot;
That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
And ſent his godhead downward to the ſkies.
But this fierce potion calls for fire and ſword;
Nor ſpares the common, when it ſtrikes the lord.
So many miſchiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one ſingle poiſoner coſt mankind.
If ſtepdames ſeek their ſons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial treſpaſs; let them have their will:
But let the child, intruſted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food ſhe reaches with her hand;
The morſel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taſter, ere thou eat;
There's poiſon in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the ſatire in a rage
Struts in the buſkins of the tragic ſtage,
Forgets his buſineſs is to laugh and bite;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable, that you read;
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (ſhe confeſſes) in the fact was caught,
Two ſons diſpatching at one deadly draught.
What two! Two ſons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, ſeven, ſhe cries, if ſeven were in my way.
Medea's legend is no more a lie;
One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done: but not for gain.
Leſs admiration to great crimes is due, [purſue.
Which they through wrath, or through revenge,
For, weak of reaſon, impotent of will,
The ſex is hurry'd headlong into ill:
And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into ſeas, is borne.
But thoſe are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And, cool in miſchief, meditate the ſin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her huſband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would ſave their lapdog ſooner than their lord.
Where'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemneſtras grow in every ſtreet:
But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a groſs butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And ſubtle poiſons are employ'd alone:
Unleſs ſome antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balſam all the nobler parts:
In ſuch a caſe, reſerv'd for ſuch a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

SATIRE VII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE hope and encouragement of all the learned, is only repoſed in Cæſar; whether in Domitian, Nerva, or Trajan, is left doubtful by the poet. The nobility, which in reaſon ought to patronize poetry, and reward it, are now grown ſordidly covetous; and think it enough for them barely to praiſe

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the writers, or to write ill verſes themſelves. This gives occaſion to our author, to lament likewiſe the hard fortune and neceſſities of other arts, and their profeſſors; particulary hiſtorians, lawyers, rhetoricians, and grammarians.

On Cæſar all our ſtudies muſt depend;
For Cæſar is alone the muſes friend:
When now the celebrated wits, for need
Hire Bagnio's, to the crier's trade ſucceed,
Or get their own, by baking other's bread;
Or by the porter's lodge, with beggars, wait
For greaſy fragments at the great man's gate.
'Tis better, ſo; if thy poetic fob
Refuſe to pay an ordinary's club;
And much more honeſt, to be hir'd, and ſtand
With auctionary hammer in thy hand,
Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
For the ſold houſehold ſtuff, or picture's price;
Expoſing play-books, full of ſuſtian lines,
Or the dull libraries of dead divines.
Ev'n this is better, though 'tis hardly got,
Than be a perjur'd witneſs of a plot,
To ſwear he ſaw three inches through a door,
As Aſiatic evidences ſwore;
Who hither coming, out at heels and knees,
For this had penſions, titles, and degrees.
Henceforward let no poet fear to ſtarve,
Cæſar will give, if we can but deſerve.
Tune all your lyres, the monarch's praiſe invites
The lab'ring muſe, and vaſt reward excites.
But if from other hands than his, you think
To find ſupply, 'tis loſs of pen and ink:
Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Or moths through written pages eat their way:
Your wars, your loves, your praiſes be forgot,
And make of all an univerſal blot.
The muſes ground is barren deſart all,
If no ſupport from Cæſar's bounty fall;
The reſt is empty praiſe, an ivy crown,
Or the lean ſtatue of a ſtarv'd renown.
For now the cunning patron never pays,
But thinks he gives enough, in giving praiſe;
Extols the poem, and the poets vein,
As boys admire the peacock's gaudy train:
Meanwhile thy manhood, fit for toils and wars,
Patient of ſeas, and ſtorms, and houſehold cares,
Ebbs out apace, and all thy ſtrength impairs.
Old age, with ſilent pace, comes creeping on,
Nauſeates the praiſe, which in her youth ſhe won,
And hates the muſe by which ſhe was undone.
The tricks of thy baſe patron now behold,
To ſpare his purſe, and ſave his darling gold:
In his own coin the ſtarving wit he treats;
Himſelf makes verſes, which himſelf repeats;
And yields to Homer on no other ſcore,
Than that he liv'd a thouſand years before.
But if to fame alone thou doſt pretend,
The miſer will his empty palace lend;
Set wide his doors, adorn'd with plated braſs,
Where droves, as at a city-gate may paſs;
A ſpacious hall afford thee to rehearſe,
And ſend his clients to applaud thy verſe;
But not one farthing to defray the coſts
Of carpenters, the pulpit, and the poſts.
Houſe-room that coſts him nothing, he beſtows,
Yet ſtill we ſcribble on, though ſtill we loſe;
We drudge, and cultivate with care, a ground
Where no return of gain was ever found:
The charms of poetry our ſouls bewitch;
The curſe of writing is an an endleſs itch.
But he whoſe noble genius is allow'd;
Who with ſtretch'd pinions ſoars above the crowd;
Who mighty thought can clothe with manly dreſs,
He, who I fancy, but can ne'er expreſs;
Such, ſuch a wit, though rarely to be found,
Muſt be ſecure from want, if not abound.
Nice is his make, impatient of the war,
Avoiding bus'neſs, and abhorring care;
He muſt have groves, and lonely fountains chooſe,
And eaſy ſolitudes to bait his muſe;
Unvex'd with thought of wants, which may betide,
Or for to morrow's dinner to provide.
Horace ne'er wrote but with a roſy cheek,
His belly pamper'd, and his ſides were ſleek.
A wit ſhould have no care, or this alone,
To make his riſing numbers juſtly run.
Phœbus and Bacchus, thoſe two jolly gods,
Bear no ſtarv'd poets to their bleſt abodes.
'Tis not for hungry wit, with wants controll'd,
The face of Jove in council to behold:
Or fierce Alecto, when her brand ſhe toſs'd,
Betwixt the Trojan and Rutulian hoſt:
If Virgil's ſuit Mecænas had not ſped,
And ſent Alexis to the poet's bed,
The creſted ſnakes had dropt upon the ground,
And the loud trumpet languiſh'd in the ſound.
Yet we expect that Lappa's muſe ſhould pleaſe,
As much as did immortal Sophocles;
When he his diſhes and his clothes has ſent
To pawn, for payment of a quarter's rent:
His patron Numitor will nothing lend,
Pleads want of money to his wretched friend,
Yet can large preſents to his harlot ſend;
Can purchaſe a tame lion, and can treat
The kingly ſlave with ſev'ral ſorts of meat:
It ſeems he thinks th' expence is more, to feaſt
The famiſh'd poet, than the hungry beaſt.
Lucan, content with praiſe, may lie at eaſe
In coſtly grotts, and marble palaces:
But to poor Baſſus what avails a name;
To ſtarve on compliments, and empty fame?
All Rome is pleas'd, when Statius will rehearſe,
And longing crowds expect the promis'd verſe:
His lofty numbers with ſo great a guſt
They hear, and ſwallow with ſuch eager luſt:
But, while the common ſuffrage crown'd his cauſe,
And broke the benches with their loud applauſe;
His muſe had ſtarv'd, had not a piece unread,
And by a player bought, ſupply'd her bread.
He could diſpoſe o' honours, and commands,
The pow'r of Rome was in an actor's hands;
The peaceful gown, and military ſword:
The bounteous play'r out-give the pinching lord,
And would thou, poet, riſe before the ſun,
And to his honour's lazy levee run?
Stick to the ſtage, and leave thy ſordid peer;
And yet, heav'n knows, 'tis earn'd with hardſhip there.
The former age did one Mecænas ſee,
One giving lord of happy memory.

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Then, then, 'twas worth a writer's pains, to pine,
Look pale, and all December taſte no wine.
Such is the poet's lot: what luckier fate
Does on the works of grave hiſtorians wait?
More time they ſpend, in greater toils engage;
Their volumes ſwell beyond the thouſandth page:
For thus the laws of hiſtory command;
And much good paper ſuffers in their hand.
What harveſt riſes from this labour'd ground?
Where they get pence, a clerk can get a pound.
A lazy tribe, juſt of the poet's pitch,
Who think themſelves above the growing rich.
Next ſhow me the well-lung'd Civilian's gain,
Who bears in triumph an artill'ry train
Of chancery libels; opens firſt the cauſe,
Then with a pick-lock tongue perverts the laws;
Talks loud enough in conſcience for his fee,
Takes care his client all his zeal may ſee;
Twitch'd by the ſleeve, he mouths it more and more,
Till with white froth his gown is ſlaver'd o'er.
Aſk what he gains by all this lying prate,
A captain's plunder trebles his eſtate.
The magiſtrate aſſumes his awful ſeat;
Stand forth, pale Ajax, and thy ſpeech repeat:
Aſſert thy client's freedom; bawl, and tear
So loud, thy country-judge at leaſt may hear,
If not diſcern; and when thy lungs are ſore,
Hang up the victor's garland at thy door:
Aſk for what price thy venial tongue was ſold:
A ruſty gammon of ſome ſev'n years old:
Tough, wither'd treuilles; ropy wine, a diſh
Of ſhotten herrings, or ſtale ſtinking fiſh.
For four times talking, if one piece thou take,
That muſt be cantled, and the judge go ſnack.
'Tis true, Emilius takes a five-fold fee,
Though ſome plead better, with more law than he:
But then he keeps his coach, ſix Flanders mares
Draw him in ſtate, whenever he appears:
He ſhows his ſtatue too, where plac'd on high,
The ginnet, underneath him, ſeems to fly;
While with a lifted ſpear, in armour bright,
His aiming figure meditates a fight.
With arts like theſe, rich Matho when he ſpeaks,
Attracts all fees, and little lawyers breaks.
Tongillus, very poor, has yet an itch
Of gaining wealth, by feigning to be rich;
Bathes often, and in ſtate, and proudly vain,
Sweeps through the ſtreets with a long dirty train:
From thence with lackeys running by his ſide,
High on the backs of brawney ſlaves will ride,
In a long litter, through the market-place;
And with a nod the diſtant rabble grace:
Clad in a gown, that glows with Tyrian dye,
Surveys rich moveables with curious eye,
Beats down the price, and threatens ſtill to buy.
Nor can I wonder at ſuch tricks as theſe,
The purple garments raiſe the lawyer's fees:
And ſell him dearer to the fool that buys;
High pomp and ſtate are uſeful properties.
The luxury of Rome will know no end;
For ſtill the leſs we have, the more we ſpend.
Truſt eloquence to ſhow our parts and breeding!
Not Tully now could get ten groats by pleading;
Unleſs the diamond glitter'd on his hand;
Wealth's all the rhet'ric clients underſtand:
Without large equipage, and loud expence,
The prince of orators would ſcarce ſpeak ſenſe.
Paulus, who with magnificence did plead,
Grew rich, while tatter'd Gallus begg'd his bread.
Who to poor Baſilus his cauſe would truſt,
Though ne'er ſo full of pity, ne'er ſo juſt?
His clients, unregarded, claim their due:
For eloquence in rags was never true.
Go, wretch, thy pleadings into Afric ſend;
Or France, where merit never needs a friend.
But oh, what ſtock of patience wants the fool,
Who waſtes his time and breath in teaching ſchool!
To hear the ſpeeches of declaiming boys,
Depoſing tyrants with eternal noiſe!
Sitting or ſtanding, ſtill confin'd to roar
In the ſame verſe, the ſame rules o'er and o'er:
What kind the ſpeech, what colours, how to purge
Objections, ſtate the caſe, and reaſons urge.
All would learn theſe; but at the quarter-day,
Few parents will the pedant's labour pay.
Pay, Sir! for what? The ſcholar knows no more
At ſix months end, than what he knew before:
Taught, or untaught, the dunce is ſtill the ſame,
Yet ſtill the wretched maſter bears the blame.
Once ev'ry week poor Hannibal is maul'd;
The theme is giv'n, and ſtreight the council's call'd,
Whether he ſhould to Rome directly go,
To reap the fruit of ſhe dire overthrow;
Or into quarters put his haraſs'd men
Till ſpring returns, and take the field again.
The murder'd maſter cries, Would parents bear
But half that ſtuff which I am bound to bear.
For that revenge I'll quit the whole arrear.
The ſame complaints moſt other pedants make;
Plead real cauſes, and the feign'd forſake:
Medea's poiſon, Jaſon's perjury,
And Philomela's rape, are all laid by;
The accuſing ſtepdame, and the ſon accus'd:
But if my friendly counſel might be us'd,
Let not the learn'd this courſe or t'other try,
But, leaving both, profeſs plain poverty;
And ſhow his tally for the dole of bread,
With which the pariſh poor are daily fed:
Ev'n that exceeds the price of all thy pains.
Now look into the muſic-maſter's gains,
Where noble youth at vaſt expence is taught;
But eloquence not valu'd at a groat.
On ſumptuous baths the rich their wealth beſtow,
On ſome expenſive airy portico;
Where ſafe from ſhowers they may be borne in ſtate,
And free from tempeſts, for fair weather wait:
Or rather, not expect the clearing ſun,
Through thick and thin their equipage muſt run:
Or ſtaying, 'tis not for the ſervant's ſake,
But that their mules no prejudice may take.
At the walk's end, behold, how rais'd on high,
A banquet-houſe ſalutes the ſouthern ſky;
Where from afar the winter-ſun diſplays
The milder influence of his weaken'd rays.
The cook, and ſewer each his talent tries;
In various figures ſcenes of diſhes riſe:
Beſides, a maſter-cook, with greaſy fiſt,
Dives in luxurious ſauces to the wriſt.
Amidſt this waſteful riot, there accrues
But poor ten ſhillings for Quintilian's dues:

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For, to breed up the ſon to common ſenſe
Is evermore the parents leaſt expence.
From whence then comes Quintilian's vaſt eſtate?
Becauſe he was the darling ſon of fate;
And luck, in ſcorn of merit, made him great.
Urge not th' example of one ſingle man,
As rare as a white crow, or ſable ſwan,
Quintilian's fate was to be counted wiſe,
Rich, noble, fair, and in the ſtate to riſe:
Good fortune grac'd his action, and his tongue;
His colds became him, and when hoarſe he ſung.
O, there's ſtrange difference, what planets ſhed
Their influence on th' new-born infant's head!
'Tis fate that flings the dice; and as ſhe flings,
Of kings makes pedants, and of pedants kings.
What made Vintidius riſe, and Tullus great,
But their kind ſtars, and hidden pow'r of fate?
Few pedagogues but curſe the barren chair;
Like him who hang'd himſelf for mere deſpair
And poverty; or him, whom Caius ſent
For liberty of ſpeech to baniſhment.
Ev'n Socrates in rags at Athens taught,
And wanted to defray the deadly draught.
In peace, ye ſhades of our great grandſires reſt,
No heavy earth your ſacred bones moleſt:
Eternal ſpring, and riſing flow'rs adorn
The relics of each venerable urn,
Who pious rev'rence to their tutors paid,
As parents honour'd, and as gods obey'd.
Achilles, grown in ſtature, fear'd the rod,
And ſtood corrected at the Centaur's nod;
His tender years in learning did employ,
And promis'd all the hero in the boy.
The ſcene's much alter'd in the modern ſchool,
The boys of Rufus call their maſter fool;
A juſt revenge on him, who durſt defame
The merit of immortal Tully's name.
But aſk, what fruit Palemon's pains have earn'd,
Or who has paid the price of what he learn'd;
Though grammar profits leſs than rhetoric are,
Yet ev'n in thoſe his uſher claims a ſhare;
Beſides, the ſervants' wages muſt be paid:
Thus of a little, ſtill a leſs is made:
As merchants gains come ſhort of half the mart,
For he who drives their bargains, dribs a part.
The covetous father now includes the night,
And cov'nants, thou ſhalt teach by candle-light;
When puffing ſmiths, and ev'ry painful trade
Of handicrafts in peaceful beds are laid:
Then thou art bound to ſmell on either hand
As many ſtinking lamps, as ſchool-boys ſtand;
Where Horace could not read in his own ſully'd book:
And Virgil's ſacred page is all beſmear'd with ſmoke.
But when thou dunn'ſt their parents, ſeldom they
Without a ſuit before the tribune, pay,
And yet hard laws upon the maſter lay.
Be ſure he knows exactly grammar-rules,
And all the beſt hiſtorians read in ſchools;
All authors, ev'ry poet to an hair;
That, aſk'd the queſtion, he may ſcarce deſpair,
To tell who nurs'd Anchiſes; or to name
Anchemolus's ſtepmother, and whence ſhe came:
How long Aceſtes liv'd, what ſtores of wine
He gave to the departing Trojan line.
Bid him beſides, his daily pains employ,
To form the tender manners of the boy;
And work him, like a waxen babe, with art
To perfect ſymmetry in ev'ry part:
To be his better parent, to beware
No young obſcenities his ſtrength impair,
No mutual filth; to mark his hands and eyes,
Diſtorted with unnatural ecſtaſies:
This be thy taſk; and yet for all thy pains,
At the year's end expect no greater gains,
Than what a fencer, at a prize, obtains.

SATIRE VIII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. G. STEPNEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this ſatire, the poet proves that nobility does not conſiſt in ſtatues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions: He laſhes Rubellius Plancus, for being inſolent, by reaſon of his high birth; and lays down an inſtance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horſes, who are valued rather according to their perſonal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He adviſes his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the ſatire) to lead a virtuous life, diſſuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppreſſion, cruelty, and other vices, by his ſevere cenſures on Lateranus, Damaſippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in oppoſition to theſe, diſplays the worth of perſons meanly born, ſuch as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

WHAT's the advantage, or the real good,
Of tracing from the ſource our ancient blood?
Or have our anceſtors in paint or ſtone,
Preſerv'd as relics, or, like monſters, ſhown?
The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mould'ring noſe, that bears
Glorious ſcars, the ſad effect of years;
Or Galba grinning without noſe or ears?
Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit;
Though plodding heralds through each branch may trace
Old captains and dictators of their race,
While their ill lives that family belie,
And grieve the braſs which ſtands diſhonour'd by.
'Tis mere burleſque, that to our gen'ral's praiſe
Their progeny immortal ſtatues raiſe,

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Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
To game before their images all night,
And ſteal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when theſe their enſigns did diſplay.
Why ſhould ſoft Fabius impudently bear
Names gain'd by conqueſts in the Gallic war?
Why lays he claim to Hercules's ſtrain,
Yet dares be baſe, effeminate, and vain?
The glorious altar to that hero built,
Adds but a greater luſtre to his guilt,
Whoſe tender limbs, and poliſh'd ſkin, diſgrace
The griſly beauty of his manly race;
And who by practiſing the diſmal ſkill
Of pois'ning, and ſuch treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy kindred-marble ſweat,
When his degen'rate head by theirs is ſet.
Long galleries of anceſtors, and all
Thoſe follies which ill-grace a country-hall,
Challenge no wonder or eſteem from thee;
"Virtue alone is true nobility."
Live therefore well: To men and gods appear,
Such as good Paulus, Coſſus, Druſus were;
And in thy conſular triumphal ſhow,
Let theſe before thy father's ſtatues go;
Place 'em before the enſigns of the ſtate,
As chooſing rather to be good than great.
Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me:
Rome for your ſake ſhall puſh your conqueſts on,
And bring new titles home from nations won,
To dignify ſo eminent a ſon:
With your bleſt name ſhall ev'ry region ſound,
Loud as mad Egypt, when her prieſts have found
A new Oſiris, for the ox they drown'd.
But who will call thoſe noble, who deface,
By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
Whoſe only title to our father's fame
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
A dwarf as well may for a giant paſs;
A negro for a ſwan; a crook-back'd laſs
Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
The name of tiger, lion, or whate'er
Denotes the nobleſt or the fierceſt beaſt:
Be therefore careful, leſt the world in jeſt
Should thee juſt ſo with the mock-titles greet,
Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.
To whom is this advice and cenſure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis apply'd to you;
Who think your perſon ſecond to divine,
Becauſe deſcended from the Druſian line;
Though yet you no illuſtrious act have done
To make the world diſtinguiſh Julia's ſon
From the vile offspring of a trull, who ſits
By the town-wall, and for her living knits.
You are poor rogues (you cry), the baſer ſcum
And inconſiderable dregs of Rome;
Who know not from what corner of the earth
The obſcure wretch, who got you, ſtole his birth;
Mine, I derive from Cecrops—May your grace
Live, and enjoy the ſplendour of your race.
Yet of theſe baſe plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence have grown
Great ſenators, and honours to that gown:
Some at the bar with ſubtilty defend
The cauſe of an unlearned noble friend;
Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:
Others their ſtronger youth to arms apply,
Go to Euphrates, or thoſe forces join
Which garriſon the conqueſts near the Rhine.
While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;
Though you reſemble your great family
No more, than thoſe rough ſtatues on the road
(Which we call Mercuries) are like that God:
Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
You are a living ſtatue, that of ſtone.
Great ſon of Troy, who ever prais'd a beaſt
For being of a race above the reſt,
But rather meant his courage, and his force?
To give an inſtance—We commend an horſe
(Without regard of paſture, or of breed)
For his undaunted mettle and his ſpeed;
Who wins moſt plates with greateſt eaſe, and firſt
Prints with his hoofs his conqueſt on the duſt.
But if fleet Dragon's progeny at laſt
Proves jaded, and in frequent matches caſt,
No favour for the ſtallion we retain,
And no reſpect for the degenerate ſtrain;
The worthleſs brute is from Newmarket brought,
And at an under rate in Smithfield bought,
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
Beneath two panniers, and a baker's wife.
That we may therefore you, not yours, admire,
Firſt, Sir, ſome honour of your own acquire;
Add to that ſtock which juſtly we beſtow
On thoſe bleſt ſhades to whom you all things owe.
This may ſuffice the haughty youth to ſhame,
Whoſe ſwelling veins (if we may credit fame)
Burſt almoſt with the vanity and pride,
That their rich flood to Nero's is ally'd:
The rumour's likely; for "We ſeldom find
"Much ſenſe with an exalted fortune join'd."
But, Ponticus, I would not you ſhould raiſe
Your credit by hereditary praiſe;
Let your own acts immortalize your name;
"'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The ſuperſtructure muſt in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm ſhe lov'd.
Be a good ſoldier, or upright truſtee,
An arbitrator from corruption free,
And if a witneſs in a doubtful cauſe,
Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws;
Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
And he would dictate what he'd have you ſwear,
Be not ſo profligate, but rather chooſe
To guard your honour, and your life to loſe,
Rather than let your virtue be betray'd;
Virtue, the noble cauſe for which you're made.
"Improperly we meaſure life by breath;
"Such do not truly live who merit death;"
Though they their wanton ſenſes nicely pleaſe
With all the charms of luxury and eaſe;
Though mingled flow'rs adorn their careleſs brow,
And round 'em coſtly ſweets neglected flow,
As if they in their funeral ſtate were laid,
And to the world, as they're to virtue, dead.
When you the province you expect, obtain,
From paſſion and from avarice refrain;

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Let our associates poverty provoke
Thy generous heart not to increase their yoke,
Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.
To what the laws enjoin, submission pay;
And what the senate shall command, obey;
Think what rewards upon the good attend,
And how those fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
Who felt the thunder of the states decree,
For robbing the Cilicians, though they
(Like lesser pikes) only subsist on prey:
But what avails the rigour of their doom?
Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
Nor give the miserable province ease,
Since what one plund'rer left, the next will seize.
Cherippus then, in time yourself bethink,
And what your rags will yield by auction, sink;
Ne'er put yourself to charges to complain
Of wrongs which heretofore you did sustain,
Make not a voyage to detect the theft,
'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.
When Rome at first our rich allies subdu'd,
From gentle taxes noble spoils accru'd;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppress,
Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
All treasuries did then with heaps abound;
In every wardrobe costly silks were found;
The least apartment of the meanest house
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
Pictures which from Parrhasius did receive
Motion and warmth; and statues taught to live;
Some Polyclete's, some Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidia's masterpiece appear'd;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
Emboss'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
These Dolabella's rapine did excite,
These Anthony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for these did sacrilege commit;
And when their reigns were ended, ships full fraught
The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.
This was of old; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed;
Yet lest this provident design succeed,
They drive the father of the herd away,
Making both stallion, and his pasture, prey.
Their rapine is so abject and profane,
They nor from trifles, nor from gods refrain;
But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
If they be little images that please.
Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
And are the greatest, nay, they're all that's left.
Thus may you Corinth, or weak Rhodes oppress,
Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
(For how can fops thy tyranny controul
Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul)
But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
Sclavonia, France; thy gripes from those restrain,
Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain
And send us plenty, while our wanton day
Is lavish'd at the Circus, or the play.
For, should you to extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
Since gleaning Marius has already seiz'd
All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeez'd.
But above all, "Be careful to withhold
"Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
"Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
"For, though your violence should leave 'em bare
"Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
"And will revenge the wrongs which they sustain:
"The plunder'd still have arms."——
Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
No, 'tis a sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure, as the decrees of fate.
Let none but men of honour you attend;
Choose him that has most virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
To all assizes, and through every town.
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey;
For which your justice, and your fame will pay).
Keep yourself free from scandals such as these;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you please:
If he's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Choose any Titan who the gods withstood,
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.
But should you prove ambitious, lustful, vain:
Or could you see with pleasure and disdain,
Rods broke on our associates' bleeding backs,
And heads men lab'ring till they blunt their axe:
Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expose your shame;
"For, still more public scandal vice extends,
"As he is great and noble who offends."
How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,
In the same temple which your grandsire built,
Making his statue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy masquerade are led
Muffled by night to some polluted bed.
Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers' peaceful ashes sleep;
Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
And (though a consul) links himself the wheel:
To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the moon sees, and ev'ry smaller light
Pries as a witness of the shameful sight:
Nay, when his year of honour's ended, soon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon:
Nor blush should he some grave acquaintance meet,
But (proud of being known,) will jerk and greet:
And when his fellow-beasts are weary grown,
He'll play the groom, give oats, and rub 'em down.
If after Numa's ceremonial way
He at Jove's altar would a victim slay,
To no clean goddess he directs his pray'rs,
But by Hippona most devoutly swears,

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Or some rank deity whose filthy face
We suitably o'er stinking stables place.
When he has run his length, and does begin
To steer his course directly for the inn
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night)
A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Presents him essence, while his courteous host
(Well knowing nothing by good breeding's lost)
Tags every sentence with some fawning word,
Such as my king, my prince, at least my lord;
And a tight maid, ere he for wine can ask,
Guesses his meaning, and unoils the flask.
Some (friends to vice) industriously defend
These innocent diversions, and pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Alleging that, when young, we did the same.
I grant we did; yet when that age was past,
The frolic humour did no longer last;
We did not cherish and indulge the crime:
What's foul in acting, should be left in time.
'Tis true, some faults, of course, with childhood end,
We therefore wink at wags when they offend
And spare the boy, in hopes the man may mend.
But Lateranus (now his vig'rous age
Shou'd prompt him for his country to engage,
The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives, in Cæsar's, to defend)
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whose doors are set
Pictures and bills, with—Here are whores to let.
Shou'd any desperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the state,
Cæsar, send quickly to secure the port;
But where's the general? Where does he resort?
Send to the sutler's: There you're sure to find
The bully match'd with rascals of his kind,
Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and sailors;
Rooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves, and tailors; [cessions,
With Cybele's priests, who, weary'd with pro-
Drink there, and sleep with knaves of all professions,
A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
And all, who can, have liberty to jest; [think
One flagon walks the round (that none should
They either change, or tint him of his drink),
And best exceptions may for place be found,
Their stools are all alike, their table round.
What think you, Ponticus, your self might do,
Shou'd any slave, so lewd, belong to you?
No doubt, you'd send the rogue in fetters bound,
To work in bridewell, or to plough your ground:
But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
As if what we esteem in coblers base,
Wou'd the high family of Brutus grace.
Shameful are these examples, yet we find
(To Rome's disgrace) far worse than these behind:
Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
Flatt'ring with coach and six about the town,
Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
For now he must (since his estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a ghost:
And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
Were I a judge, he should not feign the part.
Nor wou'd I their vile insolence acquit,
Who can with patience, nay diversion, sit,
Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
And clapping farces, acted by the court,
While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport:
Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they die;
Since none can have the favourable thought
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
But that their lives they willingly expose,
Bought by the prætors to adorn their shows.
Yet say the stage and lists were both in sight,
And you must either choose to act, or fight;
Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
That a rank coward basely wou'd escape
By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
Yet a peer actor is no monstrous thing,
Since Rome has own'd a fiddler for a king:
After such pranks, the world itself at best
May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.
Go to the lists where feats of arms are shown,
There you'll find Gracchus (from patrician grown)
A fencer, and the scandal of the town.
Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
The modest helmet he disdains to wear;
As Retiarius he attacks his foe;
First waves his trident ready for the throw,
Next casts his net, but neither levell'd right,
He stares about, expos'd to public sight,
Then places all his safety in his flight.
Room for the noble gladiator! See
His coat and hatband show his quality;
Thus when at last the brave Mirmillo knew
'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.
Had we the freedom to express our mind,
There's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,
But will own Seneca did far excel
His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell:
To expiate whose complicated guilt,
With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
Rome shou'd more serpents, apes, and sacks provide
Than one, for the compendious parricide.
'Tis true Orestes a like crime did act;
Yet weigh the cause, there's difference in the fact:
He slew his mother at the god's command,
They bid him strike, and did direct his hand
To punish falsehood, and appease the ghost
Of his poor father treacherously lost,
Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
With a full tide enlarg'd his cheerful soul.
Yet kill'd he not his sister, or his wife,
Nor aim'd at any near relation's life:
Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd, or sung upon a public stage:
Never on verse did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid scene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who to raise his fancy higher,
And finish the great work, set Rome on fire.

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Such crimes make treaſon juſt, and might compel
Virginius, Vindex, Galba, to rebel:
For what could Nero's ſelf have acted worſe,
To aggravate the wretched nation's curſe.
These are the bleſt endowments, ſtudies, arts,
Which exerciſe our mighty emperor's parts;
Such frolics with his roving genius ſuit,
On foreign theatres to proſtitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parſley crown.
Let this triumphal chaplet find ſome place
Among the other trophies of thy race;
By thee Domitii's ſtatues ſhall be laid
The habit and the maſk in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold Thyeſtes' part,
(While your wild nature little wanted art)
And on the marble pillar ſhall be hung
The lute to which the royal madman ſung.
Who, Catiline, can boaſt a nobler line,
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus his, and thine?
Yet you took arms, and did by night conſpire
To ſet our houſes, and our gods on fire:
(An enterpriſe which might indeed become
Our enemies, the Gauls, not ſons of Rome,
To recompence whoſe barbarous intent
Pitch'd ſhirts would be too mild a puniſhment)
But Tully, our wiſe conſul, watch'd the blow,
With care diſcover'd, and diſarm'd the foe:
Tully, the humble muſhroom, ſcarcely known:
The lowly native of a country town,
(Who till of late could never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a Roman knight)
Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
Dealing an equal ſhare to every ward,
And by the peaceful robe got more renown
Within our walls, than young Octavius won
By victories at Actium or the plain
Of Theſſaly diſcolour'd by the ſlain:
Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
The father of his country, which he freed.
Marius (another conſul we admire)
In the ſame village born, firſt plough'd for hire;
His next advance was to the ſoldier's trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the ſpade,
His ſurly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
His knotty cudgel on his tougher back.
Yet he alone ſecur'd the tott'ring ſtate,
Withſtood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
So when the eagles to their quarry flew
(Who never ſuch a goodly banquet knew)
Only a ſecond laurel did adorn
His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
He ſhar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
But Marius won the glory of the day.
From a mean ſtock the pious Decii came;
Small their eſtates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet ſuch their virtue, that their loſs alone
For Rome and all our legions did attone;
Their country's doom, they by their own, retriev'd,
Themſelves more worth than all the hoſt they ſav'd.
The laſt good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
Yet he thoſe robes of empire juſtly bore
Which Romulus our ſacred founder wore:
Nicely he gain'd, and well poſſeſs'd the throne,
Not for his father's merits but his own,
And reign'd, himſelf a family alone.
When Tarquin, his proud ſucceſſor, was quell'd,
And with him luſt and tyranny expell'd;
The conſuls' ſons (who for their country's good,
And to enhance the honour of their blood,
Should have aſſerted what their father won;
And, to confirm that liberty, have done
Actions which Cocles might have wiſh'd his own;
What might to Mutius wonderful appear;
And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
Open'd the gates, endeavouring to reſtore
Their baniſh'd king, and arbitrary power.
Whilſt a poor ſlave, with ſcarce a name, betray'd
The horrid ills theſe well-born rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their treaſon juſtly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.
If you have ſtrength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to ſuſtain a ten year's war;
Though foul * Therſites got thee, thou ſhalt be
More lov'd by all, and more eſteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from ſome hero came,
In nothing like your father, but his name.
Boaſt then your blood, and your long lineage ſtretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
You'll find, in theſe hereditary tales,
Your anceſtors the ſcum of broken jails:
And Romulus, your honours ancient ſource,
But a poor ſhepher'd's boy, or ſomething worſe.

* The ugly buffoon of the Grecian army.

SATIRE IX.

TRANSLATED BY STEPHEN HARVEY, ESQ.

THE ARGUMENT.

JUVENAL here (in dialogue with Nevolus) expoſes the deteſtable vice then practis'd in Rome, and the covetouſneſs of a rich old citizen, which ſo prevail'd over his pleaſure, that he would not gratify the drudge who had ſo often obliged him in the lewd enjoyment of his deſire.

JUVENAL.

TELL me why, ſaunt'ring thus from place to place,
I meet thee (Nevolus) with a clouded face?
What human ills can urge to this degree;
Not vanquiſh'd Marſyas had a brow like thee,
Nor Ravola ſo ſneak'd and hung his head,
Catch'd with that lewd bawd Rhodope in bed?

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Our grand beau Pollio ſeem'd not half ſo ſad
When not a drachma could in Rome be had.
When treble uſe he proffer'd for a friend
And tempting bribes did to the ſcriv'ners ſend,
Yet none he found ſo much a fool to lend.
Hard fate! untroll'd is now the charming dye
The play-houſe and the parks unviſited muſt lie;
The beauteous nymph in vain he does adore,
And his gilt chariot-wheels muſt roll no more.
But why theſe frightful wrinkles in thy prime?
That ſhow old age ſo long before the time;
At loweſt ebb of fortune when you lay
(Contented then) how merry was the day.
But oh the curſe of wiſhing to be great:
Dazzled with hope we cannot ſee the cheat;
Where wild ambition in the heart we find,
Farewell content and quiet of the mind.
For glittering clouds we leave the ſolid ſhore,
And wonted happineſs returns no more;
'Till ſuch aſpiring thoughts had fill'd thy breaſt,
No man ſo pleaſant, ſuch a cheerful gueſt;
So briſk, ſo gay, of that engaging air,
No mirth was crown'd 'till Nevolus was there:
The ſcene's now chang'd, that frolic genius fled,
And gloomy thought ſeems enter'd in its ſtead;
Thy clothes worn out, not hands nor linen clean,
And thy bare ſkin through the large rents is ſeen;
Thy locks uncomb'd like a rough wood appear,
And every part ſeems ſuited to thy care.
Where now that labour'd niceneſs in thy dreſs,
And all thoſe arts that did the ſpark expreſs?
A look ſo pale no quartane ever gave,
Thy dwindled legs ſeem crawling to a grave:
When we are touch'd with ſome important ill,
How vainly ſilence would our grief conceal!
Sorrow nor joy can be diſguis'd by art,
Our foreheads blab the ſecrets of our heart;
By which (alas) 'tis evident and plain
Thy hopes are daſh'd, and thy endeavours vain;
And yet 'tis ſtrange! but lately thou wert known
For the moſt envied ſtallion of the town.
What conſcious ſhrine, what cell by thee unſought,
Where love's dark pleaſures might be ſold and bought?
From human view you hid theſe deeds of luſt,
But gods in braſs and marble you cou'd truſt:
Ceres herſelf nor ſcap'd, for where can be
From bawds and proſtitutes an altar free?
Nor didſt thou only for the females burn,
The huſband and the wife ſucceeded in their turn.

NEVOLUS.

This life, I own, to ſome has proſp'rous been;
But I have no ſuch golden minutes ſeen:
Right have you hit the cauſe of my diſtreſs,
None has earn'd more, and been rewarded leſs:
All I can gain is but a threadbare coat,
And that with utmoſt pains and drudging got;
Some ſingle money too, but that (alas)
Broken and counterfeit will hardly paſs.
Whilſt others pamper'd in their ſhameleſs pride,
Are ſerv'd in plate, and in their chariots ride;
Tell me what mortal can his grief contain,
That has, like me, ſuch reaſon to complain?
On fate alone man's happineſs depends,
To parts conceal'd fate's prying pow'r extends:
And if our ſtars of their kind influence fail,
The gifts of nature, what will they avail?
The gifts of nature! curſe upon the thought,
By that alone I am to ruin brought.
Old Viro did the fatal ſecret hear
(But curſe on fame that bore it to his ear)
What ſoft addreſs his wooing did begin?
What oaths what promiſes to draw me in?
Scarce could they fail to make a virgin ſin.
Who wou'd not then ſwear Nevolus had ſped,
And golden ſhow'rs were dropping on his head?
But oh this wretch, this prodigy behold!
A ſlave at once to lechery and gold!
For in the act of his lewd brutal joy,
Sirrah! my rogue (he cries) mine own dear boy!
My lad, my life! already aſk for more?
I paid laſt bout, and you muſt quit the ſcore:
"Poor five ſeſtertia have been all my gains,
"And what is that for ſuch deteſted pains?"
Was it an eaſe and pleaſure, cou'd'ſt thou ſay
(Where nature's laws forbids) to force my way
To the digeſted meals of yeſterday?
The ſlave more toil'd and haraſs will be found,
Who digs his maſter's buttocks, than his ground:
But ſure old Virri thinks himſelf a boy,
Whom Jove once more might languiſh to enjoy:
Sees not his wither'd face and grizly hair,
But would be thought ſmooth, charming, ſoft, and fair:
With female pride wou'd have his love be ſought,
And every ſmile with a rich preſent bought.
Say, goat, for whom this maſs of wealth you heap?
For whom thy hoarded bags in ſilence ſleep?
Apulian farms for the rich ſoil admir'd?
And thy large fields where falcons may be tir'd?
Thy fruitful vineyards on Campanian hills?
(Tho' none drinks leſs, yet none more veſſels fills)
From ſuch a ſtore 'tis barbarous to grudge
A ſmall relief to your exhauſted drudge:
Weigh well the matter, wer't not fitter much
The poor inhabitants of yonder thatch
Call'd me their lord (who to extremes am driven)
Than to ſome worthleſs ſycophant be given?
(Yet what ſmooth ſycophant by thee can gain?
When luſt itſelf ſtrikes thy flint-heart in vain?
A beggar! fie! 'tis impudence (he cry'd),
And ſuch mean ſhifting anſwers ſtill reply'd;
But rent unpaid, ſays beg till Viro grant;
(How ill does modeſty conſiſt with want?)
My ſingle boy (like Polyphemus eye)
Mourns his harſh fate, and weeps for a ſupply.
One will not do, hard labour'd and hard fed,
How then ſhall hungry two expect their bread?
What ſhall I ſay, when rough December ſtorms?
When froſts and ſnow, have crampt their naked arms?
What comforts without money can I bring?
Will they be ſatisfy'd to think on ſpring?
Theſe motives urg'd to his obdurate mind,
Is caſting water to the adverſe wind;
But one thing yet, baſe wretch, I muſt impart,
Thyſelf ſhalt own, ungrateful as thou art;
At your entreaties, had not I obey'd;
Still your deluded wife had been a maid:
Down on the bridal-bed a maid ſhe lay,
A maid ſhe roſe, at the approaching day.
Another night, thy lumpiſh love ſhe try'd,
But ſtill ſhe roſe, a virgin, and a bride:

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What cou'd have touch'd her more! away ſhe flung,
And every ſtreet of thy loſt manhood rung.
Her ſpeaking eyes were full of thy diſgrace;
And her vext thoughts abhorr'd the cold embrace.
Such wrongs, what wiſhing woman could have borne?
In rage, the marriage articles were torn:
Yet when ſhe vow'd, to ſee thy face no more,
And heartleſs, thou ſtood'ſt whining at the door,
I met the angry fair, all over charms,
And catch'd her flying from thy frozen arms:
Much pains it coſt to right the injur'd dame;
A whole night's vigour, to repair thy ſhame:
Witneſs yourſelf, who heard the lab'ring bed,
And ſhrieks at the departing maidenhead:
"Thus many a ſpouſe, who wou'd her choice repent,
"Is kept obedient by a kind gallant:" [cant;
Now cou'd you ſhift all this and paſs it o'er,
Yet (monſter) I have left one inſtance more.
Think, if ſo well her buſineſs I have done,
As that night's ſervice may produce a ſon,
Our Roman laws great privilege afford
To him that ſtands a father on record:
Thyſelf, 'tis true, a cuckold thou muſt own,
But that reproach is in my breaſt alone,
To me the pleaſure be, to thee the fame,
My brat ſhall thy abilities proclaim;
And free thee ever, from inglorious ſhame.
Let circling wreaths adorn thy crowded door,
Matrons, and girls, ſhall hoot at thee no more,
But ſtories to thy laſting credit raiſe, [praiſe.
While fumbling fribbles grudge thy borrow'd

JUVENAL.

True, Nevolus, moſt aptly you complain,
But though your griefs are juſt, they are in vain;
Your ſervice paſt, he does with ſcorn forget,
And ſeeks ſome other fool, like thee, to cheat.

NEVOLUS.

Beware, my friend, and what I now reveal,
As the great ſecret of thy life conceal;
A luſtful pathic, when he turns a foe;
He gives like deſtiny a wardleſs blow;
His crimes are ſuch, they will not bear a jeſt,
And fire and ſword, purſue the conſcious breaſt.
For ſweet revenge no drugs will be too dear,
In luſt a miſer, but a ſpendthrift here.
Then ſlight him not, nor with his ſcandal ſport,
But be as mute as was th' Athenian court.

JUVENAL.

Dull Corydon! art thou ſo ſtupid grown,
To think a rich man's faults can be unknown?
Has he not ſlaves about him? Wou'd not they
Rejoice, and laugh, ſuch ſecrets to betray?
What more effectual to revenge their wrongs?
Than the unbounded freedom of their tongues?
Or grant it poſſible to ſilence thoſe,
Dumb beaſts and ſtatues wou'd his crimes expoſe:
Try to impriſon the reſiſtleſs wind,
So ſwift is guilt, ſo hard to be confin'd;
Though crafty tears ſhou'd caſt a veil between,
Yet in the dark, his vices wou'd be ſeen:
And there's a luſt in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing our neighbour's ſhame:
On eagles wings immortal ſcandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born, and die.
Let us live well, were it alone for this,
The baneful tongues of ſervants to deſpiſe,
Slander (the worſt of poiſons) ever finds
An eaſy entrance, to ignoble minds:
And they whoſe vicious lives, ſuch abject foes muſt fear, [appear.
More mean and wretched far than their own ſlaves

NEVOLUS.

Your counſel's good and uſeful, 'tis confeſs'd;
But (oh) to me it is in vain addreſs'd:
Let the great man, whom gaping crowds attend,
Fear a ſcourg'd ſlave, or a diſſembling friend;
No matter what I do, or what I ſay,
I have no ſpies about me to betray:
And you adviſe me now my time is loſt,
And all my hopes of proſp'rous hours are croſt;
My full-blown youth already fades apace,
(Of our ſhort being, 'tis the ſhorteſt ſpace.)
While melting pleaſures in our arms are found,
While lovers ſmile, and while the bowl goes round;
While in ſurpriſing joys entranc'd we lie
Old age creeps on us, ere we think it nigh.

JUVENAL.

Fear not, thy trade will never find an end,
While yon hills ſtand thou canſt not want a friend;
By land, and ſea, from every point they come,
Then dread no dearth of proſtitutes at Rome.

NEVOLUS.

Tell this to happier men, for I am ſped;
If all my drudging can procure me bread.
Ye deities! the ſubſtitutes of Heav'n!
To whom the guide of humane life is giv'n;
At whoſe lov'd altars, with an ample zeal,
(Though ſlender ſacrifice) I daily kneel,
His ebbing hours let your poor ſuppliant ſee
From the mean crutch, and a thatcht cottage free;
No ſhameful want, nor troubleſome diſeaſe,
But eaſy death approaching by degrees;
Neceſſity ſupply'd, wou'd comfort bring:
Yet conſtant ſtore, wou'd be a glorious thing:
To treat a friend, methinks, I wou'd afford,
While ſilver bowls ſtand ſmiling on my board:
And when the cares of Rome to pleaſure yield;
Two Mæſian ſlaves ſhou'd bear me to the field:
Where, on their brawny ſhoulders mounted high,
While the brave youth their various manhood try,
I wou'd the thrones of emperors defy.
Superfluous wealth, and pomp, I not deſire;
But what content and decency require.
Then might I live by my own ſurly rules,
Not forc'd to worſhip knaves, and flatter fools.
And thus ſecur'd of eaſe, by ſhunning ſtrife,
With pleaſure would I ſail down the ſwift ſtream of life.
But oh ridiculous vain wiſh for one
Already loſt, and doom'd to be undone.
Alas, what hope remains! For to my pray'rs
Regardleſs fortune ſtops her wounded ears;
As to the ſyrens charms Ulyſſes' mariners.

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SATIRE X.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet's deſign, in this divine ſatire, is to repreſent the various wiſhes and deſires of mankind; and to ſet out the folly of them. He runs through all the ſeveral heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives inſtances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of thoſe that owned them. He concludes, therefore, that ſince we generally chooſe ſo ill for ourſelves, we ſhould do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can ſafely aſk of heaven, lies within a very ſmall compaſs. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have theſe, it is not much matter what we want beſides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, purſue.
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole houſes, of their whole deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd, at their own requeſt.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own deſire.
With laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boaſt;
In that preſuming confidence was loſt:
But more have been by avarice oppreſt,
And heaps of money crowded in the cheſt:
Unwieldy ſums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marſhal'd figures can account.
To which the ſtores of Crœſus, in the ſcale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they ſail
In the vaſt ſhadow of the Britiſh whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were ſent to ſeize
The rich mens' goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commiſſion'd by the government,
Are ſeldom to an empty garret ſent.
The fearful paſſenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonſhine ſhadow of aruſh;
And ſees a red-coat riſe from every buſh:
The beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the place
Beſet with thieves, and never mends his pace.
Of all the vows, the firſt and chief requeſt
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poiſon in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchaſe the cup, and ſparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
Who the ſame end purſued, by ſeveral ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd, the woeful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is eaſy; but the wonder lies,
What ſtore of brine ſupply'd the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt them ache;
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune did appear:
Nor all the foppiſh gravity of ſhow,
Which cunning magiſtrates on crowds beſtow.
What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor ſeated, in mock majeſty;
His chariot rolling o'er the duſty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a ſet formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial tract,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A ſuit of hangings had not more oppreſt
His ſhoulders, than that long, laborious veſt:
A heavy gewgaw (call'd a crown) that ſpread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have cruſh'd it with the maſſy freight,
But that a ſweating ſlave ſuſtain'd the weight:
A ſlave in the ſame chariot ſeen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
And now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majeſty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures falſe and flattering tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cauſe to laugh at human-kind:
Learn from ſo great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven made fat with fogs,
May form a ſpirit fit to ſway the ſtate; [fate.
And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When fortune flatter'd him, and when ſhe frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows requeſt,
Are hurtful things, or uſeleſs at the beſt.
Some aſk for envy'd power; which public hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the ſtatue crown'd,
Is by baſe hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltleſs horſes, and the chariot wheel,
The ſame effects of vulgar fury feel:
The ſmith prepares his hammer for the ſtroke,
While the lung'd bellows hiſſing fire provoke;

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Sejanus, almoſt firſt of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant braſs is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piſs-pots, a whole kitchen trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the capitol;
Sejanus, with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The ſport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a ſnout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his ſight;
But ſay, how came his monſtrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The ſaviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæſar ſent
A noiſy letter to his parliament:
Nay, ſirs, if Cæſar writ, I aſk no more,
He's guilty, and the queſtion's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is ſtill againſt the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the ſame very mob, that raſcal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a ſhout as loud;
Had his deſigns (by fortune's favour bleſt)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppreſt.
But long, long ſince, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and baſe:
Not ſuffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magiſtrates, and ſell their voice.
Our wiſe forefathers, great by ſea and land,
Had once the power and abſolute command;
All offices of truſt, themſelves diſpos'd; [depos'd.
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enſlav'd poſterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to ſee a puppet-ſhow.
There was a damn'd deſign, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already iſſued out;
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays leaſt in ſight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the ſenate ſlack in his defence!
Come let us haſte, our loyal zeal to ſhow,
And ſpurn the wretched corps of Cæſar's foe:
But let our ſlaves be preſent there, leſt they
Accuſe their maſters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whiſpers of thoſe jealous times,
About Sejanus' puniſhment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, would'ſt thou change thy fate
To be, like him, firſt miniſter of ſtate?
To have thy levees crowded with reſort,
Of a depending, gaping, ſervile court:
Diſpoſe all honours of the ſword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and ſway
That monarch, whom the maſter'd world obey?
While he, intent on ſecret luſt alone,
Lives to himſelf, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd in a narrow iſle, obſerving dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting ſchemes!
I well believe, thou would'ſt be great as he;
For every man's a fool to that degree;
All wiſh the dire prerogative to kill; [will:
Ev'n they would have the power, who want the
But would'ſt thou have thy wiſhes underſtood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Would'ſt thou not rather chooſe a ſmall renown,
To be the mayor of ſome poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarouſly to ſpeak;
To pound falſe weights, and ſcanty meaſures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went aſtray
In every wiſh, and knew not how to pray:
For he who graſp'd the world's exhauſted ſtore
Yet never had enough, but wiſh'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monſtrous height,
Which, moulderiog, cruſh'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the great,
The ſtubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What elſe but his immoderate luſt of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckleſs hour?
For few uſurpers to the ſhades deſcend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who ſcarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So ſmall an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his ſatchel muſt be borne to ſchool),
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing leſs,
To prove a Tully, or Demoſthenes:
But both thoſe orators, ſo much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never loſt, of thoſe
Who dealt in doggrel, or who punn'd in proſe.
"Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
"Till I, thy conſul ſole, conſol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted ſwords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thraſh for rhymes
Like his the ſcorn and ſcandal of the times,
Than that Philippic fatally divine,
Which is inſcrib'd the ſecond, ſhould be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who ſhook the theatres, and ſway'd the ſtate
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoſcope,
His ſire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a ſhop,
From Mars's forge, ſent to Minerva's ſchools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we ſtrain:
The ſpoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A ſtreamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fall'n beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whoſe high convex ſits a captive foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illuſtrious name,
Such toys as theſe have cheated into fame:
Exchanging ſolid quiet, to obtain
The windy ſatisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirſt of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, ſo few be good.
For who would virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chaſe of fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn deſtruction on the multitude.

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This avarice of praiſe in times to come,
Thoſe long inſcriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should ſome wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble-titles, and diſperſe
The characters of all the lying verſe.
For ſepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In time's abyſs, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his aſhes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whoſe length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nirus, to convey
His ſun-beat waters by ſo long a way;
With Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain firſt he won, the Pyrenæans paſt,
And ſteepy Alps, the mounds that nature caſt:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A paſſage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his headlong rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſy, cries, 'There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
And Punic flags on Roman towers diſplay'd.
Aſk what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture ſcarcely would deſerve a frame.
A ſign-poſt dauber would diſdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end. O charming glory! ſay
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is baniſh'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by ſurly grooms, who wait before
The ſleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous ſort of death has Heav'n deſign'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the herd of human kind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a mind!
Nor ſwords at hand, nor hiſſing darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poiſon, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Muſt finiſh him; a ſuckling infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To pleaſe the boys, and be a theme at ſchool,
One world ſuffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he ſeem'd in earth and ſeas confin'd:
And, ſtruggling, ſtretch'd his reſtleſs limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a paſſage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the ſtrait dimenſions wide:
"Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
"The mighty ſoul, how ſmall a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and ſail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots paſſing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from ſhore to ſhore:
Rivers, whoſe depth nor ſharp beholder ſees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the browſy poet ſings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the ſea his ſlave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never ſuch hard uſage found
In his Æolian priſon under ground);
What god ſo mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So mercileſs a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us aſk again?
In a poor ſkiff he paſs'd the bloody main,
Chok'd with the ſlaughter'd bodies of his train:
For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.
Jove grant me length of life, and years good ſtore
Heap on my bended back, I aſk no more.
Both ſick and healthful, old and young conſpire
In this one ſilly miſchievous deſire.
Miſtaken bleſſing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, naſty, darkſome hoſpital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a ſkin of baff.
A ſtitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a ſkilful hand would draw
For an old grandam-ape, when, with a grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern face.
In youth, diſtinctions infinite abound;
No ſhape, or feature, juſt alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the ſtrong;
But the ſame foulneſs does to age belong,
The ſelf-ſame paſſy, both in limbs and tongue.
The ſkull and forehead one bald barren plain,
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Beſides th' eternal drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping beard, from noſtrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children lothe him, and what's worſe.
Himſelf does his offenſive carrion curſe!
Flatterers forſake him too; for who would kill
Himſelf, to be remember'd in a will?
His taſte not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the reliſh of a nobler treat.
Thoſe ſenſes loſt, behold a new defeat,
The ſoul diſlodging from another ſeat.
What muſic, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A ſtupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he ſits to ſee;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's noſe, he's never near.
His boy muſt bawl, to make him underſtand
The hour o' th' day, or ſuch a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him ſound:
With ſores and ſickneſſes beleagur'd round:
Aſk me their names, I ſooner could relate
How many drudges on ſalt Hippia wait;
What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, laſt fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Baſilus were ſpoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
What lands and lordſhips for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worſhip now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his ſhoulders pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting ſtands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at ſight of ſupper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders ty'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be ſupply'd:

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Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.
His loss of members is a heavy curse,
But all his faculties decay'd, are worse!
His servants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night.
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows them not: for, in their stead,
In form of law, a common hackney-jade,
Sole heir, for secret services, is made:
So lewd and such a batter'd brothel-whore,
That she defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad pomps: a threshold throng'd with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
Was longest liv'd of any two legg'd-thing;
Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right-hand count;
Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister drew.
When his brave son upon the funeral pyre
He saw extended, and his beard on fire;
He turn'd, and, weeping, ask'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain,
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Amongst his ancestors a mighty shade,
While Troy yet stood: when Hector, with the race
Of royal bastards, might his funeral grace:
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had Heaven so blest him, he had dy'd before
The fatal fleet of Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to see
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble fire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his sceptre for a sword, too late,
His last effort before Jove's altar tries;
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.

At least he dy'd a man; his queen survive'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Crœsus' fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsel'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had left the Cymbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.

Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour sent:
But public prayers impos'd on heaven, to give
Their much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.

Cethegus, though a traitor to the state,
And tortur'd, 'scap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.

To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair.
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They must be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud:
And pleas'd, to see the wondering people pray
To the new-rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate bestow
On Rutila; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her carnel-back.

But, for his mother's boy the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!
Form, join'd with virtue, is a sight too rare:
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
Suppose the same traditionary strain
Of rigid manners, in the house remain;
Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are):
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes, and presents, can);
Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page:
Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain-back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barr'd: but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your Springal, by his beauty curst
To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worst;
His form procures him journey-work; a strife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.

Adulterers are with dangers round beset;
Born under Mars, they cannot 'scape the net;
And from revengeful husbands oft have try'd
Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colin suffer for the peccant part.

But your Endymion, your smooth, smock-fac'd boy,
Unrival'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy;
Not so: one more fallacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold;
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he lothes;
She keeps him high, in equipage and clothes:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things else immortal, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.

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She may be handſome, yet be chaſte, you ſay;
Good obſervator, not ſo faſt away:
Did it not coſt the modeſt youth his life,
Who ſhunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not t' other ſtrippling forc'd to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
And pleaded laws of hoſpitality?
The ladies charg'd them home, and turn'd the tale,
With ſhame they redden'd, and with ſpite grew pale.
'Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame;
She loſes pity, who has loſt her ſhame.
Now Silius wants thy counſel, gives advice;
Wed Cæſar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes ſh darts on every grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp ſhe ſits in ſtate:
The public notaries and Aruſpex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden dreſt:
The portion paid and every rite expreſs'd,
Which in a Roman marriage is profeſt.
'Tis no ſtol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
She ſcorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot caſe, your judgment; to refuſe,
Is preſent death, beſides the night you loſe:
If you conſent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports through all the town have paſt,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the laſt.
Indulge thy pleaſure, youth, and take thy ſwing;
For not to take is but the ſelf-ſame thing:
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing ill?
Receive my counſel, and ſecurely move;
Intruſt thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs, as in greatneſs, they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We, blindly by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action, and deſire to wed;
Then wiſh for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious ſtrumpet, and ungracious ſon.
Yet not to rob the prieſts of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the reſt, and ſtand confin'd
To health of body and content of mind:
A ſoul, that can ſecurely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to ſuſtain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltleſs of hate, and proof againſt deſire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire;
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet and ignoble eaſe.
The path to peace is virtue; what I ſhow,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow:
Fortune was never worſhip'd by the wiſe;
But, ſet aloft by fools, uſurps the ſkies.

SATIRE XI.

TRANSLATED BY MR. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The deſign of this ſatire is to expoſe and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly touches that exorbitant luxury uſed by the Romans, in their feaſting. The poet draws the occaſions from an invitation, which he here makes to his friend, to dine with him: very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the ſatire with a particular invective againſt the vanity and folly of ſome perſons, who having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great eſtates and quality. He ſhows us the miſerable end of ſuch ſpendthrifts and gluttons; with the manner and courſes which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare, of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence takes occaſion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greateſt men in former ages: to which he oppoſes the riot and intemperance of the preſent; attributing to the latter a viſible remiſſneſs, in the care of Heaven over the Roman ſtate. He inſtances ſome lewd practices at their feaſts, and by the bye, touches the nobility, with making vice and debauchery the chiefeſt of their pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; adviſing him (in one particular ſomewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and diſquiets, for the preſent; and a moderate uſe of pleaſures, for the future.

If noble Atticus make plenteous feaſts,
And with luxuriant food indulge his gueſts;
His wealth and quality ſupport the treat;
In him nor is it luxury, but ſtate.
But when poor Rutilus ſpends all his worth,
In hopes of ſetting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madneſs; for what greater jeſts,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars feaſts?
But Rutilus, is ſo notorious grown,
That he's the common theme of all the town.
A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd by no pow'r, reſtrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice
'Mongſt common fencers, practiſes the trade,
That end debaſing, for which arms were made;

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Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
Many there are of the same wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors, may find
Lurking in shambles; where with borrow'd coin,
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine.
Such, whose sole bliss, is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: Of these
The poorest wretch, is still more hard to please:
And he whose thin transparent rags, declare
How much, his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Wou'd ransack ev'ry element, for choice
Of ev'ry fish and fowl at any price;
If brought from far, it very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.
In riot, thus, while money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere necessity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his dish, to buy his meat.
Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
Not what his mother's sacred image bears;
The broken relic he with speed devours,
As he would all the rest of 's ancestors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to sale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal,
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The stings of hunger, soon, and want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to serve
Fencers, for miserable scraps, or starve.
Imagine now you see a splendid feast:
The question is, at whose expence 'tis dress't.
In great Ventidius, we the bounty prize;
In Rutilus, the vanity despise.
Strange ignorance! that the same man, who knows
How far yond' mount above this mole-hill shows,
Should not perceive a difference as great,
Between small incomes and a vast estate!
From heaven, to mankind, sure, that rule was sent,
Of Know thy self, and by some god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courses which we steer.
Thersites, though the most presumptuous Greek,
Yet durst not for Achilles armour speak;
When scarce Ulysses had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,
Ought to be very sure, he's able for't;
And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words, and force of sense:
Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
A wise man's pow'r's the limit of his will.
If fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which necessity confines thy price.
Well may they fear some miserable end,
Whom gluttony and want, at once attend;
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
Both land, stock, int'rest, and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who sold his very ring, to purchase meat;
And though a knight, 'mongst common slaves now stands
Begging an alms, with undistinguish't hands.
Sure sudden death to such should welcome be,
On whom, each added year heaps misery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach and infamy.
But there are steps, in villany, which these
Observe to tread and follow, by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small stock of credit gone,
Left Rome should grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
From crowds, and noise, and business to retreat:
One only grief such fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the pleasures left behind;
The plays, and loose diversions of the place,
But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That out of count'nance virtue 's fled from earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
She 's with Astræa gone, ne'er to return.
This day, my Persicus, thou shalt perceive
Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
Or else, an unsuspected glutton live;
If mod'rate fare and abstinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evander's feast reviv'd, to-day thou'lt see,
The poor Evander I, and thou shalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Meantime, I send you now your bill of fare;
Be not surpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm, the tend'rest kid
And fatt'st of my flock, a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly, country-maid.
The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
Together with the hens which laid 'em, dress't;
Clusters of grapes, preserv'd for half a year,
Which, plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples, of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair.
Mixt with the Syrian, and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.
Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot, in a senator:
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
With his own hands, a few small herbs to dress;
And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste;
For scarce a slave, but has to dinner, now,
The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat;
On birth-days, festivals, or days of state;
A salt, dry flitch of bacon to prepare;
If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd, and 'twas highly priz'd,
If ought was left of what they sacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
But those who had at least thrice consuls been,

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Or the dictator's office had discharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd;
Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.
Then might y'have seen the good old gen'ral haste,
Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast;
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
Oh then, when pious consuls bore the sway!
When couchant vice all pale and trembling lay!
Our censors then were subject to the law,
Ev'n pow'r itself, of justice stood in awe.
It was not then, a Roman's chiefest thought,
Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,
Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
And shining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vast expence might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with plunder, from the field:
If cups of silver, or of gold he brought,
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious trappings, streight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd;
Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf, suckling the twins was there;
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threat'ning death, to each resisting foe.
No use of silver, but in arms was known,
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No side-boards then, with gilded plate were dress'd,
No sweating slaves with massy dishes press'd;
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
That sees with shame the luxury of this?
Heav'n unwearied then, did blessings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod;
And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that devil gold.
His golden statues, hence the god have driven:
For well he knows, where our devotion's giv'n,
'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to heav'n.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can please us now but from Japan.
Invite my Lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be set,
His Lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
Something 's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your ven'son 's rank, or ointments stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something, at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory:
He finds no more of that offensive smell,
The meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat.
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me;
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables, or chess-board;
Of common bone, the handles of my knives
Are made, yet no unpleasant taste it gives
To what I carve; nor is there ever left
An unsav'ry haut-gust from the haft.
A hearty welcome, to plain wholesome meat,
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No few'rs, nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught:
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighb'rhood are with noise oppress,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my ganymede;
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No Catamites, by shameful panders taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have dress't 'em both to wait on thee.
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman is, t'other my shepherd's son;
A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return,
Longing to see his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain;
A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born,
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth to day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
With am'rous songs and wanton dances grac'd;
Where sprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air,
Whose pliant limbs, in fifty postures move,
And twine, and bound, as in the feat of love.
Such sights the languid nerves to action stir,
And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
Virtue would shrink, to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands, now, do with their wives, behold;
A needful help, to make 'em both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love.
In nuptial cinders, this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to desire.

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But she, who by her sexes charter, must
Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
Apace she warms, with an immod'rate heat,
Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
With glowing cheeks, and trembling lips she lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my estate;
These are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine;
Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,
The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
With bashful indignation would refuse.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diversions in a lord.
But my poor entertainment is design'd
T' afford you pleasures of another kind:
Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines, and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Th' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're sung,
Verse so sublimely good, no voice can wrong.
Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealousies and fears, and while you may
To peace and soft repose, give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill
Be free, be all uneasy passions still.
What though thy wife do with the morning light,
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
And having gorg'd her lust, come reeking home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in lust, still burning in desire:
Whilst you are forc'd to wink and seem content,
Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent:
Nay, if you would be free, from night alarms,
You must seem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.
Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At the entrance of my threshold be forgot;
All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
Thy wife's adult'ry, with thy servants theft;
And (the most racking thought which can intrude)
Forget false friends, and their ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalensian shows are in the circus seen:
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The prætor sits, on a triumphal seat;
Vainly with ensigns, and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the circus sweat;
Echoes already do their shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry—Away, away,
The green have won the honour of the day.
Oh, should these sports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,
Great as the loss of Canna's fatal field.
Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.
On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common censure fear:
On festivals, it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the usual time;
But that continu'd, would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For, frequent use, would the delight exclude;
Pleasure's a toil, when constantly pursu'd.

SATIRE XII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. THOMAS POWER.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet invites Corvinus to assist at the performance of a sacrifice he had vowed to the gods, and was now thankfully offering up for the safety of his friend Catullus the merchant, who with the loss of his goods, had escaped the double danger of fire and water. He professes the reality of his friendship, and the sincerity of his intentions; that what he did in this nature was without any design upon Catullus, or prospect of advantage from him, who had three children to leave his estate to. And here taking the hint, he exercises his satirical vein upon the Hæredipetæ, or legacy-hunters, who made their court to, and largely presented, and in their sickness sacrificed for the health of rich childless men, in hopes to be considered in their will: among the rest, he fingles out one Pacuvius, a fellow very dexterous at, and notorious for this practice: and concludes all with a wish for Pacuvius; which some covetous persons would think pleasant enough, but really is a curse.

THIS day's, this joyful day's solemnity
Does with my birth-days more than equal vie:
Of grassy turfs the rural altars rear'd,
Expect the firstlings of the flock and herd;

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To royal Juno and the warlike maid,
Shall in a lamb to each my vows be paid:
A ſteer, of the firſt head in the whole drove,
Reſerve we ſacred to Tarpeian Jove:
Forward he bounds his rope's extended length,
With puſhing front; proud ſince he tri'd his ſtrength,
And budding horns againſt an adverſe oak;
Fit for the altar, and the fatal ſtroke.
Were but my fortunes equal to my mind,
My bounteous love more nobly had deſign'd,
A bull high fed ſhould fall the ſacrifice;
One of Hiſpulla's huge prodigious ſize:
Not one of thoſe our neighb'ring paſtures feed,
But of Clitumnus whiteſt ſacred breed;
The lively tincture of whoſe guſhing blood,
Should clearly prove the richneſs of his food:
A neck ſo ſtrong, ſo large, as would demand
The ſpeeding blow of ſome uncommon hand.
This for my friend, or more I would perform;
Who, danger free, ſtill trembles at the ſtorm,
Preſenting forms ſo hideous to his ſight,
As ſafety ſcarce allays the wild affright.
Firſt from a cloud that heav'n all o'ercaſt,
With glance ſo ſwift the ſubtle lightning paſt,
As ſplit the ſail-yards; trembling and half dead
Each thought the blow was level'd at his head:
The flaming ſhrowds ſo dreadful did appear,
All judg'd a wreck could no proportion bear.
So fancy paints, ſo does the poet write,
When he would work a tempeſt to the height.
This danger paſt, a ſecond does ſucceed;
Again with pity, and attention heed:
No leſs this ſecond, though of diff'rent kind;
Such as, in Iſis temple, you may find
Of votive tablets, to the life portray'd;
Where painters are employ'd, and earn their bread.
What painters in their liveli'ſt draughts expreſs,
May be a copy of my friend's diſtreſs.
For now a ſea into the hold was got;
Wave upon wave another ſea had wrought,
And nigh o'erſet the ſtern on either ſide:
The hoary pilot his beſt ſkill apply'd,
But uſeleſs all when he deſpairing found,
Catullus then did with the winds compound.
Juſt as the beaver, that wiſe-thinking brute,
Who, when hard hunted on a cloſe purſuit,
Bites off his ſtones, the cauſe of all the ſtrife,
And pays 'em down a ranſom for his life.
Over with all, he cries, with all that's mine;
Without reſerve I freely all reſign.
Rich garments, purple dy'd in grain, go o'er;
No ſoft Mæcenas ever choicer wore:
And others of that fleece, that never dy'd,
Or ſtain'd by art, is rich in nature's pride;
Such as its tincture from the ſoil does bear,
By noble ſprings improv'd, and Bætic air.
Nor ſtopt he ſo, but over went his plate
Made by Parthenius, follow'd by a great
And maſſy goblet, a two gallon draught,
Might ſet a luſty Centaur when he quaft,
Or drench the wife of Fuſcus: add to theſe
Baſkets of Britain, rarities of Greece,
A ſet of plate moſt artfully imboſt,
No leſs a bribe than what Olynthus coſt.
Show me the man, that other he, would dare
His very life and ſoul to gold preferr:
Now money ſerves not life's moſt noble ends,
But laviſh life imperious wealth attends.
Thus moſt of the ſhip's freight went overboard,
Yet all this waſte could ſmall relief afford;
So fierce the ſtorm, neceſſity at laſt
Does loudly call to eaſe her of her maſt:
Hard is the caſe, and dang'rous the diſtreſs,
When what we would preſerve, we muſt make leſs.
Go now, go truſt the wind's uncertain breath,
Remov'd four fingers from approaching death;
Or ſeven at moſt, when thick-ſt is the board:
Go with proviſion, biſket, brandy ſtor'd;
But if you reaſonably hope to ſpeed,
You muſt produce your axe in time of need.
Now when the ſea grew calm, the winds were laid,
And the pleas'd Parcæ ſpun a whiter thread;
When fate propitious ſent a gentle gale;
The ſhatter'd veſſel, with one wretched ſail,
Beſide what gowns and coats her crew could lend
To help her on her courſe, did homeward bend:
The ſouth wind leſſ'ning ſtill, the ſun appears;
And into lively hope converts their fears:
And now, in proſpect ſweet, his cheerful light
The Alban cliffs confeſſes to their ſight;
Where Albas pile Julus founding rear'd,
When to Lavinium he that ſeat preferr'd;
And call'd it Alba, from the white ſow nam'd,
That for her thirty ſucking pigs was fam'd.
At laſt within the mighty mole ſhe gets,
Our Tuſcan Pharos, that the mid ſea meets
With its embrace, and leaves the land behind;
A work ſo wond'rous nature ne'er deſign'd.
Through it the joyful ſteerſman clears his way,
And comes to anchor in its innmoſt bay;
Where ſmalleſt veſſels ride, and are ſecur'd,
And then ſhorn ſailors boaſt what they endur'd.
Go then, my boys, the ſacred rites prepare;
With awful ſilence and attention hear:
With bran the knives, with flow'rs the altars dreſs;
And in your diligence your zeal expreſs.
I'll follow ſtreight, and having paid my vows,
Thence home again, where chaplets wreathe the brows
Of all my little waxen deities:
And incenſe ſhall domeſtic Jove appeaſe:
My ſhining houſehold gods ſhall revel there,
And all the colours of the violet wear.
All's right; my portal ſhines with verdant bays,
And conſecrated tapers early blaze.
Suſpect me not, Corvinus, of deſign,
Far be ſuch guilt from any thought of mine:
My altars ſmoke not for ſo baſe an end;
Catullus, though a father, is my friend,
Add his three children bar a foreign claim.
Who on a friend ſo hopeleſs, ſuch a name
As father, would a ſickly hen beſtow?
Or on ſuch ſlender grounds a quail forego?
If Paccius or Gallita breathe a vein,
The temples ſtreight are crowded with a train
Of fawning raſcals, utt'ring each his pray'r;
Nothing's too precious for a life ſo dear:
A hecatomb is ſcarce enough to bleed:
And, but an elephant's no common breed,
Nor ſeen, nor known in Italy before
They were tranſported from the Afric ſhore;
Since which, in the Rutilian foreſt rear'd,
They range at large, great Cæſar's royal herd;

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As once they learnt King Pyrrhus to obey;
And with ſubmiſſion to our conſuls ſway,
Or Tyrian Hannibal's, part of the war
In turrets on their backs they us'd to bear:
Could Novius or Pacuvius but procure
Theſe iv'ry portents, death ſhould ſeal 'em ſure
A victim for Gallita, nothing leſs
The greatneſs of their friendſhip can expreſs.
Pacuvius, were he not by law withſtood,
Would manifeſt his own in human blood;
The beſt, the loveliest ſlaves of either ſex,
To ſerve his complement ſhould yield their necks:
Nay, to that height the wicked rogue proceeds,
His Iphigenia, his daughter, bleeds
If need require, though he was ſure to find
No dext'rous ſlight to change her for a hind.
My fellow-citizen I muſt commend,
For what's a fleet to a bequeathing friend?
For, if he chance to 'ſcape this diſmal bout,
The former legatees are blotted out;
Upon Pacuvius all muſt be conferr'd;
So great a merit claims no leſs reward:
Pacuvius ſtruts it, and triumphant goes
In the dejected crowd of rival foes:
You ſee the fruit of his projecting brain,
In off'ring up his daughter to his gain.
As great as Nero's plunder be his ſtore;
High, mountain-high, be pil'd the ſhining ore;
Then may he life to Neſtor's age extend,
Nor ever be, nor ever find a friend.

SATIRE XIII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. THOMAS CREECH.

THE ARGUMENT.

CORVINUS had truſted one of his old friends and acquaintance with a bag of money; this friend denies the truſt, and foreſwears it too: Corvinus is very much diſturbed at this cheat, ſtorms and rages; accuſes Providence, and is ready to conclude that God takes no care of things below, becauſe ſome ſudden and remarkable vengeance did not fall upon this perjured falſe wretch: Juvenal hearing of Corvinus's loſs, and unmanly behaviour, writes this ſatire to him, both to comfort him after his loſs, and inſtruct him how to bear it; and thence takes occaſion to ſpeak of the vileneſs and villany of his times. He begins with the condition of the wicked man; and tells him, 1. That the ſinner muſt needs hate himſelf; and, 2. That he will be hated by all mankind. 3. He puts Corvinus in mind that he hath a good eſtate, and that this loſs will not break him. 4. and 5. That a great many have ſuffered the like misfortunes; that cheats were common, his loſs but little, and therefore not to be reſented with ſo violent a paſſion. Hence, 6. He expatiates on the vileneſs of the times; and, 7. compares his age with the golden one, which he tediouſly deſcribes. 8. He continues his reflections on the general wickedneſs of the times. 9. Makes ſome obſervations on the confidence of ſinners: And, 10. endeavours to give ſome account of this: He obſerves that ſome are Atheiſts. 11. Others believe a God, but fancy the money they get by their perjury, will do them more good than the puniſhments he inflicts will do them harm: At leaſt, 12. that God is merciful, they may be pardoned or eſcape in the crowd of ſinners; ſince ſome are forgiven, and all do not meet with puniſhments equal to their deſerts. 13. He corrects his friend for his Atheiſtical paſſion, and rude accuſations of Providence; and, 14. adviſes him to be more cool; and conſider, that, 15. ſuch cheats are common, and he hath ſuffer'd no more than other men; and, 16. that every day we may meet with greater crimes which require his concernment. That, 17. his paſſion is idle and fruitleſs; becauſe revenge, which is the only end of paſſion, will do him no good; it will not retrieve his loſs; and beſides is an argument of a baſe mind, and mean temper. Then coming cloſer to his point, he tells him, 18. The wicked are ſeverely puniſhed by their own conſciences; 19. Vengeance waits upon them: And, 20, deſcribes the miſerable life, and terrible death of the wicked man. And, 21. cloſes all with obſerving, that few men ſtop at their firſt ſin, but go on till their crimes provoke Providence: And therefore, 22. Corvinus need not fear but this perjured friend of his would do ſo too, and then he ſhould ſee ſome remarkable judgment fall upon him.

I.

He that commits a ſin, ſhall quickly find
The preſſing guilt lie heavy on his mind;
Though bribes or favour ſhall aſſert his cauſe,
Pronounce him guiltleſs, and elude the laws:
None quits himſelf; his own impartial thought
Will damn, and conſcience will record the fault.

II.

This firſt the wicked feels: Then public hate
Purſues the cheat, and proves the villain's fate.

III.

But more, Corvinus, thy eſtate can bear
A greater loſs, and not implore thy care;
Thy ſtock's ſufficient, and thy wealth too great
To feel the damage of a petty cheat.

IV.

Nor are ſuch loſſes to the world unknown,
A rare example, and thy chance alone;
Moſt feel them, and in Fortune's lottery lies
A heap of blanks, like this, for one ſmall prize.

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v.

Abate thy paſſion, nor too much complain,
Grief ſhould be forc'd, and it becomes a man
To let it riſe no higher than his pain:
But you, too weak the ſlighteſt loſs to bear,
Too delicate the common fate to ſhare,
Are on the fret of paſſion, boil and rage,
Becauſe, in ſo debauch'd and vile an age,
Thy friend and old acquaintance dares diſown
The gold you lent him, and foreſwear the loan.
What, ſtart at this? When ſixty years have ſpread
Their gray experience o'er thy hoary head!
Is this the all-obſerving age could gain,
Or haſt thou known the world ſo long in vain?
Let Stoics Ethics' haughty rules advance,
To combat fortune, and to conquer chance;
Yet happy thoſe, though not ſo learn'd, are thought,
Whom life inſtructs, who by experience taught,
For new to come from paſt misfortunes look;
Nor ſhake the yoke, which galls the more 'tis ſhook.

VI.

What day's ſo ſacred, but its reſt's profan'd
By violent robbers, or by murders ſtain'd?
Here hir'd aſſaſſins for their gain invade,
And treacherous pois'ners urge their fatal trade.
Good men are ſcarce, the juſt are thinly ſown,
They thrive but ill, nor can they laſt when grown.
And ſhould we count them, and our ſtore compile,
Yet Thebes more gates would ſhow, more mouths the Nile.
Worſe than the Iron Age, and wretched times
Roll on; and uſe hath ſo improv'd our crimes,
That baffled Nature knows not how to frame
A metal baſe enough to give the age a name:
Yet you exclaim, as loud as thoſe that praiſe
For ſcraps and coach-hire, a young nobleſs plays
You thunder, and, as paſſion rolls along,
Call heaven and earth to witneſs to your wrong.
Gray-headed infant! and in vain grown old!
Art thou to learn that in another's gold
Lie charms reſiſtleſs? That all laugh to find
Unthinking plainneſs ſo o'erſpread thy mind,
That thou could'ſt ſeriouſly perſuade the crowd
To keep their oaths, and to believe a God?

VII.

This they could do whilſt Saturn fill'd the throne,
Ere Juno burniſh'd, or young Jove was grown;
Ere private he left Ida's cloſe retreat,
Or made rebellion by example great:
And whilſt his hoary ſire to Latium fled,
Uſurp'd his empire, and defil'd his bed.
Whilſt Gods din'd ſingly, and few feaſts above,
No beauteous Hebe mixt the wine with love;
No Phrygian boy: But Vulcan ſtain'd the pole
With ſooty hands, and fill'd the ſparing bowl.
Ere gods grew numerous and the heavenly crowd
Preſt wretched Atlas with a lighter load:
Ere chance unenvy'd Neptune's lot confin'd
To rule the ocean, and oppoſe the wind:
Ere Proſerpine with Pluto ſhar'd the throne,
Furies hiſſ'd, or ghoſt had learn'd to groan:
But free from puniſhment as free from ſin
The ſhades liv'd jolly, and without a king.
Then vice was rare; e'en rudeneſs kept in awe
Felt all the rigour of avenging law;
And had not men the hoary heads rever'd,
Or boys paid reverence when a man appear'd,
Both muſt have dy'd, though richer ſkins they wore,
And ſaw more heaps of acorns in their ſtore:
Four years advance did ſuch reſpect engage,
And youth was reverenc'd then like ſacred age.

VIII.

Now if one honeſt man I chance to view,
Contemning int'reſt, and to virtue true;
I rank him with the prodigies of fame,
With plough'd-up fiſhes, and with icy flame;
With things which ſtart from Nature's common rules,
With bearded infants, and with teeming mules:
As much amaz'd at the prodigious ſign,
As if I ſaw bees cluſter'd on a ſhrine;
A ſhow'r of ſtones, or rivers chang'd to blood
Roll wond'rous waves, or urge a milky flood.

IX.

A little ſum you mourn, whilſt moſt have met
With twice the loſs, and by as vile a cheat:
By treacherous friends, and ſecret truſt betray'd,
Some are undone; nor are the gods our aid.
Thoſe conſcious powers we can with eaſe contemn,
If hid from men, we truſt our crimes with them.
Obſerve the wretch who hath his faith forſook,
How clear his voice, and how aſſur'd his look!
Like innocence, and as ſerenely bold
As truth, how loudly he foreſwears thy gold!
By Neptune's trident, by the bolts of Jove,
And all the magazine of wrath above.
Nay, more, in curſes he goes boldly on,
He damns himſelf, and thus devotes his ſon:
If I'm forſworn, you injur'd gods renew
Thyeſtes' feaſt, and prove the fable true.

X.

Some think that chance rules all, that Nature ſteers
The moving ſeaſons, and turns round the years.
Theſe run to ev'ry ſhrine, theſe boldly ſwear,
And keep no faith, becauſe they know no fear.

XI.

Another doubts, but as his doubts decline,
He dreads juſt vengeance, and he ſtarts at ſin;
He owns a God: And yet the wretch forſwears;
And thus he reaſons to relieve his fears.
Let Iſis rage, ſo I ſecurely hold
The coin forſworn, and keep the raviſh'd gold;
Let blindneſs, lameneſs come; are legs and eyes
Of equal value to ſo great a prize?
Would ſtarving Ladas, had he leave to chooſe,
And were not frantic, the rich gout refuſe?
For can the glory of the ſwifteſt pace
Procure him food? Or can he feaſt on praiſe?

XII.

The gods take aim before they ſtrike their blow,
Though ſure their vengeance, yet the ſtroke is ſlow;
And ſhou'd at ev'ry ſin their thunder fly,
I'm yet ſecure, nor is my danger nigh:
But they are gracious, but their hands are free,
And who can tell but they can reach to me?

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Some they forgive, and ev'ry age relates
That equal crimes have met unequal fates;
That sins alike, unlike rewards have found,
And whilst this villain's crucify'd, the other's crown'd.
The man that shiver'd on the brink of sin,
Thus steel'd and harden'd ventures boldly in;
Dare him to swear, he with a cheerful face
Flies to the shrine, and bids thee mend thy pace;
He urges, goes before thee, shows the way,
Nay, pulls thee on, and chides thy dull delay:
For confidence in sin, when mix'd with zeal,
Seems innocence, and looks to most as well.

XIII.

Thus like the waggish slave in —— play,
He spreads the net, and takes the easy prey.
You rage and storm, and blasphemously loud,
As Stentor bellowing to the Grecian crowd,
Or Homer's Mars with too much warmth exclaim;
Jove, dost thou hear, and is thy thunder tame?
Wert thou all brass, thy brazen arm should rage,
And fix the wretch a sign to future age:
Else why should mortals to thy feasts repair,
Spend useless incense, and more useless prayer?
Bathyllus' statue at this rate may prove
Thy equal rival, or a greater Jove.

XIV.

Be cool, my friend, and hear my muse dispense
Some sovereign comforts, drawn from common sense;
Not fetch'd from Stoic's rigid schools, nor wrought
By Epicurus' more indulgent thought;
Who led by Nature, did with ease pursue
The rules of life; guess'd best, though miss'd the true:
A desperate wound must skilful hands employ,
But thine is curable by Philip's boy.

XV.

Look o'er the present and the former time,
If no example of so vile a crime
Appears, then mourn; admit no kind relief,
But beat thy breast, and I applaud thy grief.
Let sorrow then appear in all her state,
Keep mournful silence, and shut fast thy gate.
Let solemn grief on money lost attend,
Greater than waits upon a dying friend;
None feigns, none acted mourning's forc'd to show,
Or squeeze his eyes to make that torrent flow;
For money lost demands a heartier due;
Than tears are real, and to the grief is true.
But if at each assize, and term, we try
A thousand rascals of as deep a dye;
If men forswear the deeds and bonds they draw,
Though sign'd with all formality of law,
And though the writing and the seal proclaim
The barefac'd perjury, and fix the shame;
Go, fortune's darling, nor expect to bear
The common lot, but to avoid thy share!
Heav'n's favourite thou, for better fates design'd,
Than we the dregs and rubbish of mankind!

XVI.

This petty sinner scarce deserves thy rage,
Compar'd with the great villains of the age.
Here hir'd assassins kill, there sulphur thrown,
By treacherous hands, destroys the frighted town.
Bold sacrilege, invading things divine,
Breaks through a temple, or destroys a shrine,
The reverend goblets, and the ancient plate,
Those grateful presents of a conqu'ring state,
Or pious king; or if the shrine be poor,
The image spoils: nor is the god secure.
One seizes Neptune's beard, one Castor's crown,
Or Jove himself, and melts the thunderer down.
Here pois'ners murder, there the impious son,
With whom a guiltless ape is doom'd to drown,
Prevents old age, and with a hasty blow
Cuts down his sire, and quickens fates too slow.
Yet what are these to those vast heaps of crimes,
Which make the greatest business of our times,
Which terms prolong, and which from morn to night
Amaze the juries, and the judges fright!
Attend the court, and thou shalt briefly find
In that one place the manners of mankind;
Hear the indictments, then return again,
Call thyself wretch, and if thou dar'st, complain.
Whom 'midst the Alps do hanging throats surprise?
Who stares in Germany at watchet eyes?
Or who in Meroe, when the beast reclin'd,
Hangs o'er the shoulder to the child behind,
And bigger than the boy? for wonders lost
When things grow common, and are found in most.
When cranes invade, his little sword and shield
The pigmy takes, and streight attends the field;
The fight's soon o'er; the cranes descend, and bear
The sprawling warriors through the liquid air:
Now hear, thou'd such a fight appear to view,
All men would split, the sight wou'd please whilst new:
There none's concern'd, where every day they fight,
And not one warrior is a foot in height.

XVII.

But shall the villain 'scape? shall perjury
Grow rich and safe, and shall the cheat be free?
Hadst thou full power (rage asks no more) to kill,
Or measure out his torments by thy will;
Yet what couldst thou, tormenter, hope to gain?
Thy loss continues, unrepaid by pain,
Inglorious comfort thou shalt poorly meet,
From his mean blood. But, oh! revenge is sweet.
Thus think the crowd, who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage;
Who ne'er consider, but without a pause,
Make up in passion what they want in cause.
Not so mild Thales, nor Crysippus thought,
Nor that good man, who drank the pois'ness draught
With mind serene; and cou'd not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he:
Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge; which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind;
Degenerous passion, and for man too base,
It seats its empire in the female race,
There rages; and, to make its blow secure,
Puts flatt'ry on, until the aim be sure.

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XVIII.

But why muſt thoſe be thought to 'ſcape, that feel
Thoſe rods of ſcorpions, and thoſe whips of ſteel
Which conſcience ſhakes, when ſhe with rage controuls,
And ſpreads amazing terrors through their ſouls?
Not ſharp revenge, not hell itſelf can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind,
Which day and night doth dreadfully accuſe,
Condemns the wretch, and ſtill the charge renews.

XIX.

A truſted Spartan was inclin'd to cheat,
(The coin look'd lovely, and the bag was great,
Secret the truſt) and with an oath defend
The prize, and baffle his deluded friend:
But weak in ſin, and of the gods afraid,
And not well vers'd in the forſwearing trade,
He goes to Delphos, humbly begs advice:
And thus the prieſteſs by command replies:
Expect ſure vengeance by the gods decreed,
To puniſh thoughts, not yet improv'd to deed.
At this he ſtarted, and forbore to ſwear,
Not out of conſcience of the ſin, but fear.
Yet plagues enſu'd, and the contagious ſin
Deſtroy'd himſelf, and ruin'd all his kin.
Thus ſuffer'd he for the imperfect will
To ſin, and bare deſign of doing ill;
For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault:
Then what muſt he expect that ſtill proceeds
To finiſh ſin, and work up thoughts to deeds?

XX.

Perpetual anguiſh fills his anxious breaſt,
Not ſtopt by buſineſs, nor compos'd by reſt:
No muſic cheers him, and no feaſts can pleaſe,
He ſits like diſcontented Damocles,
When by the ſportive tyrant wiſely ſhown
The dangerous pleaſures of a flatter'd throne.
Sleep flies the wretch, or when his cares oppreſt,
And his toſs'd limbs are weary'd into reſt;
Then dreams invade, the injur'd gods appear,
All arm'd with thunder, and awake his fear.
What frights him moſt, in a gigantic ſize,
Thy ſacred image flaſhes in his eyes;
Theſe ſhake his ſoul, and as they boldly preſs,
Bring out his crimes, and force him to confeſs.
This wretch will ſtart at ev'ry flaſh that flies,
Grow pale at the firſt murmur of the ſkies,
Ere clouds are form'd and thunder roars, afraid;
And Epicurus can afford no aid,
His notions fail: and the deſtructive flame
Commiſſion'd falls, not thrown by chance, but aim:
One clap is paſt, and now the ſkies are clear,
A ſhort reprieve, but to increaſe his fear:
Whilſt arms divine, revenging crimes below,
Are gathering up to give the greater blow.
But if a fever fires his ſulphurous blood,
In ev'ry fit, he feels the hand of God,
And heaven-borne flame: then, drown'd in deep deſpair,
He dares not offer one repenting prayer;
Nor vow one victim to preſerve his breath.
Amaz'd he lies, and ſadly looks for death:
For how can hope with deſperate guilt agree?
And the worſt beaſt is worthier life than he.

XXI.

He that once ſins, like him that ſlides on ice,
Goes ſwiftly down the ſlippery ways of vice;
Though conſcience checks him, yet, thoſe ruts gone o'er,
He ſlides on ſmoothly, and looks back no more;
What ſinners finiſh where they firſt begin?
And with one crime content their luſt to ſin?
Nature, that rude, and in her firſt eſſay,
Stood boggling at the roughneſs of the way,
Us'd to the road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on, and loves the path when worn.

XXII.

Fear not, but pleas'd with this ſucceſsful bait,
Thy perjur'd friend will quickly tempt his fate;
He will go on, until his crimes provoke
The arm Divine to ſtrike the fatal ſtroke;
Then thou ſhalt ſee him plung'd, when leaſt he fears,
At once accounting for his deep arrears;
Sent to thoſe iſles, which throng'd we ſee
With mighty exiles, once ſecure as he;
Drawn to the gallows, or condemn'd to chains:
Then thou ſhalt triumph in the villain's pains,
Enjoy his groans; and with a grateful mind
Confeſs, that Heav'n is neither deaf nor blind.

SATIRE XIV.

TRANSLATED BY MR. JOHN DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

SINCE domeſtic examples eaſily corrupt our youth, the poet prudently exhorts all parents, that they themſelves ſhould abſtain from evil practices: Amongſt which, he chiefly points at dice and gaming, taverns, drunkenneſs, and cruelty, which they exerciſed upon their ſlaves: Leſt after their pernicious example, their ſons ſhould copy them in their vices, and become gameſters, drunkards, and tyrants, leſtrigons, and cannibals to their ſervants. For, if the father, ſays Juvenal, love the box and dice, the boy will be given to an itching elbow: Neither is it to be expected, that the daughter of Larga the adultreſs, ſhould be more continent than her mother: Since we are all by

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nature more apt to receive ill impreſſions than good; and are beſides more pliant in our infancy and youth, than when we grow up to riper years. Thus we are more apt to imitate a Catiline, than a Brutus, or the uncle of Brutus, *Cato Uticenſis*. For theſe reaſons, he is inſtant with all parents, that they permit not their children, to hear laſcivious words, and that they baniſh pimps, whores, and paraſites from their houſes. If they are careful, ſays the poet, when they make any invitation to their friends, that all things ſhall be clean, and ſet in order; much more is it their duty to their children, that nothing appear corrupt or undecent in their family. Storks and vultures, becauſe they are fed by the old ones, with ſnakes and carrion, naturally, and without inſtruction, feed on the ſame uncleanly diet. But the generous eaglet, who is taught by her parent, to fly at hares, and ſowſe on kids, diſdains afterwards to purſue a more ignoble game. Thus the ſon of Centronius was prone to the vice of raiſing ſtately ſtructures, beyond his fortune; becauſe his father had ruined himſelf by building. He whoſe father is a Jew, is naturally prone to ſuperſtition, and the obſervation of his country laws. From hence the poet deſcends to a ſatire againſt avarice, which he eſteems to be of worſe example than any of the former. The remaining part of the poem is wholly employed on this ſubject, to ſhow the miſery of this vice. He concludes with limiting our deſire of riches to a certain meaſure; which he confines within the compaſs of what hunger, and thirſt, and cold, require for our preſervation and ſubſiſtence: With which neceſſaries if we are not contented, then the treaſures of Crœſus, of the Perſian king, or of the eunuch Narciſſus, who commanded both the will and the fortunes of Claudius the emperor, would not be ſufficient to ſatisfy the greedineſs of our deſires.

FUSCINUS, thoſe ill deeds that ſully fame,
And lay ſuch blots upon an honeſt name,
In blood once tainted, like a current run
From the lewd father, to the lewder ſon.
If gaming does an aged ſire entice,
Then my young maſter ſwiftly learns the vice,
And ſhakes, in hanging-ſleeves, the little box and dice.
Thus the voluptuous youth bred up to dreſs
For his fat grandſire, ſome delicious meſs;
In feeding high, his tutor will ſurpaſs,
As heir apparent of the Gourmand race.
And, ſhou'd a thouſand grave philoſophers
Be always hollowing virtue in his ears,
They wou'd at laſt their loſs of time lament,
And give him o'er for glutton in deſcent.
Can cruel Rutilus, who loves the noiſe
Of whips far better than a Syren's voice,
Can Polyphemus, or Antiphates,
Who gorge themſelves with man, can ſuch as theſe
Set up to teach humanity, and give
By their example, rules for us to live?
Can they preach up equality of birth,
And tell us how we all began from earth?
Th' inhuman lord, who with a cruel guſt
Can a red fork in his ſlave's forehead thruſt,
Becauſe th' unlucky criminal was caught
With little theft of two coarſe towels fraught?
Can he a ſon to ſoft remorſe incite,
Whom gaols, and blood, and butchery delight?
Who wou'd expect the daughter ſhou'd be other
Than common punk, if Larga be the mother!
Whoſe lovers names in order to run o'er,
The girl took breath full thirty times, and more:
She, when but yet a tender minx, began
To hold the door, but now ſets up for man;
And to her gallants, in her own hand-writing
Sends billets-douxs of the old bawd's inditing.
So nature prompts; ſo ſoon we go aſtray,
When old experience puts us in the way:
Our green youth copies what gray ſinners act;
When venerable age commends the fact.
Some ſons, indeed, ſome very few, we ſee
Who keep themſelves from this infection free,
Whom gracious Heaven for nobler ends deſign'd,
Their looks erected, and their clay refin'd.
The reſt are all by bad example led,
And in their father's ſlimy track they tread.
Is't not enough we ſhould ourſelves undo,
But that our children we muſt ruin too?
Children, like tender oſiers, take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow.
By nature, headlong to all ills we run,
And virtue, like ſome dreadful monſter, ſhun.
Survey the world, and where one Cato ſhines,
Count a degenerate herd of Catilines.
Suffer no lewdneſs, or undecent ſpeech,
Th' apartment of the tender youth to reach;
Far be from thence the glutton paraſite,
Singing his drunken catches all the night:
But farther ſtill be woman; woman firſt
Was evil's cauſe, herſelf of ills the worſt.
Boys ev'n from parents may this rev'rence claim;
For when thou doſt at ſome vile action aim,
Say, ſhou'd the harmleſs child with-hold thy hand,
Wou'd it not put thy fury to a ſtand?
Then may we not conclude the ſire unjuſt,
Who (when his ſon o'ercome with drink and luſt,
Is by the cenſor of good manners caught,
And ſuffers public penance for his fault)
Rails, and reviles, and turns him out of door,
For what ſo oft himſelf has done before;
A ſon ſo copy'd from his vice, ſo much
The very ſame in every little touch:
That ſhould he not reſemble too his life,
The father juſtly might ſuſpect his wife.
This very reverend lecher, quite worn out
With rheumatiſms, and crippled with his gout,
Forgets what he in youthful times has done,
And ſwinges his own vices in his ſon.
To entertain a gueſt, with what a care
Would he his houſehold ornaments prepare!
Haraſs his ſervants, and o'erſeer ſtand,
To keep 'em working with a threatning wand:
Clean all my plate, he cries, let not one ſtain
Sully the figur'd ſilver, or the plain;
Rub all the floors, make all the pillars bright,
No hanging cobwebs leave to ſhock the ſight.
O wretched man! is all this hurry made
On this account, becauſe thou art afraid
A dirty hall or entry ſhould offend
The curious eyes of thy invited friend?

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Reform thy family; one ſon at home
Concerns thee more than many gueſts to come.
If to ſome uſeful art he be not bred,
He grows mere lumber, and is worſe than dead.
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by ſecond nature prone.
The callow ſtorks with lizard and with ſnake
Are fed, and ſoon as ere to wing they take,
At ſight thoſe animals for food purſue,
The firſt delicious bit they ever knew.
Ev'n ſo 'tis nature in the vulture's breed,
On dogs and human carcaſes to feed.
Jove's bird will ſowſe upon the tim'rous hare,
And tender kids with his ſharp tallons tear;
Becauſe ſuch food was laid before him firſt,
When from his ſhell the lab'ring eaglet burſt.
Centronius does high coſtly Villa's raiſe
With Grecian marble, which the ſight amaze:
Some ſtand upon Cajeta's winding ſhore,
At Tybur's tow'r, and at Prænеſte more.
The dome of Hercules and fortune ſhow,
To his tall fabrics, like ſmall cots below:
So much his palaces o'er-look 'em all,
As gilt Pontes does our capital.
His ſon builds on, and never is content,
Till the laſt farthing is in ſtructure ſpent.
The Jews, like their bigotted ſires before,
By gazing on the clouds their god adore:
So ſuperſtitious, that they'll ſooner dine
Upon the fleſh of men than that of ſwine.
Our Roman cuſtoms they contemn and jeer,
But learn and keep their country rites with fear.
That worſhip only they in rev'rence have,
Which in dark volumes their great Moſes gave.
Aſk 'em the road, and they ſhall point you wrong.
Becauſe you do not to their tribe belong.
They'll not betray a ſpring to quench your thirſt,
Unleſs you ſhow 'em circumciſion firſt.
So they are taught, and do it to obey
Their fathers, who obſerve the Sabbath day.
Young men to imitate all ills are prone,
But are compell'd to avarice alone:
For then in virtue's ſhape they follow vice;
Becauſe a true diſtinction is ſo nice,
That the baſe wretch who hoards up all he can,
Is prais'd, and call'd a careful, thrifty man:
The fabled dragon never guarded more
The golden fleece, then he his ill-got ſtore:
What a profound reſpect where'er he goes
The multitude to ſuch a monſter ſhows?
Each father cries, "My ſon, example take,
"And led by this wiſe youth, thy fortunes make,
"Who day and night ne'er ceas'd to toil and
"ſweat,
"Drudg'd like a ſmith, and on the anvil beat,
"Till he had hammer'd out a vaſt eſtate.
"Side with that ſect, who learnedly deny,
"That e're content was join'd with poverty:
"Who meaſure happineſs by wealth increas'd,
"And think the money'd man alone is bleſt.
Parents the little arts of ſaving teach,
Ere ſons the top of avarice can reach;
When with falſe weights their ſervants' guts they
cheat,
And pinch their own to cover the deceit:
Keep a ſtale cruſt till it looks blue, and think
Their fleſh ne'er fit for eating till it ſtink;
The leaſt remains of which they mince, and dreſs
It o'er again to make another meſs:
Adding a leek, whoſe ev'ry ſtring is told,
For fear ſome pilf'ring hand ſhould make too bold:
And with a mark diſtinct, ſeal up a diſh
Of thrice-boil'd beans, and putrid ſummer-fiſh:
A beggar on the bridge would loath ſuch food,
And ſend it to be waſh'd in Tyber's flood.
But, to what end theſe ways of ſordid gain?
It ſhows a manifeſt unſettled brain,
Living, to ſuffer a low ſtarving fate,
In hopes of dying in a wealthy ſtate.
For, as thy ſtrutting bags with money riſe,
The love of gain is of an equal ſize:
Kind fortune does the poor man better bleſs,
Who though he has it not, deſires it leſs.
One villa therefore is too little thought;
A larger farm at a vaſt price is bought:
Uneaſy ſtill within theſe narrow bounds,
Thy next deſign is on thy neighbour's grounds:
His crop invites, to full perfection grown,
Thy own ſeems thin, becauſe it is thy own:
The purchaſe therefore is demanded ſtreight,
And if he will not ſell, or makes thee wait,
A teem of oxen in the night are ſent,
(Starv'd for the purpoſe, and with labour ſpent)
To take free quarter, which in one half hour
The pains and product of a year devour:
Then, ſome are baſely brib'd, to vow it looks
Moſt plainly done by thieves with reaping-hooks;
Such mean revenge, committed underhand,
Has ruin'd many an acre of good land.
What if men talk, and whiſpers go about,
Pointing the malice and its author out?
He values not what they can ſay, or do;
For who will dare a monied man to ſue?
Thus he would rather curs'd, and envy'd be,
Than lov'd and prais'd in honeſt poverty.
But to poſſeſs a long and happy life,
Freed from diſeaſes, and ſecure from ſtrife,
Give me, ye gods! the product of one field,
As large as that which the firſt Romans till'd;
That ſo I neither may be rich nor poor,
And having juſt enough, not covet more.
'Twas then, old ſoldiers cover'd o'er with ſcars,
(The marks of Pyrrhus, or the Punic wars),
Thought all paſt ſervices rewarded well,
If to their ſhare at laſt two acres fell:
(Their country's frugal bounty); ſo of old
Was blood, and life, at a low market ſold.
Yet, then, this little ſpot of earth well till'd,
A num'rous family with plenty fill'd;
The good old man and thrifty houſewife ſpent
Their days in peace, and fatten'd with content.
Enjoy'd the dregs of life, and liv'd to ſee
A long-deſcending healthful progeny.
The men were faſhion'd in a larger mould;
The women fit for labour, big and bold.
Gigantic hinds, as ſoon as work was done,
To their huge pots of boiling pulſe would run:
Fell too, with eager joy, on homely food;
And their large veins beat ſtrong with wholeſome
blood.
Of old, two acres were a bounteous lot,
Now, ſcarce they ſerve to make a garden-plot.
From hence the greateſt part of ills deſcend,
When luſt of getting more will have no end;

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That, ſtill our weaker paſſions does command,
And puts the ſword and poiſon in our hand.
Who covets riches, cannot brook delay,
But ſpurs and bears down all that ſtops his way:
Nor law, nor checks of conſcience will he hear,
When in hot ſcent of gain, and full career.
But hark, how ancient Marſus did adviſe;
My ſons let theſe ſmall cots and hills ſuffice:
Let us the harveſt of our labour eat;
'Tis labour makes the coarſeſt diet ſweet:
Thus much to the kind rural gods we owe,
Who pity'd ſuff'ring mortals long ago;
When on harſh acorns hungrily they fed,
And gave 'em nicer palates, better bread.
The country peaſant meditates no harm,
When clad with ſkins of beaſts to keep him warm:
In winter weather, unconcern'd, he goes
Almoſt knee-deep through mire, in clumſy ſhoes:
Vice dwells in palaces, is richly dreſt,
There glows in ſcarlet, and the Tyrian veſt.
The wiſer ancients theſe inſtructions gave;
But now a covetous old crafty knave,
At dead of night ſhall rouſe his ſon, and cry,
Turn out you rogue, how like a beaſt you lie!
Go, buckle to the law; is this an hour
To ſtretch your limbs? You'll ne'er be chancellor;
Or elſe yourſelf to Lælius recommend,
To ſuch broad ſhoulders Lælius is a friend:
Fight under him, there's plunder to be had;
A captain is a very gainful trade:
And when in ſervice your beſt days are ſpent,
In time you may command a regiment.
But if the trumpet's clangour you abhor,
And dare not be an alderman of war;
Take to a ſhop, behind a counter lie,
Cheat half in half; none thrive by honeſty:
Never reflect upon the ſordid ware
Which you expoſe; be gain your only care.
He that grows rich by ſcouring of a ſink,
Gets wherewithal to juſtify the ſtink.
This ſentence, worthy Jove himſelf, record
As true, and take it on a poet's word;
"T' have money, is a neceſſary taſk,
"From whence 'tis got the world will never aſk."
Taught by their nurſes, little children get
This ſaying, ſooner than their alphabet.
What care a father takes to teach his ſon,
With ill-tim'd induſtry, to be undone!
Leave him to nature, and you'll quickly find
The tender cock'ril takes juſt after kind:
The forward youth will without driving go,
And learn t' outſhoot you in your proper bow,
As much as Ajax his own ſire excell'd,
And was the brawnier blockhead in the field.
Let nature in the boy but ſtronger grow,
And all the father ſoon itſelf will ſhow:
When firſt the down appears upon his chin,
For a ſmall ſum he ſwears through thick and thin;
At Ceres altar vents his perjury,
And blaſts her holy image with a lie:
If a rich wife he marries, in her bed
She's found, by dagger or by poiſon dead.
While merchants make long voyages by ſea,
To get eſtates, he cuts a ſhorter way.
In mighty miſchiefs little labour lies:
I never counſell'd this, the father cries.
But ſtill, baſe man, he copy'd this from thee;
Thine was the prime, original villany.
For he who covets gain to ſuch exceſs,
Does by dumb ſigns himſelf as much expreſs,
As if in words at length he ſhow'd his mind:
Thy bad example made him ſin by kind.
But who can youth, let looſe to vice, reſtrain?
When once the hard-mouth'd horſe has got the rein,
He's paſt thy pow'r to ſtop; young Phaeton,
By the wild courſers of his fancy drawn,
From eaſt to north, irregularly hurl'd,
Firſt ſet on fire himſelf, and then the world.
Aſtrologers aſſure long life, you ſay,
Your ſon can tell you better much than they,
Your ſon and heir whoſe hopes your life delay.
Poiſon will work againſt the ſtars, beware;
For ev'ry meal an antidote prepare:
And let Archigenes ſome cordial bring
Fit for a wealthy father, or a king.
What ſight more pleaſant, in his public ſhows
Did ever prætor on the ſtage expoſe,
Than are ſuch men as ev'ry day we ſee,
Whoſe chief miſhap, and only miſery
Is to be overſtock'd with ready coin,
Which now they bring to watchful Caſtor's ſhrine;
Since Mars, whom we the great revenger call,
Loſt his own helmet, and was ſtript of all.
'Tis time dull theatres we ſhould forſake,
When buſy men much more diverſion make.
The tumblers gambols ſome delight afford,
No leſs the nimble cap'rer on the cord;
But theſe are ſtill inſipid ſtuff to thee,
Coop'd in a ſhip, and toſs'd upon the ſea.
Baſe wretch, expos'd by thy own covetous mind,
To the deaf mercy of the waves and wind.
The dancer on the rope, with doubtful tread,
Gets wherewithal to clothe and buy him bread,
Nor covets more than hunger to prevent;
But nothing leſs than millions thee content:
What ſhipwrecks and dead bodies choke the ſea;
The num'rous fools that were betray'd by thee!
For at the charming call of pow'rful gain,
Whole fleets equipt appear upon the main,
And ſpite of Lybian and Carpathian gale,
Beyond the limits of known earth they ſail.
A labour worth the while, at laſt to brag
(When ſafe return'd, and with a ſtrutting bag),
What finny ſea-gods thou haſt had in view,
More than our lying poets ever knew.
What ſeveral madneſſes in men appear!
Oreſtes runs from fancy'd furies here;
Ajax belabours there an harmleſs ox,
And thinks that Agamemnon feels the knocks.
Nor is indeed that man leſs mad than theſe,
Who freights a ſhip to venture on the ſeas:
With one frail interpoſing plank to ſave
From certain death roll'd on by ev'ry wave:
Yet ſilver makes him all his toil embrace,
Silver, with titles ſtamp'd, and a dull monarch's face.
When gath'ring clouds o'erſhadow all the ſkies,
And ſhoot quick lightnings, weigh my boys, he cries,
A ſummer's thunder, ſoon it will be paſt!
Yet, hardy fool, this night may prove thy laſt;

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When thou (thy ship o'erwhelm'd with waves) shalt be
Forc'd to plunge naked in the raging sea;
Thy teeth hard press'd, a purseful of dear gold,
The last remains of all thy treasure, hold.
Thus he——
Whose sacred hunger, all the stores that lie
In yellow Tagus could not satisfy;
Does now in tatter'd clothes at some lane's end
A painted storm for charity extend.
With care and trouble great estates we gain,
When got, we keep 'em with more care and pain.
Rich Licinus's servants ready stand,
Each with a water-bucket in his hand,
Keeping a guard, for fear of fire, all night,
Yet Licinus is always in a fright.
His curious statues; amber-works, and plate,
Still fresh increasing pangs of mind create.
The naked Cynic's jar ne'er flames; if broken
'Tis quickly soder'd, or a new bespoken.
When Alexander first beheld the face
Of the great Cynic in that narrow space;
His own condition thus he did lament:
How much more happy thou, that art content
To live within this little hole, than I
Who after empire, that vain quarry, fly;
Grappling with dangers wheresoe'er I roam,
While thou hast all the conquer'd world at home.
Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own.
If any ask me what would satisfy
To make life easy, thus I would reply:
As much as keeps out hunger, thirst, and cold,
Or what contented Socrates of old:
As much as made wise Epicurus blest,
Who in small gardens spacious realms possest;
This is what nature's wants may well suffice:
He that would more, is covetous, not wise.
But since among mankind so few there are,
Who will conform to philosophic fare;
Thus much I will indulge thee for thy ease,
And mingle something of our times to please.
Therefore enjoy a plentiful estate,
As much as will a knight of Rome create
By Roscian law: And if that will not do,
Double, and take as much as will make two;
Nay, three, to satisfy the last desire:
But if to more than this thou dost aspire;
Believe me, all the riches of the east,
The wealth of Crœsus cannot make thee blest:
The treasure Claudius to Narcissus gave,
Would make thee, Claudius-like, an errant-slave;
Who to obey his mighty minion's will,
Did his lov'd empress Messalina kill.

SATIRE XV.

TRANSLATED BY MR. TATE.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this satire against the superstition and cruelty of the Egyptians, it is probable our author had his old friend Crispinus (who was of that country) in his eye; and to whom he had paid his respects more than once before. The scene is now removed from Rome, which shows our author a professed enemy of vice wheresoever he meets with it. But if by the change of place, his subject and performance in this satire be, as some think, more barren than in his others (the people being obscure and mean rabble, whose barbarous fact he relates) we find in it, however, sprinklings of the same moral sentiments and reflections that adorn the rest.

How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known:
One sect, devotion to Nile's serpent pays;
Others to Ibis that on serpent preys.
Where Thebes, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd Memno's magic harp is heard,
Where these are mould'ring, lest the sots combine
With pious care a monkey to enshrine!
Fish-gods you'll meet with fins and scales o'ergrown;
Diana's dogs ador'd in ev'ry town,
Her dogs have temples, but the goddess none!
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour,
Each clove of garlic is a sacred pow'r.
Religious nations sure and blest abodes,
Where ev'ry orchard is o'errun with gods.
To kill, is murder, sacrilege to eat
A kid or lamb—Man's flesh is lawful meat!
Of such a practice when Ulysses told,
What think you? Could Alcinous' guests withhold
From scorn or rage? Shall we (cries one) permit
This lewd romancer, and his baut'ring wit?
Nor on Charybdis rock beat out his brains,
Or send him to the Cyclops whom he feigns.
Of Scylla's dogs, and stranger flams than these,
Cyane's rocks that justle in the seas,
Of winds in bags (for mirth-sake) let him tell,
And of his mates turn'd swine by Circe's spell,
But men to eat men, human faith surpasses:
This trav'ller takes us islanders for asses.
Thus the incred'lous Phæac (having yet
Drank but one round) reply'd in sober fret.
Nor without reason truly, since the board
(For proof o' th' fact had but Ulysses' word.)
What I relate 's more strange, and ev'n exceeds
All registers of purple tyrants deeds;

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Portentous miſchiefs they but ſingly act,
A multitude conſpir'd to this more horrid fact.
Prepare, I ſay, to hear of ſuch a crime
As tragic poets, ſince the birth of time,
Ne'er feign'd, a thronging audience to amaze;
But true, and perpetrated in our days.
Ombus and Tentyr, neighb'ring towns, of late
Broke into outrage of deep-feſter'd hate.
A grutch in both, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from ſire to ſon.
Religious ſpight and pious ſpleen bred firſt
This quarrel, which ſo long the bigots nurſt.
Each calls the other's god a ſenſeleſs ſtock,
His own, divine; though from the ſelf-ſame block
One carver fram'd them, diff'ring but in ſhape,
A ſerpent this reſembling, that an ape.
The Tentyrites to execute their crime
Think none ſo proper, as a ſacred time;
Which call'd to Ombites forth to public rites,
Sev'n days they ſpent in feaſts, ſev'n ſleepleſs nights.
(For ſcoundrel as theſe wretched Ombites be,
Canopus they exceed in luxury).
Them rev'lling thus the Tentyrites invade,
By giddy heads and ſtagg'ring legs betray'd:
Strange odds! where crop-ſick drunkards muſt engage
A hungry foe, and arm'd with ſober rage.
At firſt both parties in reproaches jar,
And make their tongues the trumpets of the war.
Words break no bones, and in a railing fray,
Women and prieſts can be as ſtout as they.
Words ſerve but to inflame our warlike liſts.
Who wanting weapons clutch their horny fiſts.
Yet thus make ſhift t' exchange ſuch furious blows,
Scarce one eſcapes with more than half a noſe.
Some ſtand their ground with half their viſage gone,
But with the remnant of a face fight on.
Such transform'd ſpectacles of horror grow,
That not a mother her own ſon would know.
One eye, remaining, for the other ſpies,
Which now on earth a trampled gelly lies.
Yet hitherto both parties think the fray
But mockery of war, mere children's play:
Though traverſing, with ſtreams of blood they meet,
They tread no carcaſe yet beneath their feet:
And ſcandal think't to have none ſlain outright,
Between two hoſts that for religion fight.
This whets their rage to ſearch for ſtones, as large
As they could lift, or with both hands diſcharge.
Not altogether of a ſize, if match'd
With thoſe which Ajax once, or Turnus ſnatch'd
For their defence, or by Tydides thrown,
That bruſh'd Æneas creſt, and ſtruck him down,
Of weight would make two men ſtrain hard to raiſe,
Such men as liv'd in honeſt Homer's days:
Whom giants yet to us we muſt allow,
Dwindled into a race of pigmies now;
The mirth and ſcorn of gods, that ſee us fight,
Such little waſps, and yet ſo full of ſpite:
For bulk mere inſects, yet in miſchief ſtrong,
And ſpent ſo ill, our ſhort life's much too long!
Freſh forces now of Tentyrites from town,
With ſwords and darts, to aid their friends, come down.
Who with fleet arrows levell'd from afar,
Ere they themſelves approach'd, ſecure the war.
Hard ſet before, what could the Ombites do?
They fly; their preſſing foes as faſt purſue.
An Ombite wretch (by headlong haſte betray'd
And falling down i' th' rout) is pris'ner made:
Whoſe fleſh torn off by lumps, the rav'nous foe
In morſels cut, to make it farther go,
His bones clean pick'd, his very bones they gnaw;
No ſtomach's baulk'd, becauſe the corps is raw.
'T had been loſt time to dreſs him—keen deſire
Supplies the want of kettle, ſpit, and fire.
(Prometheus' ghoſt is ſure o'erjoy'd to ſee
His heav'n-ſtol'n fire from ſuch diſaſter free:
Nor ſeems the ſparkling element leſs pleas'd than he.)
The gueſts are found too num'rous for the treat,
But all, it ſeems, who had the luck to eat,
Swear they ne'er taſted more delicious meat.
They ſwear, and ſuch good palates you ſhould truſt,
Who doubts the reliſh of the firſt free guſt?
Since one who had i' th' rear excluded been,
And could not for a taſte o' th' fleſh come in.
Licks the foil'd earth, which he thinks full as good;
While reeking with a mangled Ombite's blood.
The Vaſcons once with man's fleſh (as 'tis ſaid)
Kept life and ſoul together—grant they did,
Their caſe was diff'rent; with long ſiege diſtreſs'd,
And all extremities of war oppreſs'd.
(For miſerable to the laſt degree,
Th' excuſe of ſuch a practice ought to be).
With creatures, vermin, herbs, and weeds ſuſtain'd,
While creatures, vermin, herbs, or weeds remain'd:
Till to ſuch meagre ſpectacles reduc'd,
As ev'n compaſſion in the foe produc'd:
Acquitted by the manes of the dead,
And ghoſts of carcaſes on which they fed.
By Zeno's doctrine we are taught, 'tis true,
For life's ſupport no harmleſs thing to do.
But Zeno never to the Vaſcons read;
('Tis ſince their days that civil arts have ſpread):
'Twas lately Britiſh lawyers, from the Gaul
Learnt to harangue, and eloquently bawl.
Thule hopes next t' improve her northern ſtyle,
And plant (where yet no ſpring did ever ſmile
With flow'rs of rhetoric her frozen iſle).
That brave the Vaſcons were, we muſt confeſs,
Who fortitude preſerv'd in ſuch diſtreſs.
Yet not the brighteſt their example ſhines,
Eclips'd by the more noble Saguntines;
Who, both the foe, and famine to beguile,
For dead and living rais'd one common pile.
Mæotis firſt did impious rites deviſe
Of treating gods with human ſacrifice;
But ſavage Egypt's cruelty exceeds
The Scythian ſhrine, where, though the captive bleeds,
Secure of burial when his life is fled,
The murd'ring knife's thrown by, when once the victim's dead.
Did famine to this monſtrous fact compel,
Or did the miſcreants try this conj'ring ſpell,
In time of drought to make the Nile to ſwell?
Amongſt the rugged Cymbrians, or the race
Of Gauls, or fiercer Tartars can you trace

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An outrage of revenge like this, purſu'd
By an effeminate ſcoundrel multitude.
Whoſe outmoſt daring is to croſs the Nile
In painted boats to fright the crocodile.
Can men, or more reſenting gods, invent,
Or hell inflict proportion'd puniſhment
On varlets, who could treat revenge and ſpite
With ſuch a feaſt, famine's ſelf would fright?
Compaſſion proper to mankind appears,
Which nature witneſs'd when ſhe let us tears.
Of tender ſentiments we only give
Thoſe proofs: To weep in our prerogative;
To ſhow by pitying looks, and melting eyes,
How with a ſuff'ring friend we ſympathize!
Nay, tears will ev'n from a wrong'd orphan ſlide,
When his falſe guardian at the bar is try'd:
So tender, ſo unwilling to accuſe,
So ſoft the roſes on his cheek bedews,
So ſoft his treſſes, fill'd with trickling pearl,
You doubt his ſex, and take him for a girl.
B' impulſe of nature (though to us unknown
The party be) we make the loſs our own;
And tears ſteal from our eyes when in the ſtreet
With ſome betrothed virgin's herſe we meet,
Or infant's fun'ral, from the cheated womb
Convey'd to earth, and cradled in a tomb.
Who can all ſenſe of others ills eſcape,
Is but a brute at beſt in human ſhape.
This nat'ral piety did firſt refine
Our wit, and rais'd our thoughts to things divine:
This proves our ſpirit of the gods deſcent,
While that of beaſts is prone and downward bent.
To them but earth-born life they did diſpenſe
To us, for mutual aid, celeſtial ſenſe.
From ſtraggling mountainers, for public good,
To rank in tribes, and quit the ſavage wood.
Houſes to build, and them contiguous make,
For cheerful neighbourhood and ſafety's ſake.
In war, a common ſtandard to erect,
A wounded friend in battle to protect;
The ſummous take of the ſame trumpet's call,
To ſally from one port or man on public wall.
But ſerpents now more amity maintain!
From ſpotted ſkins the leopard does refrain:
No weaker lion's by a ſtronger ſlain:
Nor, from his larger tuſks, the foreſt boar
Commiſſion takes his brother-ſwine to gore.
Tyger with tyger, bear with bear you'll find
In leagues offenſive and defenſive join'd.
But lawleſs man the anvil dares profane,
And forg'd that ſteel by which a man is ſlain!
Which earth, at firſt, for ploughſhares did afford,
Nor yet the ſmith had learnt to form a ſword.
An impious crew we have beheld, whoſe rage
Their en'mies very life could not aſſuage,
Unleſs they banquet on the wretch they ſlew,
Devour the corps, and lick the blood they drew!
What think you, would Pythagoras have ſaid
Of ſuch a feaſt, or to what deſart fled?
Who fleſh of animals refus'd to eat,
Nor held all ſorts of pulſe for lawful meat.

SATIRE XVI.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in this ſatire, proves, that the condition of a ſoldier is much better than that of a country-man: firſt, becauſe a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and ſtruck himſelf, dares not ſtrike a ſoldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is alſo aſſured to have a ſpeedy hearing, and quick diſpatch: whereas, the townſman or peaſant is delayed in his ſuit by frivolous pretences, and not ſure of juſtice when he is heard in the court: The ſoldier is alſo privileged to make a will, and to give away his eſtate, which he got in war, to whom he pleaſes, without conſideration of parentage or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This ſatire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Egypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finiſhed. And if it be well obſerved, you will find he intended an invective againſt a ſtanding army.

WHAT vaſt prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good ſtars, and all goes right:
One happy hour is to a ſoldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars ſhe would prefer
My ſuit, and own the kindneſs done to her.
See, what our common privileges are:
As, firſt, no ſaucy citizen ſhould dare
To ſtrike a ſoldier, nor, when ſtruck, reſent
The wrong, for fear of farther puniſhment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a ſtring, in bumps his forehead riſe,
Shall he preſume to mention his diſgrace,
Or beg amends for his demoliſh'd face.
A booted judge ſhall ſit to try his cauſe,
Not by the ſtatute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of ſoldiers to the trench and line:

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A wiſe proviſion; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a ſoldier's cauſe ſhould hear:
And, taking cogniſance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honeſt man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: but with a general cry,
The regiment will riſe in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to diſband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe:
This cauſe is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But wouldſt thou, friend, who haſt two legs alone,
(Which, heaven be prais'd, thou yet may'ſt call thy own)
Would'ſt thou, to run the gauntlet, theſe expoſe
To a whole company of hob-nail'd ſhoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wiſe citizens
Should teach them more good-nature to their ſhins.
Beſides, whom can'ſt thou think ſo much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy buſineſs to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuſe,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuſe.
The judge cries out, your evidence produce.
Will he, who ſaw the ſoldier's mutton-fiſt,
And ſaw thee maul'd, appear within the liſt.
To witneſs truth? When I ſee one ſo brave,
The dead, think I, are riſen from the grave;
And with their long ſpade beards, and matted hair,
Our honeſt anceſtors are come to take the air.
Againſt a clown, with more ſecurity,
A witneſs may be brought to ſwear a lie,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth againſt a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a ſtanding army's perquiſites.
If any rogue vexatious ſuits advance
Againſt me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the ſacred land-mark from my bounds,
Thoſe bounds, which with poſſeſſion and with prayer,
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuſe to pay;
I muſt, with patience, all the terms attend,
Among the common cauſes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is ſtill encumber'd with ſome new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of ſtate is only ſpread,
Some of the quorum may be ſick a-bed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bowſy, and goes out to piſs:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious ſuit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know theſe cares;
No time, nor trick of law their action bars:
Their cauſe they to an eaſier iſſue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue ſtill
Remains, beyond their boundleſs right to kill,
Their father, yet alive, empower'd to make a will.
For, what their proweſs gain'd, the law declares
Is to themſelves alone, and to their heirs:
No ſhare of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the ſon fights well, and plunders better,
Like ſtout Coranus, his old ſhaking fire
Does a remembrance in his will deſire:
Inquiſitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the ſlain:
But ſtill he lives, and riſing by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to ſpare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cheriſh valour, and reward deſert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore;
Sometimes be louſy, but be never poor.

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THE WORKS

OF

PERSIUS.

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

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DRYDEN'S PERSIUS.

SATIRE I.

ARGUMENT OF THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

The deſign of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in moſt of his ſatires. For which reaſon, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the buſineſs of the firſt ſatire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in faſhion, and the impudence of thoſe who were endeavouring to paſs their ſtuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

I never did on cleft Parnaſſus dream,
Nor taſte the ſacred Heliconian ſtream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inſpir'd,
Was, by the muſes, into madneſs fir'd.
My ſhare in pale Pyrene I reſign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler ſong:
Heedleſs of verſe, and hopeleſs of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the ſhrine I lay my rugged numbers down.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endu'd the chattering pie?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their maſters, and their maſters theſe.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pies, crows, and daws, poetic preſents bring:
You ſay they ſqueak; but they will ſwear they ſing.

THE ARGUMENT.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is againſt bad poets in this ſatire. But I muſt add, that he includes alſo bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill-placed and worſe applied. Amongſt the poets, Perſius covertly ſtrikes at Nero; ſome of whoſe verſes he recites with ſcorn and indignation. He alſo takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortunes, ſet up for wits and judges. The ſatire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who diſſuades him from this dangerous attempt of expoſing great men. But Perſius, who is of a free ſpirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all thoſe difficulties, and boldly arraigns the falſe judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may obſerve that our poet was a Stoic philoſopher; and that all his moral ſentences, both here and in all the reſt of his ſatires, are drawn from the dogmas of that ſect.

IN DIALOGUE BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND OR MONITOR.

Perſius.

How anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our deſires!

Friend. Thy ſpleen contain:
For none will read thy ſatires.

Perſius. This to me?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.

Perſius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry ſcribblers have the public ear:
That this vaſt univerſal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's ſtuff, and cry me down.
They damn themſelves; nor will my muſe deſcend
To clap with ſuch, who fools and knaves commend:
Their ſmiles and cenſures are to me the ſame:
I care not what they praiſe, or what they blame.
In full aſſemblies let the crow prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common ſcale.
The conſcience is the teſt of every mind;
"Seek not thyſelf, without thyſelf, to find."

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But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say,
But fear;—let fear, for once, to truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoic courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in nature's book,
From the firſt paſtimes of our infant-age,
To older cares, and man's ſeverer page;
When ſtern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We laſh the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I ſay —or would ſay, if I durſt—
But thus provok'd, I muſt ſpeak out, or burſt.
Friend. Once more forbear.
Perſius. I cannot rule my ſpleen;
My ſcorn rebels, and tickles me within.
Firſt, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, ſecur'd from public ſight;
Whether in proſe or verſe, 'tis all the ſame:
'Tis proſe in ſuſtian, and the numbers lame.
All noiſe, and empty pomp, a ſtorm of words,
Labouring with ſound, that little ſenſe affords.
They comb, and then they order every hair:
A gown, or white, or ſcour'd to whiteneſs, wear:
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be ſeen and heard.
From their high ſcaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they ſpeak.
The nauſeous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to theſe rehearſals come,
And pant with pleaſure, when ſome luſty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine:
At open fulſome bawdry they rejoice,
And ſlimy jeſt applaud with broken voice.
Baſe proſtitute, thus doſt thou gain thy bread?
Thus doſt thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy ſtuff he grins and brays:
And gives the ſign where he expects their praiſe.
Why have I learn'd, ſay'ſt thou, if, thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will ſplit the quarry, and ſhoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'ſt thou apply that adage of the ſchool:
As if 'tis nothing worth that lives conceal'd,
And "ſcience is not ſcience till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to ſee
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he;
That's he whoſe wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feaſts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearſe;
And add to wine the luxury of verſe.
One, clad in purple, not to loſe his time,
Eats, and recites ſome lamentable rhyme:
Some ſenſeleſs Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at noſe, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciouſly the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a god?
Are not his manes bleſt, ſuch praiſe to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roſes (while his loud applauſe they ſing)
Stand ready from his ſepulchre to ſpring?
All theſe, you cry, but light objections are;
Mere malice, and you drive the jeſt too far.
For does there breathe a man who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fiſh, or frankincenſe to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverſe part, to bear,
Be anſwer'd thus: If I by chance ſucceed
In what I write (and that's a chance indeed),
Know, I am not ſo ſtupid, or ſo hard,
Not to feel praiſe, or fame's deſerv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applauſe
Is my work's ultimate or only cauſe.
Prudence can ne'er propoſe ſo mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whoſe verſe is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty ſound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's ſpite.
Them and their woeful works the muſe defies:
Products of citron-beds, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou haſt the heart
To make a ſupper with a fine deſert: [part.
And to thy thread-bare friend a caſt old ſuit im-
Thus brib'd, thou thus beſpeak'ſt him, Tell me friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain ſpeech offend)
What ſays the world of me and of my muſe?
The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news:
But ſhall I ſpeak? Thy verſe is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loſs of time.
Thy ſtrutting belly ſwells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'ſt not, but thou piſſeſt poetry.
All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadſt thou but, Janus-like, a face behind,
To ſee the people, what ſplay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When moſt athirſt of an Apulian bitch:
But noble ſcribblers are with flattery fed;
For none dare find their faults who eat their bread.
To paſs the poets of patrician blood,
What is't the common reader takes for good?
The verſe in faſhion is when numbers flow:
Soft without ſenſe, and without ſpirit flow:
So ſmooth and equal, that no ſight can find
The rivet, where the poliſh'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with ſuch a ſteady view,
As if he ſhut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his ſatire ſtings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes to riſe, and fears no fall.
Friend. Hourly we ſee, ſome raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes ſing
Who, for falſe quantities, was whipt at ſchool
But t'other day, and breaking grammar-rule,
Whoſe trivial art was never try'd above
The brave deſcription of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praiſe the country ſtore,
The feaſts, the baſkets, nor the fatted boar;
Nor paint the flowery fields that paint themſelves before.
Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whoſe ſhining plough-ſhare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And ruſtically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the ſweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in ſtate their lord's triumphant plough.

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Some love to hear the fuſtian poet roar;
And ſome on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for ſenſe; and think thoſe only good
Who labour moſt, and leaſt are underſtood.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-eyed fathers teach
Their ſons, this harſh and mouldy ſort of ſpeech;
Or others, new affected ways to try,
Of wanton ſmoothneſs, female poetry;
One would inquire from whence this motly ſtyle
Did firſt our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their ſeat;
But leap and catch at all that's obſolete.
Others, by fooliſh oſtentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to ſave their head,
Bring trifling tropes, inſtead of ſolid ſenſe:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-ſkull'd judges cry,
Well mov'd, oh finely ſaid, and decently:
Theft (ſays th' accuſer) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius! what does gentle Pedius ſay?
Studious to pleaſe the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes, he ſlurs his crimes:
" He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
" And took but with intention to reſtore."
He lards with flouriſhes his long harangue; hang?
'Tis fine, ſay'ſt thou; what, to be prais'd, and
Effeminate Roman, ſhall ſuch ſtuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, ſhould a ſhipwreck'd ſailor ſing his woe,
Would'ſt thou be mov'd to pity, or beſtow
An alms? What's more prepoſterous than to ſee
A merry beggar? Mirth in miſery?
Perſius. He ſeems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And coins, by night, his leſſon for the day.
Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe:
" 'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
" The mid-part chimes with art, which never
" flat is.
" The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
" Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
" Apennine."
Perſius. All this is doggrel ſtuff.
Friend. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? " Arms and the man I ſing."
Perſius. Why name you Virgil with ſuch fops as
He's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe: [theſe?
Not fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage. [read
Friend. What poems think you ſoft? and to be
With languiſhing regards, and bended head? [crew
Perſius. " Their crooked horns the Mimallonian
With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris who flew
The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung
" around; [found."
Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's
Could ſuch rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatneſs left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the labouring head:
No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew:
But churn'd, like ſpittle, from the lips they flew,
Friend. 'Tis fuſtian all; 'tis execrably bad;
But if they will be fools, muſt you be mad?

Your ſatires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear ſo blunt a verſe.
Their doors are barr'd againſt a bitter ſtout:
Snarl, if you pleaſe, but you ſhall ſnarl without.
Expect ſuch pay as railing rhymes deſerve,
Y'are in a very hopeful way to ſtarve.
Perſius. Rather than ſo, uncenſur'd let them be;
All, is admirably well, for me.
My harmleſs rhyme ſhall 'ſcape the dire diſgrace
Of common-ſtores, and every piſſing place.
Two painted ſerpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you muſt not urine here.
This ſhall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But laſh'd the city, and diſſected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name be brought;
He mouth'd them, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd deſign,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a ſly inſinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face.
Would raiſe a bluſh, where ſecret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With ſeeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate paſſes when he ſmil'd.
Could he do this, and is my muſe controul'd
By ſervile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the truſty earth commit the ſound:
The reeds ſhall tell you what the poet fears,
" King Midas has a ſnout, and aſſes ears."
This mean conceit, this darling myſtery, [buy,
Which thou think'ſt nothing, friend, thou ſhalt not
Nor will I change for all the flaſhy wit,
That flattering Libeo, in his Iliads, writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this baſe town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inſpir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown ſail,
Like Ariſtophanes, let him but ſmile [ſtyle:
On this thy honeſt work, though writ in homely
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear leſs droſſy, read thoſe lines again.
May they perform their author's juſt intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breaſt ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged ſhoe:
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-ſight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyſelf, thus inſolent in ſtate,
Art but, perhaps, ſome country magiſtrate:
Whoſe power extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the bench, and ſcanty weights to break.
Him, alſo, for my cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all ſcience, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And, with his foot, the ſacred duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe pleaſure is to ſee a ſtrumpet tear
A Cynic's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the buſineſs of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they ſpend their afternoon.

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SATIRE II.

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the "Second Alcibiades." Our author has induced it with great mystery of art, by taking his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius, commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts: the first is the exordium to Micrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in showing the repugnances of those prayers and wishes, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

LET this auspicious morning be expreſt
With a white ſtone, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy ſoul,
Till thy wit ſparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the teſt of heaven will bear;
Nor need'ſt thou take the gods aſide, to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big ſwell'd with miſchief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with coſtly ſmoke,
Heaven's help, to proſper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for ſhame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me juſt:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will truſt:
In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or—O thou thunderer's ſon, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would pleaſe
To guide my rake, upon the chinking ſound
Of ſome vaſt treaſure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
I ſhould poſſeſs th' eſtate, if he were dead!
He's ſo far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
That one ſmall doſe will ſend him to the devil.
This is my neighbour Nerius's third ſpouſe,
Of whom in happy time he rids his houſe.
But my eternal wife!—Grant heaven I may
Survive to ſee the fellow of this day!
Thus, that thou may'ſt the better bring about
Thy wiſhes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To waſh th' obſcenities of night away.
But pr'ythee tell me ('tis a ſmall requeſt),
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou poſſeſt?
Would'ſt thou prefer him to ſome man? Suppoſe
I dipp'd among the worſt, and Statius choſe?
Which of the two would thy wiſe head declare
The truſtier tutor to an orphan-heir?
Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Statius, ſtraight,
What to Jove's ear thou didſt impart of late:
He'll ſtare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Canſt thou indulge him in this villany!
And think'ſt thou, Jove himſelf, with patience then
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls ſupine in ſtate,
And leaves his buſineſs to be done by fate?
Becauſe his thunder ſplits ſome burley-tree,
And is not darted at thy houſe and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Juſt at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a ſad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's prayer and ſacrifice?
What well fed offering to appeaſe the god,
What powerful preſent to procure a nod,
Haſt thou in ſtore? What bribe haſt thou prepar'd
To pull him, thus unpuniſh'd, by the beard?
Our ſuperſtitions with our life begin:
Th' obſcene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new born infant from the cradle takes,
And firſt of ſpittle a luſtration makes:
Then in the ſpawl her middle finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her naſty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
That heaven would make him ſome rich miſer's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and in time a king;
Which to enſure, ſhe adds a length of navel-ſtring.
But no fond nurſe is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wiſe, will never hear;
Not though ſhe prays in white, with lifted hands
A body made of braſs the crone demands
For her lov'd nurſling, ſtrung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the laſt, and with no toil to tire;

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Unconſcionable vows, which when we uſe,
We teach the gods, in reaſon, to refuſe.
Suppoſe they were indulgent to thy wiſh:
Yet the fat entrails, in the ſpacious diſh,
Would ſtop the grant: the very overcare
And nauſeous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'ſt with ſacrifice of oxen ſlain
To compaſs wealth, and bribe the god of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increaſe;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's greaſe!
And think'ſt that, when the fatten'd flames aſpire,
Thou ſee'ſt th' accompliſhment of thy deſire!
Now, now, my bearded harveſt gilds the plain,
The ſcanty folds can ſcarce my ſheep contain,
And ſhowers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purſe declares his money gone.
Should I preſent them with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanſhip as weight;
O how thy riſing heart would throb and beat,
And thy left ſide, with trembling pleaſure, ſweat!
Thou meaſur'ſt by thyſelf the powers divine,
Thy gods are burniſh'd gold, and ſilver is their ſhrine.
Thy puny godlings of inferior race,
Whoſe humble ſtatues are content with braſs,
Should ſome of theſe, in viſions purg'd from phlegm;
Foretel events, or in a morning dream;
Ev'n thoſe thou would'ſt in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give them beards of gold.
The prieſts in temples, now, no longer care
For Saturn's braſs, or Numa's earthen ware;
Or veſtal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put them all to flight.
O ſouls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the bleſt abodes,
And think what pleaſes us muſt pleaſe the gods.
Of oil and caſſia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian ſtain;
Or from the ſhells their orient treaſure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the maſs: all theſe are vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome profit from their pains may riſe:
But tell me, prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold!
The wretch that offers from his wealthy ſtore
Theſe preſents, bribes the powers to give him more:
As maids to Venus, offer baby-toys,
To bleſs the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear:
A ſoul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than ſpeculation ſhine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind:
When with ſuch offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

SATIRE III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two ſatires concerning ſtudy; the firſt and the third: the firſt related to men; this to young ſtudents, whom he deſired to be educated in the Stoic philoſophy: he himſelf ſuſtains the perſon of the maſter, or preceptor, in this admirable ſatire; where he upbraids the youth of ſloth and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one ſcholar reproaching his fellow ſtudents with late riſing to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addreſſing himſelf particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reaſon of their high birth, and the great poſſeſſion of their fathers, they are careleſs of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philoſophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miſeries which will attend them in the whole courſe of their life, if they do not apply themſelves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically inſinuates to them. The title of this ſatire, in ſome ancient manuſcripts, was "The reproach of Idleneſs;" though in others of the ſcholiaſts it is inſcribed, "Againſt the luxury and vices of the rich." In both of which the intentions of the poet is purſued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I tranſlated this ſatire, when I was a king's ſcholar at Weſtminſter-ſchool, for a Thurſday night's exerciſe; and believe that it, and many other of my exerciſes of this nature, in Engliſh verſe, are in the hands of my learned maſter, the reverend Dr. Buſby.]

Is this thy daily courſe? The glaring ſun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To ſhades, and noon-tide rays of ſummer ſhun;
Yet plung'd in ſloth we lie; and ſnore ſupine,
As fill'd with fumes of indigeſted wine.
This grave advice ſome ſober ſtudent bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, ſcarce half awake, eſſays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raiſe:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and ſcrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been ſo late:
My clothes make haſte: why then! if none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian aſs can ſtretch his throat.
With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the ſmoother ſide diſplay'd;
He takes the papers; lays them down again;
And with unfeeling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peeviſh quarrel ſtraight he ſtrives to pick,
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;

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Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.
O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who were never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Eg'sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen: but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the laughter of the town;
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill back'd vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and return's a jarring sound.
Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.
But thou hast land; a country-seat, secure
By a just title; costly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease:
What need of learning when a man's at ease?
If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll;
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree,
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, cans thy censor greet;
And, loudly, call him cousin, in the street.
Such pageantry be to the people shown:
There boast they horse's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost skin:
Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely dress't?
But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep;
Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the waters brim.
Great father of the gods, when for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!
Sicilian tortures, and the brazen bull,
Are emblems rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more;
The wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife;
Down, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.
When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil, to stay from school.
Averse from pains, and loath to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart;
Though much my master, that stern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd father came, with pride, to see
His boy defend the Roman liberty.
But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dextrously to throw the lucky size:
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they should convey
False-bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.
Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends discern:
Thou in the Stoic-porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand;
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.
Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
Rous'd from their slumbers to be early wise:
Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
From pampering riot the young stomach weans:
And where the Samian Y directs thy steps to run
To virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way vice to shun.
And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken breathe,
Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body is dissolv'd, as is thy mind.
Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act, may tend?
Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow
Or like a boy pursuest the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:
A fruitless toil, and liv'st *extempore?*
Watch the disease in time: for, when within
The dropsy rages, and extends the skin,
In vain for hellebore the patient cries,
And sees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great moral end of human kind,
Study thyself: what rank or what degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that estate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray what justly, to be heard: nor more desire
That the decencies of life require.
Learn what thou ow'st thy country, and thy friend;
What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
And only gains the wealthy client's cause.
To whom the Marsians more provision send,
Than he and all his family can spend.
Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
And potted fowl, and fish, come in so fast,
That ere the first is out, the second stinks:
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But here, some captain of the land or seet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit;
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more. [say,
Damme, whate'er these book-learn'd blockheads
Solon's the veryest fool in all the play.

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'op-heavy drones, and always looking down,
As over-ballasted within the crown!)
Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Mere madmen's dreams: for what the schools have taught,
; only this, that nothing can be brought
rom nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.
; it for this they study? to grow pale,
ınd miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
'or this in rags accoutter'd, are they seen,
ınd made the may-game of the public spleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
ı story, which is just thy parallel.
ı spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
ell sick, and thus to his physician said:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong;
lesides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
'he doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
ınd, after, bid him for four days be still.
'hree days he took good council, and began
'o mend, and look like a recovering man:
'he fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends:
ıdjuring him by all the powers divine,
'o pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine,
He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will supple in the bath his outward skin:
Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
ir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
rinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
Tis nothing, says the fool: but, says the friend,
'his nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.
o I not see your dropsy belly swell?
'our yellow skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
have already buried two or three
'hat stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
ınd, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
'hou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st worse.
ve done, says the physician; take your course.
'he laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
aths and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching steam:
Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:
And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead master wait.
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole:
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what's thy fulsome parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free:
My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfy'd, my hands and feet:
These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound.
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
Then, when she cast on thee a side-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarse cold sallad is before thee set;
Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth;
Why stand'st thou picking? is thy pallet sore?
That bett and radishes will make thee roar?
Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd;
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
And when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st, and dost in such outrageous wise;
That mad Orestes if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

SATIRE IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

OUR author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the councils and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia; for his very compliment looked asquint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice.

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He alſo reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices paſs for virtues. Covetouſneſs was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here deſcribed as a veil caſt over the true meaning of the poet, which was to ſatiriſe his prodigality and voluptuouſneſs; to which he makes a tranſition. I find no inſtance in hiſtory of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Perſius ſeems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the argument of the ſecond and third ſatires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third ſatire is taken from the firſt of theſe dialogues.

'The commentators, before Caſaubon, were ignorant of our author's ſecret meaning; and thought he had only written againſt young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aſpiring to public magiſtracy: but this excellent ſcholiaſt has unravelled the whole myſtery; and made it apparent, that the ſting of this ſatire was particularly aimed at Nero.

Whoe'er thou art, whoſe forward years are bent
On ſtate affairs the guide to government;
Hear, firſt, what Socrates of old has ſaid
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred,
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our ſecond hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou doſt prepare
To undertake, ſo young, ſo vaſt a care?
Perhaps thy wit (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence ſhould prevent the beard):
'Tis ſeldom ſeen, that ſenators ſo young
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold their tongue
Sure thou art born to ſome peculiar fate;
When the mad people riſe againſt the ſtate,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful ſilence with thy lifted hand,
Then to beſpeak them thus: Athenians, know
Againſt right reaſon all your counſels go;
This is not fair; not profitable that;
Nor t'other queſtion proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'ſt ſet the buſineſs right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'ſt, with an equal hand, to hold the ſcale;
Deciſt where the reaſons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail,
And, taught by inſpiration, in a trice,
Canſt puniſh crimes, and brand offending vice.
Leave, leave to fathom ſuch high points as theſe,
Nor be ambitious, ere the time to pleaſe:
Unſeaſonably wiſe, till age, and cares,
Have form'd thy ſoul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy ſhape, thy outſide, are but vain;
Thou haſt not ſtrength ſuch labours to ſuſtain;
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge thy brain.
What aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmoſt good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to run thyſelf in open air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wiſhes ſuch?
A good old woman would have ſaid as much.
But thou art nobly born, 'tis true; go boaſt
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
Beſides, thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A ſop well dreſt, extravagant, and wild:
She, that cries herbs, has leſs impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common ſenſe.
None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-ey'd, to ſee
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, doſt thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whoſe lands beyond the Sabines largely ſtretch;
Cover the country, that a ſailing kite
Can ſcarce o'er-fly them, in a day and night;
Him doſt thou mean, who, ſpite of all his ſtore,
Is ever craving, and will ſtill be poor?
Who cheats for halfpence, and who doffs his coat,
To ſave a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton at another's coſt,
But in whoſe kitchen dwells perpetual froſt?
Who eats and drinks with his domeſtic ſlaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curſe and anger of the gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harveſt-home, and on the ſhearing day,
When he ſhould thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He, ſays the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirſty ſervants but a ſmack.
To a ſhort meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving charges,
A peel'd ſlic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whoſe life's a dream
Of lazy pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe extreme.
'Tis all thy buſineſs, buſineſs how to ſhun;
To balk thy naked body in the ſun;
Suppling thy ſtiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
Then, in the ſpacious garden, walk awhile,
To ſuck the moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
And this, thou think'ſt, but vainly think'ſt, unſeen.
But, know, thou art obſerv'd: and there are thoſe
Who, if they durſt, would all thy ſecret ſins expoſe.
The depilation of thy modeſt part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and every lewder art.
When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'ſt the pleaſure which thou canſt not give.
With odorous oil thy head and hair are ſleek;
And then thou kemb'ſt the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of theſe thy barbers take a coſtly care,
While thy ſalt tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers nor unmanly arts,
Can ſmooth the roughneſs of thy ſhameful parts.
Not five, the ſtrongeſt that the Circus breeds,
From the rank ſoil can root thoſe wicked weeds:
Though ſupp'd firſt with ſoap, to eaſe thy pain,
The ſtubborn fern ſprings up, and ſprouts again.

Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they ſtab us: and ſo the jeſt goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'ſcape cenſorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin diſguiſe:
Thou haſt an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad ſhoulder-belt the wound con-
Say thou art ſound and hale in every part, [ceal.
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart,
We know thee ſullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canſt thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'ſt the
crowd.
But when they praiſe me, in the neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd people take me for a god,
Shall I refuſe thy incenſe? Not receive
The loud applauſes which the vulgar give?
If thou doſt wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, are gaping after gold;
If ſome alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink with a laſcivious eye,
And thou with a conſenting glance reply;
If thou thy own ſolicitor become,
And bid'ſt ariſe the lumpiſh pendulum:
If thy lewd luſt provokes an empty ſtorm,
And promps to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards, thou ſcour'ſt the ſtreets by
night,
And doſt in murders, rapes, and ſpoils delight;
Pleaſe not thyſelf, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulſome ſtuff to feed thy itching ear,
Reject the nauſeous praiſes of the times;
Give thy baſe poets back thy cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy ſoul, not what thou doſt appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

SATIRE V.

INSCRIBED TO THE REVEREND DR. BUSBY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE judicious Caſaubon, in his proem to this ſatire, tells us, that Ariſtophanes the grammarian being aſked, what poem of Archilochus's Iambics he preferred before the reſt, anſwered, the longeſt. His anſwer may juſtly be applied to this fifth ſatire; which, being of a greater length than any of the reſt, is alſo, by far, the moſt inſtructive: for this reaſon I have ſelected it from all the others, and inſcribed it to my learned maſter, Doctor Buſby; to whom I am not only obliged myſelf for the beſt part of my own education, and that of my two ſons; but have alſo received from him the firſt and trueſt taſte of Perſius. May he be pleaſed to find in this tranſlation, the gratitude, or at leaſt ſome ſmall acknowledgment of his unworthy ſcholar, at the diſtance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under this tuition.

This ſatire conſiſts of two diſtinct parts: the firſt contains the praiſes of the Stoic philoſopher Cornutus, maſter and tutor to our Perſius. It alſo declares the love and piety of Perſius to his well deſerving maſter; and the mutual friendſhip which continued betwixt them, after Perſius was now grown a man. As alſo his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themſelves into his inſtitution. From whence he makes an artful tranſition into the ſecond part of his ſubject: wherein he firſt complains of the ſloth of ſcholars, and afterwards perſuades them to the purſuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoics, which affirms, that only the wiſe or virtuous man is free; and that all vicious men are naturally ſlaves. And, in the illuſtration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable ſatire.

The ſpeakers PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

Our ancient uſe to poets it belongs, [tongues:
To wiſh themſelves an hundred mouths and
Whether to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the ſtage,
Or ſing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why would'ſt thou theſe mighty morſels
chooſe,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choke the muſe?
Let ruſtian poets, with their ſtuff, be gone,
And ſuck the miſts that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyeſtes' feaſt they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verſe indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, ſwell'ſt thy face,
As if thou went to blow the burning maſs,
Of melting ore; nor canſt thou ſtrain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undiſtinguiſh'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonſenſe is diſcharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy ſtyle renown,
And the ſweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or ſharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to laſh at vice,
Hence draw thy theme, and to the ſtage permit
Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragouſts for Terreus or Thyeſtes dreſt;
'Tis taſk enough for thee t' expoſe a Roman feaſt.

PERSIUS.

'Tis, not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the ſecret of my heart;
And, in familiar ſpeech, to let thee know
How much I love thee and how much I owe

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Knock on my heart; for thou haſt ſkill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with wind;
And through the veil of words, thou view'ſt the naked mind.

For this a hundred voices I deſire,
To tell the what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily expreſt,
How deeply thou art ſeated in my breaſt.
When firſt my childiſh robe reſign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To houſehold gods) declar'd me paſt a boy;
And my white ſhield proclaim'd me liberty:
When with my wild companions, I could roll
From ſtreet to ſtreet and ſin without control;
Juſt at that age, when manhood ſet me free,
I then depos'd myſelf, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wiſe bolom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy ſtraight rule ſet virtue in my ſight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reaſon took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and poliſh'd by thy ſkilful hand:
Long ſummer days thy precepts I rehearſe;
And winter nights were ſhort in our converſe:
One was our labour, one was our repoſe,
One frugal ſupper did our ſtudies cloſe.

Sure on our birth ſome friendly planet ſhone;
And, as our ſouls, our horoſcope was one:
Whether the mounting twins did heaven adorn,
Or with the riſing balance we were borne;
Both have the ſame impreſſions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What ſtar I know not, but ſome ſtar I find,
Has given thee an aſcendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the ſame:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the riſing ſun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering, for ſpices, their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton ſafe at home will keep,
Indulge his ſloth, and batten with his ſleep:
Another ſhakes the bed, diſſolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to ground:
Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his paſt years, that in a miſt were ſpent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly ſtudies, grown,
To make the Stoic inſtitutes thy own:
Thou long with ſtudious care haſt till'd our youth,
And ſown our well-purg'd ears with wholeſome truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The bounds of good and evil to diſcern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn.
And to-morrow would the ſearch delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of eaſe too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, ſure; for yeſterday was once to-morrow.
That yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitleſs days will thus be drain'd;
For thou haſt more to-morrows yet to aſk,
And wilt be ever to begin thy taſk;
Who, like the hindmoſt charriot-wheels, are curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt.
O freedom! firſt delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their maſters find,
The privilege of doles: not yet t' inſcribe
Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe:
That falſe enfranchiſement with eaſe is found:
Slaves are made citizens, by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a ſot beſide;
So true a rogue, for lying's ſake he ly'd;
But, with a turn, a freeman he became:
Now Marcus Dama is his worſhip's name.
Good gods! who would refuſe to lend a ſum,
If wealthy Marcus ſurety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, he ſaid, it is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has ſubſcrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe:
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, ſays the Stoic, your aſſumption's wrong:
I grant, true freedom you have well defin'd:
But, living as you liſt, and to your mind,
And looſely tack'd, all muſt be left behind.
What, ſince the prætor did my fetters looſe,
And left me freely at my own diſpoſe,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting ſtill the letter of the law?

Hear me with patience while thy mind I free
From thoſe fond notions of falſe liberty:
'Tis not the prætor's province to beſtow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourſelves, or to our friends, we owe.
He could not let thee free from cares and ſtriſe,
Nor give the reins to a rude vicious life:
As well he for an aſs a harp might ſtring,
Which is againſt the reaſon of the thing;
For reaſon ſtill is whiſpering in your ear,
Where you are ſure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
No need of public ſanctions this to bind,
Which nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to purſue the work, to which we're not deſign'd.
Unſkill'd in hellebore, if thou ſhould'ſt try
To mix it, and miſtake the quantity,
The rules of phyſic would againſt thee cry.
The high-ſhoe'd ploughman, ſhou'd he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artleſs of ſtars, and of the moving ſand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all ſhame was loſt in human kind.

Tell me, my friend, from whence haſt thou the ſkill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh good from ill?
Or by the ſound to judge of gold and braſs,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will paſs?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never craving, or oppreſt with care?

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The baits of gifts, and money to deſpiſe,
And look on wealth with undeſiring eyes?
When thou can'ſt truly call theſe virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free, by heaven's conſent, and mine.
But thou, who lately, of the common ſtrain,
Wert one of us, if ſtill thou doſt retain
The ſame ill habits, the ſame follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a ſaint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and ſtill a ſlave.
Thou canſt not wag my finger, or begin
"The leaſt light motion, but it tends to ſin."
How's this? Not wag thy finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor ſacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wiſe.
"Virtue and vice are never in one ſoul:
"A man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can ever dance three ſteps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In ſpite of this, my freedom ſtill remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with ſo many chains?
Canſt thou no other maſter underſtand
Than him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harſh voice, and ſupercilious brow,
To ſervile duties, thou would'ſt fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy paſſions lord it in thy breaſt,
Art thou not ſtill a ſlave, and ſtill oppreſt?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'ſt take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, ſays Avarice; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling ſluggard wakes:
What muſt I do? he cries: What? ſays his lord;
Why, riſe, make ready, and go ſtraight abroad.
With fiſh, from Euxine ſeas, thy veſſel freight;
Flax, caſtor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incenſe, take [back:
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's
And with poſt-haſte thy running markets make.
Be ſure to turn the penny; lie and ſwear;
'Tis wholeſome ſin: but Jove, thou ſay'ſt, will hear:
Swear, fool, or ſtarve; for the dilemma's even:
A tradeſman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Reſolv'd for ſea, the ſlaves thy baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unleſs
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may aſk this civil queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a ſhip-board? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlam's noble college free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou would'ſt tempt the [ſea?
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattreſs laid,
On a brown george, with louſy ſwobbers fed,
Dead wine, that ſtinks of the borrachio, ſup
From a foul jack, or greaſy maple-cup?
Say, would'ſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy ſtore
From ſix i' th' hundred, to ſix hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live;
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleaſure, chooſe
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuſe.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a ſlave.
Nor think, when once thou haſt reſiſted one,
That all thy marks of ſervitude are gone:
The ſtruggling greyhound gnaws his leaſh in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the chain.
Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneaſy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? my friends diſgrace,
And be the firſt lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours' nightly reſt invade
At her deaf doors, with ſome vile ſerenade?
Well haſt thou freed thyſelf, his man replies,
Go, thank the gods, and offer ſacrifice.
Ah, ſays the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak ſoul! and blindly to deſtruction led!
She breaks her heart! ſhe'll ſooner break your head.
She knows her man, and, when you rant and ſwear,
Can draw you to her, with a ſingle hair.
But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues!
Shall I my own, and her deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your courſe: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madneſs to reſume your chain.
Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from luſt and pelf,
Leſs to the prætor owes, than to himſelf.
But write him down a ſlave, who, humbly proud,
With preſents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early ſuppliant, who ſalutes the tribes,
And ſets the mob to ſcramble for his bribes:
That ſome old dotard, fitting in the ſun,
On holidays may tell, that ſuch a feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy ſuperſtition too may claim a ſhare;
When flowers are ſtrew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when ſparkling bowls go round,
And tunnies tails, in ſavoury ſauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'ſt prayers obſcene; nor doſt refuſe
The faſts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-ſhell thy ſick fancy frights,
Beſides the childiſh fear of walking ſprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding prieſts thou art afraid;
The timbrel, and the ſquintifego maid
Of Iſis, awe thee: leſt the gods, for ſin,
Should, with a ſwelling dropſy, ſtuff thy ſkin!
Unleſs three garlic-heads the curſe avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart,
Preach this among the brawny guards, ſay'ſt thou,
And ſee if they thy doctrine will allow;
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note;
And prize a hundred Zeno's juſt as much
As a clipt ſixpence, or a ſchilling Dutch.

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SATIRE VI.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of moral philosophy; of the true use of riches. They certainly are intended, by the power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves; and of administering to the wants of others, who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinion of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoics; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire; wherein he not only shows the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those, which consist in the defects of giving or spending; or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his friend, and a poet also. Inquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring, by little and little, to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and, being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
And seek in Sabine air a warm retreat?
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first-created spring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.
For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore, to my native shores retir'd,
I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;
Where clifts on either sides their points display;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luno, says our learned bard;
Who in a drunken dream beheld his soul
The fifth within the transmigration roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.
Secure and free from business of the state,
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts, nor care
What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor base my bounteous cheer.
Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
Of cask; nor in a nasty flagon drink;
Let others stuff their guts with homely fare;
For men of different inclinations are;
Though born perhaps beneath one common star.
In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see
In the same sign, almost the same degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
Laughs at his thrift; and, lavish of expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing-floor;
Next harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendship's holy band,
And offices of kindness, hold my hand:
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the news in triumph ride.

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From thy new hope, and from thy growing ſtore,
Now lend aſſiſtance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will ſet him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will ſay,
'Tis mine that wealth thou ſquander'ſt thus away;
What is 't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without ſpices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys corrupted caſſia from the Jews?
All theſe, the wiſer Beſtius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unſinew'd Rome.
Our ſweating hinds their ſallads now defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But to thy fortune be not thou a ſlave:
For what haſt thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'ſt for my eſtate, draw near;
For I would whiſper ſomewhat in thy ear.
Hear'ſt thou the news, my friend? th' expreſs is come
With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæſar ſalutes the queen and ſenate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars ſweep the duſt away:
Ceaſe faſting, and proclaim a fat thankſgiving day.
The goodly empreſs, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, ſetting her good houſewifery aſide,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans, of gigantic ſize,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frieze:
The ſpoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boaſt,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphant poſt.
Now, for ſo many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæſar's health,
Beſides, in gratitude for ſuch high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, would'ſt thou hinder me from this expence;
I diſinherit thee, if thou dar'ſt take offence.
Yet more, a public largeſs I deſign
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
Control me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling ſtill,
You give as if you were the Perſian king:
Your land does not ſo large revenues bring.
Well! on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou can'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my care:
Were none of all my father's ſiſters left:
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's ſide,
Yet I could ſome adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia ſtay,
Where Fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I chooſe: What! him of humble birth,
Obſcure, a foundling, and a ſon of earth?
Obſcure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandfire, and great-grandfire too.
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth degree.
The reſt of my forgotten anceſtors
Were ſons of earth, like him, or ſons of whores.
Yet, why would'ſt thou, old covetous wretch, aſpire
To be my heir, who might'ſt have been my ſire?
In Nature's race, ſhould'ſt thou demand of me
My torch, when I in courſe run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the god of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and aſk no more.
What, when thou haſt embezzled all thy ſtore?
Where 's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to ſupply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame errand gone.
How little then to my poor ſhare will fall!
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main chance, my ſon;
Put out thy principal in truſty hands:
Live on the uſe; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what's left for me? What's left, my friend!
Aſk that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.
Is not my fortunes at my own command!
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my ſallads, boy: ſhall I be fed
With ſodden nettles, and a ſing'd ſow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and ſhall be round the year.
Shall I my houſehold gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at eaſe; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?
And, when his throbbing luſt extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in home-ſpun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him ſee?
Go, miſer, go; for lucre ſell thy ſoul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may ſay when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt eſtate he left his ſon!
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian ſlaves!
Increaſe thy wealth, and double all thy ſtore;
'Tis done: now double that, and ſwell the ſcore;
To every thouſand add ten thouſand more.
Then ſay, Chryſippus, thou who would'ſt confine
Thy heap, where I ſhall put an end to mine.

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THE PHARSALIA

OF

LUCAN,

TRANSLATED BY

NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

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ROWE'S LUCAN.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

WHILE my deceaſed huſband was engaged in the following long and laborious work, he was not a little ſupported in it, by the honour which he propoſed to himſelf of dedicating it to your ſacred Majeſty. This deſign, which had given him ſo much pleaſure for ſome years, outlaſted his abilities to put it in execution: for, when his life was deſpaired of, and this part of the book remained unfiniſhed, he expreſſed to me his deſire, that this tranſlation ſhould be laid at your Majeſty's feet, as a mark of that zeal and veneration which he had always entertained for your Majeſty's royal perſon and virtues. Had he lived to have made his own addreſs to your Majeſty upon this occaſion, he would have been able in ſome meaſure to have done juſtice to that exalted character, which it becomes ſuch as I am to admire in ſilence: being incapable of repreſenting my dear huſband in any thing, but in that profound humility and reſpect, with which I am,

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

Your Majeſty's moſt dutiful

and moſt obedient ſervant,

ANNE ROWE.

PREFACE,

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF LUCAN AND HIS WORKS.

BY JAMES WELWOOD, M. D. FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON.

I COULD not reſiſt Mr. Rowe's requeſt in his laſt ſickneſs, nor the importunities of his friends ſince, to introduce into the world this his poſthumous tranſlation of Lucan, with ſomething by way of preface. I am very ſenſible how much it is out of my ſphere, and that I want both leiſure and materials, to do juſtice to the author, or to the memory of the tranſlator. The works of both will beſt plead for them; the one having already outlived ſeventeen ages, and both one and the other like to endure as long as there is any taſte of liberty or polite learning left in the world. Hard has been the fate of many a great genius, that while they have conferred immortality on others, they have wanted themſelves ſome friend to embalm their names to poſterity. This has been the fate of Lucan, and perhaps may be that of Mr. Rowe.

All the accounts we have handed down to us of the firſt, are but very lame, and ſcattered in fragments of ancient authors. I am of opinion, that one reaſon why his life is not to be found at any length, in the writings of his contemporaries, is the fear they were in of Nero's reſentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man ſet in a true light, whom, together with his uncle Seneca, he had ſacrificed to his revenge. Notwithſtanding this, we have ſome hints in writers who lived near this time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the life and works of this extraordinary young man.

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an equeſtrian family of Rome, born at Corduba in Spain, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the reign of Caligula. His family had been tranſplanted from Italy to Spain a conſiderable time before, and were inveſted with ſeveral dignities and employments in that remote province of the Roman empire. His father was Marcus Annæus Mela, or Mella, a man of a diſtinguiſhed merit and intereſt in his country, and not the leſs in eſteem for being the brother of the great philoſopher Seneca. His mother was Acilia, the daughter of Acilius Lucanus, one of the moſt eminent orators of his time: and it was from his grandfather that he took the name of Lucan. The ſtory that is told of Heſiod and Homer, of a ſwarm of bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewiſe told of Lucan, and probably with equal truth: but whether true or not, it is a proof of the high eſteem paid to him by the ancients, as a poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was

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brought from his native country to Rome, that he might take the firſt impreſſion of the Latin tongue in the city where it was ſpoke in the greateſt purity. I wonder then to find ſome critics detract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth; nor can I be brought to think otherwiſe, than that the language he writes in is as pure Roman as any that was writ in Nero's time. As he grew up, his parents educated him with a care that became a promiſing genius, and the rank of his family. His maſters were Rhemmius Polæmon, the grammarian; then Flavius Virginius, the rhetorician; and laſtly, Cornutus the Stoic philoſopher; to which ſect he ever after addicted himſelf.

It was in the courſe of theſe ſtudies he contracted an intimate friendſhip with Aulus Perſius, the ſatiriſt. It is no wonder that two men, whoſe geniuſes were ſo much alike, ſhould unite and become agreeable to one another; for if we conſider Lucan critically, we ſhall find in him a ſtrong bent towards ſatire. His manner, it is true, is more declamatory and diffuſe than Perſius: but ſatire is ſtill in his view, and the whole Pharſalia appears to me a continued invective againſt ambition and unbounded power.

The progreſs he made in all parts of learning muſt needs have been very great, conſidering the pregnancy of his genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it by a ſuitable education: nor is it to be queſtioned, but beſides the maſters I have named, he had likewiſe the example and inſtructions of his uncle Seneca, the moſt conſpicuous man then of Rome for learning, wit, and morals. Thus he ſet out in the world with the greateſt advantages poſſible, a noble birth, an opulent fortune, great relations, and withal, the friendſhip and protection of an uncle, who, beſides his other preferments in the empire, was favourite, as well as tutor, to the emperor. But rhetoric ſeems to have been the art he excelled moſt in, and valued himſelf moſt upon; for all writers agree, he declaimed in public when but fourteen years old, both in Greek and Latin, with univerſal applauſe. To this purpoſe it is obſervable, that he has interſperſed a great many orations in the Pharſalia, and theſe are acknowledged by all to be very ſhining parts of the poem. Whence it is that Quintilian, the beſt judge in theſe matters, reckons him among the rhetoricians, rather than the poets, though he was certainly maſter of both theſe arts in a high degree.

His uncle Seneca being then in great favour with Nero, and having the care of that prince's education committed to him, it is probable he introduced his nephew to the court, and acquaintance of the emperor: and it appears from an old fragment of his life, that he ſent for him from Athens, where he was at his ſtudies, to Rome for that purpoſe. Every one knows that Nero, for the firſt five years of his reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endowed with all the amiable qualities that became an emperor and a philoſopher. It muſt have been in this ſtage of Nero's life, that Lucan has offered up to him that poetical incenſe we find in the firſt book of the Pharſalia; for it is not to be imagined, that a man of Lucan's temper would flatter Nero in ſo groſs a manner, if he had then thrown off the maſk of virtue, and appeared in ſuch bloody colours as he afterwards did. No! Lucan's ſoul ſeems to have been caſt in another mold: and he that durſt, throughout the whole Pharſalia, eſpouſe the party of Pompey, and the cauſe of Rome againſt Cæſar, could never have ſtooped ſo vilely low, as to celebrate a tyrant and a monſter in ſuch an open manner. I know ſome commentators have judged that compliment to Nero to be meant ironically; but it ſeems to me plain to be in the greateſt earneſt: and it is more than probable, that if Nero had been as wicked at that time as he became afterwards, Lucan's life had paid for his irony. Now it is agreed on by all writers, that he continued for ſome time in the higheſt favour and friendſhip with Nero; and it was to that favour, as well as his merit, that he owed his being made quæſtor, and admitted into the college of Augurs, before he attained the age required for theſe offices: in the firſt of which poſts he exhibited to the people of Rome a ſhow of gladiators at a vaſt expence. It was in this ſun-ſhine of life Lucan married Polla Argentaria, the daughter of Pollius Argentarius, a Roman ſenator; a lady of noble birth, great fortune, and famed beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accompliſhed in all parts of learning; inſomuch that the three firſt books of the Pharſalia are ſaid to have been reviſed and corrected by her in his life-time.

How he came to decline in Nero's favour, we have no account that I know of in hiſtory; and it is agreed by all that he loſt it gradually, till he became his utter averſion. No doubt, Lucan's virtue, and his principles of liberty, muſt make him hated by a man of Nero's temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of envy in the caſe, blended with his other prejudices againſt him, upon the account of his poetry.

Though the ſpirit and height of the Roman poetry was ſomewhat declined from what it had been in the time of Auguſtus, yet it was ſtill an art beloved and cultivated. Nero himſelf was not only fond of it to the higheſt degree, but, as moſt bad poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himſelf more upon his ſkill in that art, and in muſic, than on the purple he wore; and bore it better to be thought a bad emperor, than a bad poet or muſician. Now Lucan, though then in favour, was too honeſt and too open to applaud the bombaſt ſtuff that Nero was every day repeating in public. Lucan appears to have been much of the temper of Philoxenus, the philoſopher; who, for not approving the verſes of Dionyſius the tyrant of Syracuſe, was by his order condemned to the mines. Upon the promiſe of amendment, the philoſopher was ſet at liberty; but Dionyſius repeating to him ſome of his wretched performances in full expectation of having them approved, "Enough," cries out Philoxenus, "carry me "back to the mines." But Lucan carried this point further, and had the imprudence to diſpute the prize of eloquence with Nero in a ſolemn public aſſembly. The judges in that trial were

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to juſt and bold as to adjudge the reward to Lucan which was *fame* and a *wreath of laurel*, but in return he loſt for ever the favour of his competitor. He ſoon felt the effects of the emperor's reſentment, for the next day he had an order ſent him, never more to plead at the bar, nor repeat any of his performances in public, as all the eminent orators and poets were uſed to do. It is no wonder that a young man, an admirable poet, and one conſcious enough of a ſuperior genius, ſhould be ſtung to the quick by this barbarous treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occaſion to treat Nero's verſes with the utmoſt contempt, and expoſe them and their author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards Nero, he was ſeconded by his friend Perſius; and, no doubt, they diverted themſelves often alone at the emperor's expence. Perſius went ſo far, that he dared to attack openly ſome of Nero's verſes in his firſt ſatire, where he brings in his friend and himſelf repeating them. I believe a ſample of them may not be unacceptable to the reader, as tranſlated thus by Mr. Dryden:

FRIEND. But to raw numbers and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe.
'Tis tagg'd with rhyme like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid part chimes with art that never flat is.
" The Dolphin brave,
That cut the liqnid wave,
Or he who in his line,
Can chime the long-rib Apennine."
PERSIUS. All this is dogrel ſtuff.
FRIEND. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? " Arms and the man I ſing."
PER. Why name you Virgil with ſuch ſops as theſe!
He's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe;
Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.
FRIEND. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bending head?
PERSIUS. " Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris, who ſlew
The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung around,
Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes found."

The verſes marked with commas are Nero's, and it is no wonder that men of ſo delicate a taſte as Lucan and Perſius could not digeſt them, though made by an emperor.

About this time the world was grown weary of Nero for a thouſand monſtrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuſe of the imperial power. Rome had groaned long under the weight of them, till at length ſeveral of the firſt rank, headed by Piſo, formed a conſpiracy to rid the world of that abandoned wretch. Lucan hated him upon a double ſcore; as his country's enemy and his own, and went heartily into the deſign. When it was juſt ripe for execution, it came to be diſcovered by ſome of the accomplices, and Lucan was found among the firſt of the conſpirators. They were condemned to die, and Lucan had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occaſion ſome authors have taxed him with an action, which, if true, had been an eternal ſtain upon his name, that, to ſave his life, he informed againſt his mother. This ſtory ſeems to me to be a mere calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It is certainly the moſt unlikely thing in the world, conſidering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble ſcheme of philoſophy and morals he had imbibed from his infancy, and which ſhines in every page of his Pharſalia. It is probable, Nero himſelf, or ſome of his flatterers, might invent the ſtory, to blacken his rival to poſterity; and ſome unwary authors have afterwards taken it up on truſt, without examining into the truth of it. We have ſeveral fragments of his life, where this particular is not to be found; and which makes it ſtill the more improbable to me, the writers that mention it, have tacked to it another calumny yet more improbable, that he accuſed her unjuſtly. As this accuſation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, ſo it does the manner of his death. It is univerſally agreed, that having choſe to have the arteries of his arms and legs opened in a hot bath, he ſupped cheerfully with his friends, and then taking leave of them with the greateſt tranquillity of mind, and the higheſt contempt of death, went into the bath and ſubmitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and death's laſt alarm in every part, he called to mind a paſſage of his own in the IXth book of the Pharſalia, which he repeated to the ſtanders-by, with the ſame grace and accent with which he uſed to declaim in public, and immediately expired, in the 27th year of his age, and 10th of Nero. The paſſage was that where he deſcribes a ſoldier of Cato's dying much after the ſame manner, being bit by a ſerpent, and is thus tranſlated by Mr. Rowe:

" So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted paſſage trace.
Where'er the liquid juices find a way,
There ſtreams of blood, there crimſon rivers ſtray.
His mouth and guſhing noſtrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood;
In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
And the whole body ſeems one bleeding wound."

He was buried in his garden at Rome; and there was lately to be ſeen, in the church of Santo Paulo, an ancient marble with the following inſcription:

MARCO ANNAEO LUCANO CORDVBENSI POETAE;
BENEFICIO NERONIS, FAMA SERVATA.

This inſcription, if done by Nero's order, ſhows, that, even in ſpite of himſelf, he paid a ſecret homage to Lucan's genius and virtue, and would have atoned in ſome meaſure for the injuries and the death he gave him. But he needed no marble or inſcription to perpetuate his memory; his Pharſalia will outlive all theſe.

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Lucan wrote several books, that have perished by the injury of time, and of which nothing remains but the titles. The first we are told he wrote, was a poem on the combat between Achilles and Hector, and Priam's redeeming his son's body, which, it is said, he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age. The rest were, The Descent of Orpheus into Hell; The burning of Rome, in which he is said not to have spared Nero that set it on fire; and a poem in praise of his wife Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewise several books of Saturnalia; ten books of Silvæ; an imperfect Tragedy of Medea; a Poem upon the burning of Troy, and the fate of Priam; to which some have added the Panegyric to Calphurnius Piso, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later age. But the book he staked his fame on was his Pharsalia; the only one that now remains, and which Nero's cruelty has left us imperfect in respect of what it would have been, if he had lived to finish it.

Statius in his Sylvæ gives us the catalogue of Lucan's works in an elegant manner, introducing the Muse Calliope accosting him to this purpose: "When thou art scarce past the age of childhood (says Calliope to Lucan) thou shalt play with the valour of Achilles, and Hector's skill in driving of a chariot. Thou shalt draw Priam at the feet of his unrelenting conqueror, begging the dead body of his darling son. Thou shalt set open the gates of hell for Eurydice, and thy Orpheus shall have the preference in a full theatre, in spite of Nero's envy;" alluding to the dispute for the prize between him and Nero, where the piece exhibited by Lucan was Orpheus's descent into hell. "Thou shalt relate (continues Calliope) that flame which the execrable tyrant kindled, to lay in ashes the mistress of the world; nor shalt thou be silent in the praises that are justly due to thy beloved wife; and when thou hast attained to riper years, thou shalt sing, in a lofty strain, the fatal fields of Philippi, white with Roman bones, the dreadful battle of Pharsalia, and the thundering wars of that great captain, who, by the renown of his arms, merited to be inrolled among the gods. In that work (continues Calliope) thou shalt paint, in never-fading colours, the austere virtues of Cato, who scorned to outlive the liberties of his country; and the fate of Pompey, once the darling of Rome. Thou shalt, like a true Roman, weep over the crime of the young tyrant Ptolemy; and shalt raise to Pompey, by the power of thy eloquence, a higher monument than the Egyptian pyramids. The poetry of Ennius (adds Calliope) and the learned fire of Lucretius, the one that conducted the Argonauts through such vast seas to the conquest of the golden fleece, the other that could strike an infinite number of forms from the first atoms of matter, both of them shall give place to thee without the least envy, and even the divine Æneid shall pay thee a just respect."

Thus far Statius concerning Lucan's work; and even Lucan in two places of the Pharsalia has promised himself immortality to his poem. The first is the seventh book, which I beg leave to give in prose, though Mr. Rowe has done it a thousand times better in verse. "One day (says he) when these wars shall be spoken of in ages yet to come, and among nations far remote from this clime, whether from the voice of fame alone, or the real value I have given them by this my history, those that read it shall alternately hope and fear for the great events therein contained. In vain (continues he) shall they offer up their vows for the righteous cause, and stand thunderstruck at so many various turns of fortune; nor shall they read them as things that are already past, but with that concern as if they were yet to come, and shall range themselves, O Pompey, on thy side."

The other passage, which is in the ninth book, may be translated thus: "Oh! Cæsar, profane thou not through envy the funeral monuments of these great patriots, that fell here sacrifices to thy ambition. If there may be allowed any renown to a Roman muse, while Homer's verses shall be thought worthy of praise, they that shall live after us, shall read his and mine together: My Pharsalia shall live, and no time nor age shall consign it to oblivion."

This is all that I can trace from the ancients, or himself, concerning Lucan's life and writings; and indeed there is scarce any one author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greatest respect and the highest encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more instances.

I design not to enter into any criticism on the Pharsalia, though I had ever so much leisure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain set of men, that read the ancients only to find fault with them, and seem to live only on the excrements of authors. I beg leave to tell these gentlemen, that Lucan is not to be tried by those rules of an epic poem, which they have drawn from the Iliad or Æneid; for if they allow him not the honour to be on the same foot with Homer or Virgil, they must do him the justice at least, as not to try him by laws founded on their model. The Pharsalia is properly an historical heroic poem, because the subject is a known true story. Now, with our late critics, truth is an unnecessary trifle for an epic poem, and ought to be thrown aside as a curb to invention. To have every part a mere web of their own brain, is with them a distinguishing mark of a mighty genius in the epic way. Hence it is, these critics observe, that the favourite poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the reader the highest wonder and surprise; and the more improbable the story is, still the more wonderful and surprising. Much good may this notion of theirs do them; but, to my taste, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with surprising circumstances, big with the highest events, and conducted with all the arts of the most consummate wisdom, does not strike the less strong, but leaves a more lasting impression on my mind, for being true.

If Lucan, therefore, wants these ornaments, he might have borrowed from Helicon, or his own invention; he has made us more than ample amends by the great and true events that fall within the compass of his story. I am of opinion, that, in his first design of writing this poem of the civil wars, he resolved to treat the subject fairly and plainly, and that fable and invention were to have had no share in the work: but the force of custom,

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and the design he had to induce the generality of readers to fall in love with liberty, and abhor slavery, the principal design of the poem, induced him to embellish it with some fables, that without them his books would not be so universally read: so much was fable the delight of the Roman people.

If any shall object to his privilege of being examined and tried as an historian, that he has given in to the poetical province of invention and fiction, in the sixth book, where Sixtus inquires of the Thessalian witch Erictho the event of the civil war, and the fate of Rome: it may be answered, that perhaps the story was true, or at least it was commonly believed to be so in his time, which is a sufficient excuse for Lucan to have inserted it. It is true, no other author mentions it. But it is usual to find some one passage in one historian, that is not mentioned in any other, though they treat of the same subject. For though I am fully persuaded that all these oracles and responses, so famous in the pagan world, were the mere cheats of priests; yet the belief of them, and of magic and witchcraft, was universally received at that time. Therefore Lucan may very well be excused for falling in with a popular error, whether he himself believed it or no, especially when it served to enliven and embellish his story. If it be an error, it is an error all the ancients have fallen into, both Greek and Roman: and Livy, the prince of the Latin historians, abounds in such relations. That is not below the dignity and veracity of an historian to mention such things, we have a late instance in a noble author of our time, who has likewise wrote the civil wars of his country, and intermixed in it the story of the ghost of the Duke of Buckingham's father.

In general, all the actions that Lucan relates in the course of his history are true; nor is it any impeachment of his veracity, that sometimes he differs in place, manner, or circumstances of actions, from other writers, any more than it is an imputation on them, that they differ from him. We ourselves have seen, in the course of the late two famous wars, how differently almost every battle and siege has been represented, and sometimes by those of the same side, when at the same time there be a thousand living witnesses, ready to contradict any falsehood, that partiality should impose upon the world. This I may affirm, the most important events, and the whole thread of action in Lucan, are agreeable to the universal consent of all authors, that have treated of the civil wars of Rome. If now and then he differs from them in lesser incidents or circumstances, let the critics in history decide the question: for my part, I am willing to take them for anecdotes first discovered and published by Lucan, which may at least conciliate to him the favour of our late admirers of secret History.

After all I have said on this head, I cannot but in some measure call in question some parts of Cæsar's character as drawn by Lucan; which seem to be not altogether agreeable to truth, nor to the universal consent of history. I wish I could vindicate him in some of his personal representations of men, and Cæsar in particular, as I can do in the narration of the principal events and series of his story. He is not content only to lay him down to posterity, as the subverter of the laws and liberties of his country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater infamy can possibly be cast upon any name: but he describes him as pursuing that abominable end, by the most execrable methods, and some that were not in Cæsar's nature to be guilty of. Cæsar was certainly a man far from revenge, or delight in blood; and he made appear, in the exercise of the supreme power, a noble and generous inclination to clemency upon all occasions: even Lucan, though never so much his enemy, has not omitted his generous usage of Domitius at Corfinium, or of Afranius and Petreius, when they were his prisoners in Spain. What can be then said for Lucan, when he represents him riding in triumph over the field of Pharsalia, the day after the battle, taking delight in that horrid landscape of slaughter and blood, and forbidding the bodies of so many brave Romans to be either buried or burnt? Not any one passage of Cæsar's life gives countenance to a story like this: and how commendable soever the zeal of a writer may be, against the oppressor of his country, it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of malevolence, as to paint the most merciful conqueror that ever was, in colours proper only for the most savage natures. But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life, in which even the best of men are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many instances have we in history of the best princes treated as the worst of men, by the pens of authors that were highly prejudiced against them!

Shall we wonder, then, that the Roman people, smarting under the lashes of Nero's tyranny, should exclaim in the bitterest terms against the memory of Julius Cæsar, since it was from him that Nero derived that power to use mankind as he did? Those that lived in Lucan's time, did not consider so much what Cæsar was in his own person, or temper, as what he was the occasion of to them. It is very probable, there were a great many dreadful stories of him handed about by tradition among the multitude; and even men of sense might give credit to them so far as to forget his clemency, and remember his ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devastations committed by his successors. Resentments of this kind in the soul of a man, fond of the ancient constitution of the commonwealth, such as Lucan was, might betray him to believe, upon too slight grounds, whatever was to the disadvantage of one he looked upon as the subverter of that constitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that Brutus afterwards stabbed him; for personal prejudice against him he had none, and had been highly obliged by him: and it was upon that account alone, that Cato scorned to owe his life to him, though he well knew Cæsar would have esteemed it one of the greatest felicities of his, to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for Lucan's thus traducing the memory of Cæsar; but would only beg the same indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to most other authors; for I cannot help believing all historians are more or less guilty of it.

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I beg leave to obſerve one thing further on this head, that it is odd, Lucan ſhould thus miſtake this part of Cæſar's character, and yet do him ſo much juſtice in the reſt. His greatneſs of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generoſity, his conſummate knowledge in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all ſet forth in the beſt light upon every proper occaſion. He never makes him ſpeak, but it is with all the ſtrength of argument and all the flowers of rhetoric. It were tedious to enumerate every inſtance of this; and I ſhall only mention the ſpeech to his army before the battle of Pharſalia, which, in my opinion, ſurpaſſes all I ever read, for the eaſy nobleneſs of expreſſion, the proper topics to animate his ſoldiers, and the force of an inimitable eloquence.

Among Lucan's few miſtakes in matters of fact, may be added thoſe of geography and aſtronomy; but finding Mr. Rowe has taken ſome notice of them in his notes, I ſhall ſay nothing of them. Lucan had neither time nor opportunity to viſit the ſcenes where the actions he deſcribes were done, as ſome further hiſtorians both Greek and Roman had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit ſome minute errors in theſe matters. As, to aſtronomy, the ſchemes of that noble ſcience were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduced to that mathematical certainty they have been ſince.

The method and diſpoſition of a work of this kind, muſt be much the ſame with thoſe obſerved by other hiſtorians, with one difference only, which I ſubmit to better judgments: an hiſtorian who like Lucan has choſen to write in verſe, though he is obliged to have ſtrict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not obliged to mention all facts, as other hiſtorians are. He is not tied down to relate every minute paſſage, or circumſtance, if they be not abſolutely neceſſary to the main ſtory; eſpecially if they are ſuch as would appear heavy and flat, and conſequently encumber his genius, or his verſe. All theſe trifling parts of action would take off from the pleaſure and entertainment, which is the main ſcope of that manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an army's march, the journal of a ſiege, or the ſituation of a camp, where they are not ſubſervient to the relation of ſome great and important event, had better been ſpared than inſerted in a work of that kind. In a proſe writer, theſe perhaps ought, or at leaſt may be properly and agreeably enough mentioned; of which we have innumerable inſtances in moſt ancient hiſtorians, and particularly in Thucydides and Livy.

There is a fault in Lucan againſt this rule, and that is his long and unneceſſary enumeration of the ſeveral parts of Gaul, where Cæſar's army was drawn together, in the firſt book. It is enlivened, it is true, with ſome beautiful verſes he throws in, about the ancient bards and druids; but ſtill in the main it is dry, and but of little conſequence to the ſtory itſelf. The many different people and cities there mentioned were not Cæſar's confederates, as thoſe in the third book were Pompey's; and theſe laſt are particularly named, to expreſs how many nations eſpouſed the ſide of Pompey. Thoſe reckoned up in Gaul were only the places where Cæſar's troops had been quartered, and Lucan might with as great propriety have mentioned the different routes by which they marched, as the garriſons from which they were drawn. This, therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewiſe think, that the digreſſion of Theſſaly, and an account of its firſt inhabitants, is too prolix, and not of any great conſequence to his purpoſe. I am ſure, it ſignifies but little to the civil war in general, or the battle of Pharſalia in particular, to know how many rivers there are in Theſſaly, or which of its mountains lies eaſt or weſt.

But if theſe be faults in Lucan, they are ſuch as will be found in the moſt admired poets, nay, and thought excellencies in them; and beſides, he has made us moſt ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his poem. The ſtory itſelf is noble and great; for what can there be in hiſtory more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a war of the higheſt importance to mankind, carried on between the two greateſt leaders that ever were, and by a people the moſt renowned for arts and arms, and who were at that time maſters of the world? What a poor ſubject is that of the Æneid, when compared with this of the Pharſalia! And what a deſpicable figure does Agamemnon, Homer's King of Kings, make, when compared with chiefs, who, by ſaying only, "be thou a "king," made far greater kings than him! The ſcene of the Iliad contained but Greece, ſome iſlands in the Ægean and Ionian ſeas, with a very little part of the Leſſer Aſia: this of the civil war of Rome drew after it almoſt all the nations of the then known world. Troy was but a little town, of the little kingdom of Phrygia; whereas Rome was then miſtreſs of an empire, that reached from the ſtraits of Hercules, and the Atlantic ocean, to the Euphrates, and from the bottom of the Euxine and the Caſpian ſeas, to Ethiopia and Mount Atlas. The inimitable Virgil is yet more ſtraitened in his ſubject. Æneas, a poor fugitive from Troy, with a handful of followers, ſettles at laſt in Italy; and all the empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the Tiber. So vaſt a diſproportion there is between the importance of the ſubject of the Æneid and that of the Pharſalia, that we find one ſingle Roman, Craſſus, maſter of more ſlaves on his eſtate, than Virgil's hero had ſubjects. In fine, it may be ſaid, nothing can excuſe him for his choice, but that he deſigned his hero for the anceſtor of Rome, and the Julian race.

I cannot leave this parallel, without taking notice, to what a height of power the Roman empire was then arrived, in an inſtance of Cæſar himſelf, when but proconſul of Gaul, and before it is thought he ever dreamed of what he afterwards attained to: it is one of Cicero's letters to him wherein he repeats the words of Cæſar's letters to him ſome time before. The words are theſe: "As to what concerns Marcus Furius, whom you "recommended to me, I will, if you pleaſe, make "him king of Gaul; but, if you would have me "advance any other friend of yours, ſend him to "me." It was no new thing for citizens of Rome, ſuch as Cæſar was, to diſpoſe of kingdoms as they pleaſed; and Cæſar himſelf had taken

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away Deiotarus's kingdom from him, and given it to a private gentleman of Pergamum. But there is one ſurpriſing inſtance more, of the prodigious greatneſs of the Roman power, in the affair of king Antiochus, and that long before the height it arrived to, at the breaking forth of the civil war. That prince was maſter of all Egypt; and, marching to the conqueſt of Phœnicia, Cyprus, and the other appendixes of that empire, Popilius overtakes him in his full march, with letters from the ſenate, and refuſes to give him his hand till he had read them. Antiochus, ſtartled at the command that was contained in them, to ſtop the progreſs of his victories, aſked a ſhort time to conſider of it. Popilius makes a circle about him with a ſtick he had in his hand. "Re-" turn me an anſwer," ſays he, "before thou ſtir-" reſt out of this circle, or the Roman people are " no more thy friends." Antiochus, after a ſhort pauſe, told him with the loweſt ſubmiſſion, he would obey the ſenate's commands. Upon which, Popilius, gives him his hand, and ſalutes him a friend of Rome. After Antiochus had given up ſo great a monarchy, and ſuch a torrent of ſucceſs, upon receiving only a few words in writing, he had indeed reaſon to ſend word to the ſenate, as he did by his ambaſſadors, that he had obeyed their commands with the ſame ſubmiſſion as if they had been ſent him from the immortal gods.

To leave this digreſſion. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever ſo little from Homer or Virgil, who have kept poſſeſſion of the firſt places, among the poets of Greece and Rome, for ſo many ages: yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I ſay there are ſeveral paſſages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity that ſhines almoſt in every page of Lucan. It were to take both the Iliad and Æneid in pieces, to prove this: but I ſhall only take notice of one inſtance, and that is, the different colouring of Virgil's hero, and Lucan's Cæſar, in a ſtorm. Æneas is drawn weeping, and in the greateſt confuſion and deſpair, though he had aſſurance from the gods that he ſhould one day ſettle and raiſe a new empire in Italy. Cæſar, on the contrary, is repreſented perfectly ſedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten up as much upon this occaſion, as afterwards they did at the battles of Pharſalia and Munda. Courage would have coſt Virgil nothing, to have beſtowed it on his hero: and he might as eaſily have thrown him upon the coaſt of Carthage in a calm temper of mind, as in a panic fear.

St. Evremont is very ſevere upon Virgil on this account, and has criticiſed upon his character of Æneas in this manner. When Virgil tells us,

" Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra,
" Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas, &c.

" Seized as he is," ſays St. Evremont," "with " this chillneſs through all his limbs, the firſt ſign " of life we find in him, is his groaning; then he " lifts up his hands to heaven, and, in all appear-" ance, would implore its ſuccour, if the condi-" tion wherein the good hero finds himſelf, would " afford him ſtrength enough to raiſe his mind to " the gods, and pray with attention. His ſoul, " which could not apply itſelf to any thing elſe, " abandons itſelf to lamentations; and like thoſe " deſolate widows, who, upon the firſt trouble they " meet with, wiſh they were in the grave with " their dear huſbands, the poor Æneas bewails " his not having periſhed before Troy with Hec-" tor, and eſteems them very happy who left their " bones in the boſom of ſo ſweat and dear a coun-" try. " Some people," adds he, " may perhaps " believe he ſays ſo, becauſe he envies their hap-" pineſs; but I am perſuaded," ſays St. Evremont, "it is for fear of the danger that threatens " him." The ſame author, after he has expoſed his want of courage, adds, "The good Æneas " hardly ever concerns himſelf in any important " or glorious deſign: it is enough for him that " he diſcharges his conſcience in the office of a " pious, tender, and compaſſionate man. He car-" ries his father on his ſhoulders, he conjugally " laments his dear Creüſa, he cauſes his nurſe to " be interred, and makes a funeral pile for his " truſty pilot Palinurus, for whom he ſheds a " thouſand tears. Here is (ſays he) a ſorry hero " in paganiſm, who would have made an admir-" able ſaint among ſome Chriſtians." In ſhort, it is St. Evremont's opinion, "he was fitter to " make a founder of an order than a ſtate."

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont: I beg leave to take notice, that the ſtorm in Lucan is drawn in ſtronger colours, and ſtrikes the mind with greater horror than that of Virgil; notwithſtanding the firſt has no ſupernatural cauſe aſſigned for it, and the latter is raiſed by a god, at the inſtigation of a goddeſs, that was both wife and ſiſter of Jupiter.

In the Pharſalia, moſt of the tranſactions and events, that compoſe the relation, are wonderful and ſurpriſing, though true, as well as inſtructive and entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to tranſcribe the work itſelf, and therefore I ſhall only hint at ſome of the moſt remarkable. With what dignity, and juſtneſs of character, are the two great rivals, Pompey and Cæſar, introduced in the firſt book; and how beautifully, and with what a maſterly art, are they oppoſed to one another? add to this, the juſteſt ſimilitudes by which their different characters are illuſtrated in the ſecond and ninth book. Who can but admire the figure that Cato's virtue makes, in more places than one? And I perſuade myſelf, if Lucan had lived to finiſh his deſign, the death of that illuſtrious Roman had made one of the moſt moving, as well as one of the moſt ſublime epiſodes of his poem. In the third book, Pompey's dream, Cæſar's breaking open the temple of Saturn, the ſiege of Marſeilles, the ſea-fight, and the ſacred grove, have each of them their particular excellence, that in my opinion come very little ſhort of any thing we find in Homer or Virgil.

In the fourth book, there are a great many charming incidents, and among the reſt, that of the ſoldiers running out of their camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable ſtory of Vulteius. The fifth book affords us a fine account of the oracle of Delphi, its origin, the manner of its delivering anſwers, and the reaſon of its then ſilence. Then, upon the occaſion of a mutiny in Cæſar's camp near Placentia, in his manner of

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paſſing the Adriatic in a ſmall boat, amidſt the ſtorm I hinted at, he has given us the nobleſt and beſt image of that great man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of Pompey and Corneiia, in the end of the book. It has ſomething in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagined.

In the deſcription of the witch Erictho, in the ſixth book, we have a beautiful picture of horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in poetry, as well as in painting. The ſeventh book is moſt taken up with what relates to the famous battle of Pharſalia, which decided the fate of Rome. It is ſo related, that the reader may rather think himſelf a ſpectator of, or even engaged in, the battle, than ſo remote from the age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this book, a noble majeſtic deſcription of the general conflagration, and of that laſt cataſtrophe, which muſt put an end to this frame of heaven and earth. To this is added, in the moſt elevated ſtyle, his ſentiments of the "immortality of the "ſoul," and of rewards and puniſhments after this life. All theſe are touched with the niceſt delicacy of expreſſion and thought, eſpecially that about the univerſal conflagration; and agrees with what we find of it in holy writ. In ſo much that I am willing to believe Lucan might have converſed with St. Peter at Rome, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have ſeen that epiſtle of his, wherein he gives us the very ſame idea of it.

In the eighth book, our paſſions are again touched with the misfortunes of Cornelia and Pompey; but eſpecially with the death, and unworthy funeral, of the latter. In this book is likewiſe drawn, with the greateſt art, the character of young Ptolemy and his miniſters; particularly that of the villain Photinus is exquiſitely expoſed in his own ſpeech in council.

In the ninth book, after the apotheoſis of Pompey, Cato is introduced as the fitteſt man after him to head the cauſe of liberty and Rome. This book is the longeſt, and, in my opinion, the moſt entertaining in the whole poem. The march of Cato through the deſerts of Lybia, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter; and the virtue of his hero, amidſt theſe diſtreſſes through which he leads him, ſeems every where to deſerve thoſe raptures of praiſe he beſtows upon him. Add to this, the artful deſcriptions of the various poiſons with which theſe deſerts abounded, and their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But Cato's anſwer to Labienus in this book, upon his deſiring him to conſult the oracle of Jupiter Hammon about the event of the civil war, and the fortune of Rome, is a maſterpiece not to be equalled. All the attributes of God, ſuch as his omnipotence, his preſcience, his juſtice, his goodneſs, and his unſearchable decrees, are painted in the moſt awful and the ſtrongeſt colours, and ſuch as may make Chriſtians themſelves bluſh, for not coming up to them in moſt of their writings upon that ſubject. I know not but St. Evremont has carried the matter too far, when, in mentioning this paſſage, he concludes, "If all the ancient "poets had ſpoke as worthy of the oracles of their "gods, he ſhould make no ſcruple to prefer them "to the divines and philoſophers of our time. "We may ſee," ſays he, "in the concourſe of ſo "many people, that came to conſult the oracle of "Hammon, what effect a public opinion can pro"duce, where zeal and ſuperſtition mingle toge"ther. We may ſee in Labienus, a pious ſenſi"ble man, who to his reſpect for the gods joins "the conſideration and eſteem we ought to pre"ſerve for virtue in good men. Cato is a religi"ous ſevere philoſopher, weaned from all vulgar "opinions, who entertains thoſe lofty thoughts of "the gods, which pure undebauched reaſon and a "true elevated knowledge can give us of them; "every thing here," ſays St. Evremont, "is poe"tical, every thing is conſonant to truth and rea"ſon. It is not poetical upon the ſcore of any "ridiculous fiction, or for ſome extravagant hy"perbole, but for the daring greatneſs and majeſty of the language, and for the noble elevation "of the diſcourſe. It is thus," adds he, "that "poetry is the language of the gods, and that "poets are wiſe; and it is ſo much the greater "wonder to find it in Lucan," ſays he, "becauſe "it is neither to be met with in Homer nor Vir"gil." I remember Montaigne, who is allowed by all to have been an admirable judge in theſe matters, prefers Lucan's character of Cato to Virgil, or any other of the ancient poets. He thinks all of them flat and languiſhing, but Lucan's much more ſtrong, though overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The tenth book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the Ægyptian magnificence, with a curious account of the then received opinions of the increaſe and decreaſe of the river Nile. From the variety of the ſtory, and many other particulars I need not mention in this ſhort account, it may eaſily appear, that a true hiſtory may be a romance or fiction, when the author makes choice of a ſubject that affords ſo many and ſo ſurpriſing incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to Lucan's charge, the moſt juſtly imputed are thoſe of his ſtyle; and indeed how could it be otherwiſe? Let us but remember the imperfect ſtate, in which his ſudden and immature death left the Pharſalia; the deſign itſelf being probably but half finiſhed, and what was writ of it, but ſlightly, if at all, reviſed. We are told, it is true, he either corrected the three firſt books himſelf, or his wife did it for him, in his own life-time. Be it ſo: but what are the corrections of a lady, or a young man of ſix and twenty, to thoſe he might have made at forty, or a more advanced age? Virgil, the moſt correct and judicious poet that ever was, continued correcting his Æneid for near as long a ſeries of years together as Lucan lived, and yet died with a ſtrong opinion that it was imperfect ſtill. If Lucan had lived to his age, the Pharſalia, without doubt, would have made another kind of figure, than it now does, notwithſtanding the difference to be found in the Roman language, between the times of Nero and Auguſtus.

It muſt be owned he is in many places obſcure and hard, and therefore not ſo agreeable, and

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comes short of the purity, sweetness, and delicate propriety of Virgil. Yet it is still universally agreed among both ancients and moderns, that his genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art; and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and bluftering.

I am by no means willing to compare the Pharsalia to the Æneid; but I must say with St. Evremont, that for what purely regards the elevation of thought, Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, and Labienus, shine much more in Lucan, than Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, or Venus, do in Virgil. The ideas which Lucan has given us of these great men are truly greater, and affect us more sensibly, than those which Virgil has given us of his deities: the latter has clothed his gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of men; the other has raised his heroes so, as to bring them into competition with the gods themselves. In a word, the gods are not so valuable in Virgil, as the heroes: In Lucan, the heroes equal the gods. After all, it must be allowed, that most things throughout the whole Pharsalia are greatly and justly said, with regard even to the language and expression; but the sentiments are every where so beautiful and elevated, that they appear, as he describes Cæsar in Amyclus's cottage in the fifth book, noble and magnificient in any dress. It is in this elevation of thought that Lucan justly excels: this is his *forte*, and what raises him up to an equality with the greatest of the ancient poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of Lucan's genius, as mentioned by Strada, in the emblematic way. It is commonly known that Pope Leo the tenth was not only learned himself, but a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the conversations and performances of all the polite writers of his time. The wits of Rome entertained him one day, at his villa on the banks of the Tiber, with an interlude in the nature of a poetical masquerade. They had their Parnassus, their Pegasus, their Helicon, and every one of the ancient poets in their several characters, where each acted the part that was suitable to his manner of writing, and among the rest one acted Lucan. "There was none," says he, "that was placed in a higher station, or had "a greater prospect under him, than Lucan. He "vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and in- "trepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of "mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. "But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the "mountain, while the body reared up in the air, "the poet with great difficulty kept himself from "sliding off, insomuch that the spectators often "gave him for gone, and cried out now and then, "he was tumbling." Thus Strada.

I shall sum up all I have time to say of Lucan, with another character, as it is given by one of the most polite men of the age he lived in, and who, under the protection of the same Pope Leo X. was one of the first restorers of learning in the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century: I mean, Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus, who, with the assistance of Beroaldus, Badius, and some others of the first *form* in the republic of letters, published Lucan with notes at Rome in the year 1514, being the first impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and painting, with the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small compass of years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declined ever since. Verulanus, in his dedication to Cardinal Palavacini, prefixed to that edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious criticism on his Pharsalia, but a beautiful judicious comparison between him and Virgil, and that in a style which in my opinion comes but little short of Sallust, or the writers of the Augustan age. It is to the following purpose.

I come now to the author I have commented upon, says Sulpitius Verulanus, and shall endeavour to describe him, as well as observe in what he differs from that great poet Virgil. Lucan, in the opinion of Fabius, is no less a pattern for orators than for poets; and always adhering strictly to truth, he seems to have as fair a pretence to the character of an historian; for he equally performs each of these offices. His expression is bold and lively; his sentiments are clear, his fictions within compass of probability, and his digressions proper: his orations artful, correct, manly, and full of matter. In the other parts of his work, he is grave, fluent, copious, and elegant; abounding with great variety, and wonderful erudition. And in unriddling the intricacy of contrivances, designs, and actions, his style is so masterly, that you rather seem to see, than read of those transactions. But as for enterprises and battles, you imagine them not related, but acted: towns alarmed, armies engaged, the eagerness and terror of the several soldiers, seem present to your view. As our author is frequent and fertile in descriptions; and none more skilful in discovering the secret springs of action, and their rise in human passions: as he is an acute searcher into the manners of men, and most dextrous in applying all sorts of learning to his subject: What other cosmographer, astrologer, philosopher, or mathematician, do we stand in need of, while we read him? who has more judiciously handled, or treated with more delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him to, or have casually fallen in his way? Maro is, without doubt, a great poet; so is Lucan. In so apparent an equality, it is hard to decide which excels: For both have justly obtained the highest commendations. Maro is rich and magnificent; Lucan sumptuous and splendid: The first is discreet, inventive, and sublime; the latter free, harmonious, and full of spirit. Virgil seems to move with the devout solemnity of a reverend prelate: Lucan to march with the noble haughtiness of a victorious general. One owes most to labour and application; the other to nature and practice: one lulls the soul with the sweetness and music of his verse, the other raises it by his fire and rapture. Virgil is sedate, happy in his conceptions, free from faults; Lucan quick, various, and florid: *He* seems to fight with stronger weapons, *This* with more. The first surpasses all in solid strength; the latter excels in vigour and poignancy. You would

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think that the one ſounds rather a larger and deeper toned trumpet; the other a leſs indeed, but clearer. In ſhort, ſo great is the affinity, and the ſtruggle for precedence between them, that though nobody be allowed to come up to that divinity in Maro; yet had *He* not been poſſeſſed of the chief ſeat on Parnaſſus, our author's claim to it had been indiſputable.

February 26. 1718-19.

THE PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the firſt book, after a propoſition of his ſubject, a ſhort view of the ruins occaſioned by the civil wars in Italy, and a compliment to Nero, Lucan gives the principal cauſes of the civil war, together with the characters of Cæſar and Pompey: after that, the ſtory properly begins with Cæſar's paſſing the Rubicon, which was the bound of his province towards Rome, and his march to Arminium. Thither the tribunes and Curio, who had been driven out of the city by the oppoſite party, come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his ſpeech to his army, and a particular mention of the ſeveral parts of Gaul from which his troops were drawn together to his aſſiſtance. From Cæſar, the poet turns to deſcribe the general conſternation at Rome, and the flight of great part of the ſenate and people at the news of his march. From hence he takes occaſion to relate the foregoing prodigies, which were partly on occaſion of thoſe panic terrors, and likewiſe the ceremonies that were uſed by the prieſts for purifying the city, and averſing the anger of the gods; and then ends this book with the inſpiration and prophecy of a Roman matron, in which ſhe enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the courſe of the civil war.

Emathian plains with ſlaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,
Eſtabliſh'd violence, and lawleſs might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;
A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,
Turn'd on themſelves with their own hoſtile ſwords;
Piles againſt piles oppos'd in impious fight,
And eagles againſt eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred parents, ſpilt,
One common horror and promiſcuous guilt;
A ſhatter'd world in wild diſorder toſt,
Leagues, laws, and empire, in confuſion loſt;
Of all the woes which civil diſcords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I ſing,
What blind, deteſted madneſs could afford
Such horrid licence to the murdering ſword?
Say, Romans, whence ſo dire a fury roſe,
To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?
Could you in wars like theſe provoke your fate?
Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait!
While Babylon's proud ſpires yet riſe ſo high,
And rich in Roman ſpoils invade the ſky;
While yet no vengeance is to Craſſus paid,
But unatton'd repines the wandering ſhade!
What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,
What ſeas wide-ſtretching to the diſtant ſhore,
What crowns, what empires, might that blood have gain'd,
With which Emathia's fatal fields were ſtain'd!
Where Seres in their ſilken woods reſide,
Where ſwift Araxes rolls his rapid tide:
Where'er (if ſuch a nation can be found)
Nile's ſecret fountain ſpringing cleaves the ground;
Where ſouthern ſuns with double ardour riſe,
Flame o'er the land, and ſcorch the mid-day ſkies;
Where winter's hand the Scythian ſeas conſtrains,
And binds the frozen floods in cryſtal chains:
Where'er the ſhady night and day-ſpring come,
All had ſubmitted to the yoke of Rome.
O Rome! if ſlaughter be thy only care,
If ſuch thy fond deſire of impious war;
Turn from thyſelf, at leaſt, the deſtin'd wound,
Till thou art miſtreſs of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyſelf be found.
Thy foes as yet a juſter war afford,
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy ſword.
But ſee! her hands on her own vitals ſeize,
And no deſtruction but her own can pleaſe.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plough!
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the maſſy column lies,
While weeds obſcene above the cornice riſe.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,
There mouldering pillars nodding roots ſuſtain.
The landſcape, once in various beauty ſpread,
With yellow harveſts and the flowery mead,
Diſplays a wild uncultivated face,
Which buſhy brakes and brambles vile diſgrace;
No human footſtep prints th' untrodden green,
No cheerful maid nor villager is ſeen.
Ev'n in her cities famous once and great,
Where thouſands crowded in the noiſy ſtreet,
No ſound is heard of human voices now,
But whiſtling winds through empty dwellings blow;
While paſſing ſtrangers wonder, if they ſpy
One ſingle melancholy face go by.
Nor Pyrrhus' ſword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
Such univerſal deſolation yield:
Her impious ſons have her worſt foes ſurpaſs'd,
And Roman hands have laid Heſperia waſte.

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But if our fates ſeverely have decreed
No way but this for Nero to ſucceed;
If only thus our heroes can be gods,
And earth muſt pay for their divine abodes;
If heaven could not the thunderer obtain,
Till giants wars made room for Jove to reign,
'Tis juſt, ye gods, nor ought we to complain:
Oppreſt with death though dire Pharſalia groan,
Though Latian blood the Punic ghoſts atone;
Though Pompey's hapleſs ſons renew the war,
And Munda view the ſlaughter'd heaps from far;
Though meagre famine in Peruſia reign,
Though Mutina with battles fill the plain;
Though Leuca's iſle, and wide Ambracia's bay,
Record the rage of Actium's fatal day;
Though ſervile hands are arm'd to man the fleet,
And on Sicilian ſeas the navies meet;
All crimes, all horrors, we with joy regard,
Since thou, O Cæſar, art the great reward.
Vaſt are the thanks thy grateful Rome ſhould pay
To wars, which uſher in thy ſacred ſway.
When, the great buſineſs of the world atchiev'd,
Late by the willing ſtars thou art receiv'd,
Through all the bluſtful ſeats the news ſhall roll,
And heaven reſound with joy from pole to pole.
Whether great Jove reſign ſupreme command,
And truſt his ſceptre to thy abler hand;
Or if thou chooſe the empire of the day,
And make the ſun's unwilling ſteeds obey;
Auſpicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam;
Where'er thou reign, with one conſenting voice,
The gods and nature ſhall approve thy choice.
But, oh! whatever be thy godhead great,
Fix not in regions too remote thy ſeat;
Nor deign thou near the frozen bear to ſhine,
Nor where the ſultry ſouthern ſtars decline;
Æſs kindly thence thy influence ſhall come,
And thy bleſt rays obliquely viſit Rome.
Preſs not too much on any part the ſphere:
Hard were the taſk thy weight divine to bear;
Soon would the axis feel th' unuſual load,
And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent god:
O'er the mid orb more equal ſhalt thou ride,
And with a juſter balance fix the ſkies.
Serene for ever be that azure ſpace,
No blackening clouds the purer heaven diſgrace,
Nor hide from Rome her Cæſar's radiant face.
Then ſhall mankind conſent in ſweet accord,
And warring nations ſheath the wrathful ſword;
Peace ſhall the world in friendly leagues compoſe,
And Janus' dreadful gates for ever cloſe.
To me thy preſent godhead ſtands confeſt,
Oh let thy ſacred fury fire my breaſt!
O thou vouchſafe to hear, let Phœbus dwell
Still uninvok'd in Cyrrha's myſtic cell;
By me uncall'd, let ſprightly Bacchus reign,
And lead the dance on Indian Nyſa's plain.
To thee, O Cæſar, all my vows belong;
Do thou alone inſpire the Roman ſong.
And now the mighty taſk demands our care,
The fatal ſource of diſcord to declare;
What cauſe accurſt produc'd the dire event,
Why rage ſo dire the madding nations rent,
And peace was driven away by one conſent.
But thus the malice of our fate commands,
And nothing great to long duration ſtands;
Aſpiring Rome had riſen too much in height,
And ſunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.
So ſhall one hour at laſt this globe controul,
Break up the vaſt machine, diſſolve the whole,
And time no more through meaſur'd ages roll.
Then chaos hoar ſhall ſeize his former right,
And reign with anarchy and eldeſt night;
The ſtarry lamps ſhall combat in the ſky,
And loſt and blended in each other die;
Quench'd in the deep the heavenly fires ſhall fall,
And ocean caſt abroad o'er ſpread the ball: [run,
The moon no more her well-known courſe ſhall
But riſe from weſtern waves, and meet the ſun;
Ungovern'd ſhall ſhe quit her ancient way,
Herſelf ambitious to ſupply the day:
Confuſion wild ſhall all around be hurl'd,
And diſcord and diſorder tear the world.
Thus power and greatneſs to deſtruction haſte,
Thus bounds to human happineſs are plac'd,
And Jove forbids proſperity to laſt.
Yet fortune, when ſhe meant to wreak her hate,
From foreign foes preſerv'd the Roman ſtate,
Nor ſuffer'd barbarous hands to give the blow,
That laid the queen of earth and ocean low;
To Rome herſelf for enemies ſhe ſought,
And Rome herſelf her own deſtruction wrought;
Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before,
Firſt fell by fatal partnerſhip of power.
What blind ambition bids your force combine?
What means this frantic league in which you join?
Miſtaken men! who hope to ſhare the ſpoil,
And hold the world within one common toil!
While earth the ſeas ſhall in her boſom bear,
While earth herſelf ſhall hang in ambient air,
While Phœbus ſhall his conſtant taſk renew;
While through the Zodiac night ſhall day purſue;
No faith, no truſt, no friendſhip, ſhall be known
Among the jealous partners of a throne;
But he who reigns, ſhall ſtrive to reign alone.
Nor ſeek for foreign tales to make this good,
Were not our walls firſt-built in brother's blood?
Nor did the feud for wide dominion riſe,
Nor was the world their impious fury's prize;
Divided power contention ſtill affords,
And for a village ſtrove the petty lords.
The fierce triumvirate combin'd in peace,
Perſerv'd the bond but for a little ſpace,
Still with an awkward diſagreeing grace.
'Twas not a league by inclination made,
But bare agreement, ſuch as friends perſuade.
Deſire of war in either chief was ſeen,
Though interpoſing Craſſus ſtood between.
Such in the midſt the parting iſthmus lies,
While ſwelling ſeas on either ſide ariſe;
The ſolid boundaries of earth reſtrain
The fierce Ionian and Ægean main;
But, if the mound gives way, ſtraight roaring loud
In at the breach the ruſhing torrents crowd;
Raging they meet, the daſhing waves run high,
And work their foamy waters to the ſky.
So when unhappy Craſſus, ſadly ſlain,
Dy'd with his blood Aſſyrian Carre's plain;
Sudden the ſeeming friends in arms engage,
The Parthian ſword let looſe the Latian rage.
Ye fierce Arſacidæ! ye foes of Rome,
Now triumph, you have more than overcome:
The vanquiſh'd felt your victory from far,
And from that field receiv'd their civil war.

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The ſword is now the umpire to decide,
And part what friendſhip knew not to divide.
'Twas hard, an empire of ſo vaſt a ſize,
Could not for two ambitious minds ſuffice;
The peopled earth, and wide extended main,
Could furniſh room for only one to reign.
When dying Julia firſt forſook the light,
And Hymen's tapers ſunk in endleſs night,
The tender ties of kindred love were torn,
Forgotten all, and bury'd in her urn.
Oh! if her death had haply been delay'd,
How might the daughter and the wife perſuade!
Like the fam'd Sabine dames ſhe had been ſeen
To ſtay the meeting war, and ſtand between:
On either hand had woo'd them to accord,
Sooth'd her fierce father, and her furious lord,
To join in peace, and ſheath the ruthleſs ſword.
But this the fatal ſiſter's doom deny'd;
The friends were ſever'd, when the matron dy'd.
The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,
Rage fires their ſouls with jealouſy of fame,
And emulation fans the riſing flame.
Thee Pompey thy paſt deeds by turns infeſt,
And jealous glory burns within thy breaſt;
Thy fam'd piratic laurel ſeems to fade,
Beneath ſucceſsful Cæſar's riſing ſhade;
His Gallic wreaths thou view'ſt with anxious eyes
Above thy naval crowns triumphant riſe,
Thee, Cæſar, thy long labours paſt incite,
Thy uſe of war, and cuſtom of the fight;
While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
And bids thy courage ſcorn a ſecond place.
Superior power, fierce faction's deareſt care,
One could not brook, and one diſdain'd to ſhare.
Juſtly to name the better cauſe were hard,
While greateſt names for either ſide declar'd:
Victorious Cæſar by the gods was crown'd,
The vanquiſh'd party was by Cato own'd.
Nor came the rivals equal to the field;
One to increaſing years began to yield,
Old age come creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weigh'd the ſoldier down;
Diſus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
And pleas'd himſelf with popular applauſe;
With gifts and liberal bounty ſought for fame,
And lov'd to hear the vulgar ſhout his name;
In his own theatre rejoic'd to ſit,
Amidſt the noiſy praiſes of the pit.
Careleſs of future ills that might betide,
No aid he ſought to prop his failing ſide,
But on his former fortune much rely'd.
Still ſeem'd he to poſſeſs, and fill his place;
But ſtood the ſhadow of what once he was.
So, in the field with Ceres' bounty ſpread,
Uprears ſome ancient oak his reverend head;
Chaplets and ſacred gifts his boughs adorn,
And ſpoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
But, the firſt vigour of his root now gone,
He ſtands dependent on his weight alone;
All bare his naked branches are diſplay'd,
And with his leafleſs trunk he forms a ſhade:
Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
As every blaſt would heave him from his ſeat;
Though thouſand fairer trees the field ſupplies,
That rich in youthful verdure round him riſe;
Fix'd in his ancient ſtate he yields to none,
And wears the honours of the grove alone.

But Cæſar's greatneſs, and his ſtrength, was more
Than paſt renown and antiquated power;
'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
Or tales in old records and annals ſeen;
But 'twas a valour, reſtleſs, unconfin'd,
Which no ſucceſs could fate, nor limits bind;
'Twas ſhame, a ſoldier's ſhame untaught to yield,
That bluſh'd for nothing but an ill-fought field;
Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to ſtay,
Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
Still prodigal of war whene'er withſtood,
Nor ſpar'd to ſtain the guilty ſword with blood;
Urging advantage, he improv'd all odds,
And made the moſt of fortune and the gods;
Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
And ſaw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.
Such while earth trembles, and heaven thunders loud,
Darts the ſwift lightning from the rending cloud;
Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful blaſt confounds the gazer's ſight;
Reſiſtleſs in its courſe delights to rove,
And cleaves the temples of its maſter Jove:
Alike where'er it paſſes or returns,
With equal rage the fell deſtroyer burns;
Then with a whirl full in its ſtrength retires,
And recollects the force of all its ſcatter'd fires.
Motives like theſe the leading chiefs inſpir'd;
But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd.
Thoſe fatal ſeeds luxurious vices ſow,
Which ever lay a mighty people low.
To Rome the vanquiſh'd earth her tribute paid,
And deadly treaſures to her view diſplay'd:
Then truth and ſimple manners left the place,
While riot rear'd her lewd diſhoneſt face;
Virtue to full proſperity gave way,
And fled from rapine, and the luſt of prey.
On every ſide proud palaces ariſe,
And laviſh gold each common uſe ſupplies.
Their fathers frugal tables ſtand abhorr'd,
And Aſia now and Afric are explor'd,
For high-pric'd dainties, and the citron board.
In ſilken robes the minion men appear,
Which maids and youthful brides ſhould bluſh to wear.
That age by honeſt poverty adorn'd
Which brought the manly Romans forth, is ſcorn'd;
Whereever ought pernicious does abound,
For luxury all lands are ranſack'd round,
And dear-bought deaths the ſinking ſtate confound.
The Curii's and Camilli's little field,
To vaſt extended territories yield;
And foreign tenants reap the harveſt now,
Where once the great dictator held the plough.
Rome, ever fond of war, was tir'd with eaſe;
Ev'n liberty had loſt the power to pleaſe:
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could every wickedneſs perſuade:
Hence impious power was firſt eſteem'd a good,
Worth being ſought with arms, and bought with blood:
With glory, tyrants did their country awe,
And violence preſcrib'd the rule to law.
Hence pliant ſervile voices were conſtrain'd,
And force in popular aſſemblies reign'd;
Conſuls and tribunes, with oppoſing might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the right:

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Hence ſhameful magiſtrates were made for gold,
And a baſe people by themſelves were ſold:
Hence ſlaughter in the venal field returns,
And Rome her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence death unthrifty, careleſs to repay,
And uſury ſtill watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's laſt reſort.—
Now Cæſar, marching ſwift with winged haſte,
The ſummits of the frozen Alps had paſt;
With vaſt events and enterpriſes fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon he ſtood;
When lo? as he ſurvey'd the narrow flood,
Amidſt the duſky horrors of the night,
A wondrous viſion ſtood conſeſt to ſight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
Trembling and ſad the matron form appear'd;
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn treſſes rudely hung around:
Her naked arms upliſted ere ſhe ſpoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful ſilence broke.
Preſumptous men! oh, whither do you run?
Oh, whither bear you theſe my enſigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmoſt barrier are you come.
She ſaid; and ſunk within the cloſing ſhade:
Aſtoniſhment and dread the chief invade;
Stiff roſe his ſtarting hair, he ſtood diſmay'd,
And on the bank his ſlackeninig ſteps were ſtay'd.
O thou (at length he cry'd) whoſe hand controls
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;
Who from thy capitol's exalted height,
Doſt o'er the wide-ſpread city caſt thy ſight!
Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line!
Ye myſteries of Romulus divine!
Thou, Jove! to whom from young Aſcanius came
Thy Alban temple and thy Latian name:
And thou, immortal ſacred Veſtal flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly, thou, majeſtic Rome!
My firſt, my great divinity, to whom
Thy ſtill ſucceſsful Cæſar am I come;
Nor do thou fear the ſword's deſtructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war ſhall wage.
On him thy hate, on him thy curſe beſtow,
Who would perſuade thee Cæſar is thy foe;
And ſince to thee I conſecrate my toil,
Oh favour thou my cauſe, and on thy ſoldier ſmile.
He ſaid; and ſtraight, impatient of delay,
Acroſs the ſwelling flood purſu'd his way.
So when on ſultry Libya's deſert ſand
The lion ſpies the hunter hard at hand,
Couch'd on the earth the doubtful ſavage lies,
And waits awhile till all his fury riſe;
His laſhing tail provokes his ſwelling ſides,
And high upon his neck his mane with horror
Then if at length the flying dart inſeſt, [rides:
Or the broad ſpear invade his ample breaſt,
Scorning the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hoſtile Moor.—
While with hot ſkies the fervent ſummer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;
Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the ſea,
His bank on either ſide a limit ſtands,
Between the Gallic and Auſonian lands.
But ſtronger now the wintery torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine ſnows,
And Cynthia riſing with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her watery team,
A ſignal ſure to raiſe the ſwelling ſtream.
For this, to ſtem the rapid water's courſe
Firſt plung'd amidſt the flood the bolder horſe:
With ſtrength oppos'd againſt the ſtream they lead, [ſucceed,
While to the ſmoother ford, the foot with eaſe
The leader now had paſs'd the torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden ſhore:
Then rearing on the hoſtile bank his head,
Here farewell peace and injur'd laws! (he ſaid.)
Since faith is broke, and leagues are ſet aſide,
Henceforth thou, goddeſs fortune, art my guide;
Let fate and war the great event decide.
He ſpoke; and, on the dreadful taſk intent,
Speedy to near Ariminum he bent;
To him the Balearic ſling is ſlow,
And the ſhaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
With eager marches ſwift he reach'd the town,
As the ſhades fled, the ſinking ſtars were gone,
And Lucifer the laſt was left alone.
At length the morn, the dreadful morn aroſe,
Whoſe beams the firſt tumultuous rage diſcloſe:
Whether the ſtormy ſouth prolong'd the night,
Or the good gods abhorr'd the impious fight,
The clouds awhile withheld the mournful light.
To the mid forum on the ſoldier paſs'd,
There halted, and his victor enſigns plac'd:
With dire alarms from band to band around,
The fife, hoarſe horn, and rattling trumpets ſound.
The ſtarting citizens uprear their heads;
The luſtier youth at once forſake their beds;
Haſty they ſnatch the weapons, which among
Their houſehold gods in peace had reſted long;
Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,
The mouldering frames disjoin'd and barely left;
Swords with foul ruſt indented deep they take,
And uſeleſs ſpears with points inverted ſhake.
Soon as their creſts the Roman eagles rear'd,
And Cæſar high above the reſt appear'd;
Each trembling heart with ſecret horror ſhook,
And ſilence thus within themſelves they ſpoke:
Oh, hapleſs city! oh, ill-fated walls!
Rear'd for a curſe ſo near the neighbouring Gauls!
By us deſtruction ever takes its way,
We firſt become each bold invader's prey;
Oh, that by fate we rather had been plac'd
Upon the confines of the utmoſt eaſt!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlaſting ſnow.
Better with wandering Scythians chooſe to roam,
Than fix in fruitful Italy our home,
And guard theſe dreadful paſſages to Rome.
Through theſe the Cimbrians laid Heſperia waſte;
Through theſe the ſwarthy Carthaginian paſs'd;
Whenever fortune threats the Latian ſtates,
War death, and ruin, enter at theſe gates.
In ſecret murmurs thus they ſought relief,
While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.
O'er all one deep, one horrid ſilence reigns;
As when the rigour of the winter's chains
All nature, heaven, and earth at once conſtrains;
The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays,
And ſhivering tremble on the naked ſprays;

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Ev'n the rude ſeas compos'd forget to roar,
And freezing billows ſtiffen on the ſhore.
The colder ſhades of night forſook the ſky,
When, lo! Bellona lifts her torch on high:
And, if the chief, by doubt or ſhame detain'd,
A while from battle and from blood abſtain'd;
Fortune and fate, impatient of delay,
Force every ſoft relenting thought away.
A lucky chance a fair pretence ſupplies,
And juſtice in his favour ſeems to riſe.
New accidents new ſtings to rage ſuggeſt,
And fiercer fires inflame the warrior's breaſt.
The ſenate threatening high, and haughty grown,
Had driven the wrangling tribunes from the town;
In ſcorn of law, had chas'd them through the gate,
And urg'd them with the factious Gracchi's fate.
With theſe, as for redreſs their courſe they ſped
To Cæſar's camp, the buſy Curio fled;
Curio, a ſpeaker turbulent and bold,
Of venal eloquence, that ſerv'd for gold,
And principles that might be bought and ſold.
A tribune once himſelf, in loud debate,
He ſtrove for public freedom and the ſtate:
Eſſay'd to make the warring nobles bow,
And bring the potent party-leaders low.
To Cæſar thus, while thouſand cares infeſt,
Revolving round the warrior's anxious breaſt,
His ſpeech the ready orator addreſt:
While yet my voice was uſeful to my friend;
While 'twas allow'd me, Cæſar to defend,
While yet the pleading bar was left me free,
While I could draw uncertain Rome to thee;
In vain their force the moody fathers join'd,
In vain to rob thee of thy power combin'd;
I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,
And fix'd thy conquering ſword within thy hand.
But ſince the vanquiſh'd laws in war are dumb,
To thee, behold, an exil'd band we come;
For thee, with joy our baniſhment we take,
For thee our houſehold hearths and gods forſake;
Nor hope to ſee our native city more,
Till victory and thou the loſs reſtore.
Th' unready faction, yet confus'd with fear,
Defenceleſs, weak, and unreſolv'd, appear.
Haſte then thy towering eagles on their way:
When fair occaſion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
If twice five years the ſtubborn Gaul withheld,
And ſet thee hard in many a well-fought field;
A nobler labour now before thee lies,
The hazard leſs, yet greater far the prize;
A province that, and portion of the whole;
This the vaſt head that does mankind control.
Succeſs ſhall ſure attend thee, boldly go
And win the world at one ſucceſsful blow.
No triumph now attends thee at the gate;
No temples for thy ſacred laurel wait:
But blaſting envy hangs upon thy name,
Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame;
Imputes as crimes, the nations overcome,
And makes it treaſon to have fought for Rome:
Ev'n he who took thy Julia's plighted hand,
Waits to deprive thee of thy juſt command.
Since Pompey then, and thoſe upon his ſide,
Forbid thee, the world's empire to divide;
Aſſume that ſway which beſt mankind may bear,
And rule alone what they diſdain to ſhare.

He ſaid; his words the liſtening chief engage,
And fire his breaſt, already prone to rage.
Not peals of loud applauſe with greater force,
At Grecian Elis, rouſe the fiery horſe;
When eager for the courſe each nerve he ſtrains,
Hangs on the bit, and tugs the ſtubborn reins,
At every ſhout erects his quivering ears,
And his broad breaſt upon the barrier bears.
Sudden he bids the troops draw out, and ſtraight
The thronging legions round their enſigns wait:
Then thus the crowd compoſing with a look,
And, with his hand commanding ſilence, ſpoke:
Fellows in arms, who choſe with me to bear
The toils and dangers of a tedious war,
And conquer to this tenth revolving year;
See what reward the grateful ſenate yield,
For the loſt blood which ſtains yon northern field;
For wounds, for winter camps, for Alpine ſnow,
And all the deaths the brave can undergo.
See! the tumultuous city is alarm'd,
As if another Hannibal were arm'd:
The luſty youth are cull'd to fill the bands,
And each tall grove falls by the ſhipwrights hands;
Fleets are equipp'd, the field with armies ſpread,
And all demand devoted Cæſar's head.
If thus, while fortune yields us her applauſe,
While the gods call us on and own our cauſe,
If thus returning conquerors they treat,
How had they us'd us flying from defeat;
If fickle chance of war had prov'd unkind,
And the fierce Gauls purſu'd us from behind!
But let their boaſted hero leave his home,
Let him, diſſolv'd, with lazy leiſure, come,
With every noiſy talking tongue in Rome:
Let loud Marcellus troops of gown-men head,
And their great Cato peaceful burghers lead.
Shall his baſe followers, a venal train,
For ages bid their idol Pompey reign?
Shall his ambition ſtill be thought no crime,
His breach of laws, and triumph ere the time?
Still ſhall he gather honours and command,
And graſp all rule in his rapacious hand?
What need I name the violated laws,
And famine made the ſervant of his cauſe?
Who knows not how the trembling judge beheld
The peaceful court with armed legions fill'd;
When the bold ſoldier, juſtice to defy,
In the mid forum rear'd his enſigns high;
When glittering ſwords the pale aſſembly ſcar'd,
When all for death and ſlaughter ſtood prepar'd,
And Pompey's arms were guilty Milo's guard?
And now, diſdaining peace and needful eaſe,
Nothing but rule and government can pleaſe.
Aſpiring ſtill, as ever, to be great,
He robs his age of reſt to vex the ſtate:
On war intent, to that he bends his cares,
And for the field of battle now prepares.
He copies from his maſter Sylla well,
And would the dire example far excel.
Hyrcanian tygers fierceneſs thus retain,
Whom in the woods their horrid mothers train,
To chaſe the herds, and ſurfeit on the ſlain.
Such, Pompey, ſtill has been thy greedy thirſt,
In early love of impious ſlaughter nurſt;
Since firſt thy infant cruelty eſſay'd
To lick the curſt dictator's reeking blade.
None ever give the ſavage nature o'er,
Whoſe jaws have once been drench'd in floods of gore.

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But whither would a power so wide extend?
Where will thy long ambition find an end?
Remember him who taught thee to be great;
Let him who chose to quit the sovereign seat,
Let thy own Sylla warn thee to retreat.
Perhaps, for that too boldly I withstand,
Nor yield my conquering eagles on command;
Since the Cilician pirate strikes his sail,
Since o'er the Pontic king thy arms prevail;
Since the poor prince, a weary life o'er-past,
By thee and poison is subdu'd at last;
Perhaps one lateſt province yet remains,
And vanquish'd Cæsar must receive thy chains.
But though my labours lose their just reward,
Yet let the senate, these my friends regard;
Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious bands
Deserve to triumph, whose'er commands.
Where shall my weary veteran rest? O where
Shall virtue worn with years and arms repair?
What town is for his late repose assign'd?
Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,
Fields for his plough, a country village seat,
Some little comfortable safe retreat;
Where failing age at length from toil may cease,
And waste the poor remains of life with peace?
But march! Your long victorious ensigns rear,
Let valour in its own just cause appear.
When for redress entreating armies call,
They who deny just things, permit them all.
The righteous gods shall surely own the cause,
Which seeks not spoil, nor empire, but the laws.
Proud lords and tyrants to depose we come,
And save from slavery submissive Rome.
He said; a doubtful sullen murmuring sound
Ran through the unresolving vulgar round;
The seeds of piety their rage restrain'd,
And somewhat of their country's love remain'd;
These the rude passions of their soul withstood,
Elate to conquest, and inur'd to blood:
But soon the momentary virtue fail'd,
And war and dread of Cæsar's frown prevail'd.
Straight Lelius from amongst the rest stood forth,
An old centurion of distinguish'd worth;
The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore,
Mark of a citizen preserv'd he bore.
If against thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
Thou greatest leader of the Roman name;
If truth for injur'd honour may be bold,
What lingering patience does thy arms withhold?
Canst thou distrust our faith so often try'd?
In thy long wars not shrinking from thy side?
While in my veins this vital torrent flows,
This heaving breath within my bosom blows;
While yet these arms sufficient vigour yield
To dart the javelin, and to lift the shield;
While these remain, my general, wilt thou own
The vile dominion of the lazy gown?
Wilt thou the lordly senate choose to bear,
Rather than conquer in a civil war?
With thee the Scythian wilds we'll wander o'er,
With thee the burning Lybian sands explore,
And tread the Syrt's inhospitable shore.
Behold! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,
For thee the servile oar has not disdain'd,
For thee the swelling seas were taught to plow,
Through the Rhine's whirling stream to force thy prow,
That all the vanquish'd world to thee might bow.
Each faculty, each power, thy will obey,
And inclination ever leads the way.
No friend, no fellow-citizen I know,
Whom Cæsar's trumpet once proclaims a foe,
By the long labours of thy sword, I swear,
By all thy fame acquir'd in ten years war,
By thy past triumphs, and by those to come,
(No matter where the vanquish'd be, or whom)
Bid me to strike my dearest brother dead,
To bring my aged father's hoary head,
Or stab the pregnant partner of my bed;
Though nature plead, and stop my trembling hand,
I swear to execute thy dread command.
Dost thou delight to spoil the wealthy gods,
And scatter flames through all their proud abodes?
See through thy camp our ready torches burn,
Moneta soon her sinking fane shall mourn.
Wilt thou yon haughty factious senate brave,
And awe the Tuscan river's yellow wave?
On Tiber's banks thy ensigns shall be plac'd,
And thy bold soldier lay Hesperia waste.
Dost thou devote some hostile city's walls?
Beneath our thundering rams the ruin falls;
She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful sentence doom
The world's imperial mistress, mighty Rome.
He said; the ready legions vow to join
Their chief belov'd, in every bold design;
All lift their well-approving hands on high,
And rend with peals of loud applause the sky.
Such is the sound when Thracian Boreas spreads
His weighty wing o'er Ossa's piney heads:
At once the noisy groves are all inclin'd,
And, bending, roar beneath the sweeping wind;
At once their rattling branches all they rear,
And drive the leafy clamour through the air.
Cæsar with joy the ready bands beheld,
Urg'd on by fate, and eager for the field;
Swift orders straight the scatter'd warriors call,
From every part of wide-extended Gaul;
And, lest his fortune languish by delay,
To Rome the moving ensigns speed their way.
Some, at the bidding of the chief, forsake
Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake:
Some from Vogesus' lofty rocks withdraw,
Plac'd on those heights the Lingones to awe;
The Lingones still frequent in alarms,
And rich in many-colour'd painted arms.
Others from Isara's low torrent came,
Who winding keeps through many a mead his course;
But seeks the sea with waters not his own,
Lost and confounded in the nobler Rhone.
Their garrison the Ruthen city send,
Whose youths long locks in yellow rings depend.
No more the Varus and the Atax feel
The lordly burden of the Latian keel.
Alcides' fane the troops commanded leave,
Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive;
Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus resort,
Nor roll rude surges in the sacred port;
Circius' loud blast alone is heard to roar,
And vex the safety of Monœchus' shore.
The legions move from Gallia's farthest side,
Wash'd by the restless ocean's various tide;
Now o'er the land flows in the pouring main,
Now rears the land its rising head again,
And seas and earth alternate rule maintain.
If driven by winds from the far distant pole,
This way and that, the floods revolving roll;

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Or if, compell'd by Cynthia's silver beam,
Obedient Tethys heaves the swelling stream;
Or if, by heat attracted to the sky,
Old ocean lifts his heavy waves on high,
And briny deeps the wasting sun supply;
What cause soe'er the wondrous motion guide,
And press the ebb, or raise the flowing tide;
Be that your task, ye sages, to explore,
Who search the secret springs of nature's power:
To me, for so the wiser gods ordain,
Untrac'd the mystery shall still remain.
From fair Nemossus moves a warlike band,
From Atur's banks, and the Tarbellian strand,
Where winding round the coast pursues its way,
And folds the sea within a gentle bay.
The Santones are now with joy releas'd
From hostile inmates, and their Roman guest,
Now the Bituriges forget their fears,
And Suessons nimble with unwieldy spears:
Exult the Leuci, and the Remi now,
Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.
The Belgæ taught on cover'd wains to ride,
The Sequani the wheeling horse to guide;
The bold Averni who from Ilium come,
And boast an ancient brotherhood with Rome;
The Nervi oft rebelling, oft subdu'd,
Whose hands in Gotta's slaughter were imbru'd;
Vangiones, like loose Sarmatians dress,
Who with rough hides their brawny thighs invest:
Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight,
And with hoarse rattlings animate to fight;
The nations where the Cinga's waters flow,
And Pyrenæan mountains stand in snow;
Those where slow Arar meets the rapid Rhone,
And with his stronger stream is hurry'd down;
Those o'er the mountains lofty summit spread,
Where high Gebenna lifts her hoary head;
With these the Trevir and Ligurian horn,
Whose brow no more long falling locks adorn;
Though chief amongst the Gauls he wont to deck,
With ringlets comely spread, his graceful neck:
And you where Hesus' horrid altar stands,
Where dire Teutates human blood demands;
Where Taranis by wretches is obey'd,
And vies in slaughter with the Scythian maid:
All see with joy the war's departing rage,
Seek distant lands, and other foes engage.
You too, ye bards! whom sacred raptures fire,
To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre;
Who consecrate in your immortal strain,
Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain;
Securely now the tuneful task renew,
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.
The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
Old mysteries and barbarous rites restore:
A tribe who singular religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To these, and these of all mankind alone,
The gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown.
If dying mortals doom they sing aright,
No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night:
No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
Nor seek the dreary silent shades below:
But forth they fly immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new worlds they find.
Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
And like a line, death but divides the space,
A stop which can but for a moment last,
A point between the future and the past.
Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise;
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel;
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that life which must so soon return.
You too tow'rds Rome advance, ye warlike band,
That wont the shaggy Cauci to withstand;
Whom once a better order did assign,
To guard the passes of the German Rhine;
Now from the fenceless banks you march away,
And leave the world the fierce barbarians prey.
While thus the numerous troops, from every part,
Assembling, raise their daring leader's heart;
O'er Italy he takes his warlike way,
The neighbouring towns his summons straight obey,
And on their walls his ensigns high display.
Meanwhile the busy messenger of ill,
Officious fame supplies new terror still:
A thousand slaughters, and ten thousand fears,
She whispers in the trembling vulgar's ears,
Now comes a frighted messenger, to tell
Of ruins which the country round befel;
The foe to fair Mevania's walls is past,
And lays Clitumnus' fruitful pastures waste;
Where Nar's white waves with Tiber mingling fall,
Range the rough German and the rapid Gaul.
But when himself, when Cæsar they would paint,
The stronger image makes description faint:
No tongue can speak with what amazing dread
Wild thought presents him at his army's head;
Unlike the man familiar to their eyes,
Horrid he seems, and of gigantic size:
Unnumber'd eagles rise amidst his train,
And millions seem to hide the crowded plain.
Around him all the various nations join,
Between the snowy Alps and distant Rhine.
He draws the fierce barbarians from their home,
With rage surpassing theirs he seems to come,
And urge them on to spoil devoted Rome.
Thus fear does half the work of lying fame,
And cowards thus their own misfortunes frame;
By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,
And groan beneath those ills themselves have made.
Nor these alarms the crowd alone infest,
But ran alike through every beating breast;
With equal dread the grave patricians shook,
Their seats abandon'd, and the court forsook.
The scattering fathers quit the public care,
And bid the consuls for the war prepare.
Resolv'd on flight, yet still unknowing where
To fly from danger, or for aid repair,
Hasty and headlong differing paths they tread,
As blind impulse and wild distraction lead;
The crowd, a hurrying, heartless train, succeed.
Who that the lamentable sight beheld,
The wretched fugitives that hid the field,
Would not have thought the flames, with rapid haste
Destroying wide, had laid their city waste;
Or groaning earth had shook beneath their feet,
While threatening fabrics nodded o'er the street.
By such unthinking rashness were they led;
Such was the madness which their fears had bred,

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As if, of every other hope bereft,
To fly from Rome were all the safety left.
So when the stormy south is heard to roar,
And rolls huge billows from the Libyan shore;
When rending sails flit with the driving blast,
And with a crash down comes the lofty mast;
Some coward master leaps from off the deck,
And, hasty to despair, prevents the wreck;
And though the bark unbroken hold her way,
His trembling crew all plunge into the sea.
From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,
And flying from the city rush to arms.
Then sons forsook their sires unnerv'd and old,
Nor weeping wives their husbands could withhold;
Each left his guardian Lares unador'd,
Nor with one parting prayer their aid implor'd:
None stop'd, or sighing turn'd for one last view,
Or bid the city of his birth adieu.
The headlong crowd regardless urge their way,
Though ev'n their gods and country ask their stay?
And pleading nature beg them to delay.
What means, ye gods! this changing in your doom?
Freely you grant, but quickly you resume.
Vain is the short-liv'd sovereignty you lend;
The pile you raise you deign not to defend.
See where, forsaken by her native bands,
All desolate the once-great city stands!
She whom her swarming citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquish'd nations wont to crowd,
Within the circuit of whose ample space
Mankind might meet at once, and find a place;
A wide defenceless desert now she lies,
And yields herself the victor's easy prize
The camp intrench'd securest slumbers yields,
Though hostile arms beset the neighbouring fields;
Rude banks of earth the hasty soldier rears,
And in the turfy wall forgets his fears:
While, Rome, thy sons all tremble from afar,
And scatter at the very name of war;
Nor on thy towers depend, nor rampart's height,
Nor trust their safety with thee for a night.
Yet one excuse absolv'd the panic dread;
The vulgar justly fear'd when Pompey fled.
And, lest sweet hope might mitigate their woes,
And expectation better times disclose,
On every breast presaging terror fate,
And threaten'd plain some yet more dismal fate.
The gods declare their menaces around,
Earth, air, and seas, in prodigies abound;
Then stars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,
And foreign flames about the pole to turn;
Unusual fires by night were seen to fly,
And dart obliquely through the gloomy sky.
Then horrid comets shook their fatal hair,
And bade proud royalty for change prepare:
Now dart swift lightnings through the azure clear,
And meteors now in various forms appear:
Some like the javelin shoot extended long,
While some like spreading lamps in heaven are hung.
And though no gathering clouds the day control,
Through skies serene portentous thunders roll:
Fierce blasting bolts from northern regions come,
And aim their vengeance at imperial Rome.
The stars, that twinkled in the lonely night,
Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light.
The moon, in all her brother's beams array'd,
Was blotted by the earth's approaching shade;
The sun himself, in his meridian race,
In sable darkness veil'd his brighter face:
The trembling world beheld his fading ray,
And mourn'd despairing for the loss of day.
Such was he seen, when backward to the east
He fled, abhorring dire Thyestes' feast.
Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While Mulciber let loose his fiery store;
Nor rose the flames, but with a downward tide
Tow'rds Italy their burning torrent guide;
Charybdis' dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,
And all her whirling waves run red with blood;
The vestal fire upon the altar dy'd,
And o'er the sacrifice the flames divide;
The parting points with double streams ascend,
To show the Latian festivals must end:
Such from the Theban brethren's pile arose,
Signal of impious and immortal foes.
With openings fast the gaping earth gave way,
And in her inmost womb receiv'd the day.
The swelling seas o'er lofty mountains flow,
And nodding Alps shook off their ancient snow.
Then wept the demi-gods of mortal birth,
And sweating Lares trembled on the hearth.
In temples then, recording stories tell,
Untouch'd the sacred gifts and garlands fell.
Then birds obscene, with inauspicious flight,
And screamings dire, profan'd the hallow'd light.
The savage kind forsook the desert wood,
And in the streets disclos'd their horrid brood.
Then speaking beasts with human sounds were heard,
And monstrous births the teeming mothers scar'd,
Among the crowd, religious fears disperse
The saws of Sibyls, and foreboding verse.
Bellona's priests, a barbarous frantic train,
Whose mangled arms a thousand wounds disdain,
Toss their wild locks, and, with a dismal yell,
The wrathful gods and coming woes foretel.
Lamenting ghosts amidst their ashes mourn,
And groanings echo from the marble urn.
The rattling clank of arms is heard around,
And voices loud in lonely woods resound.
Grim spectres everywhere affright the eye,
Approaching glare, and pass with horror by.
A fury fierce about the city walks.
Hell-born, and horrible of size, she stalks:
A flaming pine she brandishes in air,
And hissing loud uprise her snaky hair:
Where'er her round accurst the monster takes,
The pale inhabitant his house forsakes.
Such to Lycurgus was the phantom seen,
Such the dire visions of the Theban queen;
Such, at his cruel stepmother's command,
Before Alcides, did Megæra stand:
With dread, till then unknown, the hero shook,
Though he had dar'd on hell's grim king to look.
Amidst the deepest silence of the night,
Shrill sounding clarions animate the fight;
The shouts of meeting armies seem to rise,
And the loud battle shakes the gloomy skies.
Dead Sylla in the Martian field awakes,
And mischiefs mighty as his own portends.
Near Anio's stream old Marius rears his head;
The hinds beheld his grisly form, and fled.

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The ſtate thus threaten'd, by old cuſtom taught,
For counſel to the Tuſcan prophets ſought:
Of theſe the chief for learning fam'd, and age,
Arruns by name, a venerable ſage,
At Luna liv'd; none better could deſcry
What bodes the lightning's journey through the ſky;
Preſaging veins and fibres well he knew,
And omens read aright, from every wing that flew.
Firſt he commands to burn the monſtrous breed,
Sprung from mix'd ſpecies, and diſcordant ſeed;
Forbidden and accurſed births, which come
Where nature's laws deſign'd a barren womb.
Next, the remaining trembling tribes he calls,
To paſs with ſolemn rites about their walls,
In holy march to viſit all around,
And with luſtrations purge the utmoſt bound.
The ſovereign prieſts the long proceſſion lead,
Inferior orders in the train ſucceed,
Array'd all duly in the Gabine weed.
There the chaſte head of Veſta's choir appears,
A ſacred fillet binds her reverend hairs;
To her, in ſole pre-eminence, is due,
Phrygian Minerva's awful ſhrine to view.
Next the fifteen in order paſs along,
Who guard the fatal Sibyls' ſecret ſong:
To Almon's ſtream Cybele's form they bear,
And waſh the goddeſs each returning year.
The Titian brotherhood, the Augurs band,
Obſerving flights on the left lucky hand;
The ſeven ordain'd Jove's holy feaſt to deck;
The Salii blithe, with bucklers on the neck;
All marching in their order juſt appear:
And laſt the generous Flamens cloſe the rear.
While theſe through ways uncouth, and tireſome ground,
Patient perform their long laborious round,
Arruns collects the marks of heaven's dread flame;
In earth he hides them with religious hand,
Murmurs a prayer, then gives the place a name,
And bids the fix'd bidental hallow'd ſtand.
Next from the herd a choſen male is ſought,
And ſoon before the ready altar brought.
And now the ſeer the ſacrifice began,
The pouring wine upon the victim ran;
The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd;
The crooked knife the deſtin'd line had trac'd;
When with reluctant rage th' impatient beaſt
The rites unpleaſing to the god confeſt.
At length compell'd his ſtubborn head to bow,
Vanquiſh'd he yields him to the fatal blow;
The guſhing veins no cheerful crimſon pour,
But ſtain with poiſonous black the ſacred floor.
The paler prophet ſtood with horror ſtruck;
Then with a haſty hand the entrails took,
And ſought the angry gods again; but there
Prognoſtics worſe, and ſadder ſigns, appear;
The pallid guts with ſpots were marbled o'er,
With thin cold ſerum ſtain'd, and livid gore;
The liver wet with putrid ſtreams he ſpy'd,
And veins that threaten'd on the hoſtile ſide;
Part of the heaving lungs is no where found,
And thinner films the ſever'd entrails bound;
No uſual motion ſtirs the panting heart;
The chinky veſſels ooze on every part;
The cawl, where wrapt the cloſe inteſtines lie,
Betrays its dark receſſes to the eye.
One prodigy ſuperior threaten'd ſtill,
The never-failing harbinger of ill:
Lo! by the fibrous liver's riſing head,
A ſecond rival prominence is ſpread;
All ſunk and poor the friendly part appears,
And a pale, ſickly, withering viſage wears;
While high and full the adverſe veſſels ride,
And drive, impetuous, on their purple tide.
Amaz'd, the ſage foreſaw th' impending fate;
Ye gods! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate
What woes on this devoted people wait.
Nor doſt thou, Jove, in theſe our rites partake,
Nor ſmile propitious on the prayer we make;
The dreadful Stygian gods this victim claim,
And to our ſacrifice the furies came.
The ills we fear command us to be dumb;
Yet ſomewhat worſe than what we fear ſhall come.
But may the gods be gracious from on high,
Some better proſperous event ſupply,
Fibres may err, and augury may lie;
Arts may be falſe, by which our ſires divin'd,
And Tages taught them, to abuſe mankind.
Thus darkly he the prophecy expreſt,
And riddling ſung the double-dealing prieſt.
But Figulus exclaims (to ſcience bred,
And in the gods myſterious ſecrets read;
Whom nor Egyptian Memphis' ſons excell'd,
Nor with more ſkill the rolling orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the labours of the ſphere,
And calculate the juſt revolving year).
The ſtars (he cries) are in confuſion hurl'd,
And wandering error quite miſguides the world;
Or, if the laws of nature yet remain,
Some ſwift deſtruction now the fates ordain.
Shall earth's wide opening jaws for ruin call,
And ſinking cities to the centre fall?
Shall raging drought infeſt the ſultry ſky?
Shall faithleſs art the promis'd crop deny?
Shall poiſonous vapours o'er the waters brood,
And taint the limpid ſpring and ſilver flood?
Ye gods! what ruin does your wrath prepare!
Comes it from heaven, from earth, from ſeas, or air?
The lives of many to a period haſte,
And thouſands ſhall together breathe their laſt.
If Saturn's ſullen beams were lifted high,
And baneful reign'd aſcendant o'er the ſky,
Then moiſt Aquarius deluges might rain,
And earth once more lie ſunk beneath the main:
Or did thy glowing beams, O Phœbus, ſhine
Malignant in the Lion's ſcorching ſign,
Wide o'er the world conſuming fires might roll,
And heaven be ſeen to flame from pole to pole:
Through peaceful orbits theſe unangry glide,
But, God of Battles! what doſt thou provide?
Who in the threatening Scorpion doſt preſide?
With potent wrath around thy influence ſtream,
And the whole monſter kindles at thy beams:
While Jupiter's more gentle rays decline,
And Mercury with Venus faintly ſhine;
The wandering lights are darken'd all and gone,
And Mars now lords it o'er the heavens alone.
Orion's ſtarry falchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful ſide.
War comes, and ſavage ſlaughter muſt abound,
The ſword of violence ſhall right confound:
The blackeſt crimes fair virtue's name ſhall wear,
And impious fury rage for many a year.

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Yet ask not thou an end of arms, O Rome,
Thy peace muſt with a lordly maſter come.
Protract deſtruction, and defer thy chain,
The ſword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,
And civil wars thy liberty maintain.
The heartleſs vulgar to the ſage give heed,
New riſing fears his words foreboding breed.
When, lo! more dreadful wonders ſtrike their eyes,
For through the ſtreets a Roman matron flies,
Mad as the Thracian dames that bound along,
And chant Lyæus in their frantic ſong:
Enthuſiaſtic heavings ſwell'd her breaſt,
And thus her voice the Delphic god confeſt:
Where doſt thou ſnatch me, Pæan! wherefore bear
Through cloudy heights and tracts of pathleſs air?
I ſee Pangean mountains white with ſnow,
Æmeus and wide Philippi's fields below.
Say, Phœbus, wherefore does this fury riſe?
What mean theſe ſpears and ſhields before my eyes?
I ſee the Roman battles crowd the plain!
I ſee the war, but ſeek the foe in vain.
Again I fly, I ſeek the riſing day,
Where Nile's Egyptian waters take their way:
I ſee, I know upon the guilty ſhore,
The hero's headleſs trunk beſmear'd with gore.
The Syrts and Libyan ſands beneath me lie,
Thither Emathia's ſcatter'd relics fly.
Now o'er the cloudy Alps I ſtretch my flight,
And ſoar above Pyrene's airy height:
To Rome, my native Reme, I turn again,
And ſee the ſenate reeking with the ſlain.
Again the moving chiefs their arms prepare;
Again I follow through the world the war.
Oh, give me, Phœbus! give me to explore,
Some region new, ſome undiſcover'd ſhore;
I ſaw Philippi's fatal fields before.
She ſaid: the weary rage began to ceaſe,
And left the fainting propheteſs in peace.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Amidst the general conſternation that foreran the civil war, the poet introduces an old man giving an account of the miſeries that attended on that of Marius and Sylla; and comparing their preſent circumſtances to thoſe in which the commonwealth was when that former war broke out. Brutus conſults with Cato, whether it were the duty of a private man to concern himſelf in the public troubles; to which Cato replies in the affirmative: Then follows his receiving Marcia again from the tomb of Hortenſius. While Pompey goes to Capua, Cæſar makes himſelf maſter of the greateſt part of Italy, and among the reſt of Corfinium, where Domitius, the governor for Pompey, is ſeized by his garriſon, and delivered to Cæſar, who pardons and diſmiſſes him.

Pompey, in an oration to his army, makes a trial of their diſpoſition to a general battle; but not finding it to anſwer his expectation, he ſends his ſon to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of his friends and allies; then marches himſelf to Brunduſium, where he is like to be ſhut up by Cæſar, and eſcapes at length with much difficulty.

Now manifeſt the wrath divine appear'd,
And nature through the world the war declar'd;
Teeming with monſters, ſacred law ſhe broke,
And dire events in all her works beſpoke.
Thou Jove, who doſt in heaven ſupremely reign,
Why does thy providence theſe ſigns ordain,
And give us preſcience to increaſe our pain!
Doubly we bear thy dread-inflicting doom,
And feel our miſeries before they come.
Whether the great creating parent ſoul,
When firſt from Chaos rude he form'd the whole,
Diſpos'd futurity with certain hand,
And bade the neceſſary cauſes ſtand;
Made one decree for ever to remain,
And bound himſelf in fate's eternal chain;
Or whether fickle fortune leads the dance,
Nothing is fix'd, but all things come by chance;
Whate'er thou ſhalt ordain, thou ruling power,
Unknown and ſudden be the dreadful hour:
Let mortals to their future fate be blind,
And hope relieve the miſerable mind.
While thus the wretched citizens behold
What certain ills the faithful gods foretold;
Juſtice ſuſpends her courſe in mournful Rome,
And all the noiſy courts at once are dumb;
No honours ſhine in the diſtinguiſh'd weed,
No rods the purple magiſtrate precede:
A diſmal ſilent ſorrow ſpreads around,
No groan is heard, nor one complaining ſound.
So when ſome generous youth reſigns his breath,
And parting ſinks in the laſt pangs of death;
With ghaſtly eyes, and many a lift-up hand,
Around his bed the ſtill attendants ſtand;
No tongue as yet preſumes his fate to tell,
Nor ſpeaks aloud the ſolemn laſt farewell;
As yet the mother by her darling lies;
Nor breaks lamenting into frantic cries;
And though he ſtiffens in her fond embrace,
His eyes are ſet, and livid pale his face;
Horror a while prevents the ſwelling tear,
Nor is her paſſion grief, as yet, but fear;
In one fix'd poſture motionleſs ſhe keeps,
And wonders at her woe before ſhe weeps.
The matrons ſad, their rich attire lay by,
And to the temples madly crowding fly:
Some on the ſhrines their guſhing ſorrows pour,
Some daſh their breaſts againſt the marble floor,
Some on the ſacred threſholds rend their hair,
And howling ſeek the gods with horrid prayer.

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Nor Jove receiv'd the wailing suppliants all,
In various fanes on various powers they call.
No altar then, no god was left alone,
Unvex'd by some impatient parent's moan.
Of these, one wretch her grief, above the rest,
With visage torn, and mangled arms confest.
Ye mothers! beat (she cry'd) your bosoms now,
Now tear the curling honours from your brow;
The present hour ev'n all your tears demands,
While doubtful fortune yet suspended stands.
When one shall conquer, then for joy prepare,
The victor chief, at least, shall end the war.
Thus, from renew'd complaints they seek relief,
And only find fresh causes out for grief.
The men too, as to different camps they go,
Join their sad voices to the public woe;
Impatient to the gods they raise their cry,
And thus expostulate with those on high:
Oh hapless times! oh that we had been born,
When Carthage made our vanquish'd country mourn!
Well had we then been number'd with the slain
On Trebia's banks, or Canna's fatal plain.
Nor ask we peace, ye powers, nor soft repose;
Give us new wars, and multitudes of foes;
Let every potent city arm for fight,
And all the neighbour nations round unite;
From Median Susa let the Parthians come,
And Massagetes beyond their Ister roam:
Let Ebro and Rhine's unconquer'd springs send forth
The yellow Suevi from the farthest north:
Let the conspiring world in arms engage,
And save us only from domestic rage.
Here let the hostile Dacian inroads make,
And there his way the Gete invader take.
Let Cæsar in Iberia tame the foe;
Let Pompey break the deadly eastern bow,
And Rome no hand unarm'd for battle know.
But if Hesperia stand condemn'd by fate,
And ruin on our name and nation wait;
Now dart thy thunder, dread almighty sire,
Let all thy flaming heavens descend in fire;
On chiefs and parties hurl thy bolts alike,
And, ere their crimes have made them guilty, strike.
Is it a cause so worthy of our care,
That power may fall to this, or that man's share?
Do we for this the gods and conscience brave,
That one may rule, and make the rest a slave?
When thus ev'n liberty we scarce should buy,
But think a civil war a price too high.
Thus groan they at approaching dire events,
And thus expiring piety laments.
Meanwhile the hoary sire his years deplores,
And age that former miseries restores:
He hates his weary life prolong'd for woe,
Worse days to see, more impious rage to know.
Then fetching old examples from afar,
'Twas thus (he cries) fate usher'd in the war:
When Cimbrians fierce, and Libya's swarthy lord,
Had fall'n before triumphant Marius' sword;
Yet to Minturnæ's marsh the victor fled,
And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head.
The faithless soil the hunted chief reliev'd,
And sedgy waters fortune's pledge receiv'd.
Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
Where gyves and rankling fetters eat their way
And noisome vapours on his vitals prey.
Ordain'd at ease to dine in wretched Rome,
He suffer'd then, for wickedness to come.
In vain his foes had arm'd the Cimbrian's hand,
Death will not always wait upon command;
About to strike, the slave with horror shook.
The useless steel his loosening gripe forsook;
Thick flashing flames a light unusual gave,
And sudden shone around the gloomy cave;
Dreadful the gods of guilt before him stood,
And Marius terrible in future blood;
When thus a voice began: Rash man forbear,
Nor touch that head which fate resolves to spare;
Thousands are doom'd beneath his arm to bleed,
And countless deaths before his own decreed;
Thy wrath and purpose to destroy is vain:
Would'st thou avenge thee for thy nation slain?
Preserve this man; and in some coming day
The Cimbrian slaughter well he shall repay.
No pitying god, no power to mortals good,
Could save a savage wretch who joy'd in blood:
But fate reserv'd him to perform its doom,
And be the minister of wrath to Rome.
By swelling seas too favourably tost,
Safely he reach'd Numidia's hostile coast;
There, driven from man, to wilds he took his way;
And on the earth, where once he conquer'd, lay;
There in the lone unpeopled desert field,
Proud Carthage in her ruins he beheld;
Amidst her ashes pleas'd he sat him down,
And joy'd in the destruction of the town.
The genius of the place, with mutual hate,
Rear'd its fed head, and smil'd at Marius' fate;
Each with delight survey'd their fallen foe,
And each forgave the gods, that laid the other low.
There with new fury was his soul possest,
And Libyan rage collected in his breast.
Soon as returning fortune own'd his cause,
Troops of revolting bond-men forth he draws;
Cut-throats and slaves resort to his command,
And arms were given to every baser hand.
None worthily the leader's standard bore,
Unstain'd with blood or blackest crimes before:
Villains of fame, to fill his bands, were sought,
And to his camp increase of crimes they brought.
Who can relate the horrors of that day,
When first these walls became the victor's prey!
With what a stride devouring slaughter past,
And swept promiscuous orders in her haste!
O'er noble and plebeian rang'd the sword;
Nor pity or remorse one pause afford.
The sliding streets with blood were clotted o'er,
And sacred temples flood in pools of gore.
The ruthless steel, impatient of delay,
Forbade the fire to linger out his day:
It struck the bending father to the earth,
And crept the wailing infant at his birth.
(Can innocents the rage of parties know,
And they who ne'er offended find a foe?)
Age is no plea, and childhood no defence,
To kill is all the murderer's pretence.
Rage stays not to inquire who ought to die,
Numbers must fall, no matter which, or why;
Each in his hand a grisly visage bears,
And as the trophy of his virtue wears.

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Who wants a prize, ſtraight ruſhes thro' the ſtreets,
And undiſtinguiſh'd mows the firſt he meets;
The trembling crowd with fear officious ſtrive,
And thoſe who kiſs the tyrant's hand ſurvive.
Oh could you fall ſo low, degenerate race!
And purchaſe ſafety at a price ſo baſe?
What though the ſword was maſter of your doom
Though Marius could have given you years to
Can Romans live by infamy ſo mean? [come,
But ſoon your changing fortune ſhifts the ſcene;
Short is your date; you only live to mourn
Your hopes deceiv'd, and Sylla's ſwift return.
The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,
Sorrow has hardly leiſure for the great.
What tears could Bæbius' haſty death deplore!
A thouſand hands his mangled carcaſe tore;
His ſcatter'd entrails round the ſtreets were toſt,
And in a moment all the man was loſt.
Who wept, Antonius' murder to behold,
Whoſe moving tongue the miſchief oft foretold?
Spite of his age and eloquence he bled;
The barbarous ſoldier ſnatch'd his hoary head;
Dropping he bore it to his joyful lord,
And while he feaſted plac'd it on the board.
The Craſſi both by Fimbria's hand were ſlain,
And bleeding magiſtrates the pulpit ſtain.
Then did the doom of that neglecting hand,
Thy fate, O holy Scævola, command;
In vain for ſuccour to the gods he flies,
The prieſt before the veſtal altar dies:
A feeble ſtream pour'd forth the exhauſted fire,
And ſpar'd to quench the everliving fire.
The ſeventh returning faſces now appear,
And bring ſtern Marius' lateſt deſtin'd year:
Thus the long toils of changing life o'erpaſt,
Hoary and full of days he breath'd his laſt.
While fortune frown'd, her fierceſt wrath he bore,
And while ſhe ſmil'd enjoy'd her ampleſt power:
All various turns of good and bad he knew,
And prov'd the moſt that chance or fate could do.
What heaps of ſlain the Colline gate did yield!
What bodies ſtrew'd the Sacripertan field,
When empire was ordain'd to change her ſeat,
To leave her Rome, and make Prænefte great!
When the proud Samnite's troops the ſtate defy'd,
In terms beyond their Caudine treaty's pride.
Nor Sylla with leſs cruelty returns,
With equal rage the fierce avenger burns:
What blood the feeble city yet retain'd,
With too ſevere a healing hand he drain'd:
Too deeply was the ſcarching ſteel employ'd,
What maladies had hurt, the leach deſtroy'd.
The guilty only were of life bereft:
Alas! the guilty only then were left.
Diſſembled hate and rancour rang'd at will,
All as they pleas'd took liberty to kill;
And while revenge no longer fear'd the laws,
Each private murder was the public cauſe.
The leader bade deſtroy: and at the word,
The maſter fell beneath the ſervant's ſword.
Brothers on brothers were for gifts beſtow'd,
And ſons contended for their father's blood.
For refuge ſome to caves and foreſts fled;
Some to the lonely manſions of the dead;
Some, to prevent the cruel victor, die;
Theſe ſtrangled hang from fatal beams on high;
While thoſe, from tops of lofty turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the daſhing pavement down.
Some for their funerals the wood prepare,
And build the ſacred pile with haſty care:
Then bleeding to the kindling flames they preſs,
And Roman rites, while yet they may, poſſeſs.
Pale heads of Marian chiefs are borne on high,
And heap'd together in the forum lie;
There join the meeting ſlaughters of the town,
There each performing villain's deeds are known.
No fight like this the Thracian ſtables knew,
Antæus' Libyan ſpoils to theſe were few:
Nor Greece beheld ſo many ſuitors fall,
To grace the Piſan tyrant's horrid hall.
At length, when putrid gore, with foul diſgrace,
Hid the diſtinguiſh'd features of the face,
By night the miſerable parents came,
And bore their ſons to ſome forbidden flame.
Well I remember, in that woful reign,
How I my brother ſought amongſt the ſlain;
Hopeful by ſtealth his poor remains to burn,
And cloſe his aſhes in a peaceful urn;
His viſage in my trembling hand I bore,
And turn'd pacific Sylla's trophies o'er;
Full many a mangled trunk I try'd, to ſee
Which carcaſe with the head would beſt agree.
Why ſhould my grief to Catulus return,
And tell the victim offer'd at his urn;
When, ſtruck with horror, the relenting ſhade
Beheld his wrongs too cruelly repaid?
I ſaw where Marius' hapleſs brother ſtood,
With limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with blood;
A thouſand gaping wounds increas'd his pain,
While weary life a paſſage ſought in vain;
That mercy ſtill his ruthleſs foes deny,
And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.
This from the wriſt the ſuppliant hands divides,
That hews his arms from off his naked ſides;
One crops his breathing noſtrils, one his ears,
While from the roots his tongue another tears;
Panting a while upon the earth it lies,
And with mute motion trembles ere it dies:
Laſt, from the ſacred caverns where they lay,
The bleeding orbs of ſight are rent away
Can late poſterity believe, whene'er
This tale of Marius and his foes they hear;
They could inflict ſo much, or he could bear?
Such is the broken carcaſe ſeen to lie,
Cruſh'd by ſome tumbling turret from on high;
Such to the ſhore the ſhipwreck'd corſe is borne,
By rending rocks and greedy monſters torn.
Miſtaken rage! thus mangling to diſgrace,
And blot the lines of Marius' hated face!
What joy can Sylla take, unleſs he know
And mark the features of his dying foe?
Fortune beheld from her Prænefline fane,
Her helpleſs worſhippers around her ſlain:
One hour of fate was common to them all,
And like one man ſhe ſaw a people fall.
Then dy'd the lufty youth in manly bloom,
Heſperia's flower, and hope for fifties to come;
Their blood, Rome's only ſtrength, diſtains the fold,
Ordain'd th' aſſembling centuries to hold.
Numbers have oft been known, on ſea and land,
To ſink of old by death's deſtructive hand;
Battles with multitudes have ſtrown the plain,
And many periſh on the ſtormy main:
Earthquakes deſtroy, malignant vapours blaſt,
And plagues and famines lay whole nations waſte:

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But juſtice, ſure, was never ſeen, till now,
To maſſacre her thouſands at a blow.
Satiety of death the victors prove,
And ſlowly through th' encumbering ruin move:
So many fall, there ſcarce is room for more,
The dying nod on thoſe who fell before;
Crowding in heaps their murderers they aid,
And, by the dead, the living are o'erlaid.
Meanwhile the ſtern dictator, from on high,
Beholds the ſlaughter with a fearleſs eye;
Nor ſighs to think his dread commands ordain
So many thouſand wretches to be ſlain.
Amidſt the Tiber's waves the load is thrown,
The torrent rolls the guilty burden down;
Till riſing mounds obſtruct his watery way,
And carcaſes their gliding veſſels ſtay.
But ſoon another ſtream to aid him roſe,
Swift o'er the fields a crimſon deluge flows:
The Tuſcan river ſwells above his ſhores,
And floating bodies to the land reſtores:
Struggling at length he drives his ruſhing flood,
And dyes the Tyrrhene ocean round with blood.
Could deeds like theſe the glorious ſtyle demand
Of proſperous, and ſaviour of the land?
Could this renown, could theſe atchievements build
A tomb for Sylla in the Martian field?
Again behold the circling woes return,
Again the curſe of civil wars we mourn;
Battles and blood, and vengeance ſhall ſucceed,
And Rome once more by Roman hands ſhall bleed.
Or if, for hourly thus our fears preſage, [rage,
With wrath more fierce the preſent chiefs ſhall
Mankind ſhall ſome unheard-of plagues deplore,
And groan for miſeries unknown before.
Marius an end of exile only ſought;
Sylla to cruſh a hated faction fought;
A larger recompence theſe leaders claim,
And higher is their vaſt ambition's aim:
Could theſe be ſatisfied with Sylla's power;
Nor, all he had poſſeſſing, aſk for more;
Neither had force and impious arms employed,
Or fought for that which guiltleſs each enjoy'd.
Thus wept lamenting age o'er hapleſs Rome,
Remembering evils paſt, and dreading thoſe to come.
But Brutus' temper fail'd not with the reſt,
Nor with the common weakneſs was oppreſt;
Safe and in peace he kept his manly breaſt.
'Twas when the ſolemn dead of night came on,
When bright Caliſto with her ſhining ſon
Now half their circle round the pole had run;
When Brutus, on the buſy times intent,
To virtuous Cato's humble dwelling went:
Waking he found him, careful for the ſtate,
Grieving and fearing for his country's fate;
For Rome, and wretched Rome, along he fear'd;
Secure within himſelf, and for the worſt prepar'd.
To him thus Brutus ſpoke: O thou, to whom
Forſaken virtue flies, as to her home,
Driv'n out, and by an impious age oppreſt,
She finds no room on earth but Cato's breaſt;
There, in her one good man, ſhe reigns ſecure,
Fearleſs of vice, or fortune's hoſtile power.
Then teach my ſoul, to doubt and error prone,
Teach me a reſolution like thy own.
Let partial favour, hopes, or intereſt guide,
By various motives, all the world beſide,
To Pompey's, or ambitious Cæſar's ſide;
Thou, Cato, art my leader. Whether peace
And calm repoſe amidſt theſe ſtorms ſhall pleaſe:
Or whether war thy ardour ſhall engage,
To gratify the madneſs of this age,
Herd with the factious chiefs, and urge the people's rage.
The ruffian, bankrupt, looſe adulterer,
All who the power of laws and juſtice fear,
From guilt learn ſpecious reaſons for the war.
By ſtarving want and wickedneſs prepar'd,
Wiſely they arm for ſafety and reward. [find?
But, oh! what cauſe, what reaſon, canſt thou
Art thou to arms for love of arms inclin'd?
Haſt thou the manners of this age withſtood,
And for ſo many years been ſingly good,
To be repay'd with civil wars and blood?
Let thoſe to vice inur'd for arms prepare,
In thee 'twill be impiety to dare;
Preſerve at leaſt, ye gods, theſe hands from war.
Nor do thou meanly with the rabble join,
Nor grace their cauſe with ſuch an arm as thine.
To thee, the fortune of the fatal field
Inclining, unauſpicious fame ſhall yield;
Each to thy ſword ſhould preſs, and wiſh to be
Imputed as thy crime, and charg'd on thee.
Happy thou wert, if with retirement bleſt,
Which noiſe and faction never ſhould moleſt,
Nor break the ſacred quiet of thy breaſt;
Where harmony and order ne'er ſhould ceaſe,
But every day ſhould take its turn in peace.
So, in eternal ſteady motion, roll
The radiant ſpheres around the ſtarry pole:
Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter's ſtorms
Earth and the face of lower heav'n deform,
Whilſt all by nature's laws is calm above;
No tempeſt rages in the court of Jove.
Light particles and idle atoms fly,
Toſs'd by the winds, and ſcatter'd round the ſky;
While the more ſolid parts the force reſiſt,
And fix'd and ſtable on the centre reſt.
Cæſar ſhall hear with joy, that thou art join'd
With fighting factions, to diſturb mankind:
Though ſworn his foe, he ſhall applaud thy choice,
And think his wicked war approv'd by Cato's voice.
See! how to ſwell their mighty leader's ſtate
The conſuls and the ſervile ſenate wait:
Ev'n Cato's ſelf to Pompey's yoke muſt bow,
And all mankind are ſlaves but Cæſar now.
If war, however, be at laſt our doom,
If we muſt arm for liberty and Rome:
While undecided yet their fate depends,
Cæſar and Pompey are alike my friends;
Which party I ſhall chooſe, is yet to know,
That let the war decide; who conquers is my foe.
Thus ſpoke the youth. When Cato thus expreſt
The ſacred counſels of his inmoſt breaſt:
Brutus! with thee, I own the crime is great;
With thee, this impious civil war I hate;
But virtue blindly follows, led by fate.
Anſwer yourſelves, ye gods, and ſet me free;
If I am guilty, 'tis by your decree.
If yon fair lamps above ſhould loſe their light,
And leave the wretched world in endleſs night;
If chaos ſhould in heaven and earth prevail,
And univerſal nature's frame ſhould fail:
What Stoic would not the misfortune ſhare,
And think that deſolation worth his care?

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Princes and nations whom wide seas divide,
Where other stars far distant heavens do guide,
Have brought their ensigns to the Roman side.
Forbid it, gods! when barbarous Scythians come
From their cold north, to prop declining Rome,
That I should see her fall, and sit secure at home.
As some unhappy sire by death undone,
Robb'd of his age's joy, his only son,
Attends the funeral with pious care,
To pay his last paternal office there;
Takes a sad pleasure in the crowd to go,
And be himself part of the pompous woe;
Then waits till every ceremony past,
His own fond hand may light the pile at last.
So fix'd, so faithful to thy cause, O Rome,
With such a constancy and love I come,
Resolv'd for thee and liberty to mourn,
And never! never from your sides be torn;
Resolv'd to follow still your common fate,
And on your very names, and last remains to wait.
Thus let it be, since thus the gods ordain;
Since hecatombs of Romans must be slain,
Assist the sacrifice with every hand,
And give them all the slaughter they demand.
O! were the gods contented with my fall,
If Cato's life could answer for you all,
Like the devoted Decius would I go,
To force from either side the mortal blow,
And for my country's sake wish to be thought her foe.
To me, ye Romans, all your rage confine,
To me, ye nations from the barbarous Rhine,
Let all the wounds this war shall make be mine.
Open my vital streams, and let them run,
Oh, let the purple sacrifice atone
For all the ills offending Rome has done.
If slavery be all the faction's end,
If chains the prize for which the fools contend,
To me convert the war, let me be slain;
Me, only me, who fondly strive, in vain,
Their useless laws and freedom to maintain:
So may the tyrant safely mount his throne,
And rule his slaves in peace, when I am gone.
Howe'er, since free as yet from his command,
For Pompey and the commonwealth we stand.
Nor he, if fortune should attend his arms,
Is proof against ambition's fatal charms;
But, urg'd with greatness, and desire of sway,
May dare to make the vanquish'd world his prey.
Then, lest the hopes of empire swell his pride,
Let him remember I was on his side;
Nor think he conquer'd for himself alone,
To make the harvest of the war his own,
Where half the toil was ours. So spoke the sage.
His words the listening eager youth engage
Too much to love of arms, and heat of civil rage.
Now 'gan the sun to lift his dawning light,
Before him fled the colder shades of night;
When lo! the sounding doors are heard to turn,
Chaste Martia comes from dead Hortensius' urn.
Once to a better husband's happier bed,
With bridal rites, a virgin was she led:
When, every debt of love and duty paid,
And thrice a parent by Lucina made,
The teeming matron, at her lord's command,
To glad Hortensius gave her plighted hand;
With a fair stock his barren house to grace;
And mingle by the mother's side the race.
At length this husband in his ashes laid,
And every rite of due religion paid,
Forth from his monument the mournful dame,
With beaten breasts, and locks dishevell'd, came:
Then with a pale dejected rueful look,
Thus pleasing, to her former lord she spoke:
While nature yet with vigour fed my veins,
And made me equal to a mother's pains,
To thee obedient, I thy house forsook,
And to my arms another husband took:
My powers at length with genial labours worn,
Weary to thee, and wasted, I return.
At length a barren wedlock let me prove,
Give me the name, without the joys of love;
No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
That Cato's wife may live upon my tomb.
So shall my truth to latest times be read,
And none shall ask if guiltily I fled,
Or thy command estrang'd me from thy bed.
Nor ask I now thy happiness to share,
I seek thy days of toil, thy nights of care:
Give me, with thee, to meet my country's foe,
Thy weary marches and thy camps to know;
Nor let posterity with shame record,
Cornelia follow'd, Martia left her lord.
She said: The hero's manly heart was mov'd,
And the chaste matron's virtuous suit approv'd.
And though the times far differing thoughts demand,
Though war dissents from Hymen's holy band;
In plain unsolemn wise his faith he plights,
And calls the gods to view the lonely rites.
Nor garlands gay the cheerful portal crown'd,
Nor woolly fillets wove the posts around;
No genial bed with rich embroidery grac'd,
On ivory steps in lofty state was plac'd;
No Hymeneal torch preceeding shone,
No matron put the towery frontlet on,
Nor bade her feet the sacred threshold shun.
No yellow veil was loosely thrown to hide
The rising blushes of the trembling bride;
No glittering zone her flowing garments bound,
Nor sparkling gems her neck encompass'd round;
No silken scarf, nor decent winding lawn,
Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn:
But, as she was, in funeral attire,
With all the sadness sorrow could inspire,
With eyes dejected, with a joyless face,
She met her husband's, like a son's embrace.
No Sabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,
Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.
No friends, not ev'n their children grace the feast,
Brutus attends, their only nuptial guest:
He stands a witness of the silent rite,
And sees the melancholy pair unite.
Nor he, the chief, his sacred visage cheer'd,
Nor smooth'd his matted locks, or horrid beard;
Nor deigns his heart one thought of joy to know,
But met his Martia with the same stern brow.
(For when he saw the fatal factions arm,
The coming war, and Rome's impending harm;
Regardless quite of every other care,
Unshorn he left his loose neglected hair;
Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erspread.
No stings of private hate his peace infest,
Nor partial favour grew upon his breast:

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But, safe from prejudice, he kept his mind
Free, and at leisure to lament mankind).
Nor could his former love's returning fire,
The warmth of one connubial wish inspire,
But strongly he withstood the just desire.
These were the stricter manners of the man,
And this the stubborn course in which they ran;
The golden mean unchanging to pursue,
Content to keep the purpos'd end in view;
Religiously to follow nature's laws,
And die with pleasure in his country's cause,
To think he was not for himself design'd,
But born to be of use to all mankind.
To him 'twas feasting, hunger to repress;
And home-spun garments were his costly dress:
No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter sky:
He sought no end of marriage, but increase,
Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace:
That took up all the tendrest parts of life,
His country was his children and his wife.
From justice's righteous lore he never swerv'd,
But rigidly his honesty preserv'd.
On universal good his thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant;
And while his benefits the public share,
Cato was always last in Cato's care.

Meantime, the trembling troops, by Pompey led,
Haste to Phrygian Capua were fled.
Resolving here to fix the moving war,
He calls his scatter'd legions from afar;
Here he decrees the daring foe to wait,
And prove at once the great event of fate;
Where Apennine's delightful shades arise,
And lift Hesperia lofty to the skies.
Between the higher and inferior sea,
The long extended mountain takes his way;
Pisa and Ancon bound his sloping sides,
Wash'd by the Tyrrhene and Dalmatic tides;
Rich in the treasure of his watery stores,
A thousand living springs and streams he pours,
And seeks the different seas by different shores.
From his left sails Crustumium's rapid flood,
And swift Metaurus red with Punic blood;
There gentle Sapis with Ilaurus joins,
And Sena there the Senones confines;
Rough Aufidus the meeting ocean braves,
And lashes on the lazy Adria's waves;
Hence vast Eridanus with matchless force,
Prince of the streams, directs his regal course;
Proud with the spoils of fields and woods he flows,
And drains Hesperia's rivers as he goes.
His sacred banks, in ancient tales renown'd,
First by the spreading poplar's shade were crown'd;
When the sun's fiery steeds forsook their way,
And downward drew to earth the burning day:
When every flood and ample lake was dry,
The Po alone his channel could supply.
Hither rash Phaeton was headlong driven,
And in these waters quench'd the flames of heaven.
Nor wealthy Nile a fuller stream contains,
Though wide he spreads o'er Egypt's flatter plains;
Nor Ister rolls a larger torrent down,
Sought he the sea with waters all his own;
But meeting floods to him their homage pay,
And heave the blendid river on his way.

These from the left; while from the right there come
The Rutuba and Tiber dear to Rome;
Thence slides Vulturnus' swift descending flood,
And Sarnus hid beneath his misty cloud;
Thence Lyris, whom the Vestin fountains aid,
Winds to the sea through close Marica's shade;
Thence Siler through Salernian pastures falls,
And shallow Macra creeps by Luna's walls.
Bordering on Gaul the loftiest ridges rise,
And the low Alps from cloudy heights despise;
Thence his long back the fruitful mountain bows,
Beneath the Umbrian and the Sabine ploughs;
The race primæval, natives all of old,
His woody rocks within their circuit hold;
Far as Hesperia's utmost limits pass,
The hilly father runs his mighty mass;
Where Juno rears her high Lacinian fane,
And Scylla's raging dogs molest the main.
Once, farther yet ('tis said) his way he took,
Till through his side the seas conspiring broke;
And still we see on fair Sicilia's sands
Where, part of Apennine, Pelorus stands.

But Cæsar for destruction eager burns,
Free passages and bloodless ways he scorns;
In fierce conflicting fields his arms delight,
He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might,
Resistless through the widening breach to go,
To burst the gate, to lay the bulwark low,
To burn the villages, to waste the plains,
And massacre the poor laborious swains.
Abhorring law, he chooses to offend,
And blushes to be thought his country's friend.
The Latian cities now, with busy care,
As various they inclin'd, for arms prepare.
Though doom'd before the war's first rage to yield,
Trenches they dig, and ruin'd walls rebuild;
Huge stone and darts their lofty towers supply,
And guarded bulwarks menace from on high.
To Pompey's part the prouer people lean,
Though Cæsar's stronger terrors stand between.
So when the blasts of sounding Auster blow,
The waves obedient to his empire flow;
And though the stormy god fierce Eurus frees,
And sends him rushing cross the swelling seas;
Spite of his force, the billows yet retain
Their former course, and that way roll the main;
The lighter clouds with Eurus driving sweep,
While Auster still commands the watery deep.
Still fear too sure o'er vulgar minds prevails,
And faith before successful fortune fails.
Etruria vainly trusts in Libo's aid,
And Umbria by Thermus is betray'd;
Sylla, unmindful of his father's fame,
Fled at the dreadful sound of Cæsar's name.
Soon as the horse near Auximon appear,
Retreating Varus owns his abject fear,
And with a coward's haste neglects his rear;
On flight alone intent, without delay,
Through rocks and devious woods he wings his way.
Th' Esculean fortress Lentulus forsakes,
A swift pursuit the speedy victor makes;
All arts of threats and promises apply'd,
He wins the faithless cohorts to his side.
The leader with his ensigns fled alone,
To Cæsar fell the soldier, and the town.
Thou, Scipio, too dost for retreat prepare;
Thou leav'st Luceria, trusted to thy care;

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Though troops well try'd attend on thy command,
(The Roman power can boaſt no braver band)
By wily arts of old from Cæſar rent,
Againſt the hardy Parthians were they ſent;
But their firſt chief the legion now obeys,
And Pompey thus the Gallic loſs repays;
Aid to his foe too freely he affords,
And lends his hoſtile father Roman ſwords.
But in Corfinium bold Domitius lies,
And from his walls th' advancing power deſies;
Secure of heart, for all events prepar'd,
He heads the troops once bloody Milo's guard.
Soon as he ſees the cloudy duſt ariſe,
And glittering arms reflect the ſunny ſkies:
Away, companions of my arms! he cry'd,
And haſte to guard the river's ſedgy ſide:
Break down the bridge. And thou that dwell'ſt below,
Thou watery god, let all thy fountains go,
And ruſhing bid thy foamy torrent flow;
Swell to the utmoſt brink thy rapid ſtream,
Bear down the planks, and every floating beam;
Upon thy banks the ling'ring war delay,
Here let the headlong chief be taught to ſtay;
'Tis victory to ſtop the victor's way.
He ceas'd; and, ſhooting ſwiftly croſs the plain,
Drew down the ſoldier to the flood in vain.
For Cæſar early from the neighbouring field,
The purpoſe to obſtruct his march beheld:
Kindling to wrath, oh baſeſt fear! (he cries)
To whom nor towers, nor ſheltering walls ſuffice,
Are theſe your coward ſtratagems of war?
Hope you with brooks my conquering arms to bar?
Though Nile and Iſter ſhould my way control,
Though ſwelling Ganges ſhould to guard you roll,
What ſtreams, what floods ſoe'er athwart me fall,
Who paſs'd the Rubicon ſhall paſs them all.
Haſte to the paſſage then, my friends. He ſaid;
Swift as a ſtorm the nimble horſe obey'd;
Acroſs the ſtream their deadly darts they throw,
And from their ſtation drive the yielding foe:
The victors at their eaſe the ford explore,
And paſs the undefended river o'er.
The vanquiſh'd to Corfinium's ſtrength retreat,
Where warlike engines round the ramparts threat.
Cloſe to the walls the creeping vinea lies,
And mighty towers in dread approaches riſe.
But ſee the ſtain of war! the ſoldier's ſhame!
And vile diſhonour of the Latian name!
The faithleſs garriſon betray the town,
And captive drag their valiant leader down.
The noble Roman, fearleſs, though in bands,
Before his haughty fellow-ſubject ſtands,
With looks erect, and with a daring brow,
Death he provokes, and courts the fatal blow:
But Cæſar's arts his inmoſt thoughts deſcry,
His fear of pardon, and deſire to die.
From me thy forfeit life (he ſaid) receive,
And, though repining, by my bounty live;
That all, by thy example taught, may know,
How Cæſar's mercy treats a vanquiſh'd foe:
Still arm againſt me, keep thy hatred ſtill,
And if thou conquer'ſt, ſpare thy conqueſt, kill.
Returns of love, or favour, ſeek I none;
Nor give thy life to gain for my own.
So ſaying, on the inſtant he commands
To looſe the galling fetters from his hands.
Oh fortune! better were it, he had dy'd,
And ſpar'd the Roman ſhame, and Cæſar's pride.
What greater grief can on a Roman ſeize,
Than to be forc'd to live on terms like theſe!
To be forgiven fighting for the laws,
And need a pardon in his country's cauſe!
Struggling with rage, undaunted he repreſt
The ſwelling paſſions in his labouring breaſt;
Thus murmuring to himſelf: wilt thou to Rome,
Baſe as thou art, and ſeek thy lazy home?
To war, to battle, to deſtruction fly,
And haſte, as it becomes thee well, to die;
Provoke the worſt effects of deadly ſtriſe,
And rid thee of this Cæſar's gift, this life.
Meanwhile, unknowing of the captivated chief,
Pompey prepares to march to his relief.
He means the ſcattering forces to unite,
And with increaſe of ſtrength expect the fight.
Reſolving with the following ſun to move,
Firſt he decrees the ſoldier's heart to prove:
Then into words like theſe, rever'd, he broke,
The ſilent legions liſtening while he ſpoke:
Ye brave avengers of your country's wrong,
You who to Rome and liberty belong;
Whoſe breaſts our fathers virtue truely warms,
Whoſe hands the ſenate's ſacred order arms;
With cheerful ardour meet the coming fight,
And pray the gods to ſmile upon the right.
Behold the mournful view Heſperia yields,
Her flaming villages and waſted fields!
See where the Gauls a dreadful deluge flow,
And ſcorn the boundaries of Alpine ſnow.
Already Cæſar's ſword is ſtain'd in blood,
Be that, ye gods, to us an omen good;
That glory ſtill be his peculiar care,
Let him begin, while we ſuſtain the war.
Yet call it not a war to which we go;
We ſeek a malefactor, not a foe;
Rome's awful injur'd majeſty demands
The puniſhment of traitors at our hands.
If this be war, then war was wag'd of old,
By curſt Cethegus. Cataline the bold,
By ev'ry villain's hand who durſt conſpire
In murder, robbery, or midnight fire.
Oh wretched rage! thee Cæſar, fate deſign'd
To rank amongſt the patrons of mankind;
With brave Camillus to enroll thy fame,
And mix thee with the great Metelli's name:
While to the Cinna's thy fierce ſoul inclines,
And with the ſlaughter loving Marii joins.
Since then thy crimes, like theirs, for juſtice call,
Beneath our axe's vengeance ſhalt thou fall:
Thee rebel Carbo's ſentence, thee the fate
Of Lepidus and bold Sertorius wait.
Believe me yet (if yet I am believ'd),
My heart is at the taſk unpleaſing griev'd:
I mourn to think that Pompey's hand was choſe,
His Julia's hoſtile father to oppoſe,
And mark thee down amongſt the Roman foes.
O that, return'd in ſafety from the eaſt,
This province victor Craſſus had poſſeſt;
New honours to his name thou might'ſt afford,
And die like Spartacus beneath his ſword:
Like him had fall'n a victim to the laws,
The ſame th' avenger, and the ſame the cauſe.
But ſince the gods do otherwiſe decree,
And give thee, as my lateſt palm, to me;

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Again my veins confeſs the fervent juice,
Nor has my hand forgot the javelin's uſe.
And thou ſhalt learn, that thoſe who humbly know
To peace and juſt authority to bow,
Can, when their country's cauſe demands their care,
Reſume their ardour, and return to war.
But let him think my former vigour fled;
Diſtruſt not, you, your general's hoary head;
The marks of age and long declining years,
Which I your leader, his whole army wears:
Age ſtill is fit to counſel, or command,
But faulters in an unperforming hand.
Whate'er ſuperior power a people free
Could to their fellow-citizens decree,
All lawful glories have my fortunes known,
And reach'd all heights of greatneſs but a crown;
Who to be more, than Pompey was, deſires,
To kingly rule, and tyranny aſpires.
Amidſt my ranks, a venerable band,
The conſcript fathers and the conſuls ſtand.
And ſhall the ſenate and the vanquiſh'd ſtate
Upon victorious Cæſar's triumph wait?
Forbid it, gods, in honour of mankind!
Fortune is not ſo ſhameleſs, nor ſo blind.
What fame atchiev'd, what unexampled praiſe,
To theſe high hopes the daring hero raiſe?
Is it his age of war, for trophies calls
His two whole years ſpent on the rebel Gauls?
Is it the hoſtile Rhine forſook with haſte?
Is it the ſhoaly channel which he paſt,
That ocean huge he talks of? does he boaſt
His flight on Britain's new-diſcover'd coaſt?
Perhaps abandon'd Rome new pride ſupplies,
He views the naked town with joyful eyes,
While from his rage an armed people flies.
But know, vain man, no Roman fled from thee;
They left their walls, 'tis true; but 'twas to follow me,
Me, who ere twice the moon her orb renew'd,
The pirates formidable fleet ſubdu'd:
Soon as the ſea my ſhining enſigns bore,
Vanquiſh'd they fled, and ſought the ſafer ſhore;
Humbly content their forfeit lives to ſave,
And take the narrow lot my bounty gave.
By me the mighty Mithridates chas'd
Through all the windings of his Pontus paſs'd.
He who the fate of Rome delay'd ſo long,
While in ſuſpenſe uncertain empire hung;
He who to Sylla's fortune ſcorn'd to yield,
To my prevailing arms reſign'd the field:
Driv'n out at length, and preſs'd where'er he fled,
He ſought a grave to hide his vanquiſh'd head.
O'er the wide world my various trophies riſe,
Beneath the vaſt extent of diſtant ſkies;
Me the cold Bear, the northern climates know,
And Phaſis' waters through my conqueſts flow;
My deeds in Egypt and Syene live,
Where high meridian ſuns no ſhadow give.
Heſperian Bætis my commands obeys,
Who rolls remote to ſeek the weſtern ſeas.
By me the captive Arabs hands were bound,
And Colchians for their raviſh'd fleece renown'd;
O'er Aſia wide my conquering enſigns ſpread,
Armenia me, and lofty Taurus dread;
To me ſubmit Cilicia's warlike powers,
And proud Sophene veils her wealthy towers:
The Jews I tam'd, who with religion bow
To ſome myſterious name, which none beſide them know.
Is there a land, to ſum up all at laſt,
Through which my arms with conqueſt have not paſt?
The world, by me, the world is overcome,
And Cæſar finds no enemy but Rome.
He ſaid. The crowd in dull ſuſpenſion hung,
Nor with applauding acclamations rung;
No cheerful ardour waves the lifted hand,
Nor military cries the fight demand.
The chief perceiv'd the ſoldier's fire to fail,
And Cæſar's fame forerunning to prevail;
His eagles he withdraws with timely care,
Nor truſts Rome's fates to ſuch uncertain war.
As when, with fury ſtung and jealous rage,
Two mighty bulls for ſovereignty engage;
The vanquiſh'd far to baniſhment removes,
To lonely fields and unfrequented groves;
There, for a while, with conſcious ſhame he burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns:
But when his former vigour ſtands confeſt,
And larger muſcles ſhake his ample breaſt,
With better chance he ſeeks the fight again,
And drives his rival bellowing o'er the plain;
Then uncontroul'd the ſubject herd he leads,
And reigns the maſter of the fruitful meads.
Unequal thus to Cæſar, Pompey yields
The fair dominion of Heſperia's fields:
Swift through Apulia march his flying powers,
And ſeek the ſafety of Brunduſium's towers.
This city a Dictæan people hold,
Here plac'd by tall Athenian barks of old;
When with falſe omens from the Cretan ſhore,
Their ſable ſails victorious Theſeus bore.
Here Italy a narrow length extends,
And in a ſcanty ſlip projected ends.
A crooked mole around the waves ſhe winds,
And in her folds the Adriatic binds.
Nor yet the bending ſhores could form a bay,
Did not a barrier iſle the winds delay,
And breaks the ſeas tempeſtuous in their way.
Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd by Nature's hand,
To guard around the hoſpitable ſtrand;
To turn the ſtorm, repulſe the ruſhing tide,
And bid the anchoring bark ſecurely ride.
Hence Nereus wide the liquid main diſplays,
And ſpreads to various ports his watery ways;
Whether the pilot from Corcyra ſtand,
Or for Illyrian Epidamnus' ſtrand.
Hither when all the Adriatic roars,
And thundering billows vex the double ſhores;
When ſable clouds around the welkin ſpread,
And frowning ſtorms involve Ceraunia's head;
When white with froth Calabrian Saſon lies,
Hither the tempeſt-beaten veſſel flies.
Now Pompey, on Heſperia's utmoſt coaſt
Sadly ſurvey'd how all behind was loſt;
Nor to Iberia could he force his way;
Long interpoſing Alps his paſſage ſtay.
At length amongſt the pledges of his bed,
He choſe his eldeſt-born; and thus he ſaid:
Haſte thee, my ſon! to every diſtant land,
And bid the nations rouſe at my command;

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Where fam'd Euphrates flows, or where the Nile
With muddy waves improves the fattening ſoil;
Where'er diffus'd by victory and fame,
Thy father's arms have borne the Roman name.
Bid the Cilician quit the ſhore again,
And ſtretch the ſwelling canvas on the main:
Bid Ptolemy with my Tigranes come,
And bold Pharnaces lend his aid to Rome,
Through each Armenia ſpread the loud alarm,
And bid the cold Riphean mountains arm.
Pontus and Scythia's wandering tribes explore,
The Euxine and Mæotis' icy ſhore;
Where heavy-loaded wains ſlow journeys take,
And print with groaning wheels the frozen lake.
But wherefore ſhould my words delay thy haſte?
Scatter my wars around through all the eaſt.
Summon the vanquiſh'd world to ſhare my fate,
And let my triumphs on my enſigns wait.
But you whoſe names the Roman annals bear,
You who diſtinguiſh the revolving year;
Ye conſuls! to Epirus ſtraight repair,
With the firſt northern winds that wing the air;
From thence the powers of Greece united raiſe,
While yet the wintery year the war delays.
So ſpoke the chief; his bidding all obey;
Their ſhips forſake the port without delay,
And ſpeed their paſſage o'er the yielding way.
But Cæſar, never patient long in peace,
Nor truſting in his fortune's preſent face;
Cloſely purſues his flying ſon behind,
While yet his fate continued to be kind.
Such towns, ſuch fortreſſes, ſuch hoſtile force,
Swept in the torrent of one rapid courſe;
Such trains of long ſucceſs attending ſtill,
And Rome herſelf abandon'd to his will;
Rome, the contending parties nobleſt prize,
To every wiſh but Cæſar's might ſuffice.
But he with empiré fir'd and vaſt deſires,
To all, and nothing leſs than all, aſpires;
He reckons not the paſt, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty, to be gain'd.
Though Italy obey his wide command,
Though Pompey linger on the fartheſt ſtrand,
He grieves to think they tread one common land;
His heart diſdains to brook a rival power,
Ev'n on the utmoſt margin of the ſhore;
Nor would he leave, or earth, or ocean free;
The foe he drives from lands, he bars from ſea.
With moles the opening flood he would reſtrain,
Would block the port, and intercept the main;
But deep-devouring ſeas his toil deride,
The plunging quarries ſink beneath the tide,
And yielding ſands the rocky fragments hide.
Thus, if huge Gaurus headlong ſhould be thrown,
In fathomleſs Avernus' deep to drown;
Or if from fair Sicilia's diſtant ſtrand,
Eryx uprooted by ſome giant hand,
If, ponderous with his rocks, the mountain vaſt,
Amidſt the wide Ægean ſhould be caſt;
The rolling waves o'er either maſs would flow,
And each be loſt within the depths below.
When no firm baſis for his work he found,
But ſtill it fail'd in ocean's faithleſs ground,
Huge trees and barks in maſſy chains he bound.
For planks and beams he ravages the wood,
And the tough boom extends acroſs the flood.
Such was the road by haughty Xerxes made,
When o'er the Helleſpont his bridge he laid.
Vaſt was the taſk, and daring the deſign,
Europe and Aſia's diſtant ſhores to join,
And make the world's divided parts combine.
Proudly he paſs'd the flood tumultuous o'er,
Fearleſs of waves that beat, and winds that roar:
Then ſpread his ſails, and bid the land obey,
And through mid Athos find his fleet a way.
Like him bold Cæſar yok'd the ſwelling tide,
Like him the boiſterous elements defy'd;
This floating bank the ſtraitening entrance bound,
And riſing turrets trembled on the mound.
But anxious cares revolve in Pompey's breaſt,
The new ſurrounding ſhores his thoughts moleſt;
Secret he meditates the means, to free
And ſpread the war wide-ranging o'er the ſea.
Oft driving on the work with well-fill'd ſails,
The cordage ſtretching with the freſhening gales,
Ships with a thundering ſhock the mole divide,
And through the watery breach ſecurely glide.
Huge engines oft by night their vengeance pour,
And dreadful ſhoot from far a fiery ſhower;
Through the black ſhade the darting flame deſcends,
And kindling o'er the wooden wall extends.
At length arriv'd with the revolving night,
The choſen hour appointed for his flight;
He bids his friends prevent the ſeamen's roar,
And ſtill the deafening clamours on the ſhore;
No trumpets may the watch by hours renew,
Nor ſounding ſignals call aboard the crew.
The heavenly maid her courſe had almoſt run,
And Libra waited on the riſing ſun;
When huſh'd in ſilence deep they leave the land:
No loud-mouth'd voices call with hoarſe command,
To heave the flooky anchors from the ſand.
Lowly the careful maſter's orders paſt,
To brace the yards, and rear the lofty maſt;
Silent they ſpread the ſails, and cables haul,
Nor to their mates for aid tumultuous call.
The chief himſelf to fortune breath'd a prayer,
At length to take him to her kinder care;
That ſwiftly he might paſs the liquid deep,
And loſe the land which ſhe forbade to keep.
Hardly the boon his niggard fate allow'd,
Unwillingly the murmuring ſeas were plow'd;
The foamy furrows roar'd beneath his prow,
And ſounding to the ſhore alarm'd the foe.
Straight through the town their ſwift purſuit they ſped,
(For wide her gates the faithleſs city ſpread)
Along the winding port they took their way,
But griev'd to find the fleet had gain'd the ſea.
Cæſar with rage the leſſening ſails deſcries,
And thinks the conqueſt mean, though Pompey flies.
A narrow paſs the horned mole divides,
Narrow as that where Euripus' ſtrong tides
Beat on Eubœan Chalcis' rocky ſides.
Here two tall ſhips become the victor's prey:
Juſt in the ſtrait they ſtuck; the foes delay;
The crooked grappling's ſteely hold they caſt,
Then drag them to the hoſtile ſhore with haſte.

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Here civil ſlaughter firſt the ſea profanes,
And purple Nereus bluſh'd in guilty ſtains.
The reſt purſue their courſe before the wind,
Theſe of the rear-moſt only left behind.
So when the Pegaſæan Argo bore
The Grecian heroes to the Colchian ſhore;
Earth her Cyanean iſlands floating ſent,
The bold adventurers paſſage to prevent;
But the fam'd bark a fragment only loſt,
While ſwiftly o'er the dangerous gulf ſhe croſt:
Thundering the mountains met, and ſhook the main,
But move no more, ſince that attempt was vain.
Now through night's ſhade the early dawning broke,
And changing ſkies the coming ſun beſpoke;
As yet the morn was dreſt in duſky white,
Nor purpled o'er the eaſt with ruddy light;
At length the Pleïads fading beams gave way,
And dull Boötes languiſh'd into day;
Each larger ſtar withdrew his fainting head,
And Lucifer from ſtronger Phœbus fled;
When Pompey, from Heſperia's hoſtile ſhore
Eſcaping for the azure offing bore.

O hero, happy once, once ſtyl'd the Great!
What turns prevail in thy uncertain fate!
How art thou chang'd ſince ſovereign of the main,
Thy natives cover'd o'er the liquid plain!
When the fierce pirates fled before thy prow,
Wherever waves could waft, or winds could blow!
But fortune is grown weary of thee now.
With thee, thy ſons, and tender wife, prepare
The toils of war and baniſhment to bear;
And holy houſehold-gods thy ſorrows ſhare.
And yet a mighty exile ſhalt thou go,
While nations follow to partake thy woe.
Far lies the land in which thou art decreed,
Unjuſtly, by a villain's hand to bleed.
Nor think the gods a death ſo diſtant doom,
To rob thy aſhes of an urn in Rome:
But fortune favourably remov'd the crime,
And forc'd the guilt on Egypt's curſed clime;
The pitying powers ſo Italy were good,
And ſav'd her from the ſtain of Pompey's blood.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE third book begins with the relation of Pompey's dream in his voyage from Italy. Cæſar, who had driven him from thence, after ſending Curio to provide corn in Sicily, returns to Rome: there diſdaining the ſingle oppoſition of L. Metellus, then tribune of the people, he breaks open the temple of Saturn, and ſeizes on the public treaſure. Then follows an account of the ſeveral different nations that took part with Pompey. From Rome Cæſar paſſes into Gaul, where the Maſſilians, who were inclinable to Pompey, ſend an embaſſy to propoſe a neutrality; this Cæſar refuſes, and beſieges the town. But meeting with more difficulties than he expected, he leaves C. Trebonius his lieutenant before Maſſilia, and marches himſelf into Spain, appointing at the ſame time D. Brutus admiral of a navy which he had built and fitted out with great expedition. The Maſſilians likewiſe ſend out their fleet, but are engaged and beaten at ſea by Brutus.

THROUGH the mid ocean now the navy ſails,
Their yielding canvas ſtretch'd by ſouthern gales.
Each to the vaſt Ionian turns his eye,
Where ſeas and ſkies the proſpect wide ſupply:
But Pompey backward ever bent his look,
Nor to the laſt his native coaſt forſook.
His watery eyes the leſſening objects mourn,
And parting ſhores that never ſhall return;
Still the lov'd land attentive they purſue,
Till the tall hills are veil'd in cloudy blue,
Till all is loſt in air, and vaniſh'd from his view.
At length the weary chieftain ſunk to reſt,
And creeping ſlumbers ſooth'd his anxious breaſt:
When, lo! in that ſhort moment of repoſe,
His Julia's ſhade a dreadful viſion roſe;
Through gaping earth her ghaſtly head ſhe rear'd,
And by the light of livid flames appear'd.
Thy impious arms (ſhe cry'd) my peace infeſt,
And drive me from the manſions of the bleſt:
No more Elyſium's happy fields I know,
Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian ſhades below:
I ſaw the Fury's horrid hands prepare
New rage, new flames to kindle up thy war.
The fire no longer truſts his ſingle boat,
But navies on the joyleſs river float.
Capacious hell complains for want of room,
And ſeeks new plagues for multitudes to come.
Her nimble hands each fatal ſiſter plies,
The ſiſters ſcarcely to the taſk ſuffice. [head!
When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy
Now thou haſt chang'd thy fortune with thy bed.
In an ill hour thy ſecond choice was made,
To ſlaughter thou, like Craſſus, art betray'd.
Death is the dower Cornelia's love affords,
Ruin ſtill waits upon her potent lords:
While yet my aſhes glow'd, ſhe took my place,
And came a harlot to thy looſe embrace.
But let her partner of thy warfare go,
Let her by land and ſea thy labours know;
In all thy broken ſleeps I will be near,
In all thy dreams ſad Julia ſhall appear.
Your loves ſhall find no moment for delight,
The day ſhall all be Cæſar's, mine the night

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Not the dull ſtream, where long oblivions roll,
Shall blot thee out, my huſband, from my ſoul.
The powers beneath my conſtancy approve,
And bid me follow whereſoe'er you rove.
Amidſt the joining battles will I ſtand,
And ſtill remind thee of thy plighted hand.
Nor think theſe ſacred ties no more remain;
The ſword of war divides the knot in vain,
That very war ſhall make thee mine again.
The phantom ſpoke, and, gliding from the place,
Deluded her aſtoniſh'd lord's embrace.
But he, though gods forewarn him of his fate,
And furies with deſtruction threatening wait,
With new reſolves his conſtant boſom warms,
And ſure of ruin ruſhes on to arms.
What mean theſe terrors of the night? he cries;
Why dance theſe viſions vain before our eyes?
Or endleſs apathy ſucceeds to death,
And ſenſe is loſt with our expiring breath;
Or, if the ſoul ſome future life ſhall know,
To better worlds immortal ſhall ſhe go:
Whate'er event the doubtful queſtion clears,
Death muſt be ſtill unworthy of our fears.
Now headlong to the weſt the ſun was fled,
And half in ſeas obſcur'd his beamy head;
Such ſeems the moon, while, growing yet, ſhe ſhines,
Or waining from her fuller orb declines:
When hoſpitable ſhores appear at hand,
Where fair Dyrrachium ſpreads her friendly ſtrand.
The ſeamen furl the canvas, ſtrike the maſt,
Then dip their nimble oars, and landward haſte.
Thus, while they fled, and leſſening by degrees,
The navy ſeem'd to hide beneath the ſeas;
Cæſar, though left the maſter of the field,
With eyes unpleas'd, the foes eſcape beheld:
With fierce impatience victory he ſcorns,
And, viewing Pompey's flight, his ſafety mourns.
To vanquiſh ſeems unworthy of his care,
Unleſs the blow decides the lingering war.
No bounds his headlong vaſt ambition knows,
Nor joys in ought, though fortune all beſtows.
At length his thoughts from arms and vengeance ceaſe,
And for a while revolve the arts of peace;
Careful to purchaſe popular applauſe,
And gain the lazy vulgar to his cauſe,
He knew the conſtant practice of the great,
That thoſe who court the vulgar bid them eat.
When pinch'd with want, all reverence they withdraw;
For hungry multitudes obey no law:
Thus therefore factions make their parties good,
And buy authority and power with food.
The murmurs of the many to prevent,
Curio to fruitful Sicily is ſent.
Of old the ſwelling ſeas impetuous tide
Tore the fair iſland from Heſperia's ſide:
Still foamy wars the jealous waves maintain,
For fear the neighbouring lands ſhould join again.
Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boaſt,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coaſt:
Not Libya more abounds in wealthy grain,
Not with a fuller harveſt ſpreads the plain;
Though northern winds their cloudy treaſures bear,
To temper well the ſoil and ſultry air,
And fattening rains increaſe the proſperous year.
This done, to Rome his way the leader took:
His train the rougher ſhows of war forſook;
No force, no fears their hands unarmed bear,
But looks of peace and gentleneſs they wear.
Oh! had he now his country's friend return'd,
Had none but barbarous foes his conqueſt mourn'd;
What ſwarming crowds had iſſued at the gate,
On the glad triumph's lengthening train to wait!
How might his wars in various glories ſhine,
The ocean vanquiſh'd, and in bonds the Rhine!
How would his lofty chariot roll along,
Through loud applauſes of the joyful throng!
How might he view from high his captive thralls,
The beauteous Britons, and the noble Gauls;
But, oh! what fatal honours has he won!
How is his fame by victory undone!
No cheerful citizens the victor meet,
But huſh'd with awful dread his paſſage greet.
He too the horrors of the crowd approv'd,
Joy'd in their fears, and wiſh'd not to be lov'd.
Now ſteepy Anxur paſt, and the moiſt way,
Which o'er the faithleſs Pomtine marſhes lay;
Through Scythian Dian's Aricinian grove,
Cæſar approach'd the fane of Alban Jove.
Thither with yearly rites the conſuls come,
And thence the chief ſurvey'd his native Rome:
Wondering a while, he view'd her from afar,
Long from his eyes withheld by diſtant war.
Fled they from thee, thou ſeat of gods! (he cry'd)
Ere yet the fortune of the fight was try'd?
If thou art left, what prize can earth afford,
Worth the contention of the warrior's ſword?
Well for thy ſafety now the gods provide,
Since Parthian inroads ſpare thy naked ſide;
Since yet no Scythians and Pannonians join,
Nor warlike Daci with the Getes combine;
No foreign armies are againſt thee led,
While thou art curſt with ſuch a coward head.
A gentler fate the heavenly powers beſtow,
A civil war, and Cæſar for thy foe.
He ſaid; and ſtraight the frighted city fought:
The city with confuſion wild was fraught,
And labouring ſhook with every dreadful thought.
They think he comes to ravage, ſack, and burn;
Religion, gods, and temples to o'erturn.
Their fears ſuggeſt him willing to purſue
Whatever ills unbounded power can do.
Their hearts by one low paſſion only move,
Nor dare ſhow hate, nor can diſſemble love.
The lurking fathers, a diſhearten'd band,
Drawn from their houſes forth, by proud command,
In Palatine Apollo's temple meet,
And ſadly view the conſul's empty ſeat;
No rods, no chairs curule, adorn the place,
Nor purple magiſtrates th' aſſembly grace.
Cæſar is all things in himſelf alone,
The ſilent court is but a looker-on;
With humble votes obedient they agree,
To what their mighty ſubject ſhall decree:
Whether as king or god, he will be fear'd,
If royal thrones, or altars, ſhall be rear'd.

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Ready for death, or baniſhment, they ſtand,
And wait their doom from his diſpoſing hand:
But he, by ſecret ſhame's reproaches ſtaid,
Bluſh'd to command, what Rome would have obey'd.
Yet liberty, thus ſlighted and betray'd,
One laſt effort with indignation made;
One man ſhe choſe to try th' unequal fight,
And prove the power of juſtice againſt might.
While with rude uproar armed hands eſſay
To make old Saturn's treaſuring fane their prey;
The bold Metellus, careleſs of his fate.
Ruſh'd through, and ſtood to guard the holy gate.
So daring is the ſordid love of gold!
So fearleſs death and dangers can behold!
Without a blow defenceleſs fell the laws;
While wealth, the baſeſt, moſt inglorious cauſe,
Againſt oppreſſing tyranny makes head,
Finds hands to fight, and eloquence to plead.
The buſtling tribune, ſtruggling in the crowd,
Thus warns the victor of the wrong aloud:
Through me, thou robber! force thy horrid way,
My ſacred blood ſhall ſtain thy impious prey.
But there are gods, to urge thy guilty fate;
Sure vengeance on thy ſacrilege ſhall wait.
Remember, by the tribunes curſe purſued,
Craſſus, too late, the violation rued. [pleaſe,
Pierce then my breaſt, nor ſhall the crime diſ-
This crowd is us'd to ſpectacles like theſe.
In a forſaken city are we left,
Of virtue, with her nobleſt ſons bereft.
Why ſeek'ſt thou ours? Is there not foreign
Towns to be ſack'd, and people to be ſold? [gold?
With thoſe reward the ruffian's ſoldier's toil;
Nor pay him with thy ruin'd country's ſpoil. 134
Haſt thou not war? Let war thy wants provide.

He ſpoke. The victor, high in wrath, reply'd:
Sooth not thy ſoul with hopes of death ſo vain,
No blood of thine my conq'ring ſword ſhall ſtain.
Thy titles and thy popular command,
Can never make thee worthy Cæſar's hand.
Art thou thy country's ſole defender! thou!
Can liberty and Rome be fall'n ſo low!
Nor time, nor chance breed ſuch confuſions yet,
Nor are the mean ſo rais'd, nor ſunk the great;
But laws themſelves would rather chooſe to be
Suppreſs'd by Cæſar, than preſerv'd by thee.

He ſaid. The ſtubborn tribune kept his place,
While anger redden'd on the warrior's face;
His wrathful hand deſcending graſp'd his blade,
And half forgot the peaceful part he play'd.
When Cotta, to prevent the kindling fire,
Thus ſooth'd the raſh Metellus to retire:

Where kings prevail, all liberty is loſt,
And none but he who reigns can freedom boaſt;
Some ſhadow of the bliſs thou ſhalt retain,
Chooſing to do what ſovereign powers ordain:
Vanquiſh'd and long accuſtom'd to ſubmit,
With patience underneath our load we ſit;
Our chains alone our ſlaviſh fears excuſe,
While we bear ill, we know not to refuſe.
Far hence the fatal treaſures let him bear,
The ſeeds of miſchief, and the cauſe of war.
Free ſtates might well a loſs like this deplore;
In ſervitude none miſs the public ſtore,
And 'tis the curſe of kings for ſubjects to be poor.

The tribune with unwilling ſteps withdrew,
While impious hands the rude aſſault renew:
The brazen gates with thundering ſtrokes reſound,
And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.
At length the ſacred ſtore-houſe, open laid,
The hoarded wealth of ages paſt diſplay'd;
There might be ſeen the ſums proud Carthage ſent,
Her long impending ruin to prevent.
There heap'd the Macedonian treaſures ſhone,
What great Flaminius and Æmilius won
From vanquiſh'd Philip, and his hapleſs ſon.
There lay, what flying Pyrrhus loſt, the gold
Scorn'd by the patriot's honeſty of old:
Whate'er our parſimonious fires could ſave,
What tributary gifts rich Syria gave;
The hundred Cretan cities ample ſpoil;
What Cato gathered from the Cyprian iſle.
Riches of captive kings by Pompey borne,
In happier days his triumph to adorn,
From utmoſt India and the riſing morn;
Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day,
Became the needy ſoldiers lawleſs prey:
And wretched Rome, by robbery laid low,
Was poorer than the bankrupt Cæſar now.

Meanwhile the world, by Pompey's fate alarm'd,
Nations ordain'd to ſhare his fall had arm'd.
Greece firſt with troops the neighbouring war ſupply'd,
And ſent the youth of Phocis to his ſide;
From Cyrrha and Amphiſa's towers they mov'd,
And high Parnaſſus by the muſe belov'd;
Cephiſſus' ſacred flood aſſiſtance lends,
And Dirce's ſpring his Theban leaders ſends,
Alphæus too affords his Piſa's aid:
By Piſa's wall the ſtream is firſt convey'd,
Then ſeeks through ſeas the lov'd Sicilian maid.
From Mænalus Arcadian ſhepherds ſwarm,
And warriors in Herculean Trachyn arm;
The Dryopes Chaonia's hills forſook,
And Selli left Dodona's ſilent oak.
Though Athens now had drain'd her naval ſtore,
And the Phœbean arſenal was poor,
Three ſhips of Salamis to Pompey came,
To vindicate their iſle's conteſted name,
And juſtify the ancient Attic claim.
Jove's Cretan people haſtening to the war,
The Gnoſſian quiver and the ſhaft prepare;
The bending bow they drew with deadly art,
And rival ev'n the flying Parthian's dart.
With Athamans who in the woods delight,
With Dardan Oriconians unite;
With theſe th' Encheliæ who the name partake,
Since Theban Cadmus firſt became a ſnake:
The Colchians planted on Illyrian ſhores,
Where ruſhing down Abſyrtos ſoamy roars;
With thoſe where Peneus runs, and hardy ſwains,
Whoſe ploughs divide Iolcos' fruitful plains.
From thence, ere yet the ſeaman's art was taught,
Rude Argo through the deep a paſſage ſought:
She firſt explor'd the diſtant foreign land,
And ſhow'd her ſtrangers to the wondering ſtrand:
Then nations nations knew, in leagues were join'd,
And univerſal commerce mix'd mankind.
By her made bold, the daring race defy'd
The winds tempeſtuous, and the ſwelling tide:
Much ſhe enlarg'd deſtruction's ample power,
And open'd ways to death unknown before.

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Then Pholoe's heights, that fabled Centaurs boaſt,
And Thracian Hæmus then his warriors loſt.
Then Strymon was forſook, whoſe wintery flood
Commits to warmer Nile his feather'd brood;
Then bands from Cone and from Peuce came,
Where Iſter loſes his divided ſtream;
From Idalis where cold Caïcus flows,
And where Ariſbe, thin, her ſandy ſurface ſtrows;
From Pytane, and ſad Celenæ's walls,
Where now in ſtreams the vanquiſh'd Marſyas falls:
Still his lamenting progeny deplore
Minerva's tuneful gift, and Phœbus' power;
While through ſteep banks his torrent ſwift he leads,
And with Mæander winds among the meads.
Proud Lydia's plains ſend forth her wealthy ſons,
Pactolus there, and golden Hermus runs:
From earth's dark womb hid treaſures they convey:
And rich in yellow waters riſe to day.
From Ilium too ill-omen'd enſigns move,
Again ordain'd their former fate to prove:
Their arms they rang'd on Pompey's hapleſs ſide,
Nor fought a chief to Dardan kings ally'd:
Though tales of Troy proud Cæſar's lineage grace,
With great Æneas and the Julian race.
The Syrians ſwift Orontes' banks forſake,
And from Idume's plains their journey take;
Damaſcus obvious to the driving wind,
With Ninos' and with Gaza's force is join'd.
Inſtable Tyre now knit to firmer ground,
With Sidon for her purple ſhells renown'd,
Safe in the Cynoſure, their glittering guide,
With well-directed navies ſtem the tide.
Phœnicians firſt, if ancient fame be true,
The ſacred myſtery of letters knew;
They firſt, by ſound in various lines deſign'd,
Expreſt the meaning of the thinking mind;
The power of words by figures rude convey'd,
And uſeful ſcience everlaſting made.
Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known,
Engrav'd her precepts and her arts in ſtone;
While animals in various order plac'd,
The learned hieroglyphic column grac'd.
Then left they lofty Taurus' ſpreading grove,
And Tarſos, built by Perſeus, born of Jove;
Then Mallian, and Corycian towers they leave,
Where mouldering rocks diſcloſe a gaping cave.
The bold Cilicians, pirates now no more,
Unfurl a juſter ſail, and ply the oar;
To Egæ's port they gather all around,
The ſhores with ſhouting mariners reſound.
Far in the eaſt war ſpreads the loud alarm,
Where worſhippers of diſtant Ganges arm;
Right to the breaking day his waters run,
The only ſtream that braves the riſing ſun.
By this ſtrong flood, and by the ocean bound,
Proud Alexander's arms a limit found;
Vain in his hopes the youth had graſp'd at all,
And his vaſt thought took in the vanquiſh'd ball;
But own'd, when forc'd from Ganges to retreat,
The world too mighty, and the taſk too great.
Then on the banks of Indus nations roſe,
Where unperceiv'd the mix'd Hydaſpes flows:
In numbers vaſt they coaſt the rapid flood,
Strange in their habit, manners, and their food.
With ſaffron dyes their dangling locks they ſtain,
With glittering gems their flowing robes conſtrain,
And quaff rich juices from the luſcious cane.
On their own funerals and death they ſmile,
And living leap amidſt the burning pile;
Heroic minds! that can ev'n fate command,
And bid it wait upon a mortal hand;
Who full of life forſake it as a feaſt,
Take what they like and give the gods the reſt.
Deſcending then fierce Capadocian ſwains,
From rude Amanus' mountains ſought the plains,
Armenians from Niphates' rolling ſtream,
And from their lofty woods Coaſtrians came.
Then wondering Arabs from the ſultry line
For ever northward ſaw the ſhade incline.
Then did the madneſs of the Roman rage
Carmanian and Oloſtrian chiefs engage:
Beneath far diſtant ſouthern heavens they lie,
Where half the ſetting Bear forſakes the ſky,
And ſwift our ſlow Bootes ſeems to fly.
Theſe furies to the ſun-burn'd Æthiops ſpread,
And reach the great Euphrates' riſing head.
One ſpring the Tigris and Euphrates know,
And join'd awhile the kindred rivers flow;
Scarce could we judge between the doubtful claim,
If Tigres, or Euphrates, give the name:
But ſoon Euphrates' parting waves divide,
Covering like fruitful Nile the country wide;
While Tigris, ſinking from the ſight of day,
Through ſubterranean channels cuts his way;
Then from a ſecond fountain ſprings again,
Shoots ſwiftly on, and ruſhing ſeeks the main.
The Parthian powers, to neither chief a friend,
The doubtful iſſue in ſuſpenſe attend;
With neutral eaſe they view the ſtrife from far,
And only lend occaſion to the war.
Not ſo the Scythians where cold Bactros flows,
Or where Hircania's wilder foreſt grows,
Their baneful ſhafts they dip, and ſtring their deadly bows.
Th' Heniochi of Sparta's valiant breed,
Skilful to preſs, and rein the fiery ſteed.
Sarmatians with the fiercer Moſchi join'd,
And Colchians rich where Phaſis' waters wind,
To Pompey's ſide their aid aſſembling bring,
With Halys, fatal to the Lydian king;
With Tanais falling from Riphæan ſnows,
Who forms the world's diviſion as he goes:
With nobleſt names his riſing banks are crown'd,
This ſtands for Europe's, that for Aſia's bound;
While, as they wind, his waves with full command,
Diminiſh, or enlarge th' adjacent land.
Then arm'd the nations on Cimmerian ſhores,
Where through the Boſphorus Mæotis roars,
And her full lake amidſt the Euxine pours.
This ſtrait, like that of Herculus, ſupplies
The midland ſeas, and bids th' Ægean riſe,
Sithonians fierce, and Arimaſpians bold,
Who bind their plaited hair in ſhining gold.
The Genon nimble, and the Areian ſtrong,
March with the hardy Maſſagete along:
The Maſſagete, who at his ſavage feaſt
Feeds on the generous ſteed which once he preſt.
Not Cyrus when he ſpread his eaſtern reign,
And hid with multitudes the Lydian plain;

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Not haughty Xerxes, when, his power to boaſt,
By ſhafts he counted all his mighty hoſt;
Not he who drew the Grecian chiefs along,
Bent to revenge his injur'd brother's wrong;
Or with ſuch navies plow'd the foamy main,
Or led ſo many kings, amongſt their warlike train.
Sure in one cauſe ſuch numbers never yet,
Various in countries, ſpeech, and manners, met;
But fortune gather'd o'er the ſpacious ball,
Theſe ſpoils, to grace her once-lov'd favourite's fall.
Nor then the Lybian Moor witheld his aid,
Where ſacred Ammon lifts his horned head:
All Afric, from the weſtern ocean's bound;
To eaſtern Nile, the cauſe of Pompey own'd.
Mankind aſſembled for Pharſalia's day,
To make the world at once the victor's prey.
Now trembling Rome forſook, with ſwifteſt haſte,
Cæſar the cloudy Alpine hills had paſt.
But while the nations, with ſubjection tame,
Yield to the terrors of his mighty name;
With faith uncommon to the changing Greeks,
What duty bids, Maſſilia bravely ſeeks:
And, true to oaths, their liberty and laws,
To ſtronger fate prefer the juſter cauſe,
But firſt to move his haughty ſoul they try,
Entreaties and perſuaſion oft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentleſt terms they greet his ear:
When foreign wars moleſt the Roman ſtate,
With ready arms our glad Maſſilians wait,
To ſhare your dangers, and partake your fate.
This our unſhaken friendſhip vouches well,
And your recording annals beſt can tell.
Ev'n now we yield our ſtill devoted hands,
On foreign foes to wreak your dread commands;
Would you to worlds unknown your triumphs ſpread?
Behold! we follow whereſoe'er you lead.
But if you rouſe at diſcord's baleful call,
If Romans fatally on Romans fall;
All we can offer is a pitying tear,
And conſtant refuge for the wretched here.
Sacred to us you are: oh, may no ſtain
Of Lucian blood our innocence profane!
Should heaven itſelf be rent with civil rage,
Should giants once more with the gods engage;
Officious piety would hardly dare
To proffer Jove aſſiſtance in the war.
Man unconcern'd and humble ſhould remain,
Nor ſeek to know whoſe arms the conqueſt gain,
Jove's thunder will convince them of his reign.
Nor can your horrid diſcords want our ſwords,
The wicked world its multitudes affords;
Too many nations at the call will come,
And gladly join to urge the fate of Rome.
Oh, had the reſt like us their aid deny'd,
Yourſelves muſt then the guilty ſtrife decide;
Then, who but ſhould withhold his lifted hand,
When for his foe he ſaw his father ſtand?
Brothers their rage had mutually repreſt,
Nor driven their javelins on a brother's breaſt.
Your war had ended ſoon; had you not choſe
Hands for the work, which nature meant for foes:
Who, ſtrangers to your blood, in arms delight,
And ruſh remorſeleſs to the cruel fight.
Briefly, the ſum of all that we requeſt
Is, to receive thee as our honour'd gueſt;
Let thoſe thy dreadful enſigns ſhine afar,
Let Cæſar come, but come without the war.
Let this one place from impious rage be free;
That, if the gods the peace of Rome decree,
If your relenting angers yield to treat,
Pompey and thou, in ſafety, here may meet.
Then, wherefore doſt thou quit thy purpoſ'd way?
Why, thus, Iberia's nobler wars delay?
Mean, and of little conſequence we are,
A conqueſt much unworthy of thy care.
When Phocis' towers were laid in aſhes low,
Hither we fled for refuge from the foe;
Here, for our plain integrity renown'd,
A little town in narrow walls we bound:
No name in arms nor victories we boaſt,
But live poor exiles on a foreign coaſt.
If thou art bent on violence at laſt,
To burſt our gates, and lay our bulwarks waſte,
Know we are equally reſolv'd, whate'er
The victor's fury can inflict, to bear.
Shall death deſtroy, ſhall flames the town o'erturn?
Why—let our people bleed, our buildings burn.
Wilt thou forbid the living ſtream to flow?
We'll dig, and ſearch the watery ſtores below.
Hunger and thirſt with patience will we meet,
And, what offended nature naufeates, eat.
Like brave Saguntum daring to be free,
Whate'er they ſuffer'd, we'll expect from thee.
Babes, raviſh'd from the fainting mother's breaſt,
Shall headlong in the burning pile be caſt.
Matrons ſhall bare their boſoms to their lords,
And beg deſtruction from their pitying ſwords;
The brother's hand the brother's heart ſhall wound.
And univerſal ſlaughter rage around.
If civil wars muſt waſte this hapleſs town,
No hands ſhall bring that ruin but our own.
Thus ſaid the Grecian meſſengers. When lo!
A gathering cloud involv'd the Roman's brow;
Much grief, much wrath, his troubled viſage ſpoke;
Then into theſe diſdainful words he broke:
This truſting in our ſpeedy march to Spain,
Theſe hopes, this Grecian confidence is vain;
Whate'er we purpoſe, leiſure will be found
To lay Maſſilia level with the ground:
This bears, my valiant friends, a ſound of joy;
Our uſeleſs arms, at length, ſhall find employ.
Winds loſe their force, that unreſiſted fly,
And flames, unfed by fuel, ſink and die.
Our courage thus would ſoften in repoſe,
But fortune and rebellion yield us foes.
Yet mark! what love their friendly ſpeech expreſs!
Unarm'd and ſingle, Cæſar is their gueſt.
Thus, firſt they dare to ſtop me on my way,
Then ſeek with fawning treaſon to betray.
Anon, they pray that civil rage may ceaſe:
But war ſhall ſcourge them for thoſe hopes of peace;
And make them know the preſent times afford
At leaſt while Cæſar lives, no ſafety like the ſword.
He ſaid; and to the city bent his way:
The city, fearleſs all, before him lay,
With armed hands her battlements were crown'd,
And luſty youth the bulwarks mann'd around.
Near to the walls, a riſing mountain's head
Flat with a little level plain is ſpread:
Upon this height the wary chief deſigns
His camp to ſtrengthen with ſurrounding lines.

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Lofty alike, and with a warlike mien,
Meſſilia's neighbouring citadel is ſeen;
An humble valley fills the ſpace between.
Straight he decrees the middle vale to fill,
And run a mole athwart from hill to hill,
But firſt a lengthening work extends its way,
Where open to the land this city lay,
And from the camp projecting joins the ſea.
Low ſinks the ditch, the turfy breaſt-works riſe,
And cut the captive town from all ſupplies.
While, gazing from their towers, the Greeks bemoan [own.
The meads, the fields, and fountains once their
Well have they thus acquir'd the nobleſt name,
And conſecrated theſe their walls to fame.
Fearleſs of Cæſar and his arms they ſtood,
Nor drove before the headlong ruſhing flood:
And while he ſwept whole nations in a day,
Meſſilia bade th' impatient victor ſtay,
And clogg'd his rapid conqueſt with delay.
Fortune a maſter for the world prepar'd,
And theſe th' approaching ſlavery retard.
Ye times to come record the warrior's praiſe,
Who lengthen'd out expiring freedom's days.
Now while with toil unweary'd roſe the mound,
The ſounding axe invades the groves around;
Light earth and ſhrubs the middle banks ſupply'd,
But firmer beams muſt fortify the ſide;
Leſt when the tow'rs advance their ponderous height, [weight.
The mouldering maſs ſhould yield beneath the
Not far away for ages paſt had ſtood
An old inviolated ſacred wood;
Whoſe gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
A chilly cheerleſs everlaſting ſhade:
There, not the ruſtic gods, nor fatyrs ſport,
Nor fawns and ſylvans with the nymphs reſort:
But barbarous prieſts ſome dreadful power adore,
And luſtrate every tree with human gore.
If myſteries in times of old receiv'd,
And pious anciently be yet believ'd,
There not the feather'd ſongſter builds her neſt,
Nor lonely dens conceal the ſavage beaſt:
There no tempeſtuous winds preſume to fly, [by.
Even lightnings glance aloof, and ſhoot obliquely
No wanton breezes toſs the dancing leaves,
But ſhivering horror in the branches heaves.
Black ſprings with pitchy ſtreams divide the ground,
And bubbling tumble with a ſullen ſound.
Old images of forms miſhapen ſtand,
Rude and unknowing of the artiſt's hand;
With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghaſtly head
Strikes the aſtoniſh'd gazer's ſoul with dread.
No gods, who long in common ſhapes appear'd,
Were e'er with ſuch religious awe rever'd:
But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
And ſtill the leſs they know, they fear the more.
Oft (as fame tells) the earth in ſounds of woe
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below;
The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been ſeen
To riſe from earth, and ſpring with duſky green;
With ſparkling flames the trees unburning ſhine,
And round their boles prodigious ſerpents twine.
The pious worſhippers approach not near,
But ſhun their gods, and kneel with diſtant fear:
The prieſt himſelf, when, or the day or night,
Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,
Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
Dreading the dæmon of the grove to meet;
Who, terrible to ſight, at that fix'd hour,
Still treads the round about his dreary bower.
This wood near neighb'ring to th' encompaſs'd town
Untouch'd by former wars remain'd alone;
And ſince the country round it naked ſtands,
From hence the Latian chief ſupplies demands.
But lo! the bolder hands, that ſhould have ſtruck,
With ſome unuſual horror trembling ſhook:
With ſilent dread and reverence they ſurvey'd
The gloom majeſtic of the ſacred ſhade.
None dares with impious ſteel the bark to rend,
Leſt on himſelf the deſtin'd ſtroke deſcend.
Cæſar perceiv'd the ſpreading fear to grow,
Then, eager, caught an axe, and aim'd a blow.
Deep ſunk within a violated oak
The wounding edge, and thus the warrior ſpoke.
Now, let no doubting hand the taſk decline;
Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.
The trembling bands unwillingly obey'd;
Two various ills were in the balance laid,
And Cæſar's wrath againſt the gods was weigh'd.
Then Jove's Dodonian tree was forc'd to bow;
The lofty aſh and knotty holm lay low;
The floating alder by the current borne,
The cypreſs by the nobſe mourner worn,
Veil their aërial ſummits, and diſplay
Their dark receſſes to the golden day;
Crowding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
And heap'd on high the leafy piles ariſe.
With grief, and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld
Their holy grove by impious ſoldiers fell'd;
While the Maſſilians, from th' encompaſs'd wall,
Rejoic'd to ſee the ſylvan honours fall:
They hope ſuch power can never proſper long,
Nor think the patient gods will bear the wrong.
But, ah! too oft ſucceſs to guilt is given,
And wretches only ſtand the mark of heaven.
With timber largely from the wood ſupply'd,
For wains the legions ſearch the country wide;
Then from the crooked plough unyoke the ſteer,
And leave the ſwain to mourn the fruitleſs year.
Meanwhile, impatient of the lingering war,
The chieftain to Iberia bends afar,
And gives the leaguer to Trebonius' care.
With diligence the deſtin'd taſk he plies;
Huge works of earth with ſtrengthening beams ariſe:
High tottering towers, by no fix'd baſis bound,
Roll nodding on along the ſtable mound.
The Greeks with wonder on the movement look,
And fancy earth's foundations deep are ſhook;
Fierce winds they think the beldame's entrails tear,
And anxious for their walls and city fear:
The Roman from the lofty top looks down,
And rains a winged war upon the town.
Nor with leſs active rage the Grecians burn,
But larger ruin on their foes return;
Nor hands alone the miſſile deaths ſupply,
From nervous croſs-bows whiſtling arrows fly;
The ſteely corſlet and the bone they break,
Through multitudes their fatal journeys take;
Nor wait the lingering Parcæ's ſlow delay,
But wound, and to new ſlaughter wing their way.

Now by ſome vaſt machine a ponderous ſtone,
Pernicious, from the hoſtile wall is thrown;
At once, on many, ſwift the ſhock deſcends,
And the cruſh'd carcaſes confounding blends.
So rolls ſome falling rock by age long worn,
Looſe from its root by raging whirlwinds torn,
And thundering down the precipice is born,
O'er craſhing woods the maſs is ſeen to ride,
To grind its way, and plain the mountain's ſide.
Gall'd with the ſhot from far, the legions join,
Their bucklers in the warlike ſhell combine;
Compact and cloſe the brazen roof they bear,
And in juſt order to the town draw near:
Safe they advance, while with unweary'd pain
The wrathful engines waſte their ſtores in vain;
High o'er their heads the deſtin'd deaths are toſt,
And far behind in vacant earth are loſt;
Nor ſudden could they change their erring aim,
Slow and unwieldy moves the cumbrous frame.
This ſeen, the Greeks their brawny arms employ,
And hurl a ſtony tempeſt from on high:
The clattering ſhower the ſounding fence aſſails;
But vain, as when the ſtormy winter hails,
Nor on the ſolid marble roof prevails:
Till tir'd at length the warriors fall their ſhields;
And, ſpent with toil, the broken phalanx yields.
Now other ſtratagems the war ſupplies,
Beneath the Vinea cloſe th' aſſailant lies.
The ſtrong machine, with planks and turf beſpread,
Moves to the walls its well-defended head;
Within the covert ſafe the miners lurk,
And to the deep foundation urge their work.
Now juſtly poiſ'd the thundering ram they ſling,
And drive him forceful with a launching ſpring;
Haſty to looſe ſome yielding part at length,
And ſhake the firm cemented bulwark's ſtrength.
But from the town the Grecian youth prepare
With hardy vigour to repel the war:
Crowding they gather on the rampart's height,
And with tough ſtaves and ſpears maintain the fight;
Darts, fragments of the rock, and flames they throw,
And tear the planky ſhelter fix'd below;
Arround by all the warring tempeſt beat,
The baffled Romans ſullenly retreat.
Now by ſucceſs the brave Maſſilians fir'd,
To fame of higher enterpriſe aſpir'd;
Nor longer with their walls defence content,
In daring ſallies they the foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with ſwords, nor pointed ſpears they go,
Nor aim the ſhaft, nor bend the deadly bow:
Fierce Mulciber ſupplies the bold deſign,
And for their weapons kindling torches ſhine.
Silent they iſſue through the gloomy night,
And with broad ſhields reſtrain the beamy light:
Sudden the blaze on every ſide began,
And o'er the Latian works reſiſtleſs ran;
Catching, and driving with the wind it grows,
Fierce through the ſhade the burning deluge glows;
Nor earth, nor greener planks its force delay,
Swift o'er the hiſſing beams it rolls away:
Embrown'd with ſmoke the wavy flames aſcend,
Shiver'd with heat the crackling quarries rend;
Till with a roar at laſt, the mighty mound,
Towers, engines, all, come thundering to the ground.
Wide ſpread the diſcontinuous ruins lie,
And vaſt confuſion fills the gazer's eye.

Vanquiſh'd by land, the Romans ſeek the main,
And prove the fortune of the watery plain:
Their navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haſte,
Down through the rapid Rhone deſcending paſt.
No golden gods protect the ſhining prow,
Nor ſilken ſtreamers lightly dancing flow;
But rough in ſtable floorings lies the wood,
As in the native foreſt once it ſtood.
Rearing above the reſt her towery head,
Brutus' tall ſhip the floating ſquadron led.
To ſea ſoon wafted by the haſty tide,
Right to the Stœchades their courſe they guide.
Reſolv'd to urge their fate, with equal cares,
Maſſilia for the naval war prepares;
All hands the city for the taſk requires,
And arms her ſtriplings young, and hoary ſires.
Veſſels of every ſort and ſize ſhe fits,
And ſpeedy to the briny deep commits
The crazy hulk, that, worn with winds and tides,
Safe in the dock, and long neglected, rides,
She planks anew, and calks her leaky ſides.
Now roſe the morning, and the golden ſun
With beams refracted on the ocean ſhone;
Clear was the ſky, the waves from murmur ceaſe,
And every ruder wind was huſh'd in peace:
Smooth lay the glaſſy ſurface of the main,
And offer'd to the war its ample plain:
When to the deſtin'd ſtations all repair;
Here Cæſar's powers, the youth of Phocis there.
Their brawny arms are bar'd, their oars they dip,
Swift o'er the water glides the nimble ſhip;
Feels the ſtrong blow the well-compacted oak,
And trembling ſprings at each repeated ſtroke.
Crooked in front the Latian navy ſtood,
And wound a bending creſcent o'er the flood.
With four full banks of oars advancing high,
On either wing the larger veſſels ply,
While in the centre ſafe the leſſer galliots lie.
Brutus the firſt, with eminent command,
In the tall admiral is ſeen to ſtand;
Six rows of lengthening pines the billows ſweep,
And heave the burden o'er the groaning deep.
Now prow to prow advance each hoſtile fleet,
And want but one concurring ſtroke to meet,
When peals of ſhouts and mingling clamours roar,
And drown the brazen trump and plunging oar.
The bruſhing pine the frothy ſurface plies,
While on their banks the luſty rowers riſe:
Each brings the ſtroke back on his ample cheſt,
Then firm upon his ſeat he lights repreſt.
With claſhing beaks the launching veſſels meet,
And from the mutual ſhock alike retreat.
Thick clouds of flying ſhafts the welkin hide,
Then fall, and floating ſtrow the ocean wide.
At length the ſtretching wings their order leave,
And in the line the mingling foe receive:
Then might be ſeen, how, daſh'd from ſide to ſide,
Before the ſtemming veſſel drove the tide;
Still as each keel her foamy furrow plows,
Now back, now forth, the ſurge obedient flows.
Thus warring winds alternate rule maintain,
And this, and that way, roll the yielding main.
Maſſilia's navy, nimble, clean, and light,
With beſt advantage ſeek or ſhun the fight;
With ready eaſe all anſwer to command,
Obey the helm, and feel the pilot's hand:

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Not ſo the Romans; cumbrous hulks they lay,
And ſlow and heavy hung upon the ſea;
Yet ſtrong, and for the cloſer combat good,
They yield firm footing on th' unſtable flood.
Thus Brutus ſaw, and to the maſter cries
(The maſter in the lofty poop he ſpies,
Where ſtreaming the Prætorian enſign flies),
Still wilt thou bear away, ſtill ſhift thy place,
And turn the battle to a wanton chaſe?
Is this a time to play ſo mean a part,
To tack, to veer, and boaſt thy trifling art?
Bring to. The war ſhall hand to hand be try'd;
Oppoſe thou to the foe our ample ſide,
And let us meet like men. The chieftain ſaid;
The ready maſter the command obey'd,
And ſide-long to the foe the ſhip was laid.
Upon his waſte fierce fall the thundering Greeks,
Faſt in his timber ſtick their brazen beaks;
Some lie by chains and grapplings ſtrong compell'd,
While others by the tangling oars are held:
The ſeas are hid beneath the cloſing war,
Nor need they caſt the javelin now from far;
With hardy ſtrokes the combatants engage,
And with keen faulchions deal their deadly rage:
Man againſt man, and board by board they lie,
And on thoſe decks their arms defended die.
The rolling ſurge is ſtain'd around with blood,
And foamy purple ſwells the riſing flood;
The floating carcaſes the ſhips delay,
Hang on each keel, and intercept her way;
Helpleſs beneath the deep the dying ſink,
And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink.
Some, while amidſt the tumbling waves they ſtrive,
And ſtruggling with deſtruction float alive,
Or by ſome ponderous beam are beaten down,
Or ſink tranſix'd by darts at random thrown.
That fatal day no javelin flies in vain,
Miſſing their mark, they wound upon the main.
It chanc'd, a warrior ſhip on Cæſar's ſide,
By two Maſſilian foes was warmly ply'd;
But with divided force ſhe meets th' attack,
And bravely drives the bold aſſailants back:
When from the lofty poop, where fierce he fought,
Tagus to ſeize the Grecian ancient ſought.
But double death his daring hand repreſs'd,
One ſpear tranſix'd his back, and one his breaſt,
And deadly met within his heaving cheſt.
Doubtful awhile the flood was ſeen to ſtay,
At length the ſteely ſhafts at once gave way;
The fleeting life a twofold paſſage found,
And ran divided from each ſtreaming wound.
Hither his fate unhappy Telon led,
To naval arts from early childhood bred;
No hand the helm more ſkilfully could guide,
Or ſtem the fury of the boiſterous tide;
He knew what winds ſhould on the morrow blow,
And how the ſails for ſafety to beſtow;
Celeſtial ſignals well he could deſcry,
Could judge the radiant lights that ſhine on high,
And read the coming tempeſt of the ſky.
Full on a Latian bark his beak he drives,
The brazen beak the ſhivering elder rives;
When from ſome hoſtile hand, a Roman dart,
Deep piercing, trembled in his panting heart:
Yet ſtill his careful hand its taſk ſupplies,
And turns the guiding rudder as he dies.
To fill his place bold Gyareus eſſay'd,
But paſſing from a neighbouring ſhip was ſtay'd;
Swift through his loins a flying javelin ſtruck,
And nail'd him to the veſſel he forſook.
Friendlike, and ſide by ſide, two brethren fought,
Whom, at a birth, their fruitful mother brought:
So like the lines of each reſembling face,
The ſame the features, and the ſame the grace,
That fondly erring oft their parents look,
And each, for each, alternately miſtook:
But death, too ſoon, a dire diſtinction makes,
While one, untimely ſnatch'd, the light forſakes.
His brother's form the ſad ſurvivor wears,
And ſtill renews his hapleſs parents tears:
Too ſure they ſee their ſingle hope remain,
And while they bleſs the living, mourn the ſlain.
He, the bold youth, as board and board they
ſtand,
Fix'd on a Roman ſhip his daring hand;
Full on his arm a mighty blow deſcends,
And the torn limb from off the ſhoulder rends;
The rigid nerves are cramp'd with ſtiffening cold,
Convulſive graſp, and ſtill retain their hold.
Nor ſunk his valour by the pain depreſt,
But nobler rage inflam'd his mangled breaſt:
His left remaining hand the combat tries,
And fiercely forth to catch the right he flies;
The ſame hard deſtiny the left demands,
And now a naked helpleſs trunk he ſtands.
Nor deigns he, though defenceleſs to the foe,
To ſeek the ſafety of the hold below;
For every coming javelin's point prepar'd,
He ſteps between, and ſtands his brother's guard;
Till fix'd, and horrid with a wood of ſpears,
A thouſand deaths at others aim'd he wears.
Reſolv'd at length his utmoſt force to exert,
His ſpirits gather'd to his fainting heart,
And the laſt vigour rous'd in every part;
Then nimble from the Grecian deck he roſe,
And with a leap ſprung fierce amidſt his foes:
And when his hands no more could wreak his
hate,
His ſword no more could miniſter to fate,
Dying he preſt them with his hoſtile weight.
O'ercharg'd the ſhip with carcaſes and blood,
Drunk faſt at many a leak the briny flood;
Yielding at length the waters wide gave way,
And fold her in the boſom of the ſea;
Then o'er her head returning rolls the tide,
And covering waves the ſinking hatches hide.
That fatal day was ſlaughter ſeen to reign,
In wonders various, on the liquid plain.
On Lycidas a ſteely grappling ſtruck;
Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook;
And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy wave,
But that his fellows ſtrove their mate to ſave;
Clung to his legs, they claſp him all they can,
The grappling tugs, aſunder flies the man.
No ſingle wound the gaping rupture ſeems,
Where trickling crimſon wells in ſlender ſtreams;
But from an opening horrible and wide,
A thouſand veſſels pour the burſting tide:
At once the winding channel's courſe was broke,
Where wandering life her mazy journey took:
At once the currents all forgot their way,
And loſt their purple in the azure ſea:
Soon from the lower parts the ſpirits fled,
And motionleſs th' exhauſted limbs lay dead:
Not ſo the nobler regions, where the heart
And heaving lungs their vital powers exert;

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There lingering late, and long conflicting, life,
Roſe againſt fate, and ſtill maintain'd the ſtrife.
Driven out at length, unwillingly and ſlow,
She left her mortal houſe, and ſought the ſhades below.

While, eager for the fight, an hardy crew
To one ſole ſide their force united drew,
The bark, unapt the unequal poiſe to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her loweſt keel in air;
In vain his active arms the ſwimmer tries,
No aid the ſwimmers uſeleſs art ſupplies;
The covering vaſt o'erwhelming ſhuts them down,
And helpleſs in the hollow hold they drown.

One ſlaughter terrible above the reſt,
The fatal horror of the fight expreſt.
As o'er the crowded ſurface of the flood
A youthful ſwimmer ſwift his way purſued;
Two meeting ſhips, by equal fury preſt,
With hoſtile prows transfix'd his ample breaſt;
Suſpended by the dreadful ſtrock he hung;
The brazen beaks within his boſom rung;
Blood, bones and entrails, maſhing with the blow,
From his pale lips a hideous mixture flow.
At length the backing oars the fight reſtrain,
The lifeleſs body drops amidſt the main;
Soon enter at the breach the ruſhing waves,
And the ſalt ſtream the mangled carcaſe laves.

Around the watery champain wide diſpread,
The living ſhipwrecks float amidſt the dead:
With active arms the liquid deep they ply,
And panting to their mates for ſuccour cry:
Now to ſome ſocial veſſel preſs they near,
Their fellows pale the crowding numbers fear;
With ruthleſs hearts their well-known friends withſtand,
And with keen faulchions lop each graſping hand;
The dying fingers cling and clench the wood,
The heavy trunk ſinks helpleſs in the flood.

Now ſpent was all the warriors ſteely ſtore,
New darts they ſeek, and other arms explore,
This wields a flag-ſtaff, that a ponderous oar.
Wrath's ready hands are never at a loſs:
The fragments of the ſhatter'd ſhip they toſs.
The uſeleſs rower from his ſeat is caſt,
Then fly the benches and the broken maſt.
Some ſeizing, as it ſinks, the breathleſs corſe,
From the cold graſp the blood-ſtain'd weapon force.
Some from their own freſh bleeding boſoms take,
And at the foe the dropping javelin ſhake:
The left-hand ſtays the blood, and ſoothes the pain,
The right ſends back the reeking ſpear again.

Now gods of various elements conſpire;
To Nereus, Vulcan joins his hoſtile fire;
With oils and living ſulphur, darts they frame,
Prepar'd to ſpread afar the kindling flame;
Around the catching miſchiefs ſwift ſucceed,
The floating hulks their own deſtruction feed;
The ſmeary wax the bright'ning blaze ſupplies,
And wavy fires from pitchy planks ariſe:
Amidſt the flood the ruddy torrent ſtrays,
And fierce upon the ſcattering ſhipwrecks preys.

Here one with haſte a flaming veſſel leaves:
Another, ſpent and beaten by the waves,
As eager to the burning ruin cleaves.
Amidſt the various ways of death to kill,
Whether by ſeas, by fires, or wounding ſteel,
The dreadfulleſt is that, whoſe preſent force we feel.

Nor valour leſs her fatal rage maintains,
In daring breaſts that ſwim the liquid plains:
Some gather up the darts that floating lie,
And to the combatants new deaths ſupply.
Some ſtruggling in the deep the war provoke,
Riſe o'er the ſurge, and aim a languid ſtroke.
Some with ſtrong graſp the foe conflicting join,
Mix limbs with limbs, and hoſtile wreathings twine,
Till plunging, preſſing to the bottom down,
Vanquiſh'd, and vanquiſhers, alike they drown.

One, chief above the reſt, is mark'd by fame,
For watery fight, and Phoceus was his name:
The heaving breath of life he knew to keep;
While long he dwelt within the loweſt deep;
Full many a fathom down he had explor'd,
For treaſures loſt, old ocean's oozy hoard;
Oft when the flooky anchor ſtuck below,
He ſunk, and bade the captive veſſel go.
A foe he ſeiz'd cloſe cleaving to his breaſt,
And underneath the tumbling billows preſt:
But when the ſkilful victor would repair
To upper ſeas, and fought the freer air;
Hapleſs beneath the crowding keels he roſe,
The crowding keels his wonted way oppoſe;
Back beaten, and aſtoniſh'd with the blow,
He ſinks, to bide for ever now below.

Some hang upon the oars with weighty force,
To intercept the hoſtile veſſel's courſe;
Some to the laſt the cauſe they love defend,
And valiant lives by uſeful deaths would end;
With breaſts oppos'd the thundering beaks they brave.
And what they fought for living, dying ſave.

As Tyrrhen, from a Roman poop on high,
Ran o'er the various combat with his eye;
Sure aiming, from his Baleariс thong,
Bold Ligdamus a ponderous bullet ſlung;
Through liquid air the ball ſhrill whiſtling flies,
And cuts its way through hapleſs Tyrrhen's eyes.
Th' aſtoniſh'd youth ſtands ſtruck with ſodden night,
While burſting ſtart the bleeding orbs of ſight.
At firſt he took the darkneſs to be death,
And thought himſelf amidſt the ſhades beneath;
But ſoon recovering from the ſtunning ſound,
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd. he found.
Vigour at length, and wonted force returns,
And with new rage his valiant boſom burns:
To me, my friends (he cry'd), your aid ſupply,
Nor uſeleſs let your fellow ſoldier die;
Give me, oppos'd againſt the foe to ſtand,
While like ſome engine you direct my hand.
And thou, my poor remaining life, prepare
To meet each hazard of the various war;
At leaſt my mangled carcaſe ſhall pretend
To interpoſe, and ſhield ſome valiant friend:
Plac'd like a mark their darts I may ſuſtain,
And, to preſerve ſome better man, be ſlain.

Thus ſaid, unaiming he a javelin threw,
The javelin wing'd with fure deſtruction flew;
In Argus the deſcending ſteel takes place,
Argus, a Grecian of illuſtrious race.
Deep ſinks the piercing point, where to the loins
Above the navel high the belly joins:
The ſtaggering youth falls forward on his face,
And helps the goring weapon with his weight.

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It chanc'd, to ruthleſs deſtiny deſign'd,
To the ſame ſhip his aged ſire was join'd:
While young, for high atchievements was he
The firſt in fair Maſſilia for renown; [known,
Now an example merely, and a name,
Willing to rouſe the younger ſort he came,
And fire their ſouls to emulate his fame.
When from the prow, where diſtant far he ſtood,
He ſaw his ſon lie weltering in his blood,
Soon to the poop, oft ſtumbling in his haſte,
With faultering ſteps the feeble father paſt.
No falling tears his wrinkled cheeks bedew,
But ſtiffening cold and motionleſs he grew:
Deep night and deadly ſhades of darkneſs riſe,
And hide his much-lov'd Argus from his eyes.
As to the dizzy youth the fire appears,
His dying, weak, unwieldy head he rears;
With lifted eyes he caſt a mournful look,
His pale lips mov'd, and fain he would have ſpoke;
But unexpreſs'd th' imperfect accent hung,
Loſt in his falling jaws and murmuring tongue:
Yet in his ſpeechleſs viſage ſeems expreſt,
What, had he words, would be his laſt requeſt,
That aged hand to ſeal his cloſing eye,
And in his father's fond embrace to die;
But he, when grief with keeneſt ſenſe revives,
With nature's ſtrongeſt pangs conflicting ſtrives;
Let me not loſe this hour of death, he cries,
Which my indulgent deſtiny ſupplies;
And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my ſon,
If thy dear lips and laſt embrace I ſhun.
Warm from thy wound the purple current flows,
And vital breath yet heaving comes and goes:
Yet my ſad eyes behold thee yet alive,
And thou ſhalt, yet, thy wretched fire ſurvive,
He ſaid, and fierce, by frantic ſorrow preſt,
Plung'd his ſharp ſword amidſt his aged breaſt:
And though life's guſhing ſtreams the weapon ſtain,
Headlong he leaps amidſt the greedy main;
While this laſt wiſh ran ever in his mind,
To die, and leave his darling ſon behind;
Eager to part, his ſoul diſdain'd to wait,
And truſt uncertain to a ſingle fate.
And now Maſſilia's vanquiſh'd force gives way,
And Cæſar's fortune claims the doubtful day.
The Grecian fleet is all diſpers'd around,
Some in the bottom of the deep lie drown'd;
Some, captives made, their haughty victors bore,
While ſome, but thoſe a few, fled timely to the ſhore.
But, oh! what verſe, what numbers, can expreſs,
The mournful city, and her ſore diſtreſs!
Upon the beach lamenting matrons ſtand,
And wailings echo o'er the lengthening ſtrand;
Their eyes are fix'd upon the waters wide,
And watch the bodies driving with the tide.
Here a fond wife, with pious error, preſt
Some hoſtile Roman to her throbbing breaſt;
There to a mangled trunk two mothers run,
Each graſps, and each would claim it for her ſon;
Each, what her boding heart perſuades, believes,
And for the laſt ſad office fondly ſtrives.
But Brutus, now victorious on the main,
To Cæſar vindicates the watery plain;
Firſt to his brow he binds the naval crown,
And bids the ſpacious deep the mighty maſter own.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar having joined Fabius, whom he had ſent before him to Spain, encamps upon a riſing ground near Ilerda, and not far from the river Sicoris; there, the waters being ſwollen by great rains, endanger his camp; but the weather turning fair, and the floods abating, Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, who lay over againſt him, decamp ſuddenly. Cæſar follows, and encamps ſo as to cut off their paſſage, or any uſe of the river Iberus. As both armies lay now very near to each other, the ſoldiers on both ſides knew, and ſaluted one another; and forgetting the oppoſite intereſts and factions they were engaged in, ran out from their ſeveral camps, and embraced one another with great tenderneſs. Many of Cæſar's ſoldiers were invited into the enemy's camp, and feaſted by their friends and relations. But Petreius apprehending this familiarity might be of ill conſequence to his party, commanded them all (though againſt the rules of humanity and hoſpitality) to be killed. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards Ilerda; but is prevented, and encloſed by Cæſar: to whom, both himſelf and Afranius, after their army had ſuffered extremely for want of water and other neceſſaries, are compelled to ſurrender, without aſking any other conditions than that they might not be compelled to take on in his army; this Cæſar, with great generoſity, grants, and diſmiſſes them. In the mean while, C. Antonius, who commanded for Cæſar near Saloneæ, on the coaſt of Dalmatia being ſhut up by Octavius, Pompey's admiral, and deſtitute of proviſions, had attempted, by help of ſome veſſels, or floating machines of a new invention, to paſs through Pompey's fleet: two of them by advantage of the tide found means to eſcape, but the third, which carried a thouſand Opitergians commanded by Vulteius, was intercepted by a boom laid under the water. Thoſe, when they found it impoſſible to get off, at the perſuaſion, and by the example of their leader, ran upon one anothers ſwords and died. In Africa the poet introduces Curio inquiring after the ſtory of Hercules and Antæus, which is recounted to him by one of the natives, and afterwards relates the particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and killed by Juba.

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But Cæsar in Iberian fields afar,
Ev'n to the western ocean spreads the war;
And though no hills of slaughter heap the plain,
No purple deluge leaves a guilty stain,
Vast is the prize, and great the victor's gain.
For Pompey, with alternative command,
The brave Petreius and Afranius stand:
The chiefs in friendship's just conditions join,
And, cordial to the common cause, combine;
By turns they quit, by turns resume the sway,
The camp to guard, or battle to array;
To these their aid the nimble Vectons yield,
With those who till Asturia's hilly field;
Nor wanted then the Celtiberians bold,
Who draw their long descent from Celtic Gauls of old.

Where rising grounds the fruitful champain end,
And unperceiv'd by soft degrees ascend;
An ancient race their city chose to found,
And with Ilerda's walls the summit crown'd.
The Sicoris, of no ignoble name,
Fast by the mountain pours his gentle stream.
A stable bridge runs cross from side to side,
Whose spacious arch transmits the passing tide,
And jutting piers the wintery floods abide.
Two neighbouring hills their heads distinguish'd raise;
The first great Pompey's ensigns high displays;
Proud Cæsar's camp upon the next is seen;
The river interposing glides between.
Wide spread beyond, an ample plain extends,
Far as the piercing eye its prospect sends;
Upon the spacious level's utmost bound,
The Cinga rolls his rapid waves around.
But soon in full Iberus' channel lost,
His blended waters seek Iberia's coast;
He yields to the superior torrent's fame,
And with the country takes his nobler name.

Now 'gan the lamp of heaven the plains to gild,
When moving legions hide th' embattled field;
When front to front oppos'd in just array,
The chieftians each their hostile powers display:
But whether conscious shame their wrath repress,
And soft reluctance rose in every breast;
Or virtue did a short liv'd rule resume,
And gain'd one day for liberty and Rome;
Suspended rage yet linger'd for a space,
And to the west declin'd the sun in peace.
Night rose, and black'ning shades involv'd the sky,
When Cæsar, bent war's wily arts to try,
Through his extended battle gives command,
The formost lines in order fixt shall stand;
Meanwhile the last, low lurking from the foe,
With secret labour sink a trench below:
Successful they the destin'd task pursue,
While closing files prevent the hostile view.

Soon as the morn renew'd the dawning gray,
He bids the soldier urge his speedy way,
To seize a vacant height that near Ilerda lay.
This saw the foe, and wing'd with fear and shame,
Through secret paths with swift prevention came.
Now various motives various hopes afford,
To those the place, to those the conquering sword:
Oppress'd beneath their armour's cumbrous weight,
Th' assailants labouring tempt the steepy height;
Half bending back they mount with panting pain,
The following crowd their foremost mates sustain;
Against the shelving precipice they toil,
And prop their hands upon the steely pile:
On cliffs and shrubs, their steps, some climbing stay,
With cutting swords some clear the woody way;
Nor death, nor wounds, their enemies annoy,
While other uses now their arms employ.
Their chief the danger from afar survey'd,
And bade the horse fly timely to their aid.
In order just the ready squadrons ride,
Then wheeling to the right and left divide,
To flank the foot, and guard each naked side.
Safe in the middle space retire the foot,
Make good the rear, and scorn the foes pursuit;
Each side retreat, though each disdain to yield,
And claim the glory of the doubtful field.

Thus far the cause of Rome by arms was try'd,
And human rage alone the war supply'd;
But now the elements new wrath prepare,
And gathering tempests vex the troubled air.
Long had the earth by wintery frosts been bound,
And the dry north had numb'd the lazy ground.
No furrow'd fields were drench'd with drisly rain,
Snow hid the hills, and hoary ice the plain.
All desolate the western climes were seen,
Keen were the blasts, and sharp the blue serene,
To parch the fading herb, and dip the springing green.
At length the genial heat began to shine,
With stronger beams in Aries' vernal sign;
Again the golden day resum'd its right,
And rul'd in just equation with the night:
The moon her monthly course had now begun,
And with increasing horns forsook the sun;
When Boreas, by night's silver empress driven,
To softer airs resign'd the western heaven.
Then with warm breezes gentler Eurus came,
Glowing with India's and Arabia's flame.
The sweeping wind the gathering vapours prest,
From every region of the farthest east;
Nor hang they heavy in the midway sky,
But speedy to Hesperia driving fly:
To Calpe's hills the fluicy rains repair,
From north, and south, the clouds assemble there,
And darkening storms lour in the sluggish air.
Where western skies the utmost ocean bound,
The watery treasures heap the welkin round;
Thither they crowd, and, scanted in the space,
Scarce between heaven and earth can find a place.
Condens'd at length the spouting torrents pour,
Earth smokes, and rattles with the gushing shower;
Jove's forky fires are rarely seen to fly,
Extinguish'd in the deluge soon they die;
Nor e'er before did dewy Iris show
Such fady colours, or so maim'd a bow;
Unvary'd by the light's refracting beam,
She stoop'd to drink from oceans briny stream;
Then to the dropping sky restor'd the rain:
Again the falling waters sought the main.
Then first the covering snows began to flow
From off the Pyrenean's hoary brow;
Huge hills of frost, a thousand ages old,
O'er which the summer suns had vainly roll'd,
Now melting, rush from every side amain,
Swell every brook, and deluge all the plain.
And now o'er Cæsar's camp the torrents sweep,
Bear down the works, and fill the trenches deep.

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Here men and arms in mix'd confuſion ſwim,
And hollow tents drive with th' impetuous ſtream;
Loſt in the ſpreading floods the land-marks lie,
Nor can the forager his way deſcry.
No beaſts for food the floating paſtures yield,
Nor herbage riſes in the watery field.
And now, to fill the meaſure of their fears,
Her baleful viſage meagre famine rears:
Seldom alone, ſhe troops among the fiends,
And ſtill on war and peſtilence attends.
Unpreſs'd, unſtraiten'd by beſieging foes,
All miſeries of want the ſoldier knows.
Gladly he gives his little wealth, to eat,
And buys a morſel with his whole eſtate.
Curs'd merchandiſe! where life itſelf is ſold,
And avarice conſents to ſtarve for gold!
No rock, no riſing mountain, rears his head,
No ſingle river winds along the mead,
But one vaſt lake o'er all the land is ſpread.
No lofty grove, no foreſt haunt is found,
But in his den deep lies the ſavage drown'd:
With headlong rage reſiſtleſs in its courſe,
The rapid torrent whirls the ſnorting horſe;
High o'er the ſea the foamy freſhes ride,
While backward Tethys turns her yielding tide.
Meantime continued darkneſs veils the ſkies,
And ſuns with unavailing ardour riſe;
Nature no more her various face can boaſt,
But form is huddled up in night and loſt.
Such are the climes beneath the frozen zone,
Where cheerleſs winter plants her dreary throne;
No golden ſtars their gloomy heavens adorn,
Nor genial ſeaſons to their earth return:
But everlaſting ice and ſnows appear,
Bind up the ſummer ſigns, and curſe the barren year.
Almighty Sire who doſt ſupremely reign,
And thou great ruler of the raging main!
Ye gracious gods! in mercy give command,
This deſolation may for ever ſtand.
Thou Jove! for ever cloud thy ſtormy ſky;
Thou Neptune! bid thy angry waves run high:
Heave thy huge trident for a mighty blow,
Strike the ſtrong earth, and bid her fountains flow;
Bid every river god exhauſt his urn,
Nor let thy own alternate tides return;
Wide let their blended waters waſte around,
Theſe regions, Rhine, and thoſe of Rhone confound.
Melt, ye hoar mountains of Riphæan ſnow;
Brooks, ſtreams, and lakes, let all your ſources go;
Your ſpreading floods the guilt of Rome ſhall ſpare,
And ſave the wretched world from civil war.
But fortune ſtay'd her ſhort diſpleaſure here,
Nor urg'd her minion with too long a fear;
With large increaſe her favours full return'd,
As if the gods themſelves his anger mourn'd;
As if his name were terrible to heaven,
And Providence could ſue to be forgiven.
Now 'gan the welkin clear to ſhine ſerene,
And Phœbus potent in his rays was ſeen.
The ſcattering clouds diſcloſ'd the piercing light,
And hung the firmament with fleecy white;
The troublous ſtorm had ſpent his wrathful ſtore,
And clattering rains were heard to ruſh no more.
Again the woods their leafy honours raiſe,
And herds upon the riſing mountains graze
Day's genial heat upon the damps prevails,
And ripens into earth the ſlimy vales.
Bright glittering ſtars adorn night's ſpangled air,
And ruddy evening ſkies foretel the morning fair.
Soon as the falling Sicoris begun
A peaceful ſtream within his banks to run,
The bending willow into barks they twine,
Then line the work with ſpoils of ſlaughter'd kine:
Such are the floats Venetian fiſhers know,
Where in dull marſhes ſtands the ſettling Po;
On ſuch to neighbouring Gaul, allur'd by gain,
The bolder Britons croſs the ſwelling main;
Like theſe, when fruitful Egypt lies afloat,
The Memphian artiſt builds his reedy boat.
On theſe embarking bold with eager haſte,
Acroſs the ſtream his legions Cæſar paſt:
Straight the tall woods with ſounding ſtrokes are fell'd,
And with ſtrong piles a beamy bridge they build;
Then, mindful of the flood ſo lately ſpread,
They ſtretch the lengthening arches o'er the mead.
And, leſt his bolder waters riſe again,
With numerous dikes they canton out the plain,
And by a thouſand ſtreams the ſuffering river drain.
Petreius now a fate ſuperior ſaw,
While elements obey proud Cæſar's law;
Then ſtraight Ilerda's lofty walls forſook,
And to the fartheſt weſt his arms betook;
The nearer regions faithleſs all around,
And baſely to the victor bent, he found.
When with juſt rage and indignation fir'd,
He to the Celtiberians fierce retir'd;
There fought, amidſt the world's extremeſt parts,
Still daring hands, and ſtill unconquer'd hearts.
Soon as he view'd the neighbouring mountain's head
No longer by the hoſtile camp o'erſpread,
Cæſar commands to arm. Without delay
The ſoldier to the river bends his way;
None then with cautious care the bridge explor'd,
Or ſought the ſhallows of the faſer ford;
Arm'd at all points, they plunge amidſt the flood,
And with ſtrong ſinews make the paſſage good:
Dangers they ſcorn that might the bold affright,
And ſtop ev'n panting cowards in their flight.
At length the farther bank attaining ſafe, [chafe:
Chill'd by the ſtream, their dropping limbs they
Then with freſh vigour urge the foes purſuit,
And in the ſprightly chaſe the powers of life recruit.
Thus they; till half the courſe of life was run,
And leſſening ſhadows own'd the noon-day ſun;
The fliers now a doubtful fight maintain,
While the fleet horſe in ſquadrons ſcour the plain;
The ſtragglers ſcattering round they force to yield,
And gather up the gleanings of the field.
'Midſt a wide plain two lofty rocks ariſe,
Between the cliffs an humble valley lies;
Long rows of ridgy mountains run behind,
Where ways obſcure and ſecret paſſes wind.
But Cæſar, deep within his thought, foreſees
The foes attempt the covert ſtrong to ſeize:
So may their troops at leiſure range afar,
And to the Celtiberians lead the war.
Be quick (he cries) nor minding juſt array,
Swift, to the combat, wing your ſpeedy way.

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See! where yon cowards to the faſtneſs haſte,
But let your terrors in their way be plac'd:
Pierce not the fearful backs of thoſe that fly,
But on your meeting javelins let them die.
He ſaid. The ready legions took the word,
And haſtily obey their eager lord;
With diligence the coming foe prevent,
And ſtay their marches, to the mountains bent.
Near neighbouring now the camps intrench'd are ſeen,
With ſcarce a narrow interval between.
Soon as their eyes o'erſhoot the middle ſpace,
From either hoſt, fires, ſons, and brothers trace
The well-known features of ſome kindred face.
Then firſt their hearts with tenderneſs were ſtruck,
Firſt with remorſe for civil rage they ſhook;
Stiffening with horror cold, and dire amaze,
A while in ſilent interviews they gaze:
Anon with ſpeechleſs ſigns their ſwords ſalute,
While thoughts conflicting keep their maſters mute.
At length, diſdaining ſtill to be repreſt,
Prevailing paſſion roſe in every breaſt,
And the vain rules of guilty war tranſgreſs'd.
As at a ſignal both their trenches quit,
And ſpreading arms in cloſe embraces knit:
Now friendſhip runs o'er all her ancient claims,
Gueſt and companion are their only names;
Old neighbourhood they fondly call to mind,
And how their boyiſh years in leagues were join'd.
With grief each other mutually they know,
And find a friend in every Roman foe.
Their falling tears their ſteely arms bedew,
While interrupting ſighs each kiſs purſue;
And though their hands are yet unſtain'd by guilt,
They tremble for the blood they might have ſpilt.
But ſpeak, unhappy Roman! ſpeak thy pain,
Say for what woes thy ſtreaming eyes complain?
Why doſt thou groan? why beat thy ſounding breaſt?
Why is this wild fantaſtic grief expreſs'd?
Is it, that yet thy country claims thy care?
Doſt thou the crimes of war unwilling ſhare?
Ah! whither art thou by thy fears betray'd?
How canſt thou dread that power thyſelf haſt made?
Do Cæſar's trumpets call thee? ſcorn the ſound.
Does he bid, march? dare thou to keep thy ground.
So rage and ſlaughter ſhall to juſtice yield,
And fierce Erinnys quit the fatal field:
Cæſar in peace a private ſtate ſhall know,
And Pompey be no longer call'd his foe.
Appear, thou heavenly Concord! bleſt appear!
And ſhed thy better influences here.
Thou who the warring elements doſt bind,
Life of the world, and ſafety of mankind,
Infuſe thy ſovereign balm, and heal the wrathful mind.
But if the ſame dire fury rages yet,
Too well they know what foes their ſwords ſhall meet;
No blind pretence of ignorance remains,
The blood they ſhed muſt flow from Roman veins.
Oh! fatal truce! the brand of guilty Rome!
From thee worſe wars and redder ſlaughters come.

See! with what free and unſuſpecting love,
From camp to camp the jocund warriors rove;
Each to his turfy table bids his gueſt,
And Bacchus crowns the hoſpitable feaſt.
The graſſy fires refulgent lend their light,
While converſation ſleepleſs waſtes the night:
Of early feats of arms, by turns they tell,
Of fortunes that in various fields befell,
With well-becoming pride their deeds relate,
And now agree, and friendly now debate:
At length their unauſpicious hands are join'd,
And ſacred leagues with faith renew'd they bind.
But oh! what worſe could cruel fate afford!
The furies ſmil'd upon the curſt accord,
And dy'd with deeper ſtains the Roman ſword.
By buſy fame Petreius ſoon is told,
His camp, himſelf, to Cæſar all are ſold;
When ſtraight the chief indignant calls to arm,
And bids the trumpet ſpread the loud alarm.
With war encompaſs'd round he takes his way,
And breaks the ſhort-liv'd truce with fierce affray;
He drives th' unarm'd and unſuſpecting gueſt,
Amaz'd, and wounded, from th' unfiniſh'd feaſt;
With horrid ſteel he cuts each fond embrace,
And violates with blood the new-made peace.
And leſt the fainting flames of wrath expire,
With words like theſe he fans the deadly fire:
Ye herd! unknowing of the Roman worth,
And loſt to the great cauſe which led you forth;
Though victory and captive Cæſar were
Honours too glorious for your ſwords to ſhare;
Yet ſomething, abject as you are, from you,
Something to virtue and the laws is due:
A ſecond praiſe ev'n yet you may partake!
Fight, and be vanquiſh'd for your country's ſake.
Can you, while fate as yet ſuſpends our doom,
While you have blood and lives to loſe for Rome,
Can you with tame ſubmiſſion ſeek a lord;
And own a cauſe by men and gods abhorr'd?
Will you in lowly wiſe his mercy crave?
Can ſoldiers beg to wear the name of ſlave?
Would you for us your ſuit to Cæſar move?
Know we diſdain his pardoning power to prove:
No private bargain ſhall redeem this head:
For Rome, and not for us, the war was made.
Though peace a ſpecious poor pretence afford,
Baſeneſs and bondage lurk beneath the word.
In vain the workmen ſearch the ſteely mine
To arm the field, and bid the battle ſhine;
In vain the fortreſs lifts her towery height;
In vain the warlike ſteed provokes the fight;
In vain our oars the foamy ocean ſweep;
In vain our floating caſtles hide the deep;
In vain by land, in vain by ſea we fought,
If peace ſhall e'er with liberty be bought.
See! with what conſtancy, what gallant pride,
Our ſtedfaſt foes defend an impious ſide!
Bound by their oaths, though enemies to good,
They ſcorn to change from what they once have vow'd.
While each vain breath your ſlackening faith withdraws,
Yours! who pretend to arm for Rome and laws,
Who find no fault, but juſtice in your cauſe.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er,
A brave repentance ſtill is in your power:

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While Pompey calls the utmoſt eaſt from far,
And leads the Indian monarchs on to war,
Shall we (oh ſhame!) prevent his great ſucceſs,
And bind his hands by our inglorious peace?
He ſpoke; and civil rage at once returns,
Each breaſt the fonder thought of pity ſcorns,
And ruthleſs with redoubled fury burns.
So when the tyger, or the ſpotted pard,
Long from the woods and ſavage haunts debarr'd,
From their firſt fierceneſs for a while are won,
And ſeem to put a gentler nature on;
Patient their priſon, and mankind they bear,
Fawn on their lords, and looks leſs horrid wear:
But let the taſte of ſlaughter be renew'd,
And their fell jaws again with gore imbru'd;
Then dreadfully their wakening furies riſe,
And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes;
With wrathful roar their echoing dens they tear,
And hardly ev'n the well-known keeper ſpare;
The ſhuddering keeper ſhakes, and ſtands aloof for fear.
From friendſhip freed, and conſcious nature's tie,
To undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters looſe they fly;
With guilt avow'd their daring crimes advance,
And ſcorn th' excuſe of ignorance and chance.
Thoſe whom ſo late their fond embraces preſt,
The boſom's partner, and the welcome gueſt;
Now at the board unhoſpitable bleed,
While ſtreams of blood the flowing bowl ſucceed. [brand,
With groans at firſt each draws the glittering
And lingering death ſtops in th' unwilling hand:
Till urg'd at length returning force they feel,
And catch new courage from the murdering ſteel:
Vengeance and hatred riſe with every blow,
And blood paints every viſage like a foe.
Uproar and horror through the camp abound,
While impious ſons their mangled fathers wound,
And, leſt the merit of the crime be loſt,
With dreadful joy the parricide they boaſt;
Proud to their chiefs the cold pale heads they bear,
The gore yet dropping from the ſilver hair.
But thou, O Cæſar! to the gods be dear!
Thy pious mercy well becomes their care;
And though thy ſoldier falls by treacherous peace,
Be proud, and reckon this thy great ſucceſs.
Not all thou ow'ſt to bounteous Fortune's ſmile,
Not proud Maſſilia, nor the Pharian Nile;
Not the full conqueſt of Pharſalia's field,
Could greater fame, or nobler trophies yield;
Thine and the cauſe of juſtice now are one,
Since guilty ſlaughter brands thy foes alone.
Nor dare the conſcious leaders longer wait,
Or truſt to ſuch unhallow'd hands their fate:
Aſtoniſh'd and diſmay'd they ſhun the fight,
And to Ilerda turn their haſty flight.
But, ere their march atchieves its deſtin'd courſe,
Preventing Cæſar ſends the winged horſe:
The ſpeedy ſquadrons ſeize th' appointed ground,
And hold their foes on hills encompaſs'd round.
Pent up in barren heights, they ſtrive in vain
Refreſhing ſprings and flowing ſtreams to gain;
Strong hoſtile works their camp's extenſion ſtay,
And deep-ſunk trenches intercept their way.
Now deaths in unexpected forms ariſe,
Thirſt and pale famine ſtalk before their eyes.
Shut up and cloſe beſieg'd, no more they need
The ſtrength or ſwiftneſs of the warlike ſteed;
But doom the generous courſers all to bleed.
Hopeleſs at length, and barr'd around from flight,
Headlong they ruſh to arms, and urge the fight:
But Cæſar, who with wary eyes beheld,
With what determin'd rage they fought the field,
Reſtrain'd his eager troops. Forbear, he cry'd,
Nor let your ſword in madmen's blood be dy'd.
But, ſince they come devoted by deſpair,
Since life is grown unworthy of their care,
Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis our's to ſpare.
Thoſe naked boſoms that provoke the foe,
With greedy hopes of deadly vengeance glow;
With pleaſure ſhall they meet the pointed ſteel,
Nor ſmarting wounds, nor dying anguiſh feel,
If, while they bleed, your Cæſar ſhares the pain,
And mourns his gallant friends among the ſlain.
But wait awhile, this rage ſhall ſoon be paſt,
This blaze of courage is too fierce to laſt;
This ardour for the fight ſhall faint away,
And all this fond deſire of death decay.
He ſpoke; and at the word the war was ſtay'd,
Till Phœbus fled from night's aſcending ſhade.
Ev'n all the day, embattled on the plain,
The raſh Petreians urge to arms in vain:
At length the weary fire began to ceaſe,
And waſting fury languiſh'd into peace;
Th' impatient arrogance of wrath declin'd,
And ſlackening paſſions cool'd upon the mind.
So when, the battle roaring loud around,
Some warrior warm receives a fatal wound;
While yet the griding ſword has newly paſt,
And the firſt pungent pains and anguiſh laſt:
While full with life the turgid veſſels riſe,
And the warm juice the ſpritely nerve ſupplies;
Each ſinewy limb with fiercer force is preſt,
And rage redoubles in the burning breaſt:
But if, as conſcious of th' advantage gain'd,
The cooler victor ſtays his wrathful hand;
Then ſinks his thrall with ebbing ſpirits low,
The black blood ſtiffens and forgets to flow;
Cold damps and numbneſs cloſe the deadly ſtound,
And ſtretch him pale and fainting on the ground;
For water now on every ſide they try,
Alike the ſword and delving ſpade employ;
Earth's boſom dark, laborious they explore,
And ſearch the ſources of her liquid ſtore;
Deep in the hollow hill the well deſcends,
Till level with the moiſter plain it ends.
Not lower down from cheerful day decline
The pale Aſſyrians, in the golden mine.
In vain they toil, no ſecret ſtreams are found
To roll their murmuring tides beneath the ground.
No burſting ſprings repay the workman's ſtroke,
Nor glittering guſh from out the wounded rock;
No ſweating caves in dewy droppings ſtand,
Nor ſmalleſt rills run gurgling o'er the ſand.
Spent and exhauſted with the fruitleſs pain,
The fainting youth aſcend to light again.

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And now leſs patient of the drought they grow,
Than in thoſe cooler depths of earth below;
No ſavoury viands crown the cheerful board,
Ev'n food for want of water ſtands abhorr'd;
To hunger's meagre refuge they retreat,
And, ſince they cannot drink, refuſe to eat.
Where yielding clods a moiſter clay confeſs,
With griping hands the clammy glebe they preſs;
Where'er the ſtanding puddle loathſome lies,
Thither in crowds the thirſty ſoldier flies;
Horrid to fight, the miry filth they quaff,
And drain with dying jaws the deadly draff.
Some ſeek the beſtial mothers for ſupply,
And draw the herds extended udders dry;
Till thirſt, unſated with the milky ſtore,
With labouring lips drinks in the putrid gore.
Some ſtrip the leaves, and ſuck the morning dews;
Some grind the bark, the woody branches bruiſe,
And ſqueeze the ſapling's unconcocted juice.
Oh happy thoſe, to whom the barbarous kings
Left their envenom'd floods, and tainted ſprings!
Cæſar be kind, and every bane prepare,
Which Cretan rocks, or Lybian ſerpents bear:
The Romans to thy poiſonous ſtreams ſhall fly,
And, conſcious of the danger, drink, and die.
With ſecret flames their withering entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from their lungs return;
The ſhrinking veins contract their purple flood,
And urge, laborious, on the beating blood;
The heaving ſighs through ſtraiter paſſes blow,
And ſcorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapours draws,
And reſtleſs rolls within the clammy jaws;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain,
And want thoſe floods that lately ſpread the plain.
Vainly to heaven they turn their longing eyes,
And fix them on the dry relentleſs ſkies.
Nor here by ſandy Afric are they curſt,
Nor Cancer's ſultry line inflames their thirſt;
But to enhance their pain, they view below,
Where lakes ſtand full, and plenteous rivers flow;
Between two ſtreams expires the panting hoſt,
And in a land of water are they loſt.
Now preſt by pinching want's unequal weight,
The vanquiſh'd leaders yield to adverſe fate:
Rejecting arms, Afranius ſeeks relief,
And ſues ſubmiſſive to the hoſtile chief.
Foremoſt himſelf, to Cæſar's camp he leads
His famiſh'd troops, a fainting band ſucceeds.
At length, in preſence of the victor plac'd,
A fitting dignity his geſture grac'd,
That ſpoke his preſent fortunes, and his paſt.
With decent mixture in his manly mien,
The captive and the general were ſeen:
Then, with a free, ſecure, undaunted breaſt,
For mercy thus his pious ſuit he preſt.
Had Fate and my ill fortune laid me low,
Beneath the power of ſome ungenerous foe;
My ſword hung ready to protect my fame,
And this right-hand had ſav'd my ſoul from ſhame:
But now with joy I bend my ſuppliant knee,
Life is worth aſking, ſince 'tis given by thee.
No party-zeal our factious arms inclines,
No hate of thee, or of thy bold deſigns,
War with its own occaſions came unſought,
And found us on the ſide for which we fought:
True to our cauſe as beſt becomes the brave,
Long as we could, we kept that faith we gave.
Nor ſhall our arms thy ſtronger fate delay,
Behold! our yielding paves thy conquering way:
The weſtern nations all at once we give,
Securely theſe behind thee ſhalt thou leave;
Here while thy full dominion ſtands confeſt,
Receive it as an earneſt of the eaſt.
Nor this thy eaſy victory diſdain,
Bought with no ſeas of blood, nor hills of ſlain;
Forgive the foes that ſpare thy ſword a pain.
Nor is the boon for which we ſue too great,
The weary ſoldier begs a laſt retreat;
In ſome poor village, peaceful at the plough,
Let them enjoy the life thou doſt beſtow.
Think, in ſome field, among the ſlain we lie,
And loſt to thy remembrance caſt us by.
Mix not our arms in thy ſucceſsful war,
Nor let thy captives in thy triumph ſhare.
Theſe unprevailing bands their fate have try'd,
And prov'd that fortune fights not on their ſide.
Guiltleſs to ceaſe from ſlaughter we implore,
Let us not conquer with thee, and we aſk no more.
He ſaid. The victor, with a gentler grace,
And mercy ſoftening his ſeverer face,
Bade his attending foes their fears diſmiſs,
Go free from puniſhment, and live in peace.
The truce on equal terms at length agreed,
The waters from the watchful guard are freed:
Eager to drink, down ruſh the thirſty crowd,
Hang o'er the banks, and trouble all the flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal draughts they drain,
Forget the gaſping lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing airs the choking channels fill,
But every ſpring of life at once ſtands ſtill.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent peſt aſſuage,
With wonted fires their bloated entrails rage;
With burſting ſides each bulk enormous heaves,
While ſtill for drink th' infatiate fever craves.
At length returning health diſpers'd the pain,
And luſty vigour ſtruck the nerves again.
Behold! ye ſons of luxury, behold!
Who ſcatter in exceſs your laviſh gold;
You who the wealth of frugal ages waſte,
T' indulge a wanton ſupercilious taſte:
For whom all earth, all ocean are explor'd,
To ſpread the various proud voluptuous board:
Behold! how little thrifty nature craves,
And what a cheap relief the lives of thouſands ſaves!
No coſtly wines theſe fainting legions know,
Mark'd by old conſuls many a year ago;
No waiting ſlaves the precious juices pour,
From myrrhine goblets, or the golden ore:
But with pure draughts they cool the boiling blood,
And ſeek their ſuccour from the cryſtal flood.
Who, but a wretch, would think it worth his care,
The toils and wickedneſs of war to ſhare,
When all we want thus eaſily we find?
The field and river can ſupply mankind.

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Diſmiſs'd, and ſafe from danger and alarms,
The vanquiſh'd to the victor quits his arms;
Guiltleſs from camps, to cities he repairs,
And in his native land forgets his cares.
There in his mind he runs, repenting o'er
The tedious toils and perils once he bore;
His ſpear and ſword of battle ſtand accurſt,
He hates the weary march, and parching thirſt;
And wonders much that e'er with pious pain
He pray'd ſo oft for victory in vain:
For victory! the curſe of thoſe that win,
The fatal end where ſtill new woes begin.
Let the proud maſters of the horrid field
Count all the gains their dire ſucceſſes yield;
Then let them think what wounds they yet muſt
feel,
Ere they can fix revolving fortune's wheel,
As yet th' imperfect taſk by halves is done,
Blood, blood remains, more battles muſt be won,
And many a heavy labour undergone:
Still conquering, to new guilt they ſhall ſucceed,
Wherever reſtleſs fate and Cæſar lead.
How happier lives the man to peace aſſign'd,
Amidſt this general ſtorm that wrecks mankind!
In his own quiet houſe ordain'd to die,
He knows the place in which his bones ſhall lie.
No trumpet warns him 'put his harneſs on,
Though faint, and all with wearineſs foredone:
But when night falls he lies ſecurely down,
And calls the creeping ſlumber all his own.
His kinder fates the warrior's hopes prevent,
And ere the time, the wiſh'd diſmiſſion ſent;
A lowly cottage, and a tender wife,
Receive him in his early days of life;
His boys, a ruſtic tribe, around him play,
And homely pleaſures wear the vacant day.
No factious parties here the mind engage,
Nor work th' imbitter'd paſſions up to rage;
With equal eyes the hoſtile chiefs they view,
To this their faith, to that their lives are due:
To both oblig'd alike, no part they take,
Nor vows for conqueſt, nor againſt it, make.
Mankind's misfortunes they behold from far,
Pleas'd to ſtand neuter, while the world's at war.
But fortune, bent to check the victor's pride,
In other lands forſook her Cæſar's ſide;
With changing cheer the fickle goddeſs frown'd,
And for a while her favourite cauſe diſown'd.
Where Adria's ſwelling ſurge Salonæ laves,
And warm Iader rolls his gentle waves,
Bold in the brave Curictan's warlike band,
Antonius camps upon the utmoſt ſtrand:
Begirt around by Pompey's floating power,
He braves the navy from his well-fenc'd ſhore.
But while the diſtant war no more he fears,
Famine, a worſe, reſiſtleſs, foe, appears:
No more the meads their graſſy paſture yield,
Nor waving harveſts crown the yellow field.
On every verdant leaf the hungry feed,
And ſnatch the forage from the fainting ſteed;
Then ravenous on their camp's defence they fall,
And grind with greedy jaws the turfy wall.
Near on the neighbouring coaſt at length they ſpy
Where Baſilus with ſocial ſails draws nigh;
While, led by Dolabella's bold command,
Their Cæſar's legions ſpread th' Illyrian ſtrand:
Straight with new hopes their hearts recovering
beat,
Aim to elude the foe, and meditate retreat.
Of wondrous form a vaſt machine they build,
New, and unknown upon the floating field.
Here, nor the keel its crooked length extends,
Nor o'er the waves the riſing deck aſcends;
By beams and grappling chains compacted ſtrong,
Light ſkiffs, and caſks, two equal rows prolong:
O'er theſe, of ſolid oak ſecurely made,
Stable and tight a flooring firm is laid;
Sublime, from hence, two planky towers run
high,
And nodding battlements the foe defy.
Securely plac'd, each riſing range between,
The luſty rower plies his taſk unſeen.
Meanwhile nor oars upon the ſides appear,
Nor ſwelling ſails receive the driving air;
But living ſeems the mighty maſs to ſweep,
And glide ſelf-mov'd athwart the yielding deep.
Three wond'rous floats of this enormous ſize,
Soon by the ſkilful builder's craft ariſe;
The ready warriors all aboard them ride,
And wait the turn of the retiring tide.
Backward at length revolving Tethys flows,
And ebbing waves the naked ſands diſcloſe:
Straight by the ſtream the launching piles are borne,
Shields, ſpears, and helms, their nodding towers
adorn;
Threatening they move in terrible array,
And to the deeper ocean bend their way.
Octavius now, whoſe naval powers command
Adria's rude ſeas, and wide Illyria's ſtrand,
Full in their courſe his fleet advancing ſtays,
And each impatient combatant delays:
To the blue offing wide he ſeems to bear,
Hopeful to draw th' unwary veſſels near;
Aloof he rounds them, eager on his prey,
And tempts them with an open roomy ſea.
Thus, when the wily huntſman ſpreads his nets,
And with his ambient toil the woods beſets;
While yet his buſy hands, with ſkilful care,
The meſhy hayes and forky props prepare;
Ere yet the deer the painted plumage ſpy,
Snuff the ſtrong odour from afar, and fly;
His mates, the Cretan hound and Spartan bind,
And muzzle all the loud Moloſſian kind;
The quæſtor only to the wood they looſe,
Who ſilently the tainted track purſues:
Mute ſigns alone the conſcious haunt betray,
While fix'd he points, and trembles to the prey.
'Twas at the ſeaſon when the fainting light,
Juſt in the evening's cloſe brought on the night:
When the tall towery floats their iſle forſook,
And to the ſea their courſe, adventurous, took.
But now the fam'd Sicilian pirates, ſkill'd
In arts and and warfare of the liquid field,
Their wonted wiles and ſtratagems provide,
To aid their great acknowledg'd victor's ſide.
Beneath the glaſſy ſurface of the main,
From rock to rock they ſtretch a ponderous chain;
Looſely the ſlacker links ſuſpended flow,
T' enwrap the driving fabrics as they go.
Urg'd from within, and wafted by the tide,
Smooth o'er the boom the firſt and ſecond glide;
The third the guileful latent chain enfolds,
And in his ſteely graſp entwining holds:

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From the tall rocks the ſhouting victors roar,
And drag the reſty captive to the ſhore.
For ages paſt an ancient cliff there ſtood, [flood;
Whoſe bending brow hung threatening o'er the
A verdant grove was on the ſummit plac'd,
And o'er the waves a gloomy ſhadow caſt;
While near the baſe wild hollows ſink below,
There roll huge ſeas, and bellowing tempeſts blow:
Thither whate'er the greedy waters drown,
The ſhipwreck, and the driving corpſe are thrown:
Anon the gaping gulf the ſpoil reſtores,
And from his loweſt depths loud-ſpouting pours.
Not rude Charybdis roars in ſounds like theſe,
When thundering, with a burſt, ſhe ſpews the foamy ſeas.
Hither, with warlike Opitergians fraught,
The third ill-fated priſoner float was brought;
The foe, as at a ſignal, ſpeed their way,
And haſte to compaſs in the deſtin'd prey;
The crowding ſails from every ſtation preſs,
While armed bands the rocks and ſhores poſſeſs.
Too late the chief, Vulteius, found the ſnare,
And ſtrove to burſt the toil with fruitleſs care:
Driv'n by deſpair at length, nor thinking yet
Which way to fight, or whither to retreat,
He turns upon the foe; and though diſtreſt,
By wiles entangled, and by crowds oppreſt,
With ſcarce a ſingle cohort to his aid,
Againſt the gathering hoſt a ſtand he made.
Fierce was the combat fought, with ſlaughter great,
Though thus an odds unequally they meet,
One with a thouſand match'd, a ſhip againſt a fleet.
But ſoon on duſky wings aroſe the night,
And with her friendly ſhade reſtrains the fight;
The combatants from war conſenting ceaſe,
And paſs the hours of darkneſs o'er in peace.
When to the ſoldier, anxious for his fate,
And doubtful what ſucceſs the dawn might wait,
The brave Vulteius thus his ſpeech addreſt,
And thus compos'd the cares of every beating breaſt. [cree,
My gallant friends! whom our hard fates de-
This night, this ſhort night only, to be free;
Think what remains to do, but think with haſte,
Ere the brief hour of liberty be paſt.
Perhaps, reduc'd to this ſo hard extreme,
Too ſhort, to ſome, the date of life may ſeem;
Yet know, brave youths, that none untimely fall,
Whom death obeys, and comes but when they call.
'Tis true, the neighbouring danger waits us nigh;
We meet but that from which we cannot fly;
Yet think not but with equal praiſe we die.
Dark and uncertain is man's future doom,
If years, or only moments, are to come:
All is but dying; he who gives an hour, [power.
Or he who gives an age, gives all that's in his
Sooner, or late, all mortals know the grave,
But to chooſe death diſtinguiſhes the brave.
Behold, where waiting round, yon hoſtile band,
Our fellow-citizens, our lives demand.
Prevent we then their cruel hands, and bleed;
'Tis but to do what is too ſure decreed,
And where our fate would drag us on, to lead.
A great conſpicuous ſlaughter ſhall we yield,
Nor lie the carnage of a common field:
Where one ignoble heap confounds the ſlain,
And men, and beaſts, promiſcuous ſtrow the plain.
Plac'd on this float by ſome diviner hand,
As on a ſtage, for public view we ſtand.
Illyria's neighbouring ſhores, her iſles around,
And every cliff, with gazers ſhall be crown'd;
The ſeas, and earth, our virtue ſhall proclaim,
And ſtand eternal vouchers for our fame;
Alike the foes and fellows of our cauſe,
Shall mark the deed, and join in vaſt applauſe.
Bleſt be thou, fortune, that has mark'd us forth,
A monument of unexampled worth;
To lateſt times our ſtory ſhall be told,
Ev'n rais'd beyond the nobleſt names of old.
Diſtinguiſh'd praiſe ſhall crown our daring youth,
Our pious honour, and unſhaken truth.
Mean is our offering, Cæſar, we confeſs:
For ſuch a chief, what ſoldier can do leſs?
Yet oh! this faithful pledge of love receive!
Take it, 'tis all that captives have to give.
Oh! that to make the victim yet more dear,
Our aged ſires, our children had been here:
Then with full horror ſhould the ſlaughter riſe,
And blaſt our paler foes aſtoniſh'd eyes;
Till, aw'd beneath that ſcorn of death we wear,
They bleſs the time our fellows 'ſcap'd their ſnare:
Till with mean tears our fate the cowards mourn,
And tremble at the rage with which we burn.
Perhaps they mean our conſtant ſouls to try,
Whether for life and peace we may comply.
Oh! grant, ye gods! their offers may be great,
That we may glorioufly diſdain to treat,
That this laſt proof of virtue we may give,
And ſhow we die not now, becauſe we could not live.
That valour to no common heights muſt riſe,
Which he, our godlike chief himſelf ſhall prize,
Immortal ſhall our truth for ever ſtand,
If Cæſar thinks this little faithful band
A loſs, amidſt the hoſt of his command.
For me, my friends, my fix'd reſolve is ta'en,
And fate, or chance, may proffer life in vain;
I ſcorn whatever ſafety they provide,
And caſt the worthleſs trifling thought aſide.
The ſacred rage of death devours me whole,
Reigns in my heart, and triumphs in my ſoul:
I ſee, I reach the period of my woe,
And taſte thoſe joys the dying only know.
Wiſely the gods conceal the wondrous good,
Leſt man no longer ſhould endure his load;
Leſt every wretch like me from life ſhould fly,
Seize his own happineſs himſelf, and die.
He ſpoke. The band his potent tongue confeſt,
And generous ardour burn'd in every breaſt.
No longer now they view, with watery eyes,
The ſwift revolving circle of the ſkies;
No longer think the ſetting ſtars in haſte,
Nor wonder ſlow Böotes moves ſo faſt;
But with high hearts exulting all, and gay,
They wiſh for light, and call the tardy day.
Yet, nor the heavenly axis long delays,
To roll the radiant ſigns beneath the ſeas;
In Leda's twins now roſe the warmer ſun,
And near the lofty Crab exalted ſhone;

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Swiftly night's ſhorter ſhades began to move,
And to the weſt Theſſalian Chiron drove.
At length the morning's purple beams diſcloſe
The wide horizon cover'd round with foes;
Each rock and ſhore the crowding Iſtrians keep,
While Greeks and fierce Liburnians ſpread the deep:
When yet, ere fury lets the battle looſe,
Octavius woes them with the terms of truce;
If haply Pompey's chains they chooſe to wear,
And captive life to inſtant death prefer.
But the brave youth, regardleſs of his might,
Fierce in the ſcorn of life, and hating light,
Fearleſs, and careleſs of whate'er may come,
Reſolv'd and ſelf-determin'd to their doom;
Alike diſdain the threatening of the war,
And all the flattering wiles their foes prepare.
Calmly the numerous legions round they view,
At once by land and ſea the fight renew;
Relief, or friends, or aid, expect they none,
But fix one certain truth in death alone.
In oppoſition firm awhile they ſtood,
But ſoon were ſatisfy'd with hoſtile blood.
Then turning from the foe, with gallant pride.
Is there a generous youth (Vulteius cry'd)
Whoſe worthy ſword may pierce your leader's ſide?
He ſaid; and at the word, from every part,
A hundred pointed weapons reach'd his heart;
Dying he prais'd them all, but him the chief,
Whoſe eager duty brought the firſt relief:
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd his deadly blade,
And with a grateful ſtroke the friendly gift repay'd.
At once all ruſh, at once to death they fly,
And on each others ſword alternate die,
Greedy to make the miſchief all their own,
And arrogate the guilt of war alone.
A fate like this did Cadmus' harveſt prove,
When mortally the earth-born brethren ſtrove;
When by each other's hands of life bereft,
An omen dire to future Thebes they left.
Such was the rage inſpir'd the Colchian foes,
When from the dragon's wondrous teeth they roſe;
When urg'd by charms, and magic's myſtic power,
They dy'd their native field with ſtreaming gore;
Till ev'n the fell enchantreſs ſtood diſmay'd,
And wonder'd at the miſchiefs which ſhe made.
Furies more fierce the dying Romans feel,
And with brave breaſts provoke the lingering ſteel;
With fond embraces catch the deadly darts,
And preſs them plunging to their panting hearts.
No wound imperfect, for a ſecond calls;
With certain aim the ſure deſtruction falls.
This laſt beſt gift, this one unerring blow,
Sires, ſons, and brothers, mutually beſtow;
Nor piety, nor fond remorſe prevail,
And if they fear, they only fear to fail.
Here with red ſtreams the bluſhing waves they ſtain,
Here dash their mingled entrails in the main.
Here with a laſt diſdain they view the ſkies,
Shut out heaven's hated light with ſcornful eyes,
And, with inſulting joy, the victor foe deſpiſe.
At length the heapy ſlaughter roſe on high,
The hoſtile chiefs the purple pile deſcry;
And while the laſt accuſtom'd rites they give,
Scarcely the unexampled deed believe:
Much they admire a faith by death approv'd,
And wonder lawleſs power could e'er be thus belov'd.
Wide through mankind eternal fame diſplays
This harpy crew, this ſingle veſſel's praiſe.
But, oh! the ſtory of the godlike rage
Is loſt, upon a vile, degenerate age;
The baſe, the ſlaviſh world will not be taught,
With how much eaſe their freedom may be bought.
Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,
Still liberty is gall'd by tyrants bands,
And ſwords in vain are truſted to our hands.
Oh! death! thou pleaſing end of human woe,
Thou cure for life, thou greateſt good below;
Still may'ſt thou fly the coward and the ſlave,
And thy ſoft ſlumbers only bleſs the brave.
Nor war's pernicious god leſs havoc yields,
Where ſwarthy Lybia ſpreads her ſun-burnt fields.
For Curio now the ſtretching canvas ſpread,
And from Sicilian ſhores his navy led;
To Afric's coaſt he cuts the foamy way,
Where low the once victorious Carthage lay.
There landing, to the well-known camp he hies,
Where from afar the diſtant ſeas he ſpies;
Where Bagrada's dull waves the ſands divide,
And ſlowly downward roll their ſluggiſh tide.
From thence he ſeeks the heights renown'd by fame,
And hallow'd by the great Cornelian name:
The rocks and hills which long, traditions ſay,
Were held by huge Antæus' horrid ſway.
Here, as, by chance, he lights upon the place,
Curious he tries the reverend tale to trace.
When thus, in ſhort, the ruder Libyans tell,
What from their ſires they heard, and how the caſe befel:
The teeming earth, forever freſh and young,
Yet, after many a giant ſon, was ſtrong;
When labouring, here, with the prodigious birth,
She brought her youngeſt-born Antæus forth.
Of all the dreadful brood which erſt ſhe bore,
In none the fruitful beldame glory'd more:
Happy for thoſe above ſhe brought him not,
Till after Phlegra's doubtful field was fought.
That this, her darling, might in force excel,
A gift ſhe gave: whene'er to earth he fell,
Recruited ſtrength he from his parent drew,
And every ſlackening nerve was ſtrung anew.
Yon cave his den he made; where oft for food,
He ſnatch'd the mother lion's horrid brood.
Nor leaves, nor ſhaggy hides, his couch prepar'd,
Torn from the tiger, or the ſpotted pard;
But ſtretch'd along the naked earth he lies:
New vigour ſtill the native earth ſupplies.
Whate'er he meets, his ruthleſs hands invade
Strong in himſelf, without his mother's aid.
The ſtrangers that unknowing ſeek the ſhore,
Soon a worſe ſhipwreck on the land deplore.
Dreadful to all, with matchleſs might he reigns,
Robs, ſpoils, and maſſacres the ſimple ſwains,
And all unpeopled lie the Lybian plains.
At length, around the trembling nations ſpread,
Fame of the tyrant to Alcides fled.
The godlike hero, born, by Jove's decree,
To ſet the ſeas, and earth, from monſters free;

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Hither in generous pity bent his courſe,
And ſet himſelf to prove the giant's force.
Now met, the combatants for fight provide,
And either doffs the lion's yellow hide.
Bright in Olympic oil Alcides ſhone,
Antæus with his mother's duſt is ſtrown,
And ſeeks her friendly force to aid his own.
Now ſeizing fierce their graſping hands they mix,
And labour on the ſwelling throat to fix;
Their ſinewy arms are writh'd in many a fold,
And, front to front, they threaten ſtern and bold.
Unmatch'd before, each bends a ſullen frown,
To find a force thus equal to his own.
At length the godlike victor Greek prevail'd,
Nor yet the foe with all his force aſſail'd,
Faint dropping ſweats bedew the monſter's brows,
And panting thick with heaving ſides he blows;
His trembling head the ſlackening nerves confeſs'd,
And from the hero ſhrunk his yielding breaſt.
The conqueror purſues, his arms entwine,
Infolding gripe, and ſtrain his craſhing-chine,
While his broad knee bears forceful on his groin.
At once his faulteting feet from earth he rends,
And on the ſands his mighty length extends.
The parent earth her vanquiſh'd ſon deplores,
And with a touch his vigour loſt reſtores:
From his faint limbs the clammy dew ſhe drains,
And with freſh ſtreams recruits his ebbing veins;
The muſcles ſwell, the hardening ſinews riſe,
And burſting from th' Herculean graſp he flies.
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight Alcides ſtood:
Nor more he wonder'd, when in Lerna's flood
The dreadful ſnake her falling heads renew'd.
Of all his various labours, none was ſeen
With equal joy by heav'n's unrighteous queen;
Pleas'd ſhe beheld, what toil, what pains he prov'd,
He who had borne the weight of heaven unmov'd.
Sudden again upon the foe he flew,
The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew;
The earth again her fainting ſon ſupplies,
And with redoubled forces bids him riſe:
Her vital powers to ſuccour him ſhe ſends,
And earth herſelf with Hercules contends.
Conſcious at length of ſuch unequal fight,
And that the parent touch renew'd his might,
No longer ſhalt thou fall, Alcides cry'd,
Henceforth the combat ſtanding ſhall be try'd;
If thou wilt lean, to me alone incline,
And reſt upon no other breaſt but mine.
He ſaid; and as he ſaw the monſter ſtoop,
With mighty arms aloft he rears him up:
No more the diſtant earth her ſon ſupplies,
Lock'd in the hero's ſtrong embrace he lies;
Nor thence diſmiſs'd, nor truſted to the ground,
Till death in every frozen limb was found.
Thus, fond of tales, our anceſtors of old
The ſtory to their children's children told;
From thence a title to the land they gave,
And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave.
But greater deeds this riſing mountain grace,
And Scipio's name ennobles much the place;
While, fixing here his famous camp, he calls
Fierce Hannibal from Rome's devoted walls.
As yet the mouldering works remain in view,
Where dreadful once the Latian eagles flew.

Fond of the proſperous victorious name,
And truſting fortune would be ſtill the ſame,
Hither his hapleſs enſigns Curio leads,
And here his inauſpicious camp he ſpreads.
A fierce ſuperior foe his arms provoke,
And rob the hills of all their ancient luck.
O'er all the Roman pow'rs in Libya's land,
Then Atius Varus bore ſupreme command;
Nor truſting in the Latian ſtrength alone,
With foreign force he fortify'd his own;
Summon'd the ſwarthy monarchs all from far,
And call'd remoteſt Juba forth to war.
O'er many a country runs his wide command;
To Atlas huge, and Gades' weſtern ſtrand;
From thence to horned Ammon's fane renown'd,
And the waſte Syrts unhoſpitable bound:
Southward as far he reigns, and rules alone
The ſultry regions of the burning zone.
With him, unnumber'd nations march along,
Th' Autololes with wild Numidians throng;
The rough Getulian, with his ruder ſteed;
The Moor, reſembling India's ſwarthy breed;
Poor Naſamons, and Garamantines join'd,
With ſwift Marmaridans that match'd the wind;
The Maxax, bred the trembling dart to throw,
Sure as the ſhaft that leaves the Parthian bow;
With theſe Maſſilia's nimble horſemen ride,
They, not the bit, nor curbing rein provide,
But with light rods the well-taught courſer guide.
From lonely cots the Libyan hunters came,
Who ſtill unarm'd invade the ſavage game,
And with ſpread mantles tawny lions tame.
But not Rome's fate, nor civil rage alone,
Incite the monarch Pompey's cauſe to own;
Stung by reſenting wrath, the war he fought,
And deep diſpleaſures paſt by Curio wrought.
He, when the tribune's ſacred power he gain'd,
When juſtice, laws, and gods were all profan'd,
At Juba's ancient ſceptre aim'd his hate,
And ſtrove to rob him of his royal ſeat:
From a juſt prince would tear his native right,
While Rome was made a ſlave to lawleſs might.
The king, revolving cauſes from afar,
Looks on himſelf as party to the war.
That grudge, too well remembering, Curio knew;
To this he joins, his troops to Cæſar new,
None of thoſe old experienc'd faithful bands,
Nurs'd in his fear, and bred to his commands;
But a looſe, neutral, light, uncertain train,
Late with Corfinium's captive fortreſs ta'en,
That wavering pauſe, and doubt for whom to ſtrike,
Sworn to both ſides, and true to both alike,
The careful chief beheld, with anxious heart,
The faithleſs centinels each night deſert:
Then thus, reſolving, to himſelf he cry'd,
By daring ſhows our greateſt fears we hide:
Then let me haſte to bid the battle join,
And lead my army, while it yet is mine;
Leiſure and thinking ſtill to change incline.
Let war, and action, buſy thought controul,
And find a full employment for the ſoul.
When with drawn ſwords determin'd ſoldiers ſtand,
When ſhame is loſt, and fury prompts the hand,

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What reaſon then can find a time to pauſe,
To weigh the differing chiefs, and juſter cauſe?
That cauſe ſeems only juſt for which they fight,
Each likes his own, and all are in the right.
On terms like theſe, within th' appointed ſpace,
Bold gladiators, gladiators face:
Unknowing why, like fierceſt foes they greet,
And only hate, and kill, becauſe they meet.
He ſaid; and rang'd his troops upon the plain,
While Fortune met him with a ſemblance vain,
Covering her malice keen, and all his future pain.
Before him Varus' vanquiſh'd legions yield,
And with diſhoneſt flight forſake the field;
Expos'd to ſhameful wounds their backs he views,
And to their camp the fearful rout purſues.
Juba with joy the mournful news receives,
And haughty in his own ſucceſs believes.
Careful his foes in error to maintain,
And ſtill preſerve them confident, and vain;
Silent he marches on in ſecret ſort,
And keeps his numbers cloſe from loud report.
Saburra, great in the Numidian race,
And ſecond to their ſwarthy king in place,
Firſt with a choſen ſlender band precedes,
And ſeemingly the force of Juba leads:
While hidden he, the prince himſelf, remains,
And in a ſecret vale his hoſt conſtrains.
Thus oft th' ichneumon, on the banks of Nile,
Invades the deadly aſpic by a wile;
While artfully his ſlender tail is play'd,
The ſerpent darts upon the dancing ſhade;
Then turning on the foe with ſwift ſurpriſe,
Full at his throat the nimble ſeizer flies:
The gaſping ſnake expires beneath the wound,
His guſhing jaws with poiſonous floods abound,
And ſhed the fruitleſs miſchief on the ground.
Nor fortune fail'd to favour his intent,
But crown'd the fraud with proſperous event.
Curio, unknowing of the hoſtile power,
Commands his horſe the doubtful plain to ſcour,
And ev'n by night the regions round explore.
Himſelf, though oft forewarn'd by friendly care,
Of Punic frauds, and danger to beware,
Soon as the dawn of early day was broke,
His camp, with all the moving foot, forſook.
It ſeem'd, neceſſity inſpir'd the deed,
And fate requir'd the daring youth ſhould bleed.
War, that curſt war which he himſelf begun,
To death and ruin drove him headlong on.
O'er devious rocks, long time, his way he takes,
Through rugged paths, and rude encumbering brakes;
Till, from afar, at length the hills diſcloſe,
Aſſembling on their heights, his diſtant foes.
Oft haſty flight with ſwift retreat they feign,
To draw th' unwary leader to the plain.
He, raſh and ignorant of Libyan wiles,
Wide o'er the naked champain ſpreads his files;
When, ſudden, all the circling mountains round
With numberleſs Numidians thick are crown'd;
At once the riſing ambuſh ſtands confeſs'd,
And dread ſtrikes cold on every Roman breaſt.
Helpleſs they view th' impending danger nigh,
Nor can the valiant fight, nor coward fly.
The weary horſe neglects the trumpet's ſound,
Nor with impatient ardour paws the ground;
No more he champs the bit, nor tugs the rein,
Nor pricks his ears, nor ſhakes his flowing mane:
With foamy ſweat his ſmoking limbs are ſpread,
And all o'erlabour'd hangs his heavy head;
Hoarſe, and with pantings thick, his breath he draws,
While ropy filth begrimes his clammy jaws;
Careleſs the rider's heartening voice he hears,
And motionleſs the wounding ſpur he bears.
At length, by ſwords and goading-darts compell'd,
Droniſh he drags his load acroſs the field;
Nor once attempts to charge but drooping goes,
To bear his dying lord amidſt his foes.
Not ſo the Libyans fierce their onſet make;
With thundering hoofs the ſandy ſoil they ſhake;
Thick o'er the battle wavy clouds ariſe,
As when through Thrace, Biſtonian Boreas flies,
Involves the day in duſt, and darkens all the ſkies.
And now the Latian foot encompaſs'd round,
Are maſſacred, and trodden to the ground;
None in reſiſtance vainly prove their might,
But death is all the buſineſs of the fight.
Thicker than hail the ſteely ſhowers deſcend;
Beneath the weight the falling Romans bend.
On every ſide the ſhrinking front grows leſs,
And to the centre madly all they preſs:
Fear, uproar, and diſmay, increaſe the cry,
Cruſhing, and cruſh'd, an armed crowd they die;
Ev'n thronging on their fellows ſwords they run,
And the foe's buſineſs by themſelves is done.
But the fierce Moors diſdain a crowd ſhould ſhare
The praiſe of conqueſt, or the taſk of war:
Rivers of blood they wiſh, and hills of ſlain,
With mangled carcaſes to ſtrow the plain.
Genius of Carthage! rear thy drooping head,
And view thy fields with Roman ſlaughter ſpread.
Behold, oh Hannibal, thou hoſtile ſhade!
A large amends by fortune's hand is made,
And the loſt Punic blood is well repaid.
Thus do the gods the cauſe of Pompey bleſs?
Thus, is it thus they give our arms ſucceſs?
Take, Afric, rather take the horrid good,
And make thy own advantage of thy blood.
The duſt, at length, in crimſon floods was laid,
And Curio now the dreadful field ſurvey'd.
He ſaw 'twas loſt, and knew in vain to ſtrive,
Yet bravely ſcorn'd to fly, or to ſurvive;
And though thus driven to death, he met it well,
And in a crowd of dying Romans fell.
Now what avail thy popular arts and fame,
Thy reſtleſs mind that ſhook thy country's frame;
Thy moving tongue that knew ſo well to charm,
And urge the madding multitude to arm?
What boots it, to have ſold the ſenate's right,
And driven the furious leaders on to fight?
Thou the firſt victim of thy war art ſlain,
Nor ſhalt thou ſee Pharſalia's fatal plain.
Behold ye potent troublers of the ſtate,
What wretched ends on curſt ambition wait!
See! whete a prey, unburied Curio lies,
To every fowl that wings the Libyan ſkies.
Oh! were the gods as gracious as ſevere,
Were liberty, like vengeance, ſtill their care;
Then, Rome! what days, what people might'ſt thou ſee,
If Providence would equally decree,
To puniſh tyrants, and preſerve thee free.

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Nor yet, oh generous Curio! ſhall my verſe
Forget, thy praiſe, thy virtues, to rehearſe:
Thy virtues which with envious time ſhall ſtrive,
And to ſucceeding ages long ſurvive.
In all our pregnant mother's tribe's, before,
A ſon of nobler hope ſhe never bore:
A ſoul more bright, more great, ſhe never knew,
While to thy country's intereſt thou wert true.
But thy bad fate o'er-rul'd thy native worth,
And in an age abandon'd brought thee forth;
When vice in triumph through the city paſs'd,
And dreadful wealth and power laid all things waſte.
The ſweeping ſtream thy better purpoſe croſs'd,
And in the headlong torrent wert thou loſt.
Much to the ruin of the ſtate was done,
When Curio by the Gallic ſpoils was won;
Curio, the hope of Rome, and her moſt worthy ſon.
Tyrants of old whom former times record,
Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murdering ſword;
Sylla whom ſuch unbounded power made proud;
Marius, and Cinna, red with Roman blood;
Ev'n Cæſar's mighty race who lord it now,
Before whoſe throne the ſubject nations bow,
All bought that power which laviſh Curio ſold,
Curio, who barter'd liberty for gold.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

In Epirus the conſuls aſſemble the ſenate, who unanimouſly appoint Pompey general of the war againſt Cæſar, and decree public thanks to the ſeveral princes and ſtates who aſſiſted the commonwealth. Appius, at that time prætor of Achaia, conſults the oracle of Delphos, concerning the event of the civil war. And, upon this occaſion, the poet goes into a digreſſion concerning the origin, the manner of the deliverey, and the preſent ſilence of that oracle. From Spain, Cæſar returns into Italy, where he quells a mutiny in his army, and puniſhes the offenders. From Placentia, where this diſorder happened, he orders them to march to Brunduſium; where, after a ſhort turn to Rome, and aſſuming the conſulſhip, or rather the ſupreme power, he joins them himſelf. From Brunduſium, though it was then the middle of winter, he tranſports part of his army by ſea to Epirus, and lands at Palæſte. Pompey who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Cæſar's arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, marched that way: on the banks of the river Apſus, they met and encamped cloſe together. Cæſar was not yet joined by that part of his troops which he had left behind him at Brunduſium, under the command of Mark Anthony; and, being uneaſy at his delays, leaves his camp by night, and ventures over a tempeſtuous ſea in a ſmall bark to haſten the tranſport. Upon Cæſar joining his forces together, Pompey perceived that the war would now probably be ſoon decided by a battle; and upon that conſideration, reſolved to ſend his wife to expect the event at Leſbos. Their parting, which is extremely moving, concludes this book.

Thus, equal fortune holds awhile the ſcale,
And bids the leading chiefs by turns prevail;
In doubt the goddeſs, yet, their fate detains,
And keeps them for Emathia's fatal plains.
And now the ſetting Pleiades grew low,
The hills ſtood hoary in December's ſnow;
The ſolemn ſeaſon was approaching near,
When other names renew'd the Faſti wear,
And double Janus leads the coming year.
The conſuls, while their rods they yet retain'd,
While yet ſome ſhow of liberty remain'd,
With miſſives round the ſcatter'd fathers greet,
And in Epirus bid the ſenate meet.
There the great rulers of the Roman ſtate,
In foreign ſeats, conſulting meanly ſate.
No face of war the grave aſſembly wears,
But civil power in peaceful pomp appears:
The purple order to their place reſort,
While waiting lictors guard the crowded court.
No faction theſe, nor party, ſeem to be,
But a full ſenate, legal, juſt, and free.
Great, as he is, here Pompey ſtands conſeſt
A private man, and one among the reſt. [ceaſe,
Their mutual groans, at length, and murmurs
And every mournful ſound is huſh'd in peace:
When from the conſular diſtinguiſh'd throne,
Sublimely rais'd, thus Lentulus begun.

If yet our Roman virtue is the ſame,
Yet worthy of the race from which we came,
And emulates our great forefathers name,
Let not our thoughts, by ſad remembrance led,
Bewail thoſe captive walls from whence we fled.
This time demands that to ourſelves we turn,
Nor, fathers, have we leiſure now to mourn;
But let each early care, each honeſt heart,
Our ſenate's ſacred dignity aſſert.
To all around proclaim it, wide, and near,
That power which kings obey, and nations fear,
That only legal power of Rome, is here.
For whether to the northern Bear we go,
Where pale ſhe glitters o'er eternal ſnow;
Or whether in thoſe ſultry climes we burn,
Where night and day with equal hours return;
The world ſhall ſtill acknowledge us its head.
And empire follow whereſoe'er we lead.
When Gallic flames the burning city felt,
At Veiæ Rome with her Camillus dwelt.
Beneath forſaken roofs proud Cæſar reigns,
Our vacant courts, and ſilent laws conſtrains;
While ſlaves obedient to his tyrant will,
Outlaws, and profligates, his ſenate fill;
With him a baniſh'd guilty crowd appear,
All that are juſt and innocent are here.

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Dispers'd by war, though guiltless of its crimes,
Our order yielded to these impious times;
At length returning each from his retreat,
In happy hour the scatter'd members meet.
The gods and fortune greet us on the way,
And with the world lost Italy repay.
Upon Illyria's favourable coast,
Vulteius with his furious band are lost;
While in bold Curio, on the Libyan plain,
One half of Cæsar's senators lie slain.
March then, ye warriors! second fate's design,
And to the leading gods your ardour join,
With equal constancy to battle come,
As when you shun'd the foe, and left your native Rome.
The period of the consuls power is near,
Who yield our fasces with the ending year:
But you, ye fathers, whom we still obey,
Who rule mankind with undetermin'd sway,
Attend the public weal, with faithful care,
And bid our greatest Pompey lead the war.
In loud applause the pleas'd assembly join,
And to the glorious task the chief assign:
His country's fate they trust to him alone,
And bid him fight Rome's battles and his own.
Next, to their friends their thanks are dealt around,
And some with gifts, and some with praise are crown'd:
Of these the chief are Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd,
And Sparta rough, in virtue's lore approv'd.
Of Athens much they speak; Massilia's aid
Is with her parent Phocis' freedom paid.
Deiotarus his truth they much commend,
Their still unshaken faithful Asian friend.
Brave Cotys and his valiant son they grace,
With bold Rhasipolis from stormy Thrace.
While gallant Juba justly is decreed
To his paternal sceptre to succeed.
And thou too, Ptolemy (unrighteous fate!)
Wert rais'd unworthy to the regal state;
The crown upon thy perjur'd temples shone,
That once was borne by Philip's godlike son.
O'er Egypt shakes the boy his cruel sword:
Oh! that he had been only Egypt's lord!
But the dire gift more dreadful mischiefs wait,
While Lago's sceptre gives him Pompey's fate:
Preventing Cæsar's and his sister's hand,
He seiz'd his parricide, and her command.
Th' assembly rose, and all on war intent
Bustle to arms, and blindly wait th' event.
Appius alone, impatient to be taught [fraught,
With what the threat'ning future times were
With busy curiosity explores
The dreadful purpose of the heavenly powers.
To Delphos straight he flies, where long the god
In silence had possess'd his close abode;
His oracles had long been known to cease
And the prophetic virgin liv'd in peace.
Between the ruddy west and eastern skies,
In the mid-earth Parnassus' tops arise:
To Phœbus, and the cheerful god of wine,
Sacred in common stands the hill divine.
Still as the third revolving year comes round,
The Mænades, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
The double deity in solemn songs resound.
When, o'er the world, the deluge wide was spread,
This only mountain rear'd his lofty head;
One rising rock, preserv'd, a bound was given,
Between the vasty deep, and ambient heaven.
Here, to revenge long-vex'd Latona's pain,
Python by infant Pæan's darts was slain,
While yet the realm was held by Themis' righteous reign.
But when the god perceiv'd, how from below
The conscious caves diviner breathings blow,
How vapours could unfold th' inquirer's doom,
And talking winds could speak of things to come;
Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
There, with foretelling fury first inspir'd,
From thence the prophet's art and honours he acquir'd.
So runs the tale. And oh! what god indeed
Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid?
What power divine forsakes the heaven's fair light,
To dwell with earth, and everlasting night?
What is this spirit, potent, wise, and great,
Who deigns to make a mortal frame his seat;
Who the long chain of secret causes knows,
Whose oracles the years to come disclose;
Who through eternity at once foresees,
And tells that fate which he himself decrees?
Part of that soul, perhaps, which moves in all,
Whose energy informs the pendent ball,
Through this dark passage seeks the realms above,
And strives to re-unite itself to Jove,
Whate'er the demon, when he stands confest
Within his raging priestless' panting breast,
Dreadful his godhead from the virgin breaks,
And thundering from her foamy mouth he speaks.
Such is the burst of bellowing Ætna's sound,
When fair Sicilia's pastures shake around;
Such from Inarimè Typhœus roars,
While rattling rocks bestrew Campania's shores.
The listening god, still ready with replies,
To none his aid, or oracle, denies;
Yet, wise and righteous ever, scorns to hear
The fool's fond wishes, or the guilty's prayer;
Though vainly in repeated vows they trust,
None e'er find grace before him, but the just.
Oft to a banish'd, wandering, houseless race,
The sacred dictates have assign'd a place.
Oft from the strong he saves the weak in war:
This truth, ye Salaminian seas, declare!
And heals the barren land, and pestilential air.
Of all the wants with which this age is curst,
The Delphic silence surely is the worst.
But tyrants, justly fearful of their doom,
Forbid the gods to tell us what's to come.
Meanwhile, the propheteſs may well rejoice,
And bless the ceasing of the sacred voice:
Since death too oft her holy task attends,
And immature her dreadful labour ends.
Torn by the fierce distracting rage she springs,
And dies beneath the god for whom she sings.
These silent caves, these tripods long unmov'd,
Anxious for Rome, inquiring Appius prov'd:
He bids the guardian of the dread abode
Send in the trembling priestess to the god.
The reverend sire the Latian chief obey'd,
And sudden seiz'd the unsuspecting maid,
Where careless in the peaceful grove she stray'd.
Dismay'd, aghast, and pale, he drags her on;
She stops, and strives the fatal task to shun:
Subdu'd by force, to fraud and art she flies,
And thus to turn the Roman's purpose tries;

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What curious hopes thy wandering fancy move,
The ſilent Delphic oracle to prove?
In vain, Auſonian Appius, art thou come:
Long has our Phœbus and his cave been dumb.
Whether, diſdaining us, the ſacred voice
Has made ſome other diſtant land its choice;
Or whether, when the fierce barbarians' fires
Low in the duſt had laid our lofty ſpires,
In heaps the mouldering aſhes heavy rod,
And chok'd the channels of the breathing god:
Or whether heaven no longer gives replies,
But bids the Sibyls myſtic verſe ſuffice;
Or, if he deigns not this bad age to bear,
And holds the world unworthy of his care;
Whate'er the cauſe, our god has long been mute,
And anſwers not to any ſuppliant's ſuit.
But, ah! too well her artifice is known,
Her fears confeſs the god, whom they diſown.
Howe'er each rite ſhe ſeemingly prepares;
A fillet gathers up her foremoſt hairs;
While the white wreath and bays her temples bind,
And knit the looſer locks which flow behind.
Sudden, the ſtronger prieſt, though yet ſhe ſtrives,
The lingering maid within the temple drives:
But ſtill ſhe fears, ſtill ſhuns the dreadful ſhrine,
Lags in the outer ſpace, and feigns the rage divine.
But far unlike the god, her calmer breaſt
No ſtrong enthuſiaſtic throes confeſt;
No terrors in her ſtarting hairs were ſeen
To caſt from off her brow the wreathing green;
No broken accents half obſtructed hung,
Nor ſwelling murmurs roll her labouring tongue.
From her fierce jaws no ſounding horrors come,
No thunders bellow through the working foam,
To rend the ſpacious cave, and ſhake the vaulted dome.
Too plain, the peaceful groves and fane betray'd
The wily, fearful, god-diſſembling maid.
The furious Roman ſoon the fraud eſpy'd,
And, hope not thou to 'ſcape my rage, he cry'd;
Sore ſhalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane,
(The gods and Appius are not mock'd in vain)
Unleſs thou ceaſe thy mortal ſounds to tell,
Unleſs thou plunge thee in the myſtic cell,
Unleſs the gods themſelves reveal the doom,
Which ſhall befal the warring world and Rome.
He ſpoke, and, aw'd by the ſuperior dread,
The trembling prieſteſs to the tripod fled:
Cloſe to the holy breathing vent ſhe cleaves,
And largely the unwonted god receives.
Nor age the potent ſpirit had decay'd,
But with full force he fills the heaving maid;
Nor e'er ſo ſtrong inſpiring Pæan came,
Nor ſtretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame?
The mortal mind driv'n out forſook her breaſt,
And the ſole godhead every part poſſeſt.
Now ſwell her veins, her turgid ſinews riſe,
And bounding frantic through the cave ſhe flies;
Her briſtling locks the wreathy fillet ſcorn.
And her fierce feet the tumbling tripods ſpurn.
Now wild ſhe dances o'er the vacant fane, [pain.
And whirls her giddy head, and bellows with the
Nor yet the leſs th' avenging wrathful god
Pours in his fires, and ſhakes his ſounding rod:
He laſhes now, and goads her on amain;
And now ſhe checks her ſtubborn to the rein,
Curbs in her tongue, juſt labouring to diſcloſe,
And ſpeak that fate which in her boſom glows.
Ages on ages throng, a painful load,
Myriads of images, and myriads crowd;
Men, times, and things, or preſent, or to come,
Work labouring up and down, and urge for room.
Whatever is, ſhall be, or e'er has been,
Rolls in her thought, and to her ſight is ſeen.
The ocean's utmoſt bounds her eyes explore,
And number every ſand on every ſhore;
Nature, and all her works, at once they ſee,
Know when ſhe firſt begun, and when her end ſhall be.
And as the Sibyl once in Cumæ's cell,
When vulgar fates ſhe proudly ceas'd to tell,
The Roman deſtiny diſtinguiſh'd took,
And kept it careful in her ſacred book;
So now, Phemonoë, in crowds of thought,
The ſingle doom of Latian Appius ſought.
Nor in that maſs, where multitudes abound,
A private fortune can with eaſe be found.
At length her foamy mouth begins to flow,
Groans more diſtinct, and plainer murmurs go:
A doleful howl the roomy cavern ſhook,
And thus the calmer maid in fainting accents ſpoke:
While guilty rage the world tumultuous rends,
In peace for thee, Eubœa's vale attends;
Thither, as to thy refuge ſhalt thou fly,
There find repoſe, and unmoleſted lie.
She ſaid; the god her labouring tongue ſuppreſt,
And in eternal darkneſs veil'd the reſt.
Ye ſacred tripods, on whoſe doom we wait!
Ye guardians of the future laws of fate!
And thou, oh! Phœbus, whoſe prophetic ſkill
Reads the dark counſels of the heavenly will;
Why did your wary oracles refrain,
To tell what kings, what heroes muſt be ſlain,
And how much blood the bluſhing earth ſhould ſtain?
Was it that, yet, the guilt was undecree'd?
That yet our Pompey was not doom'd to bleed?
Or choſe you wiſely, rather, to afford
A juſt occaſion to the patriot's ſword?
As if you fear'd t' avert the tyrant's doom,
And hinder Brutus from avenging Rome?
Through the wide gates at length by force diſplay'd,
Impetuous ſallies the prophetic maid;
Nor yet the holy rage was all ſuppreſs'd,
Part of the god ſtill heaving in her breaſt:
Urg'd by the demon, yet ſhe rolls her eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the ſpacious ſkies.
Now horrid purple flaſhes in her face,
And now a livid pale ſupplies the place;
A double madneſs paints her cheeks by turns,
With fear ſhe freezes, and with fury burns:
Sad breathing ſighs with heavy accent go,
And doleful from her fainting boſom blow.
So when no more the ſtorm ſonorous ſings,
But noiſy Boreas hangs his weary wings;
In hollow groans the falling winds complain,
And murmur o'er the hoarſe-reſounding main.
Now by degrees the fire ethereal fail'd,
And the dull human ſenſe again prevail'd;
While Phœbus ſudden, in a murky ſhade,
Hid the paſt viſion from the mortal maid.
Thick clouds of dark oblivion riſe between,
And ſnatch away at once the wondrous ſcene;

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tretch'd on the ground the fainting prieſteſs lies,
/hile to the tripod, back, th' informing ſpirit flies.
Meanwhile, fond Appius, erring in his fate,
ream'd of long ſafety, and a neutral ſtate;
nd, ere the great event of war was known,
ix'd on Eubœan Chalcis for his own.
ol! to believe that power could ward the blow,
r ſnatch thee from amidſt the general woe!
times like theſe, what god but death can ſave?
he world can yield no refuge, but the grave.
here ſtruggling ſeas Charyſtos rude conſtrains,
nd, dreadful to the proud, Rhamnuſia reigns;
here by the whirling current barks are toſt
om Chalcis to unlucky Aulis' coaſt;
here ſhall thou meet the gods appointed doom,
private death, and long remember'd tomb.
To other wars the victor now ſucceeds,
nd his proud eagles from Iberia leads:
hen the chang'd gods his ruin ſeem'd to threat,
nd croſs the long ſucceſsful courſe of fate.
midſt his camp, and fearleſs of his foes,
dden he ſaw where inborn dangers roſe,
e ſaw thoſe troops that long had faithful ſtood,
iends to his cauſe, and enemies to good,
own weary of their chief, and ſatiated with blood.
hether the trumpet's ſound too long had ceas'd,
nd ſlaughter ſlept in unaccuſtomed reſt:
whether, arrogant by miſchief made,
ie ſoldier held his guilt but half repay'd:
hilſt avarice and hope of bribes prevail,
irn againſt Cæſar, and his cauſe, the ſcale,
nd ſet the mercenary ſword to ſale.
or, e'er before, ſo truely could he read
hat dangers ſtrow thoſe paths the mighty tread.
ien, firſt he found, on what a faithleſs baſe
eir nodding towers ambition's builders place:
: who ſo late, a potent faction's head,
ew in the nations, and the legions led;
w ſtript of all, beheld in every hand
e warriors weapons at their own command;
r ſervice now, nor ſafety they afford,
t leave him ſingle to his guardian ſword.
r is this rage the grumbling of a crowd,
at ſhun to tell their diſcontents aloud;
iere all with gloomy looks ſuſpicious go,
d dread of an informer chokes their woe:
t, bold in numbers, proudly they appear,
d ſcorn the baſhful mean reſtraints of fear.
laws, in great rebellions, loſe their end,
d all go free, when multitudes offend.
Among the reſt, one thus: At length 'tis time
quit thy cauſe, oh Cæſar! and our crime:
e world around for foes thou haſt explor'd,
d laviſhly expos'd us to the ſword;
make thee great, a worthleſs crowd we fall,
tter'd o'er Spain, o'er Italy, and Gaul;
very clime beneath the ſpacious ſky,
r leader conquers, and his ſoldiers die.
iat bbots our march beneath the frozen zone,
that loſt blood which ſtains the Rhine and Rhone?
en ſcar'd with wounds, and worn with labours hard,
come with hopes of recompence prepar'd,
ou giv'ſt us war, more war, for our reward.
ough purple rivers in thy cauſe we ſpilt,
d ſtain'd our horrid hands in every guilt;
With unavailing wickedneſs we toil'd,
In vain the gods, in vain the ſenate ſpoil'd;
Of virtue, and reward, alike bereft,
Our pious poverty is all we've left.
Say to what height thy daring arms would riſe?
If Rome's too little, what can e'er ſuffice?
Oh, ſee at length! with pity, Cæſar, ſee
Theſe withering arms, theſe hairs grown white for thee.
In painful wars our joyleſs days have paſt,
Let weary age lie down in peace at laſt:
Give us, on beds, our dying limbs to lay,
And ſigh, at home, our parting ſouls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold demand,
And aſk this wondrous favour at thy hand:
Let our poor babes and weeping wives be by,
To cloſe our drooping eyelids when we die.
Be merciful, and let diſeaſe afford
Some other way to die, beſide the ſword;
Let us no more a common carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent urn.
Still wilt thou urge us, ignorant and blind,
To ſome more monſtrous miſchief yet behind?
Are we the only fools, forbid to know
How much we may deſerve by one ſure blow?
Thy head, thy head is ours, whene'er we pleaſe;
Well has thy war inſpir'd ſuch thoughts as theſe!
What laws, what oaths, can urge their feeble bands,
To hinder theſe determin'd daring hands?
That Cæſar, who was once ordain'd our head,
When to the Rhine our lawful arms he led,
Is now no more our chieftain, but our mate;
Guilt equal, gives equality of ſtate.
Nor ſhall his foul ingratitude prevail,
Nor weigh our merits in his partial ſcale;
He views our labours with a ſcornful glance,
And calls our victories the works of chance:
But his proud heart, henceforth, ſhall learn to own,
His power, his fate, depends on us alone.
Yes, Cæſar, ſpite of all thoſe rods that wait,
With mean obſequious ſervice, on thy ſtate;
Spite of thy gods, and thee, the war ſhall ceaſe,
And we thy ſoldiers will command a peace.
He ſpoke, and fierce tumultuous rage inſpir'd,
The kindling legions round the camp were fir'd,
And with loud cries their abſent chief requir'd.
Permit it thus, ye righteous gods, to be;
Let wicked hands fulfil your great decree;
And, ſince loſt faith and virtue are no more,
Let Cæſar's bands the public peace reſtore.
What leader had not now been chill'd with fear,
And heard this tumult with the laſt deſpair?
But Cæſar, form'd for perils hard and great,
Headlong to drive, and brave oppoſing fate,
While yet with fierceſt fires their furies flame,
Secure, and ſcornful of the danger, came.
Nor was he wroth to ſee the madneſs riſe,
And mark the vengeance threatening in their eyes;
With pleaſure could he crown their curſt deſigns,
With rapes of matrons and the ſpoils of ſhrines;
Had they but aſk'd it, well he could approve
The waſte and plunder of Tarpeian Jove:
No miſchief he, no ſacrilege, denies,
But would himſelf beſtow the horrid prize.
With joy he ſees their ſouls by rage poſſeſt,
Sooths and indulges every frantic breaſt,
And only fears what reaſon may ſuggeſt.

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Still, Cæsar, wilt thou tread the paths of blood?
Wilt thou, thou singly, hate thy country's good?
Shall the rude soldier first of war complain,
And teach thee to be pitiful in vain?
Give o'er at length, and let thy labours cease,
Nor vex the world, but learn to suffer peace.
Why shouldst thou force each, now, unwilling hand,
And drive them on to guilt, by thy command?
When ev'n relenting rage itself gives place,
And fierce Enyo seems to shun thy face.
High on a turfy bank the chief was rear'd,
Fearless, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
Around the crowd he cast an angry look,
And, dreadful, thus with indignation spoke:
Ye noisy herd! who in so fierce a strain
Against your absent leader dare complain;
Behold! where naked and unarm'd he stands,
And braves the malice of your threatening hands
Here find your end of war, your long-fought rest,
And leave your useless swords in Cæsar's breast.
But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?
To rail is all your feeble rage can do.
In grumbling factions are you bold and loud,
Can sow sedition, and increase a crowd;
You! who can lothe the glories of the great,
And poorly meditate a base retreat.
But, hence, be gone from victory and me,
Leave to me what my better fates decree:
New friends, new troops, my fortune shall afford,
And find a hand for every vacant sword.
Behold, what crowds on flying Pompey wait,
What multitudes attend his abject state!
And shall success, and Cæsar, droop the while!
Shall I want numbers to divide the spoil,
And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil?
Legions shall come to end the bloodless war,
And shouting follow my triumphal car.
While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,
Shall view our honours with a downward face,
And curse yourselves in secret as we pass.
Can your vain aid, can your departing force,
Withhold my conquest, or delay my course?
So trickling brooks their waters may deny,
And hope to leave the mighty ocean dry;
The deep shall still be full, and scorn the poor supply.
Nor think such vulgar souls as yours were given,
To be the task of fate, and care of heaven:
Few are the lordly, the distinguish'd great,
On whom the watchful gods, like guardians, wait:
The rest for common use were all design'd,
An unregarded rabble, of mankind.
By my auspicious name, and fortune, led,
Wide o'er the world your conquering arms were spread, [your head?
But say, what had you done, with Pompey at
Vast was the fame by Labienus won,
When, rank'd amidst my warlike friends, he shone:
Now mark what follows on his faithful change,
And see him with his chief new-chosen range;
By land, and sea, where'er my arms he spies,
An ignominious runnagate he flies.
Such shall you prove. Nor is it worth my care,
Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear:
Who quits his leader, wherefoe'er he go,
Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe,
Yes, ye great gods! your kinder care I own,
You made the faith of these false legions known:
You warn me well to change these coward bands,
Nor trust my fate to such betraying hands.
And thou too, fortune, point'st me out the way,
A mighty debt, thus, cheaply to repay;
Henceforth my care regards myself alone,
War's glorious gain shall now be all my own.
For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
My ensigns shall by manly hands be borne.
Some few of you my sentence here shall wait,
And warn succeeding factions by your fate.
Down! groveling down to earth, ye traitors, bend,
And with your prostrate necks, my doom attend.
And you, ye younger striplings of the war,
You, whom I mean to make my future care;
Strike home! to blood, to death, inure your hands,
And learn to execute my dread commands.
He spoke; and, at the impious sound dismay'd,
The trembling unresisting crowd obey'd:
No more their late equality they boast,
But bend beneath his frown a suppliant host.
Singly secure, he stands confess'd their lord,
And rules, in spite of him, the soldier's sword.
Doubtful, at first, their patience he surveys,
And wonders why each haughty heart obeys;
Beyond his hopes he sees the stubborn bow,
And bare their breasts obedient to the blow;
Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed disclaim,
And would not find their fiercer souls so tame.
A few, at length, selected from the rest,
Bled for example; and the tumult ceas'd;
While the consenting host the victims view'd,
And, in that blood, their broken faith renew'd.
Now to Brundusium's walls he bids them tend,
Where ten long days their weary marches end;
There he commands assembling barks to meet,
And furnish from the neighbouring shores his fleet.
Thither the crooked keels from Leuca glide,
From Taras old, and Hydrus' winding tide;
Thither with swelling sails their way they take,
From lowly Sipus, and Salapia's lake;
From where Apulia's fruitful mountains rise,
Where high along the coast Garganus lies,
And beating seas and fighting winds defies.
Meanwhile the chief to Rome directs his way,
Now fearful, aw'd, and fashion'd to his sway.
There, with mock pray'rs, the suppliant vulgar wait,
And urge on him the great dictator's state.
Obedient he, since thus their wills ordain,
A gracious tyrant condescends to reign.
His mighty name the joyful Fasti wear,
Worthy to usher in the curst Pharsalian year.
Then was the time, when sycophants began
To heap all titles on one lordly man;
Then learn'd our sires that fawning lying strain,
Which we, their slavish sons, so well retain:
Then, first, were seen to join, an ill-match'd pair,
The axe of justice with the sword of war;
Fasces, and eagles, mingling, march along,
And in proud Cæsar's train promiscuous throng.
And while all powers in him alone unite,
He mocks the people with the shows of right.
The Martian field th' assembling tribes receives,
And each his unregarded suffrage gives;
Still with the same solemnity of face,
The reverend augur seems to fill his place:

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Though now he hears not when the thunders roll,
Nor sees the flight of the ill-boding owl.
Then sunk the state and dignity of Rome,
Thence monthly consuls nominally come:
Just as the sovereign bids, their names appear,
To head the calendar, and mark the year.
Then too, to finish out the pageant show,
With formal rites to Alban Jove they go;
By night the festival was huddled o'er,
Nor could the god, unworthy, ask for more;
He who look'd on, and saw such foul disgrace,
Such slavery befal his Trojan race.

Now Cæsar, like the flame that cuts the skies,
And swifter than the vengeful tigress, flies
Where waste and overgrown Apulia lies;
O'er-passing soon the rude abandon'd plains,
Brundusium's crooked shores, and Cretan walls he gains.
Loud Boreas there his navy close confines,
While wary seamen dread the wintery signs.
But he, th' impatient chief disdains to spare
Those hours that better may be spent in war:
He grieves to see his ready fleet withheld,
While others boldly plow the watery field.
Eager to rouse their sloth, behold (he cries)
The constant wind that rules the wintery skies,
With what a settled certainty it flies!
Unlike the wanton fickle gales that bring
The cloudy changes of the faithless spring.
Nor need we now to shift, to tack, and veer:
Steady the friendly north commands to steer.
Oh! that the fury of the driving blast
May swell the sail, and bend the lofty mast!
So shall our navy soon be wafted o'er,
E'er yon Phæacian gallies dip the oar,
And intercept the wish'd-for Grecian shore.
Cut every cable then, and haste away;
The waiting winds and seas upbraid our long delay.

Low in the west the setting sun was laid,
Up rose the night in glittering stars array'd,
And silver Cynthia cast a lengthening shade;
When loosing from the shore the moving fleet,
All hands at once unfurl the spreading sheet;
The slacker tacklings let the canvas flow,
To gather all the breath the winds can blow.
Swift for a while they scud before the wind,
And leave Hesperia's lessening shores behind;
When, lo! the dying breeze begins to fail,
And flutters on the mast the flagging sail:
The duller waves with slower heavings creep,
And a dead calm benumbs the lazy deep.
As when the winter's potent breath constrains
The Scythian Euxine in her icy chains;
No more the Bosphori their streams maintain,
Nor rushing Ister heaves the languid main;
Each keel enclos'd, at once forgets its course,
While o'er the new-made champaign bounds the horse:
Bold on the crystal plains the Thracians ride,
And print with sounding keels the stable tide.
So still a form th' Ionian waters take,
Dull as the muddy marsh and standing lake:
No breezes o'er the curling surface pass,
Nor sun-beams tremble in the liquid glass;
No usual turns revolving Tethys knows,
Nor with alternate rollings ebbs and flows:
But sluggish ocean sleeps in stupid peace,
And weary nature's motions seem to cease.

With differing eyes the hostile fleets beheld
The falling winds, and useless watery field.
There Pompey's daring powers attempt in vain
To plow their passage through th' unyielding main;
While pinch'd by want, proud Cæsar's legions here
The dire distress of meagre famine fear.
With vows unknown before they reach the skies,
That waves may dash, and mounting billows rise;
That storms may with returning fury reign,
And the rude ocean be itself again.
At length the still, the sluggish darkness fled,
And cloudy morning rear'd its louring head.
The rolling flood the gliding navy bore,
And hills appear'd to pass upon the shore.
Attending breezes waft them to the land,
And Cæsar's anchors bite Palæste's strand.

In neighbouring camps the hostile chiefs sit down,
Where Genusus the swift and Apsus run;
Among th' ignobler crowd of rivers, these
Soon lose their waters in the mingling seas:
No mighty streams nor distant springs they know,
But rise from muddy lakes and melting snow.
Here meet the rivals, who the world divide,
Once by the tenderest bands of kindred ty'd.
The world with joy their interview beheld,
Now only parted by a single field.
Fond of the hopes of peace, mankind believe,
Whene'er they come thus near, they must forgive.
Vain hopes! for soon they part to meet no more,
Till both shall reach the curst Egyptian shore;
Till the proud father shall in arms succeed,
And see his vanquish'd son untimely bleed;
Till he beholds his ashes on the strand,
Views his pale head within a villain's hand;
Till Pompey's fate shall Cæsar's tears demand.

The latter yet his eager hand restrains,
While Antony the lingering troops detains.
Repining much, and griev'd at war's delay,
Impatient Cæsar often chides his stay,
Oft he is heard to threat, and humbly oft to pray.
Still shall the world (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wilt thou stop the gods, and hinder fate?
What could be done before was done by me:
Now ready fortune only stays for thee.
What holds thee then? Do rocks thy course withstand,
Or Lybian Syrts oppose their faithless strand?
Or dost thou fear new dangers to explore?
I call thee not, but where I pass'd before.
For all those hours thou lost'st, I complain,
And sue to heaven for prosperous winds in vain.
My soldiers (often has their faith been try'd),
If not withheld, had hastened to my side.
What toil, what hazards will they not partake?
What seas and shipwrecks scorn for Cæsar's sake?
Nor will I think the gods so partial are,
To give thee fair Ausonia for thy share;
While Cæsar, and the senate, are forgot,
And in Epirus bound their barren lot.

In words like these, he calls him oft in vain,
And thus the hasty missives oft complain.
At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
What vast success his rasher darings crown'd;
Who saw how much the favouring gods had done,
Nor would be wanting, when they urg'd him on;
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious stay,
Resolves by night to prove the doubtful way:

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Bold, in a fingle ſkiff he means to go,
And tempt thoſe ſeas that navies dare not plow.
'Twas now the time when cares and labour ceaſe,
And ev'n the rage of arms was huſh'd to peace:
Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched lay,
And ſlept the ſounder for the painful day.
Through the ſtill camp the night's third hour reſounds,
And warns the ſecond watches to their rounds;
When through the horrors of the murky ſhade,
Secret the careful warriors footſteps tread.
His train unknowing, ſlept within his tent,
And fortune only follow'd where he went.
With ſilent anger he perceiv'd around,
The ſleepy centinels beſtrew the ground:
Yet, unreproving, now, he paſs'd them o'er,
And ſought with eager haſte the winding ſhore.
There through the gloom his ſearching eyes explor'd,
Where to the mouldering rock a bark was moor'd.
The mighty maſter of this little boat
Securely ſlept within a neighbouring cot:
No maſſy beams ſupport his humble hall,
But reeds and marſhy ruſhes wove the wall;
Old ſhatter'd planking for a roof was ſpread,
And cover'd in from rain the needy ſhed.
Thrice on the feeble door the warrior ſtruck,
Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling ſhook.
What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries)
Driven by the raging ſeas, and ſtormy ſkies,
To my poor lowly roof for ſhelter flies?
He ſpoke; and haſty left his homely bed,
With oozy flags and withering ſea-weed ſpread.
Then from the hearth the ſmoking match he takes,
And in the tow the drowſy fire awakes;
Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel he ſupplies,
Till kindling ſparks and glittering flames ariſe.
O happy poverty! thou greateſt good,
Beſtow'd by heaven, but ſeldom underſtood!
Here nor the cruel ſpoiler ſeeks his prey,
Nor ruthleſs armies take their dreadful way:
Security thy narrow limits keeps,
Safe are thy cottages, and ſound thy ſleeps.
Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great,
Where gods and godlike princes chooſe their ſeat;
See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
Nor ſtarts, though Cæſar's call commands to riſe.
What terrors had you felt, that call to hear!
How had your towers and ramparts ſhook with fear,
And trembled, as the mighty man drew near!
The door unbarr'd: Expect (the leader ſaid)
Beyond thy hopes, or wiſhes, to be paid;
If in this inſtant hour thou waft me o'er,
With ſpeedy haſte to yon Heſperian ſhore.
No more ſhall want thy weary hand conſtrain,
To work thy bark upon the boiſterous main;
Henceforth good days and plenty ſhall betide;
The gods and I will for thy age provide.
A glorious change attends thy low eſtate,
Sudden and mighty riches round thee wait;
Be wiſe, and ſeize the lucky hour of fate.
Thus he; and though in humble veſtments dreſs'd,
Spite of himſelf, his words his power expreſs'd,
And Cæſar in his bounty ſtood confeſs'd.

To him the wary pilot thus replies:
A thouſand omens threaten from the ſkies;
A thouſand boding ſigns my ſoul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the ſeas by night.
In clouds the ſetting ſun obſcur'd his head,
Nor painted o'er the ruddy weſt with red:
Now north, now ſouth, he ſhot his parted beams,
And tipp'd the ſullen black with golden gleams:
Pale ſhone his middle orb with faintiſh rays,
And ſuffer'd mortal eyes at eaſe to gaze.
Nor roſe the ſilver queen of night ſerene,
Supine and dull her blunted horns were ſeen,
With foggy ſtains and cloudy blots between.
Dreadful a while ſhe ſhone all fiery red,
Then ſicken'd into pale, and hid her drooping head.
Nor leſs I fear from that hoarſe hollow roar,
In leafy grooves, and on the ſounding ſhore.
In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,
And thwart, and run acroſs, and mix their way.
The cormorants the watery deep forſake,
And ſoaring herns avoid the plaſhy lake;
While waddling on the margin of the main,
The crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
Howe'er, if ſome great enterpriſe demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand:
My venturous bark the troubled deep ſhall try,
To thy wiſh'd port her plunging prow ſhall ply,
Unleſs the ſeas reſolve to beat us by.
He ſpoke; and ſpread his canvas to the wind,
Unmoor'd his boat, and left the ſhore behind.
Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they paſt,
Long trails of light the ſhooting meteors caſt;
Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion ſeem,
Shake through the blaſt, and dart a quivering beam;
Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,
And in long ridges rolls the threatening flood;
While loud and louder murmuring winds ariſe,
And growl from every quarter of the ſkies.
When thus the trembling maſter, pale with fear,
Behold what wrath the dreadful gods prepare;
My art is at a loſs; the various tide
Beats my unſtable bark on every ſide:
From the north-weſt the ſetting current ſwells,
While ſouthern ſtorms the driving rack foretells.
Howe'er it be, our purpoſ'd way is loſt,
Nor can one relic of our wreck be toſt
By winds, like theſe, on fair Heſperia's coaſt.
Our only means of ſafety is to yield,
And meaſure back with haſte the foamy field;
To give our unſucceſsful labour o'er,
And reach, while yet we may, the neighbouring ſhore.
But Cæſar, ſtill ſuperior to diſtreſs,
Fearleſs, and confident of future ſucceſs,
Thus to the pilot loud—The ſeas deſpiſe,
And the vain threatening of the noiſy ſkies.
Though gods deny thee yon Auſonian ſtrand;
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
Thy ignorance alone can cauſe thy fears,
Thou know'ſt not what a freight thy veſſel bears;
Thou know'ſt not I am he, to whom 'tis given
Never to want the care of watchful heaven.
Obedient fortune waits my humble thrall,
And always ready comes before I call.
Let winds, and ſeas, loud wars at freedom wage.
And waſte upon themſelves their empty rage;
A ſtronger, mightier demon is thy friend,
Thou, and thy bark, on Cæſar's fate depend.

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hou ſtand'ſt amaz'd to view this dreadful ſcene;
nd wonder'ſt what the gods and fortune mean!
ut artfully their bounties thus they raiſe,
nd from my dangers arrogate new praiſe;
midſt the fears of death they bid me live,
nd ſtill enhance what they are ſure to give.
hen leave yon ſhore behind with all thy haſte,
or ſhall this idle fury longer laſt.
hy keel auſpicious ſhall the ſtorm appeaſe,
hall glide triumphant o'er the calmer ſeas,
nd reach Brunduſium's ſafer port with eaſe.
or can the gods ordain another now,
'is what I want, and what they muſt beſtow.—
Thus while in vaunting words the leader ſpoke;
ull on his bark the thundering tempeſt ſtruck;
ff rips the rending canvas from the maſt,
nd whirling flits before the driving blaſt;
i every joint the groaning alder ſounds,
nd gapes wide-opening with a thouſand wounds.
ow, riſing all at once, and unconfin'd,
rom every quarter roars the ruſhing wind:—
irſt from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed.
empeſtuous Corus rears his dreadful head;
h' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
nd, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
lim the north-eaſt encountering fierce defy'd,
nd back rebuffeted the yielding tide.
he curling ſurges loud conflicting meet,
aſh their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
/hile piercing Boreas, from the Scythian ſtrand,
lows up the waves, and ſcoops the loweſt ſand:
or Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,
or ſhowery Notus in th' Æolian cell;
ut each from every ſide, his power to boaſt,
ang'd his proud forces, to defend his coaſt.
qual in might, alike they ſtrive in vain,
/hile in the midſt the ſeas unmov'd remain:
i leſſer wars they yield to ſtormy heaven,
nd captive waves to other deeps are driven;
he Tyrrhene billows daſh Ægean ſhores,
nd Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.
low then muſt earth the ſwelling ocean dread,
/hen floods ran higher than each mountains head!
ubject and low the trembling beldame lay,
nd gave herſelf for loſt, the conquering water's prey.
/hat other worlds, what ſeas unknown before,
hen drove their billows on our beaten ſhore!
/hat diſtant deeps, their prodigies to boaſt,
leav'd their huge monſters on th' Auſonian coaſt!
o when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
nd tir'd his thunders on a harden'd world:
lew wrath, the god, new puniſhment diſplay'd,
nd call'd his watery brother to his aid:
ffending earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
nd bade his floods no longer ſtand confin'd;
t once the ſurges o'er the nations riſe,
nd ſeas are only bounded by the ſkies.
uch now the ſpreading deluge had been ſeen,
lad not th' Almighty Ruler ſtood between;
roud waves the cloud-compelling fire obey'd,
onfeſs'd his hand ſuppreſſing, and were ſtay'd.
Nor was that gloom the common ſhade of night,
he friendly darkneſs that relieves the light;
ut fearful black and horrible to tell,
murky vapour breath'd from yawning hell;
o thick the mingling ſeas and clouds were hung,
carce could the ſtruggling lightning gleam along.
Through nature's frame the dire convulſion ſtruck,
Heav'n groan'd, the labouring pole and axis ſhook:
Uproar, and Chaos old, prevail'd again,
And broke the ſacred elemental chain:
Black fiends, unhallow'd, ſought the bleſt abodes,
Profan'd the day, and mingled with the gods.
One only hope when every other fail'd,
With Cæſar, and with nature's ſelf, prevail'd;
The ſtorm that ſought their ruin, prov'd them ſtrong,
Nor could they fall who ſtood that ſhock ſo long.
High as Leucadia's leſſening cliffs ariſe,
On the tall billow's top the veſſel flies;
While the pale maſter, from the ſurge's brow,
With giddy eyes ſurveys the depth below.
When ſtraight the gaping main at once divides,
On naked ſands the ruſhing bark ſubſides,
And the low liquid vale the topmaſt hides.
The trembling ſhipman all diſtraught with fear,
Forgets his courſe, and knows not how to ſteer;
No more the uſeleſs rudder guides the prow,
To meet the rolling ſwell or ſhun the blow.
But, lo! the ſtorm itſelf aſſiſtance lends,
While one aſſaults, another wave defends:
This lays the ſidelong alder on the main,
And that reſtores the leaning bark again.
Obedient to the mighty winds ſhe plies,
Now ſeeks the depths, and now invades the ſkies;
There born aloft, ſhe apprehends no more,
Or ſhoaly Saſon, or Theſſalia's ſhore;
High hills ſhe dreads, and promontories now,
And fears to touch Ceraunia's airy brow.
At length the univerſal wreck appear'd,
To Cæſar's ſelf, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.
Why all theſe pains, this toil of fate (he cries)
This labour of the ſeas, and earth, and ſkies?
All nature, and the gods, at once alarm'd,
Againſt my little boat and me are arm'd.
If, oh ye Powers Divine! your will decrees
The glory of my death to theſe rude ſeas;
If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
If that, my firſt of wiſhes, you deny;
My ſoul no longer at her lot repines,
But yields to what your providence aſſigns.
Though immature I end my glorious days,
Cut ſhort my conqueſt, and prevent new praiſe;
My life, already, ſtands the nobleſt theme,
To fill long annals of recording fame.
Far northern nations own me for their lord,
And envious factions crouch beneath my ſword;
Inferior Pompey yields to me at home,
And only fills a ſecond place in Rome.
My country has my high beheſts obey'd,
And at my feet her laws obedient laid;
All ſovereignty, all honours are my own,
Conſul, dictator, I am all alone.
But thou, my only goddeſs, and my friend,
Thou, on whom all my ſecret prayers attend,
Conceal, oh fortune! this inglorious end.
Let none on earth, let none beſide thee, know
I ſunk thus poorly to the ſhades below.
Diſpoſe, ye gods! my carcaſe as you pleaſe,
Deep let it drown beneath theſe raging ſeas;
I aſk no urn my aſhes to infold,
Nor marble monuments, nor ſhrines of gold:
Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
Expect me ſtill, and think I am to come;

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So shall my name with terror still be heard,
And my return in every nation fear'd.
He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
Nor sunk again, alternate, as before,
But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the shore.
Rome and his fortune were at once restor'd;
An . earth again receiv'd him for her lord.
Now, through the camp his late arrival told,
The warriors crowd, their leader to behold;
In tears, around, the murmuring legions stand,
And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.
What means too-daring Cæsar (thus they cry)
To tempt the ruthless seas, and stormy sky!
What a vile helpless herd had we been left,
Of every hope at once in thee bereft?
While on thy life so many thousands wait,
While nations live dependent on thy fate,
While the whole world on thee, their head, rely,
'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die.
And couldst thou not one faithful soldier find,
One equal to his mighty master's mind,
One that deserv'd not to be left behind?
While tumbling billows tost thee on the main,
We slept at ease, unknowing of thy pain.
Were we the cause, oh shame! unworthy we,
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging sea?
Is there a slave whose head thou hold'st so light,
To give him up to this tempestuous night?
While Cæsar, whom the subject earth obeys,
To seasons such as these, his sacred self betrays.
Still wilt thou weary out indulgent heaven,
And scatter all the lavish gods have given?
Dost thou the care of Providence employ,
Only to save thee when the seas run high?
Auspicious Jove thy wishes would promote;
Thou ask'st the safety of a leaky boat:
He proffers thee the world's supreme command;
Thy hopes aspire no farther than to land,
And cast thy shipwreck on th' Hesperian strand.
In kind reproaches thus they waste the night;
Till the gray east disclos'd the breaking light:
Serene the sun his beamy face display'd,
While the tir'd storm and weary waves were laid.
Speedy the Latian chiefs unfurl their sails,
And catch the gently-rising northern gales:
In fair appearance the tall vessels glide,
The pilots and the wind conspire to guide,
And waft them fitly o'er the smoother tide:
Decent they move, like some well-order'd band,
In rang'd battalions marching o'er the land.
Night fell at length, the winds the sails forsook,
And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.
So when, from Strymon's wintery banks, the cranes,
In feather'd legions cut th' ethereal plains;
To warmer Nile they bend their airy way,
Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in just array:
But if some rushing storm the journey cross,
The wingy leaders all are at a loss:
Now close, now loose, the breaking squadrons fly,
And scatter in confusion o'er the sky.
The day return'd, with Phœbus Auster rose,
And hard upon the straining canvas blows.
Scudding afore him swift the fleet he bore,
O'er-passing Lyssus, to Nympheum's shore;
There safe from northern winds, within the port they moor.

While thus united Cæsar's arms appear,
And fortune draws the great decision near;
Sad Pompey's soul uneasy thoughts infest,
And his Cornelia pains his anxious breast.
To distant Lesbos fain he would remove,
Far from the war, the partner of his love.
Oh, who can speak, what numbers can reveal,
The tenderness which pious lovers feel?
Who can their secret pangs and sorrows tell,
With all the crowd of cares that in their bosoms dwell?
See what new passions now the hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;
Rome and the world he hazards in the strife,
And gives up all to fortune, but his wife.
Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing news with fond delay,
And, lingering, puts off fate from day to day.
The fleeting shades began to leave the sky,
And slumber soft forsook the drooping eye:
When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia prest
Her lord, reluctant, to her snowy breast:
Wondering, she found he shunn'd her just embrace,
And felt warm tears upon his manly face.
Heart-wounded with the sudden woe, she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd,
When, with a groan, thus he: My truest wife,
To say how much I love thee more than life,
Poorly expresses what my heart would show,
Since life, alas! is grown my burden now;
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel parting hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
Advancing Cæsar calls me to the fight.
Haste then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
The Lesbian isle attends thy peaceful seat:
Nor seek, oh! seek not to increase my cares,
Seek not to change my purpose with thy prayers;
Myself, in vain, the fruitless suit have try'd,
And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.
Think not, thy distance will increase thy fear:
Ruin, if ruin comes, will soon be near,
Too soon the fatal news shall reach thy ear.
Nor burns thy heart with just and equal fires,
Nor dost thou love as virtue's law requires;
If those soft eyes can ev'n thy husband bear,
Red with the stains of blood, and guilty war.
When horrid trumpets sound their dire alarms,
Shall I indulge my sorrows with thy charms,
And rise to battle from these tender arms?
Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
And join thy absence to the public woe.
But thou be hid, be safe from every fear,
While kings and nations in destruction share:
Shun thou the crush of my impending fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
Then if the gods my overthrow ordain,
And the fierce victor chase me o'er the plain,
Thou shalt be left me still, my better part,
To soothe my cares, and heal my broken heart;
Thy open arms I shall be sure to meet,
And fly with pleasure to the dear retreat.
Stunn'd and astonish'd at the deadly stroke,
All sense, at first, the matron sad forsook.
Motion, and life, and speech, at length returns,
And thus in words of heaviest woe she mourns:

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No, Pompey! 't is not that my lord is dead,
'Tis not the hand of fate has robb'd my bed;
But like some base plebeian I am curs'd,
And by my cruel husband stand divorc'd.
But Cæsar bids us part! thy father comes!
And we must yield to what that tyrant dooms!
Is thy Cornelia's faith so poorly known,
That thou shouldst think her safer whilst alone?
Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one?
Canst thou, inhuman, drive me from thy side,
And bid my single head the coming storm abide?
Do I not read thy purpose in thy eye!
Dost thou not hope, and wish, ev'n now to die?
And can I then be safe? Yet death is free,
That last relief is not deny'd to me;
Though banish'd by thy harsh command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the realms below.
Thou bid'st me with the pangs of absence strive,
And, till I hear thy certain loss, survive.
My vow'd obedience, what it can, shall bear;
But, oh! my heart's a woman, and I fear.
If the good gods, indulgent to my prayer,
Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their care;
In distant climes I may prolong my woe,
And be the last thy victory to know.
On some bleak rock that frowns upon the deep,
A constant watch thy weeping wife shall keep;
There from each sail misfortune shall I guess,
And dread the bark that brings me thy success.
Nor shall those happier tidings end my fear,
The vanquish'd foe may bring new danger near;
Defenceless I may still be made a prize,
And Cæsar snatch me with him as he flies:
With ease my known retreat he shall explore,
While thy great name distinguishes the shore:
Soon shall the Lesbian exile stand reveal'd,
The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.
But if th' o'er-ruling powers thy cause forsake,
Grant me this only last request I make;
When thou shalt be of troops and friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy safety left;
Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But choose a refuge in some distant part,
Where'er thy unauspicious bark shall steer,
Thy sad Cornelia's fatal shore forbear,
Since Cæsar will be sure to seek thee there.
So saying, with a groan the matron fled,
And wild with sorrow, left her holy bed:
She sees all lingering, all delays are vain,
And rushes headlong to possess the pain;
Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
One last embrace from her forsaken lord.
Uncommon cruel was the fate for two,
Whose lives had lasted long, and been so true,
To lose the pleasure of one last adieu.
In all the woeful days that cross'd their bliss,
Sure never hour was known so sad as this;
By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to pain,
They met all after-sorrows with disdain,
And fortune shot her envious shafts in vain.
Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid;
Her train officious hasten to her aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful hand,
Support her, slow-descending, o'er the strand.
There, while with eager arms she grasp'd the shore,
Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
Not half this grief of heart, these pangs, she knew,
When from her native Italy she flew:
Lonely and comfortless she takes her flight.
Sad seems the day, and long the sleepless night.
In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
She wants the tender partner of her side.
When weary oft in heaviness she lies,
And dozy slumber steals upon her eyes;
Fain, with fond arms, her lord she would have prest,
But weeps to find the pillow at her breast.
Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
Painful she lies, and restless oft she turns.
She shuns his sacred side with awful fear,
And would not be convinc'd he is not there.
But, oh! too soon the want shall be supply'd,
The gods too cruelly for that provide:
Again the circling hours bring back her lord,
And Pompey shall be fatally restor'd.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrhachium, after several marches and counter-marches, the former with incredible diligence runs a vast line, or work, round the camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after suffering for want of provisions, and a very gallant resistance of Scæva, a centurion of Cæsar's, at length breaks through. After this, Cæsar makes another unsuccessful attempt upon a part of Pompey's army, and then marches away into Thessaly: And Pompey, against the persuasion and counsel of his friends, follows him. After a description of the ancient inhabitants, the boundaries, the mountains, and rivers of Thessaly; the poet takes occasion, from this country being famous for witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the event of the civil war from the sorceress Erictho.

Now, near encamp'd, each on a neighbouring height,
The Latian chiefs prepare for sudden fight.
The rival pair seem hither brought by fate,
As if the gods would end the dire debate,
And here determine of the Roman state.
Cæsar, intent upon his hostile son,
Demands a conquest here, and here alone;
Neglects what laurels captive towns must yield,
And scorns the harvest of the Grecian field.
Impatient he provokes the fatal day,
Ordain'd to give Rome's liberties away,
And leave the world the greedy victor's prey.
Eager, that last, great chance of war he waits,
Where either's fall determines both their fates.

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Thrice, on the hills, all drawn in dread array,
His threatening eagles wide their wings diſplay;
Thrice, but in vain, his hoſtile arms he ſhow'd,
His ready rage, and thirſt of Latian blood.
But when he ſaw, how cautious Pompey's care,
Safe in his camp, declin'd the proffer'd war;
Through woody paths he bent his ſecret way,
And meant to make Dyrrhachium's towers his prey.
This Pompey ſaw; and ſwiftly ſhot before,
With ſpeedy marches on the ſandy ſhore:
Till on Taulantian Petra's top he ſtay'd,
Sheltering the city with his timely aid.
This place, nor walls, nor trenches deep can boaſt,
The works of labour, and expenſive coſt.
Vain prodigality! and labour vain!
Loſt is the laviſh wealth, and loſt the fruitleſs pain!
What walls, what towers ſoe'er they rear ſublime,
Muſt yield to wars, or more deſtructive time;
While fences like Dyrrhachium's fortreſs made,
Where nature's hand the ſure foundation laid,
And with her ſtrength the naked town array'd,
Shall ſtand ſecure againſt the warrior's rage,
Nor fear the ruinous decays of age.
Guarded, around, by ſteepy rocks it lies,
And all acceſs from land, but one, denies.
No venturous veſſel there in ſafety rides,
But foaming ſurges break, and ſwelling tides
Roll roaring on, and waſh the craggy ſides:
Or when contentious winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmaſt cliff they flow,
Burſt on the lofty domes, and daſh the town below.

Here Cæſar's daring heart vaſt hopes conceives,
And high with war's vindictive pleaſures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful mind,
How, in this camp, the foe may be confin'd,
With ample lines from hill to hill deſign'd.
Secret and ſwift he means the taſk to try,
And runs each diſtance over with his eye.
Vaſt heaps of ſod and verdant turf are brought,
And ſtones in deep laborious quarries wrought;
Each Grecian dwelling round the work ſupplies,
And ſudden ramparts from their ruins riſe.
With wondrous ſtrength the ſtable mound they rear,
Such as th' impetuous ram can never fear,
Nor hoſtile might o'erturn, nor forceful engine tear.
Through hills, reſiſtleſs, Cæſar plains his way,
And makes the rough unequal rocks obey.
Here deep, beneath, the gaping trenches lie,
There forts advance their airy turrets high.
Around vaſt tracts of land the labours wind,
Wide fields and foreſts in the circle bind,
And hold as in a toil the ſavage kind.
Nor ev'n the foe too ſtrictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the plains;
The vaſt incloſure gives free leave around,
Oft to decamp, and ſhift the various ground.
Here, from far fountains, ſtreams their channels trace,
And, while they wander through the tedious ſpace,
Run many a mile their long-extended race:
While ſome, quite worn and weary of the way,
Sink, and are loſt before they reach the ſea:
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf, when through the works he goes,
Tires in the midſt, and ſtops to take repoſe.

Let fame no more record the walls of Troy,
Which gods alone could build, and gods deſtroy;
Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have ſeen
The labours of the Babylonian queen:
Behold this large, this ſpacious tract of ground!
Like that, which Tigris or Orontes bound;
Behold this land! that majeſty might bring,
And form a kingdom for an eaſtern king;
Behold a Latian chief this land encloſe,
Amidſt the tumult of impending foes:
He bade the walls ariſe, and as he bade they roſe.
But ah! vain pride of power! ah! fruitleſs boaſt!
Ev'n theſe, theſe mighty labours are all loſt!
A force like this what barriers could withſtand?
Seas muſt have fled, and yielded to the land;
The lovers ſhores united might have ſtood,
Spite of the Helleſpont's oppoſing flood;
While the Ægean and Ionian tide,
Might meeting o'er the vanquiſh'd Iſthmus ride,
And Argive realms from Corinth's walls divide;
This power might change unwilling nature's face,
Unfix each order, and remove each place.
Here, as if clos'd within a liſt, the war
Does all its valiant combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the blood, which fate ordains
To dye the Libyan and Emathian plains;
Here the whole rage of civil diſcord join'd,
Struggles for room, and ſcorns to be confin'd.
Nor yet, while Cæſar his firſt labours try'd,
The warlike toil by Pompey was deſcry'd.
So, in mid Sicily's delightful plain,
Safe from the horrid ſound, the happy ſwain
Dreads not loud Scylla barking o'er the main.
So, northern Britons never hear the roar
Of ſeas, that break on the far Cantian ſhore.
Soon as the riſing ramparts hoſtile height,
And towers advancing, ſtruck his anxious ſight,
Sudden from Petra's ſafer camp he led,
And wide his legions on the hills diſpread;
So, Cæſar, forc'd his numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various ſtrength defend.
His camp far o'er the large encloſure reach'd,
And guarded lines along the front were ſtretch'd;
Far as Rome's diſtance from Aricia's groves,
(Aricia which the chaſte Diana loves)
Far as from Rome old Tiber ſeeks the ſea,
Did he not wander in his winding way.
While yet no ſignals for the fight prepare,
Unbidden, ſome the javelin dart from far,
And, ſkirmiſhing, provoke the lingering war.
But deeper cares the thoughtful chiefs diſtreſs,
And move, the ſoldiers ardour to repreſs.
Pompey, with ſecret anxious thought, beheld,
How trampling hoofs the riſing graſs repell'd;
Waſte lie the ruſſet fields, the generous ſteed
Seeks on the naked ſoil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing from racks of huſky ſtraw he turns,
And, pining, for the verdant paſture mourns.
No more his limbs their dying load ſuſtain,
Aiming a ſtride, he faulters in the ſtrain,
And ſinks a ruin on the withering plain.
Dire maladies upon his vitals prey,
Diſſolve his frame, and melt the maſs away.
Thence deadly plagues invade the lazy air,
Reek to the clouds, and hang malignant there.
From Neſis ſuch, the Stygian vapours riſe,
And with contagion taint the purer ſkies;

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uch do Typhœus' steamy caves convey,
nd breathe blue poisons on the golden day.
'hence liquid streams the mingling plague re-
nd deadly potions to the thirsty give: [ceive,
'o man the mischief spreads, the fell disease
ı fatal draughts does on his entrails seize.
. rugged scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
preads, like a bark, upon his silken skin;
Ialignant flames his swelling eye-balls dart,
nd seem with anguish from their seats to start;
ires o'er his glowing cheeks and visage stray,
nd mark, in crimson streaks, their burning way;
ow droops his head, declining from its height,
nd nods, and totters with the fatal weight.
Vith winged haste the swift destruction flies,
nd scarce the soldier sickens ere he dies;
'ow falling crowds at once resign their breath,
nd doubly taint the noxious air with death.
areless their putrid carcases are spread; [bed,
nd on the earth, their dank unwholesome
'he living rest in common with the dead.
ere none the last funereal rites receive;
'o be cast forth the camp, is all their friends
can give.
.t length kind heaven their sorrows bade to cease,
nd staid the pestilential foe's increase;
resh breezes from the sea begin to rise,
Vhile Boreas through the lazy vapour flies,
nd sweeps, with healthy wings, the rank
polluted skies.
.rriving vessels now their freight unload,
nd furnish plenteous harvests from abroad:
low sprightly strength, now cheerful health,
returns,
nd life's fair lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.
But Cæsar, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
eels not the mischief of the sluggish sky:
)n hills sublime he breathes the purer air,
nd drinks no damps, nor poisonous vapours, there.
'et hunger keen an equal plague is found;
'amine and meagre want besiege him round:
'he fields, as yet, no hopes of harvest wear,
'or yellow stems disclose the bearded ear.
'he scatter'd vulgar search around the fields,
nd pluck whate'er the doubtful herbage yields;
ome strip the trees in every neighbouring wood,
nd with the cattle share their graffy food.
Vhate'er the softening flame can pliant make,
Vhate'er the teeth, or labouring jaws, can break;
Vhat flesh, what roots, what herbs foe'er they
get,
'hough new, and strange to human taste as yet,
t once the greedy soldiers seize and eat.
Vhat want, what pain soe'er they undergo,
till they persist in arms, and close beset the foe.
At length, impatient longer to be held
Vithin the bounds of one appointed field,
)'er every bar which might his passage stay,
'ompey resolves to force his warlike way;
Vide o'er the world the ranging war to lead,
nd give his loosen'd legions room to spread.
Vor takes he mean advantage from the night,
Vor steals a passage, nor declines the fight;
ut bravely dares, disdainful of the foe, [to go.
'hrough the proud towers and ramparts breach
Vhere shining spears, and crested helms are seen,
mbattled thick to guard the walls within;
Where all things death, where ruin all afford,
There Pompey marks a passage for his sword.
Near to the camp a woody thicket lay, [way
Close was the shade, nor did the greensward
With smoky clouds of dust, the march betray.
Hence, sudden they appear in dread array,
Sudden their wide-extended ranks display;
At once the foe beholds with wondering eyes
Where on broad wings Pompeian eagles rise;
At once the warriors shouts and trumpet-sounds
surprise.
Scarce was the sword's destruction needful here,
So swiftly ran before preventing fear;
Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some
Stood, but to meet in arms a nobler doom.
Where'er they stood, now scatter'd lie the slain,
Scarce yet a few for coming deaths remain,
And clouds of flying javelins fall in vain.
Here swift consuming flames the victors throw,
And here the ram impetuous aims a blow;
Aloft the nodding turrets feel the stroke,
And the vast rampart groans beneath the shock.
And now propitious fortune seem'd to doom
Freedom and peace, to Pompey, and to Rome;
High o'er the vanquish'd works his eagles tower,
And vindicate the world from Cæsar's power.
But (what nor Cæsar, nor his fortune cou'd)
What not ten thousand warlike hands withstood,
Scæva resists alone; repels the force,
And stops the rapid victor in his course.
Scæva! a name erewhile to fame unknown,
And first distinguish'd on the Gallic Rhone;
There seen in hardy deeds of arms to shine,
He reach'd the honours of the Latian vine.
Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill,
Inur'd to blood, and active to fulfil
The dictates of a lawless tyrant's will;
Nor virtue's love, nor reason's laws he knew,
But, careless of the right, for hire his sword he drew.
Thus courage by an impious cause is curst,
And he that is the bravest, is the worst.
Soon as he saw his fellows shun the fight,
And seek their safety in ignoble flight,
Whence does, he said, this coward's terror grow,
This shame, unknown to Cæsar's arms till now?
Can you, ye slavish herd, thus tamely yield?
Thus fly, unwounded, from the bloody field?
Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd heaps on high,
Firm to the last, your brave companions lie;
Then blush to think what wretched lives you save,
From what renown you fly, from what a glorious
grave.
Though sacred fame, though virtue yield to fear,
Let rage, let indignation, keep you here.
We! we the weakest, from the rest are chose,
To yield a passage to our scornful foes!
Yet, Pompey, yet, thou shalt be yet withstood,
And stain thy victor's laurel deep in blood,
With pride, 'tis true, with joy I should have
If haply I had fall'n by Cæsar's side; [dy'd,
But fortune has the noble death deny'd.
Then Pompey, thou, thou on my fame shall wait,
Do thou be witness, and applaud my fate.
Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,
A thousand wounds let every bosom bear,
Till the keen sword be blunt, be broke the
pointed spear.

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And see the clouds of dusty battle rise! [skies!
Hark how the shout runs rattling through the
The distant legions catch the sounds from far,
And Cæsar listens to the thundering war.
He comes, he comes, yet ere his soldier dies,
Like lightning swift the winged warrior flies:
Haste then to death, to conquest haste away;
Well do we fall, for Cæsar wins the day. [found,
He spoke, and straight, as at the trumpet's
Rekindled warmth in every breast was found;
Recall'd from flight, the youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring fellow-soldier's fate,
To see if haply virtue might prevail,
And, ev'n beyond their hopes, do more than greatly fail.

High on the tottering wall he rears his head,
With slaughter'd carcases around him spread;
With nervous arms uplifting these he throws,
These rolls oppressive, on ascending foes.
Each where materials for his fury lie,
And all the ready ruins arms supply:
Even his fierce self he seems to aim below,
Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a blow.
Now his tough staff repels the fierce attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold assailants back:
Now heads, now hands he lops, the carcase falls,
Whilst the clench'd fingers gripe the topmost walls:
Here stones he heaves; the mass descending full,
Crushes the brain, and shivers the frail skull.
Here burning pitchy brands he whirls around;
Infix'd, the flames hiss in the liquid wound,
Deep drench'd in death, in flowing crimson drown'd.

And now the swelling heaps of slaughter'd foes,
Sublime and equal to the fortress rose;
Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he sprung,
And shot himself amidst the hostile throng.
So daring, fierce with rage, so void of fear,
Bounds forth the spotted pard, and scorns the hunter's spear.
The closing ranks the warrior straight enfold,
And, compass'd in their steely circle, hold.
Undaunted still, around the ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and every where o'ercomes;
Till, clogg'd with blood, his sword obeys but ill
The dictates of its vengeful master's will;
Edgeless it falls, and though it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd bones, and bruises sore.
Meantime, on him the crowding war is bent,
And darts from every hand to him are sent;
It look'd as fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel sport ordain'd the fight;
A wondrous match of war she seem'd to make,
Her thousands here, and there her one to stake;
As if on nightly terms in lists they ran,
And armies were but equal to the man.
A thousand darts upon his buckler ring,
A thousand javelins round his temples sing;
Hard bearing on his head, with many a blow,
His steely helm is inward taught to bow,
The missive arms, fix'd all around he wears,
And ev'n his safety in his wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal wood, a deadly grove of spears.
Cease, ye Pompeian warriors! cease the strife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this single life;
Your darts, your idle javelins cast aside,
And other arms for Scæva's death provide:
The forceful rams resistless horns prepare,
With all the ponderous vast machines of war;
Let dreadful flames, let massy rocks be thrown,
With engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this Cæsar's soldier, like a town.
At length, his fate disdaining to delay,
He hurls his shield's neglected aid away,
Resolves no part whate'er from death to hide,
But stands unguarded now on every side.
Encumber'd sore with many a painful wound,
Tardy and stiff he treads the hostile round;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the crowds survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the prey.
Such, by Getulian hunters compass'd in,
The vast unwieldy elephant is seen:
All cover'd with a steely shower from far,
Rousing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd war;
In vain the distant troops the fight renew,
And with fresh rage the stubborn foe pursue;
Unconquer'd still the mighty savage stands,
And scorns the malice of a thousand hands.
Not all the wounds a thousand darts can make,
Though all find place, a single life can take.
When lo! address'd with some successful vow,
A shaft, sure flying from a Cretan bow,
Beneath the warrior's brow was seen to light,
And sunk, deep piercing the left orb of sight.
But he (so rage inspir'd, and mad disdain)
Remorseless fell, and senseless of the pain,
Tore forth the bearded arrow from the wound,
With stingy nerves besmear'd and wrapp'd around,
And stamp'd the gory jelly on the ground.
So in Pannonian woods the growling bear,
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the hunter's spear,
Turns on her wound, runs madding round with pain,
And catches at the flying shaft in vain.
Down from his eyeless hollow ran the blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled visage flow'd;
Deform'd each awful, each severer grace,
And veil'd the manly terrors of his face.
The victors raise their joyful voices high,
And with loud triumph strike the vaulted sky:
Not Cæsar thus a general joy had spread,
Though Cæsar's self like Scæva thus had bled.
Anxious, the wounded soldier, in his breast,
The rising indignation deep repress,
And thus, in humble vein his haughty foes address:
Here let your rage, ye Romans, cease, be said,
And lend your fellow-citizen your aid;
No more your darts nor useless javelins try,
These, which I bear, will deaths enow supply,
Draw forth your weapons, and behold I die.
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My doom beneath the mighty Pompey's feet:
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in arms, 'tis true,
But I renounce that glorious fate for you.
Fain would I yet prolong this vital breath,
And quit ev'n Cæsar, so I fly from death.
The wretched Aulus listen'd to the wile,
Intent and greedy of the future spoil;
Advancing fondly on, with heedless ease,
He thought the captive and his arms to seize,
When, ere he was aware, his thundering sword
Deep in his throat the ready Scæva gor'd.

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Warm'd with the ſlaughter, with freſh rage he burns,
And vigour with the new ſucceſs returns.
So may they fall (he ſaid) by juſt deceit,
Such be their fate, ſuch as this fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am vanquiſh'd yet!
If you would ſtop the vengeance of my ſword,
From Cæſar's mercy be your peace implor'd,
There let your leader kneel, and humbly own his lord.
Me! could you meanly dare to fancy me
Safe, like yourſelves, and fond of life to be!
But know, not all the names which grace your cauſe,
Your reverend ſenate, and your boaſted laws,
Not Pompey's ſelf, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like death to Sceva, dear.
Thus while he ſpoke, a riſing duſt betray'd
Cæſarian legions marching to his aid.
Now Pompey's troops with prudence ſeem to yield,
And to increaſing numbers quit the field;
Diſſembling ſhame, they hide their foul defeat,
Nor vanquiſh'd by a ſingle arm retreat.
Then fell the warrior, for till then he ſtood;
His manly mind ſupply'd the want of blood.
It ſeem'd as rage had kindled life anew,
And courage to oppoſe, from oppoſition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of foes, the victor fell.
Straight with officious haſte his friends draw near,
And, raiſing, joy the noble load to bear:
To reverence and religious awe inclin'd,
Admiring, they adore his mighty mind,
That god within his mangled breaſt enſhrin'd.
The wounding weapons, ſtain'd with Sceva's blood,
Like ſacred relics to the gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from every part with care,
And kept to dreſs the naked god of war.
Oh, happy ſoldier! had thy worth been try'd,
In pious daring, on thy country's ſide!
Oh! had thy ſword Iberian battles known,
Or purple with Cantabrian ſlaughter grown;
How had thy name in deathleſs annals ſhone!
But now no Roman Pæan ſhalt thou ſing,
Nor peaceful triumphs to thy country bring,
Nor loudly bleſt in ſolemn pomp ſhalt move,
Through crowding ſtreets, to Capitolian Jove,
The laws defender, and the people's love:
Oh, hapleſs victor thou! oh, vainly brave!
How haſt thou fought, to make thyſelf a ſlave!
Nor Pompey, thus repuls'd, the fight declines,
Nor reſts encompaſs'd round by Cæſar's lines;
Once more he means to force his warlike way,
And yet retrieve the fortune of the day.
So when fierce winds with angry ocean ſtrive,
Full on the beach the beating billows drive;
Stable a while the lofty mounds abide,
Check the proud ſurge, and ſtay the ſwelling tide:
Yet reſtleſs ſtill the waves unweary'd roll,
Work underneath at length, and ſap the ſinking mole.
With force renew'd the baffled warrior bends,
Where to the ſhore the jutting wall extends:
There proves, by land and ſea, his various might,
And wins his paſſage by the double fight.

Wide o'er the plains diffus'd his legions range,
And their cloſe camp for freer fields exchange.
So, rain'd by melting ſtreams of Alpine ſnow,
Beyond his utmoſt margin ſwells the Po,
And looſely lets the ſpreading deluge flow:
Where'er the weaker banks oppreſt retreat,
And ſink beneath the heapy waters weight,
Forth guſhing at the breach, they burſt their way,
And waſteful o'er the drowned country ſtray:
Far diſtant fields and meads they wander o'er,
And viſit lands they never knew before;
Here, from its ſeat the mouldering earth is torn,
And by the flood to other maſters borne;
While gathering there it heaps the growing ſoil,
And loads the peaſant with his neighbour's ſpoil.
Soon as aſcending high, a riſing flame,
To Cæſar's ſight, the combat's ſignal came,
Swift to the place approaching near, he found
The ruins ſcatter'd by the victor round,
And his proud labours humbled to the ground.
Thence to the hoſtile camp his eyes he turns,
Where for their peace, and ſleep ſecure, he mourns,
With rancorous deſpite, and envious anguiſh, burns.
At length reſolv'd (ſo rage inſpir'd his breaſt)
He means to break the happy victor's reſt:
Once more to kindle up the fatal ſtrife,
And daſh their joys with hazard of his life.
Straight to Torquatus fierce he bends his way
(Torquatus near a neighbouring caſtle lay),
But he, by prudent caution taught to yield,
Truſts to his walls, and quits the open field;
There, ſafe within himſelf, he ſtands his ground,
And lines the guarded ramparts ſtrongly round.
So when the ſeamen from afar deſcry
The clouds grow black upon the lowering ſky,
Hear the winds roar, and mark the ſeas run high,
They furl the fluttering ſheet with timely care,
And wiſely for the coming ſtorm prepare.
But now the victor, with reſiſtleſs haſte,
Proud o'er the ramparts of the fort had paſt;
When ſwift deſcending from the riſing ground,
Pompey with lengthening files the foe ſurrounds.
As when in Ætna's hollow caves below,
Round the vaſt furnace kindling whirlwinds blow;
Rous'd in his baleful bower the giant roars,
And with a burſt the burning deluge pours;
Then pale with horror ſhrieks the ſhuddering ſwain,
To ſee the fiery ruin ſpread the plain.
Nor with leſs horror Cæſar's bands behold
Huge hoſtile duſty clouds their rear infold;
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to ſhun,
Blind with their fear, full on their fates they run.
Well, on that day, the world repoſe had gain'd,
And bold rebellion's blood had all been drain'd,
Had not the pious chief the rage of war reſtrain'd.
Oh, Rome, how free, how happy hadſt thou been!
Thy own great miſtreſs, and the nations queen!
Had Sylla then thy great avenger ſtood,
And dy'd his thirſty ſword in traitors blood.
But, oh! for ever ſhalt thou now bemoan
The two extremes, by which thou wert undone,
The ruthleſs father, and too tender ſon.
With fatal pity, Pompey, haſt thou ſpar'd,
And given the blackeſt crime the beſt reward:

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How had that one, one happy day, withheld
The blood of Utica, and Munda's field!
The Pharian Nile had known no crime more great
Than ſome vile Ptolemy's untimely fate;
Nor Afric then, nor Juba had bemoan'd,
Nor Scipio's blood the Punic ghoſts aton'd;
Cato had for his country's good ſurviv'd,
And long in peace a hoary patriot liv'd;
Rome had not worn a tyrant's hated chain,
And fate had undecreed Pharſalia's plain.
But Cæſar, weary of th' unlucky land,
Swift to Æmathia leads his ſhatter'd band;
While Pompey's wary friends, with caution wiſe,
To quit the baffled foe's purſuit adviſe.
To Italy they point his open way,
And bid him make the willing land his prey.
Oh! never (he replies) ſhall Pompey come,
Like Cæſar arm'd, and terrible to Rome;
Nor need I from thoſe ſacred walls have fled,
Could I have borne our ſtreets with ſlaughter red,
And ſeen the Forum pil'd with heaps of dead.
Much rather let me pine in Scythia's froſt;
Or burn on ſwarthy Libya's ſultry coaſt;
No clime, no diſtant region, is too far,
Where I can baniſh, with me, fatal war.
I fled, to bid my country's ſorrows ceaſe;
And ſhall my victories invade her peace?
Let her but ſafe and free from arms remain,
And Cæſar ſtill ſhall think ſhe wears his chain.
He ſpoke, and eaſtward fought the foreſt wide,
That riſing clothes Candavia's ſhady ſide;
Thence to Æmathia took his deſtin'd way,
Reſerv'd by fate for the deciding day.
Where Eurus blows, and wint'ry ſuns ariſe,
Theſſalia's boundary proud Oſſa lies;
But when the god protracts the longer day,
Pelion's broad back receives the dawning ray.
Where through the Lion's fiery ſign he flies,
Othrys his leafy groves for ſhades ſupplies.
On Pindus ſtrikes the fady weſtern light,
When glittering Veſper leads the ſtarry night.
Northward, Olympus hides the lamps, that roll
Their paler fires around the frozen pole.
The middle ſpace, a valley low depreſs'd,
Once a wide, lazy, ſtanding lake poſſeſs'd;
While growing ſtill the heapy waters ſtood,
Nor down through Tempe ran the ruſhing flood:
But when Alcides to the taſk apply'd,
And cleft a paſſage through the mountains wide;
Guſhing at once the thundering torrent flow'd,
While Nereus groan'd beneath th' increaſing load.
Then roſe (oh, that it ſtill a lake had lain!)
Above the waves Pharſalia's fatal plain,
Once ſubject to the great Achilles' reign.
Then Phylace was built, whoſe warriors boaſt
Their chief firſt landed on the Trojan coaſt;
Then Pteleos ran her circling wall around,
And Dorion, for the muſes' wrath renown'd:
Then Trachin high, and Meliboea ſtood,
Where Hercules his fatal ſhafts beſtow'd;
Lariſſa ſtrong aroſe, and Argos, now
A plain, ſubmitted to the labouring plough.
Here ſtood the town, if there be truth in fame,
That from Boeotian Thebes receiv'd its name.
Here ſad Agave's wandering ſenſe return'd,
Here for her murder'd ſon the mother mourn'd;
With ſtreaming tears ſhe waſh'd his ghaſtly head,
And on the funeral pile the precious relic laid.
The guſhing waters various ſoon divide,
And every river rules a ſeparate tide;
The narrow Æas runs a limpid flood,
Evenos bluſhes with the Centaur's blood;
That gently mingles with th' Ionian ſea,
While this through Caledonia cuts his way.
Slowly fair Io's aged father falls,
And in hoarſe murmurs his loſt daughter calls.
Thick Acheloüs rolls his troubled waves,
And heavily the neighbour iſles he laves;
While pure Amphryſus winds along the mead,
Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to feed:
Oft on the banks he ſat a ſhepherd ſwain,
And watch'd his charge upon the graſſy plain.
Swift to the main his courſe Sperchios bends,
And, ſounding, to the Malian gulf deſcends.
No breezy air near calm Anauros flies,
No dewy miſts, nor fleecy clouds ariſe.
Here Phœnix, Melas, and Aſopus run,
And ſtrong Apidanus drives ſlow Enipeus on.
A thouſand little brooks, unknown to fame,
Are mix'd, and loſt in Peneus' nobler name:
Bold Titareſus ſcorns his rule, alone,
And, join'd to Peneus, ſtill himſelf is known:
As o'er the land his haughty waters glide,
And roll, unmingling, a ſuperior tide.
'Tis ſaid, through ſecret channels winding forth,
Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd birth:
Thence, proud to be rever'd by gods on high,
He ſcorns to mingle with a mean ally.
When riſing grounds uprear'd at length their heads,
And rivers ſhrunk within their oozy beds;
Bebrycians firſt are ſaid, with early care,
In furrows deep to ſink the ſhining ſhare.
The Lelegians next, with equal toil,
And Dolopes, invade the mellow ſoil.
To theſe the bold Æolidæ ſucceed;
Magnetes, taught to reign the fiery ſteed,
And Minyæ, to explore the deep decreed.
Here pregnant by Ixion's bold embrace,
The mother cloud diſclos'd the Centaur's race:
In Pelethronian caves ſhe brought them forth,
And fill'd the land with many a monſtrous birth.
Here dreadful Monychus firſt ſaw the light,
And prov'd on Pholoe's rending rocks his might;
Here talleſt trees uprooting Rhœcus bore,
Which baffled ſtorms had try'd in vain before.
Here Pholus, of a gentler human breaſt,
Receiv'd the great Alcides for his gueſt.
Here, with brute-fury, luſtful Neſſus try'd
To violate the hero's beauteous bride,
'Tis juſtly by the fatal ſhaft he dy'd.
This parent land the pious leach conſeſt,
Chiron, of all the double race the beſt:
'Midſt golden ſtars he ſtands refulgent now,
And threats the Scorpion with his bended bow.
Here love of arms and battle reign'd of old,
And form'd the firſt Theſſalians fierce and bold:
Here, from rude rocks, at Neptune's potent ſtroke,
Omen of war, the neighing courſer broke;
Here, taught by ſkilful riders to ſubmit,
He champ'd indignant on the foamy bit.

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From fair Theſſalia's Pegaſæan ſhore,
The firſt bold pine the daring warriors bore,
And taught the ſons of earth wide oceans to explore.
Here, when Itonus held the regal ſeat,
The ſtubborn ſteel he firſt ſubdu'd with heat,
And the tough bars on ſounding anvils beat:
In furnaces he ran the liquid braſs,
And caſt in curious works the molten maſs:
He taught the ruder artiſt to refine,
Explor'd the ſilver and the golden mine,
And ſtamp'd the coſtly metal into coin.
From that old era avarice was known,
Then all the deadly ſeeds of war was ſown;
Wide o'er the world, by tale, the miſchief ran,
And thoſe curſt pieces were the bane of man.
Huge Python, here, in many a ſcaly fold,
To Cyrrha's cave a length enormous roll'd:
Hence, Pythian games the hardy Greeks renown,
And laurel wreaths the joyful victor crown.
Here proud Alæus durſt the gods defy,
And taught his impious brood to ſcale the ſky:
While mountains pil'd on mountains interfere
With heaven's bright orbs, and ſtop the circling ſphere.
To this curſt land, by fate's appointed doom,
With one conſent the warring leaders come;
Their camps are fix'd, and now the vulgar fear,
To ſee the terrible event ſo near.
A few, and but a few, with ſouls ſerene,
Wait the diſcloſing of the dubious ſcene.
But Sextus, mix'd among the vulgar herd,
Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd:
A youth unworthy of the hero's race,
And born to be his nobler ſire's diſgrace.
A day ſhall come, when this inglorious ſon
Shall ſtain the trophies all by Pompey won:
A thief, and ſpoiler, ſhall he live confeſs'd,
And act thoſe wrongs his father's arm redreſs'd,
Vex'd with a coward's fond impatience now,
He pries into that fate he fears to know;
Nor ſeeks he, with religious vows, to move
The Delphic tripod, or Dodonian Jove;
No prieſtly Augur's arts employ his cares,
Nor Babylonia ſeers, who read the ſtars;
He not by fibres, birds, or lightning's fires,
Nor any juſt, though ſecret, rites inquires;
But horrid altars, and infernal powers,
Dire myſteries of magic he explores,
Such as high heaven and gracious Jove abhors.
He thinks, 'tis little thoſe above can know,
And ſeeks accurſt aſſiſtance from below.
The place itſelf the impious means ſupplies,
While near Hæmonian hags incamp'd he lies:
All dreadful deeds, all monſtrous forms of old,
By fear invented, and by falſehood told,
Whate'er tranſcends belief, and reaſon's view,
Their art can furniſh, and their power make true.
The pregnant fields a horrid crop produce,
Noxious, and fit for witchcraft's deadly uſe:
With baleful weeds each mountain's brow is hung,
And liſtening rocks attend the charmer's ſong.
There, potent and myſterious plants ariſe,
Plants that compel the gods, and awe the ſkies;
There, leaves unfolded to Medea's view,
Such as her native Colchos never knew.
Soon as the dread Hæmonian voice aſcends,
Through the whole vaſt expanſe, each power attends;
Ev'n all thoſe ſullen deities, who know
No care of heaven above, or earth below,
Hear and obey. Th' Aſſyrian then, in vain,
And Memphian prieſts, their local gods detain;
From every altar looſe at once they fly,
And with the ſtronger foreign call comply,
The coldeſt hearts Theſſalian numbers warm,
And ruthleſs boſoms own the potent charm;
With monſtrous power they rouſe perverſe deſire,
And kindle into luſt the wint'ry fire:
Where noxious cups, and poiſonous philtres fail,
More potent ſpells and myſtic verſe prevail.
No draughts ſo ſtrong the knots of love prepare,
Cropt from her younglings by the parent mare.
Oft, ſullen bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
From blooming beauty, and the genial bed,
Melt, as the thread runs on, and ſighing, feel
The giddy whirling of the magic wheel.
Whene'er the proud enchantreſs gives command,
Eternal motion ſtops her active hand;
No more heaven's rapid circles journey on,
But univerſal nature ſtands foredone:
The lazy god of day forgets to riſe,
And everlaſting night pollutes the ſkies.
Jove wonders, to behold her ſhake the pole,
And, unconſenting, hears his thunders roll.
Now, with a word, ſhe hides the ſun's bright face,
And blots the wide ethereal azure ſpace;
Looſely, anon, ſhe ſhakes her flowing hair,
And ſtraight the ſtormy lowering heavens are fair:
At once, ſhe calls the golden light again,
The clouds fly ſwift away, and ſtops the drizly rain.
In ſtilleſt calms, ſhe bids the waves run high.
And ſmooths the deep, though Boreas ſhakes the ſky;
When winds are huſh'd, her potent breath prevails,
Waſts on the bark, and fills the flagging ſails.
Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,
And torrents from the rock ſuſpended hung.
No more the Nile his wonted ſeaſons knows,
And in a line the ſtraight Mæander flows.
Arar has ruſh'd with headlong waters down,
And driven unwillingly the ſluggiſh Rhone.
Huge mountains have been levell'd with the plain,
And far from heaven has tall Olympus lain.
Riphæan cryſtal has been known to melt,
And Scythian ſnows a ſudden ſummer felt.
No longer preſt by Cynthia's moiſter beam,
Alternate Tethys heaves her ſwelling ſtream;
By charms forbid, her tides revolve no more,
But ſhun the margin of the guarded ſhore.
The ponderous earth, by magic numbers ſtruck,
Down to her inmoſt centre deep has ſhook;
Then rending with a yawn, at once made way,
To join the upper, and the nether day;
While wondering eyes, and dreadful cleft between,
Another ſtarry firmament have ſeen.
Each deadly kind, by nature form'd to kill,
Fear the dire hags, and execute their will.
Lions, to them their nobler rage ſubmit,
And fawning tigers couch beneath their feet;
For them, the ſnake foregoes her wintery hold,
And on the hoary froſt untwines her fold:
The poiſonous race they ſtrike with ſtronger death,
And blaſted vipers die by human breath.

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What law the heavenly natures thus conſtrains,
And binds ev'n godheads in reſiſtleſs chains?
What wondrous power do charms and herbs imply,
And force them thus to follow, and to fly?
What is it can command them to obey?
Does choice incline, or awful terror ſway?
Do ſecret rites their deities atone,
Or myſtic piety to man unknown?
Do ſtrong enchantments all immortals brave?
Or is there one determin'd god their ſlave?
One, whoſe command obedient nature awes,
Who, ſubject ſtill himſelf to magic laws,
Acts only as a ſervile ſecond cauſe?
Magic the ſtarry lamps from heaven can tear,
And ſhoot them gleaming through the duſky air;
Can blot fair Cynthia's countenance ſerene,
And poiſon with foul ſpells the ſilver queen:
Now pale the ghaſtly goddeſs ſhrinks with dread,
And now black ſmoky fires involve her head;
As when earth's envious interpoſing ſhade
Cuts off her beamy brother from her aid;
Held by the charming ſong, ſhe ſtrives in vain,
And labours with the long purſuing pain;
Till down, and downward ſtill, compell'd to come,
On hallow'd herbs ſhe ſheds her fatal foam.
But theſe, as arts too gentle, and too good,
Nor yet with death, or guilt enough embrued,
With haughty ſcorn the fierce Erictho view'd.
New miſchief ſhe, new monſters durſt explore,
And dealt in horrors never known before.
From towns and hoſpitable roofs ſhe flies,
And every dwelling of mankind defies;
Through unfrequented deſerts lonely roams,
Drives out the dead, and dwells within their tombs.
Spite of all laws, which heaven or nature know,
The rule of gods above, and man below;
Grateful to hell the living hag deſcends,
And ſits in black aſſemblies of the fiends.
Dark matted elf-locks dangling on her brow,
Filthy, and foul, a loathſome burden grow;
Ghaſtly, and frightful pale her face is ſeen,
Unknown to cheerful day, and ſkies ſerene:
But when the ſtars are veil'd, when ſtorms ariſe,
And the blue forky flame at midnight flies,
Then, forth from graves, ſhe takes her wicked way,
And thwarts the glancing lightnings as they play.
Where'er ſhe breathes, blue poiſons round her ſpread.
The whithering graſs avows her fatal tread.
And drooping Ceres hangs her blaſted head.
Nor holy rites, nor ſuppliant prayer ſhe knows,
Nor ſeeks the gods with ſacrifice, or vows:
Whate'er ſhe offers is the ſpoil of urns,
And funeral fire upon her altars burns;
Nor needs ſhe ſend a ſecond voice on high,
Scar'd at the firſt, the trembling gods comply.
Oft in the grave the living has ſhe laid,
And bid reviving bodies leave the dead:
Oft at the funeral pile ſhe ſeeks her prey,
And bears the ſmoking aſhes warm away;
Snatches ſome burning bone, or flaming brand,
And tears the torch from the ſad father's hand;
Seizes he ſhroud's looſe fragments as they fly,
And picks the coal where clammy juices fry.
But when the dead in marble tombs are plac'd,
Where the moiſt carcaſe by degrees ſhall waſte,
There, greedily on every part ſhe flies,
Strips the dry nails, and digs the gory eyes.
Her teeth from gibbets gnaw the ſtrangling nooſe,
And from the croſs dead murderers unlooſe:
Her charms the uſe of ſun-dry'd marrow find,
And huſky entrails wither'd in the wind;
Oft drops the ropy gore upon her tongue,
With corny ſinews oft her jaws are ſtrung,
And thus ſuſpended oft the filthy hag has hung.
Where'er the battle bleeds, and ſlaughter lies,
Thither, preventing birds and beaſts, ſhe hies;
Nor then content to ſeize the ready prey,
From their fell jaws ſhe tears their food away:
She marks the hungry wolf's pernicious tooth,
And joys to rend the morſel from his mouth.
Nor ever yet remorſe could ſtop her hand,
When human gore her curſed rites demand.
Whether ſome tender infant, yet unborn,
From the lamenting mother's ſide is torn;
Whether her purpoſe aſks ſome bolder ſhade,
And by her knife, the ghoſt ſhe wants, is made;
Or whether, curious in the choice of blood,
She catches the firſt guſhing of the flood;
All miſchief is of uſe, and every murder good.
When blooming youths in early manhood die,
She ſtands a terrible attendant by;
The downy growth from off their cheeks ſhe tears,
Or cuts left-handed ſome ſelected hairs.
Oft when in death her gaſping kindred lay,
Some pious office would ſhe feign to pay;
And while cloſe hovering o'er the bed ſhe hung,
Bit the pale lips, and cropt the quivering tongue;
Then, in hoarſe murmurs, ere the ghoſt could go,
Mutter'd ſome meſſage to the ſhades below.
A fame like this around the region ſpread,
To prove her power, the younger Pompey led.
Now half her fable courſe the night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy ſun;
When the vile youth in ſilence croſs'd the plain,
Attended by his wonted worthleſs train.
Through ruins waſte and old, long wandering round,
Lonely upon a rock, the hag they found.
There, as it chanc'd, in ſullen mood ſhe ſate,
Pondering upon the war's approaching fate:
At that ſame hour, ſhe ran new numbers o'er,
And ſpells unheard by hell itſelf before;
Fearful, leſt wavering deſtiny might change,
And bid the war in diſtant regions range.
She charm'd Pharſalia's field with early care,
To keep the warriors and the ſlaughter there.
So may her impious arts in triumph reign,
And riot in the plenty of the ſlain:
So, many a royal ghoſt ſhe may command,
Mangle dead heroes with a ruthleſs hand,
And rob of many an urn Heſperia's mourning land.
Already ſhe enjoys the dreadful field,
And thinks what ſpoils the rival chiefs ſhall yield;
With what fell rage each corſe ſhe ſhall invade,
And fly rapacious on the proſtrate dead.
To her, a lowly ſuppliant, thus begun
The noble Pompey's much unworthy ſon:
Hail! mighty miſtreſs of Hæmonian arts,
To whom ſtern fate her dark decrees imparts;

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At thy approving, bids her purpoſe ſtand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd command.
From thee, my humbler awful hopes preſume
To learn my father's, and my country's doom:
Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,
When thou ſhalt know me for great Pompey's ſon;
With him all fortunes am I bound to ſhare,
His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir.
Let not blind chance for ever wavering ſtand,
And awe us with her unreſolving hand:
I own my mind unequal to the weight,
Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate:
Let it be certain what we have to fear,
And then—no matter—Let the time draw near.
Oh let thy charms this truth from heaven compel,
Or force the dreadful Stygian gods to tell.
Call death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from herſelf her fatal purpoſe know;
Conſtrain'd by thee, the phantom ſhall declare
Whom ſhe decrees to ſtrike and whom to ſpare.
Nor ever can thy ſkill divine foreſee,
Through the blind maze of long futurity,
Events more worthy of thy arts, and thee.
Pleas'd that her magic fame diffuſely flies,
Thus, with a horrid ſmile, the hag replies:
Hadſt thou, oh noble youth, my aid implor'd,
For any leſs deciſion of the ſword;
The gods, unwilling, ſhould my power confeſs,
And crown thy wiſhes with a full ſucceſs.
Hadſt thou deſir'd ſome ſingle friend to ſave,
Long had my charms withheld him from the grave:
Or would thy hate ſome foe this inſtant doom,
He dies, though heaven decrees him years to come.
But when effects are to their cauſes chain'd,
From everlaſting, mightily, ordain'd;
When all things labour for one certain end,
And on one action centre and depend:
Then far behind we own our arts are caſt,
And magic is by fortune's power ſurpaſs'd.
Howe'er, if yet thy ſoul can be content,
Only to know that undiſclos'd event;
My potent charms o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And from a thouſand mouths extort the tale:
This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks, ſhall tell:
he thunder of high heaven, or groans of hell:
Though, ſtill, more kindly oracles remain,
Among the recent deaths of yonder plain.
Of theſe a corſe our myſtic rites ſhall raiſe,
As yet unſhrunk by Titan's parching blaze;
So ſhall no maim the vocal pipes confound,
But the ſad ſhade ſhall breathe, diſtinct in human ſound.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, a double darkneſs ſpread,
Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head,
While o'er th' unbury'd heaps her footſteps tread.
Wolves howl'd, and fled where'er ſhe took her way,
And hungry vultures left the mangled prey:
The ſavage race, abaſh'd, before her yield,
And while ſhe culls her prophet, quit the field.
To various carcaſes by turns ſhe flies,
And, griping with her gory fingers, tries;
Till one of perfect organs can be found,
And fibrous lungs uninjur'd by a wound.
Of all the flitting ſhadows of the ſlain,
Fate doubts which ghoſt ſhall turn to life again.
At her ſtrong bidding (ſuch is her command)
Armies at once had left the Stygian ſtrand;
Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms,
And legions of the dead had ris'n to arms.
Among the dreadful carnage ſtrew'd around,
One, for her purpoſe fit, at length ſhe found;
In his pale jaws a ruſty hook ſhe hung,
And dragg'd the wretched lifeleſs load along:
Anon, beneath a craggy cliff ſhe ſtaid,
And in a dreary delve her burden laid;
There evermore the wicked witch delights,
To do her deeds accurs'd, and practice helliſh rites.
Low as the realms where Stygian Jove is crown'd,
Subſides the gloomy vale within the ground;
A downward grove, that never knew to riſe,
Or ſhoot its leafy honours to the ſkies.
From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,
And covers in the cave with dreadful ſhade:
Within diſmay, and fear, and darkneſs dwell,
And filth obſcene beſmears the baleful cell.
There, laſting night no beamy dawning knows,
No light but ſuch as magic flames diſcloſe;
Heavy, as in Tænarian caverns, there
In dull ſtagnation ſleeps the lazy air.
There meet the boundaries of life and death,
The borders of our world, and that beneath;
Thither the rulers of th' infernal court
Permit their airy vaſſals to reſort;
Thence with like eaſe the ſorcereſs could tell,
As if deſcending down, the deeds of hell.
And now ſhe for the ſolemn taſk prepares,
A mantle patch'd with various threads ſhe wears,
And binds with twining ſnakes her wilder hairs,
All pale, for dread, the daſtard youth ſhe ſpy'd,
Heartleſs his mates ſtood quivering by his ſide.
Be bold! (ſhe cries) diſmiſs this abject fear;
Living and human ſhall the form appear,
And breathe no ſounds but what even you may
How had your vile, your coward ſouls been quell'd,
Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld;
Heard the loud floods of rolling ſulphur roar,
And burſt in thunder on the burning ſhore?
Had you ſurvey'd yon priſon-houſe of woe,
And giants bound in adamant below?
Seen the vaſt dog with curling vipers ſwell,
Heard ſcreaming furies, at my coming, yell,
Double their rage, and add new pains to hell?
This ſaid, ſhe runs the mangled carcaſe o'er,
And wipes from every wound the cruſty gore;
Now with hot blood the frozen breaſt ſhe warms,
And with ſtrong lunar dews confirms her charms.
Anon ſhe mingles every monſtrous birth,
Which nature, wayward and perverſe, brings forth.
Nor entrails of the ſpotted lynx ſhe lacks,
Nor bony joints from ſell hyænas' backs;
Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with ſnaky food;
Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood.
Her ſtore the tardy Remora ſupplies,
With ſtones from eagles warm and dragon's eyes;
Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way,
And nimbly o'er Arabian deſerts prey;
The viper bred in Erythræan ſtreams,
To guard in coſtly ſhells the growing gems;

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The slough by Libya's horned serpent cast,
With ashes by the dying phœnix plac'd
On odorous altars in the fragrant east.
To these she joins dire drugs without a name,
A thousand poisons never known to fame:
Herbs, o'er whose leaves the hag her spells had sung,
And wet with cursed spittle as they sprung;
With every other mischief most abhorr'd,
Which hell, or worse Erictho, could afford.
At length, in murmurs hoarse her voice was heard,
Her voice, beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
And by the lowest Stygian gods rever'd.
Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
Discordant, and unlike to human sounds:
It seem'd, of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
The doleful screeching of the midnight owl;
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar,
The bound of billows beating on the shore;
The groan of winds amongst the leafy wood,
And burst of thunder from the rending cloud:
'Twas these, all these in one. At length she breaks
Thus into magic verse, and thus the gods bespeaks:
Ye furies! and thou black accursed hell!
Ye woes! in which the damn'd for ever dwell;
Chaos, the world, and form's eternal foe!
And thou sole arbiter of all below,
Pluto! whom ruthless fates a god ordain,
And doom to immortality of pain;
Ye fair Elysian mansions of the blest,
Where no Thessalian charmer hopes to rest;
Styx! and Persephone, compell'd to fly
Thy fruitful mother, and the cheerful sky!
Third Hecate! by whom my whispers breathe
My secret purpose to the shades beneath;
Thou greedy dog, who at th' infernal gate,
In everlasting hunger, still dost wait!
And thou old Charon, horrible and hoar!
For ever labouring back from shore to shore:
Who murmuring dost in weariness complain,
That I so oft demand thy dead again;
Hear, all ye powers! If e'er your hell rejoice
In the lov'd horrors of this impious voice;
If still with human flesh I have been fed,
If pregnant mothers have, to please you, bled;
If from the womb these ruthless hands have torn
Infants, mature, and struggling to be born;
Hear and obey! nor do I ask a ghost,
Long since receiv'd upon your Stygian coast;
But one that, new to death, for entrance waits,
And loiters yet before your gloomy gates.
Let the pale shade these herbs, these numbers hear,
And in his well-known warlike form appear.
Here let him stand, before his leader's son,
And say what dire events are drawing on:
If blood be your delight, let this be done.
Foaming she spoke: then rear'd her hateful head,
And hard at hand beheld th' attending shade.
Too well the trembling sprite the carcase knew,
And fear'd to enter into life anew;
Fain from those mangled limbs it would have run,
And, lothing, strove that house of pain to shun.
Ah! wretch! to whom the cruel fates deny
That privilege of human kind, to die!
Wroth was the hag at lingering death's delay;
And wonder'd hell could dare to disobey;
With curling snakes the senseless trunk she beats,
And curses dire, at every lash, repeats;
With magic numbers cleaves the groaning ground,
And, thus, barks downwards to th' abyss profound:
Ye fiends hell-born, ye sisters of despair!
Thus? is it thus my will becomes your care?
Still sleep those whips within your idle hands,
Nor drive the loitering ghost this voice demands?
But mark me well! my charms, in fate's despite,
Shall drag you forth, ye Stygian dogs, to light;
Through vaults and tombs, where now secure you roam,
My vengeance shall pursue, and chace you home.
And thou, oh! Hecate! that dar'st to rise,
Various and alter'd to immortal eyes,
No more shalt veil thy horrors in disguise;
Still in thy form accursed shalt thou dwell,
Nor change the face that nature made for hell.
Each mystery beneath I will display,
And Stygian loves shall stand confess'd to day.
Thee, Proserpine! thy fatal feast I'll show,
What leagues detain thee in the realms below,
And why thy once-fond mother lothes thee now.
At my command, earth's barrier shall remove,
And piercing Titan vex infernal Jove;
Full on his throne the blazing beams shall beat,
And light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy seat.
Yet, am I yet, ye sullen fiends, obey'd?
Or must I call your master to my aid?
At whose dread name the trembling furies quake,
Hell stands abash'd, and earth's foundations shake!
Who views the Gorgons with intrepid eyes,
And your unviolable flood defies?
She said; and, at the word, the frozen blood
Slowly began to roll its creeping flood;
Through the known channels stole the purple tide,
And warmth and motion through the members glide;
The nerves are stretch'd, the turgid muscles swell,
And the heart moves within its secret cell;
The haggard eyes their stupid lights disclose,
And heavy by degrees the corpse arose.
Doubtful and faint th' uncertain life appears,
And death, all-o'er, the livid visage wears.
Pale, stiff, and mute, the ghastly figure stands,
Nor knows to speak, but at her dread commands
When thus the hag: Speak what I wish to know.
And endless rest attends thy shade below;
Reveal the truth, and to reward thy pain,
No charms shall drag thee back to life again:
Such hallow'd wood shall feed thy funeral fire,
Such numbers to thy last repose conspire,
No sister of our art thy ghost shall wrong,
Or force thee listen to her potent song.
Since the dark gods in mystic tripods dwell,
Since doubtful truths ambiguous prophets tell;
While each event aright and plain is read,
To every bold inquirer of the dead:
Do thou unfold what end these wars shall wait,
Persons, and things, and time, and place relate,
And be the just interpreter of fate.
She spoke, and, as she spoke, a spell she made,
That gave new prescience to th' unknowing shade.

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When thus the ſpectre, weeping all for woe:
eek not from me the Parcæ's will to know.
ſaw not what their dreadful looms ordain,
oo ſoon recall'd to hated life again;
ecall'd, ere yet my waiting ghoſt had paſs'd
he ſilent ſtream, that wafts us all to reſt.
ll I could learn, was from the looſe report
f wandering ſhades, that to the banks reſort.
proar, and diſcord, never known till now,
iſtract the peaceful realms of death below;
rom bliſsful plains of ſweet Elyſium ſome,
thers from doleful dens, and torments, come;
hile in the face of every various ſhade,
he woes of Rome too plainly might be read.
n tears lamenting, ghoſts of patriots ſtood,
nd mourn'd their country in a falling flood;
ad were the Decii, and the Curii ſeen,
nd heavy was the great Camillus' mien:
n fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd,
nd Scipio his unhappy race bewail'd;
he Cenſor ſad foreſaw his Cato's doom,
eſolv'd to die for liberty, and Rome.
f all the ſhades that haunt the happy field,
hee only, Brutus! ſmiling I beheld;
hee, thou firſt conſul, haughty Tarquin's dread,
rom whoſe juſt wrath the conſcious tyrant fled,
hen freedom firſt uprear'd her infant head.
eanwhile the damn'd exult amidſt their pains,
nd Catiline audacious breaks his chains.
here the Cethegan naked race I view'd,
he Marii fierce, with human gore imbrued,
he Gracchi, fond of miſchief-making laws,
nd Druſi, popular in faction's cauſe;
ll clapp'd their hands in horrible applauſe.
he craſh of brazen fetters rung around,
nd hell's wide caverns trembled with the ſound.
o more the bounds of fate their guilt conſtrain,
ut proudly they demand th' Elyſian plain.
hus they, while dreadful Dis, with buſy cares,
ew torments for the conquerors prepares;
ew chains of adamant he forms below,
nd opens all his deep reſerves of woe:
harp are the pains for tyrants kept in ſtore,
nd flames yet ten times hotter than before.

But thou, oh noble youth! in peace depart,
And ſooth, with better hopes, thy doubtful heart;
Sweet is the reſt, and bliſsful is the place,
That wait thy ſire, and his illuſtrious race.
Nor fondly ſeek to lengthen out thy date,
Nor envy the ſurviving victor's fate;
The hour draws near when all alike muſt yield,
And death ſhall mix the ſame of every field.
Haſte then, with glory, to your deſtin'd end,
And proudly from your humbler urns deſcend;
Bold in ſuperior virtue ſhall you come,
And trample on the demigods of Rome.
Ah! what ſhall it import the mighty dead,
Or by the Nile or Tiber to be laid?
'Tis only for a grave your wars are made.
Seek not to know what for thyſelf remains,
That ſhall be told in fair Sicilia's plains;
Prophetic there, thy father's ſhade ſhall riſe,
In awful viſion to thy wondering eyes:
He ſhall thy fate reveal: though doubting yet,
Where he may beſt adviſe thee to retreat.
In vain to various climates ſhall you run,
In vain purſuing Fortune ſtrive to ſhun,
In Europe, Afric, Aſia, ſtill undone.
Wide as your triumphs ſhall your ruins lie,
And all in diſtant regions ſhall you die.
Ah, wretched race! to whom the world can yield
No ſafer refuge, than Emathia's field.
He ſaid, and with a ſilent, mournful look,
A laſt diſmiſſion from the hag beſpoke.
Nor can the ſprite, diſcharg'd by death's cold hand,
Again be ſubject to the ſame command;
But charms and magic herbs muſt lend their aid,
And render back to reſt the troubled ſhade.
A pile of hollow'd wood Erictho builds,
The ſoul with joy its mangled carcaſe yields;
She bids the kindling flames aſcend on high,
And leaves the weary wretch at length to die.
Then, while the ſecret dark their footſteps hides,
Homeward the youth, all pale for fear, ſhe guides;
And, for the light began to ſtreak the eaſt,
With potent ſpells the dawning ſhe repreſs'd;
Commanded night's obedient queen to ſtay,
And, till they reach'd the camp, withheld the riſing day.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the ſeventh book is told, firſt, Pompey's dream the night before the battle of Pharſalia; after that, the impatient deſire of his army to engage, which is reinforced by Tully. Pompey, though againſt his own opinion and inclination, agrees to a battle. Then follows the ſpeech of each general to his army, and the battle itſelf: the flight of Pompey; Cæſar's behaviour after his victory; and an invective againſt him, and the very country of Theſſaly, for being the ſcene (according to this and other authors) of ſo many misfortunes to the people of Rome.

Late, and unwilling, from his watery bed,
Uprear'd the mournful ſun his cloudy head;
He ſicken'd to behold Emathia's plain,
And would have fought the backward eaſt again:
Full oft he turn'd him from the deſtin'd race,
And wiſh'd ſome dark eclipſe might veil his radiant face.
Pompey, meanwhile, in pleaſing viſion paſt
The night, of all his happy nights the laſt.

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It seem'd, as if, in all his former state,
In his own theatre secure he sate:
About his side unnumber'd Romans crowd,
And, joyful, shout his much lov'd name aloud:
The echoing benches seem to ring around,
And his charm'd ears devour the pleasing sound.
Such both himself, and such the people seem,
In the false prospect of the feigning dream;
As when in early manhood's beardless bloom,
He stood the darling hope and joy of Rome.
When fierce Sertorius by his arms suppress,
And Spain subdu'd, the conqueror confest:
When rais'd with honours never known before,
The consuls purple, yet a youth, he wore:
When the pleas'd senate sat with new delight,
To view the triumph of a Roman knight.

Perhaps, when our good days no longer last,
The mind runs backward, and enjoys the past:
Perhaps, the riddling visions of the night
With contrarieties delude our sight;
And when fair scenes of pleasure they disclose,
Pain they foretel, and future ensuing woes.
Or was it not, that, since the fates ordain
Pompey should never see his Rome again,
One last good office yet they meant to do,
And gave him in a dream this parting view?

Oh, may no trumpet bid the leader wake!
Long, let him long the blissful slumber take!
Too soon the morrow's sleepless night will come,
Full fraught with slaughter, misery, and Rome;
With horror, and dismay, those shades shall rise,
And the lost battle live before his eyes.

How blest his fellow-citizens had been,
Though but in dreams, their Pompey to have seen!
Oh! that the gods, in pity, would allow,
Such long-try'd friends their destiny to know;
So each to each might their sad thoughts convey,
And make the most of their last mournful day.
But now, unconscious of the ruin nigh,
Within his native land he thinks to die:
While her fond hopes with confidence presume,
Nothing so terrible from fate can come,
As to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's tomb.
Had the sad city fate's decree foreknown,
What floods, fast falling, should her loss bemoan!
Then should the lusty youth, and fathers hoar,
With mingling tears, their chief renown'd deplore;
Maids, matrons, wives, and babes, a helpless train,
As once for godlike Brutus, should complain;
Their tresses should they tear, their bosoms beat,
And cry loud-wailing in the doleful street.
Nor shalt thou, Rome, thy gushing sorrows keep,
Though aw'd by Cæsar, and forbid to weep;
Though, while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead,
He shakes his threatening faulchion o'er thy head.
Lamenting crowds the conqueror shall meet,
And with a peal of groans his triumph greet;
In sad procession, sighing shall they go,
And stain his laurels with the streams of woe.

But now, the fainting stars at length give way,
And hid their vanquish'd fires in beamy day;
When round the leader's tent the legions crowd,
And, urg'd by fate, demand the fight aloud.
Wretches! that long their little life to waste,
And hurry on those hours that fly too fast!
Too soon, for thousands, shall the day be done,
Whose eyes no more shall see the setting sun.
Tumultuous speech th' impulsive rage confest,
And Rome's bad genius rose in every breast.
With vile disgrace they blot their leader's name,
Pronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, slow, and tame,
And cry, He sinks beneath his father's fame.
Some charge him with ambition's guilty views,
And think 'tis power and empire he pursues;
That, fearing peace, he practises delay,
And would, for ever, make the world obey.
While eastern kings of lingering wars complain,
And wish to view their native realms again.
Thus when the gods are pleas'd to plague mankind,
Our own rash hands are to the task assign'd;
By them ordain'd the tools of fate to be,
We blindly act the mischiefs they decree,
We call the battle, we the sword prepare,
And Rome's destruction is the Roman prayer.

The general voice, united, Tully takes,
And for the rest the sweet persuader speaks;
Tully, for happy eloquence renown'd,
With every Roman grace of language crown'd;
Beneath whose rule and government rever'd,
Fierce Catiline the peaceful axes fear'd:
But now, detain'd amidst an armed throng,
Where lost his arts, and useless was his tongue,
The orator had borne the camp too long.
He to the vulgar side his pleading draws,
And thus enforces much their feeble cause:

For all that fortune for thy arms has done,
For all thy fame acquir'd, thy battles won;
This only boon her suppliant vows implore,
That thou wouldst deign to use her aid once more:
In this, O Pompey! kings and chiefs unite,
And, to chastise proud Cæsar, ask the fight.
Shall he, one man against the world combin'd,
Protract destruction, and embroil mankind?
What will the vanquish'd nations murmuring say,
Where once thy conquests cut their winged way;
When they behold thy virtue lazy now,
And see thee move thus languishing and slow?
Where are those fires that warm'd thee to be great?
That stable soul, and confidence in fate?
Canst thou the gods ungratefully mistrust?
Or think the senate's sacred cause unjust?
Scarce are th' impatient ensigns yet withheld:
Why art thou thus to victory compell'd?
Dost thou Rome's chief, and in her cause, appear?
'Tis hers to choose the field, and she appoints it
Why is this ardor of the world withstood, [here.
The injur'd world, that thirsts for Cæsar's blood?
See! where the troops with indignation stand,
Each javelin trembling in an eager hand,
And wait, unwillingly, the last command.
Resolve the senate then, and let them know,
Are they thy servants, or their servant thou?

Sore sigh'd the listening chief, who well could read
Some dire delusion by the gods decreed;
He saw the fates malignantly inclin'd,
To thwart his purpose and perplex his mind.

Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,
Since my impatient friends and country need
My hand to fight, and not my head to lead;
Pompey no longer shall your fate delay,
But let pernicious fortune take her way,
And waste the world on one devoted day.
But, oh, be witness thou, my native Rome,
With what a sad foreboding heart I come;

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Tó thy hard fate unwillingly I yield,
While thy rash sons compel me to the field.
How easily had Cæsar been subdu'd,
And the blest victory been free from blood!
But the fond Romans cheap renown disdain,
They wish for deaths to purple o'er the plain,
And reeking gore their guilty swords to stain.
Driv'n by my fleets, behold the flying foe
At once the empire of the deep forego;
Here by necessity they seem to stand,
Coop'd up within a corner of the land.
By famine to the last extremes compell'd,
They snatch green harvests from th' unripen'd
And wish we may this only grace afford, [field;
To let them die like soldiers, by the sword.
'Tis true, it seems an earnest of success,
That thus our bolder youth for action press:
But let them try their inmost hearts with care,
And judge betwixt true valour and rash fear;
Let them be sure this eagerness is right,
And certain fortitude demands the fight.
In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
That fear has driven the headlong coward on.
Give me the man, whose cooler soul can wait,
With patience for the proper hour of fate.
See what a prosperous face our fortunes bear!
Why should we trust them to the chance of war?
Why must we risk the world's uncertain doom,
And rather choose to fight than overcome?
Thou goddess Chance! who to my careful hand
Hast given this wearisome supreme command;
If I have, to the task of empire just,
Enlarg'd the bounds committed to my trust;
Be kind, and to thyself the rule resume,
And in the fight defend the cause of Rome:
To thy own crowns the wreath of conquest join:
Nor let the glory, nor the crime, be mine.
But see! thy hopes, unhappy Pompey! fail:
We fight; and Cæsar's stronger vows prevail.
Oh, what a scene of guilt this day shall show!
What crowds shall fall, what nations be laid low!
Red shall Enipeus run with Roman blood,
And to the margin swell his foamy flood.
Oh! if our cause my aid no longer need,
Oh! may my bosom be the first to bleed:
Me let the thrilling javelin foremost strike,
Since death and victory are now alike.
To-day, with ruin shall my name be join'd,
Or stand the common curse of all mankind;
By every woe the vanquish'd shall be known,
And every infamy the victor crown.
He spoke; and yielding to th' impetuous crowd,
The battle to his frantic bands allow'd.
So, when long vex'd by stormy Corus' blast,
The weary pilot quits the helm at last;
He leaves his vessel to the winds to guide,
And drive unsteady with the tumbling tide.
Loud through the camp the rising murmurs
And one tumultuous hurry runs around; [sound,
Sudden their busy hearts began to beat,
And each pale visage wore the marks of fate.
Anxious, they see the dreadful day is come,
That must decide the destiny of Rome.
This single vast concern employs the host,
And private fears are in the public lost.
Should earth be rent, should darkness quench the sun,
Should swelling seas above the mountains run,
Should universal nature's end draw near,
Who could have leisure for himself to fear?
With such consent his safety each forgot,
And Rome and Pompey took up every thought.
And now the warriors all, with busy care,
Whet the dull sword, and point the blunted spear;
With tougher nerves they string the bended bow,
And in full quivers steely shafts bestow;
The horseman sees his furniture made fit,
Sharpens the spur, and burnishes the bit;
Fixes the rein, to check or urge his speed,
And animates to fight the snorting steed.
Such once the busy gods employments were,
If mortal men to gods we may compare,
When earth's bold sons began their impious war.
The Lemnian power, with many a stroke, restor'd
Blue Neptune's trident, and stern Mars's sword;
In terrible array, the blue-ey'd maid
The horrors of her Gorgon shield display'd;
Phœbus his once victorious shafts renew'd,
Disus'd, and rusty with the Python's blood;
While, with unweary'd toil, the Cyclops strove
To forge new thunders for imperial Jove.
Nor wanted then dire omens, to declare
What curst events Thessalia's plains prepare;
Black storms oppos'd against the warriors lay,
And lightnings thwarted their forbidden way;
Full in their eyes the dazzling flashes broke,
And with amaze their troubled senses stroke:
Tall fiery columns in the skies were seen,
With watery Typhons interwove between.
Glancing along the bands swift meteors shoot,
And from the helm the plumy honours cut;
Sudden the flame dissolves the javelin's head,
And liquid runs the shining steely blade.
Strange to behold! their weapons disappear,
While sulphurous odour taints the smoking air.
The standard, as unwilling to be borne,
With pain from the tenacious earth is torn:
Anon, black swarms hang clustering on its height,
And press the bearer with unwonted weight.
Big drops of grief each sweating marble wears,
And Parian gods and heroes stand in tears.
No more th' auspicious victim tamely dies,
But furious from the hallow'd fane he flies;
Breaks off the rites with prodigies profane,
And bellowing seeks Emathia's fatal plain:
But who, O Cæsar! who were then thy gods?
Whom didst thou summon from their dark abodes?
The furies listen'd to thy grateful vows,
And dreadful to the day the powers of hell arose.
Did then the monsters, fame records, appear?
Or were they only phantoms form'd by fear?
Some saw the moving mountains meet like foes,
And rending earth new gaping caves disclose.
Others beheld a sanguine torrent take
Its purple course through fair Bœbeis' lake;
Heard each returning night, portentous, yield
Loud shouts of battle on Pharsalia's field.
While others thought they saw the light decay,
And sudden shades oppress the fainting day;
Fancy'd wild horrors in each other's face,
And saw the ghosts of all their bury'd race;
Beheld them rise and glare with pale affright,
And stalk around them, in the new-made night.
Whate'er the cause, the crowd, by fate decreed,
To make their brothers, sons, and fathers bleed,
Consenting, to the prodigies agreed;

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And, while they thirſt impatient for that blood,
Bleſs theſe nefarious omens all as good
But wherefore ſhould we wonder, to behold
That death's approach by madneſs was foretold?
Wild are the wandering thoughts which laſt ſurvive;
And theſe had not another day to live.
Theſe ſhook for what they ſaw; while diſtant climes,
Unknowing, trembled for Emathia's crimes.
Where Tyrian Gades ſees the ſetting ſun,
And where Araxes' rapid waters run,
From the bright orient to the glowing weſt,
In every nation, every Roman breaſt
The terrors of that dreadful day confeſt.
Where Aponus firſt ſprings in ſmoky ſteam;
And full Timavus rolls his nobler ſtream;
Upon a hill that day, if fame be true,
A learned augur ſat the ſkies to view:
'Tis come, the great event is come (he cry'd)
Our impious chiefs their wicked war decide.
Whether the ſeer obſerv'd Jove's forky flame,
And mark'd the firmament's diſcordant frame;
Or whether, in that gloom of ſudden night,
The ſtruggling ſun declar'd the dreadful fight:
From the firſt birth of morning in the ſkies,
Sure never day like this was known to riſe;
In the blue vault, as in a volume ſpread,
Plain might the Latian deſtiny be read.
Oh Rome! oh people, by the gods aſſign'd
To be the worthy maſters of mankind!
On thee the heavens with all their ſignals wait,
And ſuffering nature labours with thy fate.
When thy great name's to lateſt times convey'd,
By fame, or by my verſe immortal made,
In free-born nations juſtly ſhall prevail,
And rouſe their paſſions with this nobleſt tale;
How ſhall they fear for thy approaching doom,
As if each paſt event were yet to come!
How ſhall their boſoms ſwell with vaſt concern,
And long the doubtful chance of war to learn!
Ev'n then the favouring world with thee ſhall join,
And every honeſt heart to Pompey's cauſe incline.
Deſcending, now, the bands in juſt array,
From burniſh'd arms reflect the beamy day;
In an ill hour they ſpread the fatal field,
And with portentous blaze the neighbouring mountains gild.
On the left wing, bold Lentulus, their head,
The firſt and fourth ſelected legions led:
Luckleſs Domitius, vainly brave, in war,
Drew forth the right with unauſpicious care.
In the mid battle daring Scipio fought,
With eight full legions from Cilicia brought.
Submiſſive here to Pompey's high command,
The warrior undiſtinguiſh'd took his ſtand,
Reſerv'd to be the chief on Lybia's burning ſand.
Near the low marſhes and Enipeus' flood.
The Pontic horſe and Cappadocian ſtood.
While kings and tetrarchs proud, a purple train,
Liegemen, and vaſſals to the Latian reign,
Poſſeſs'd the riſing grounds and drier plain.
Here troops of black Numidians ſcour the field,
And bold Iberians narrow bucklers wield;
Here twang the Syrian and the Cretan bow,
And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known foes.

Go, Pompey, lead to death th' unnumber'd hoſt,
Let the whole human race at once be loſt.
Let nations upon nations, heap the plain,
And tyranny want ſubjects for its reign.
Cæſar, as chance ordain'd, that morn decreed
The ſpoiling bands of foragers to lead;
When, with a ſudden, but a glad ſurpriſe,
The foe deſcending ſtruck his wondering eyes.
Eager, and burning for unbounded ſway,
Long had he borne the tedious war's delay;
Long had he ſtruggled with protracting time,
That ſav'd his country, and deferr'd his crime:
At length he ſees the wiſh'd-for day is come:
To end the ſtrife for liberty and Rome:
Fate's dark myſterious threatenings to explain,
And eaſe th' impatience of ambition's pain.
But, when he ſaw the vaſt event ſo nigh,
Unuſual horror damp'd his impious joy;
For one cold moment ſunk his heart ſuppreſs'd,
And doubt hung heavy on his anxious breaſt.
Though his paſt fortunes promiſe now ſucceſs,
Yet Pompey, from his own, expects no leſs.
His changing thoughts revolve with various cheer,
While theſe forbid to hope and thoſe to fear.
At length his wonted confidence returns,
With his firſt fires his daring boſom burns;
As if ſecure of victory, he ſtands,
And fearleſs thus beſpeaks the liſtening bands:
Ye warriors! who have made your Cæſar great,
On whom the world, on whom my fortunes wait,
To-day, the gods, whate'er you wiſh, afford,
And fate attends on the deciding ſword.
By your firm aid alone your leader ſtands,
And truſts his all to your long-faithful hands.
This day ſhall make our promis'd glories good,
The hopes of Rubicon's diſtinguiſh'd flood.
For this bleſt morn we truſted long to fate,
Deferr'd our fame, and bade the triumph wait.
This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
Shall the long labours of your arms repay;
Shall give you back to every joy of life,
To the lov'd offspring and the tender wife;
Shall find my veteran out a ſafe retreat,
And lodge his age within a peaceful ſeat.
The long diſpute of guilt ſhall now be clear'd,
And conqueſt ſhall the juſter cauſe reward.
Have you for me, with ſword and fire laid waſte
Your country's bleeding boſom as you paſt?
Let the ſame ſwords as boldly ſtrike to-day,
And the laſt wounds ſhall wipe the firſt away.
Whatever faction's partial notions are,
No hand is wholly innocent in war.
Yours is the cauſe to which my vows are join'd,
I ſeek to make you free, and maſters of mankind.
I have no hopes, no wiſhes of my own,
But well could hide me in a private gown:
At my expence of fame exalt your powers,
Let me be nothing, ſo the world be yours.
Nor think the taſk too bloody ſhall be found,
With eaſy glory ſhall our arms be crown'd:
Yon hoſt come learn'd in academic rules,
A band of diſputants from Grecian ſchools.
To theſe, luxuriant eaſtern crowds are join'd,
Of many a tongue, and many a different kind:
Their own firſt ſhouts ſhall fill each ſoul with fears,
And their own trumpets ſhock their tender ears.
Unjuſtly this, a civil war, we call,
Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall.

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On then, my friends, and end it at a blow;
Lay these soft, lazy, worthless nations low.
Show Pompey, that subdu'd them, with what ease
Your valour gains such victories as these:
Show him, if justice still the palm confers,
One triumph was too much for all his wars.
From distant Tigris shall Armenians come,
To judge between the citizens of Rome?
Will fierce barbarian aliens waste their blood,
To make the cause of Latian Pompey good?
Believe me, no. To them we are all the same,
They hate alike the whole Ausonian name;
But most those haughty masters whom they know,
Who taught their servile vanquish'd necks to bow.
Meanwhile, as round my joyful eyes are roll'd,
None but my try'd companions I behold;
For years in Gaul we made our hard abode,
And many a march in partnership have trod.
Is their a soldier to your chief unknown?
A sword, to whom I trust not, like my own?
Could I not mark each javelin in the sky,
And say from whom the fatal weapons fly?
Ev'n now I view auspicious furies rise,
And rage redoubled flashes in your eyes.
With joy those omens of success I read,
And see the certain victory decreed;
I see the purple deluge float the plain,
Huge piles of carnage, nations of the slain:
Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs, I survey,
And the pale senate crowns the glorious day.
But, oh! forgive my tedious lavish tongue,
Your eager virtue I withhold too long;
My soul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
I feel good fortune and the gods draw near.
All we can ask, with full consent they yield,
And nothing bars us but this narrow field.
The battle o'er what boon can I deny?
The treasures of the world before you lie.
Oh, Thessaly! what stars, what powers divine,
To thy distinguish'd land this great event assign?
Between extremes to-day our fortune lies,
The vilest punishment, and noblest prize.
Consider well the captive's lost estate,
Chains, racks, and crosses, for the vanquish'd wait.
My limbs are each alloted to its place,
And my pale head the rostrum's height shall grace:
But that's a thought unworthy Cæsar's care,
More for my friends than for myself I fear.
On my good sword securely I rely,
And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.
But, oh! for you my anxious soul foresees,
Pompey shall copy Sylla's curst decrees;
The Martian field shall blush with gore again,
And massacres once more the peaceful Septa stain.
Hear, oh! ye gods, who in Rome's strugglings share,
Who leave your heaven, to make our earth your care;
Hear, and let him the happy victor live,
Who shall with mercy use the power you give;
Whose rage for slaughter with the war shall cease,
And spare his vanquish'd enemies in peace.
Nor is Dyrrhachium's fatal field forgot,
Nor what was then our brave companions lot;
When, by advantage of the straiter ground,
Successful Pompey compass'd us around;
When quite disarm'd your useless valour stood,
Till his fell sword was satiated with blood.
But gentler hands, but nobler hearts you bear,
And, oh! remember 'tis your leader's prayer,
Whatever Roman flies before you, spare.
But, while oppos'd and menacing they stand,
Let no regard withhold the lifted hand:
Let friendship, kindred, all remorse, give place,
And mangling wounds deform the reverend face:
Still let resistance be repaid with blood,
And hostile force by hostile force subdued;
Stranger, or friend, whatever be the name,
Your merit, still, to Cæsar, is the same.
Fill then the trenches, break the ramparts round,
And let our works lie level with the ground;
So shall no obstacles our march delay,
Nor stop one moment our victorious way.
Nor spare your camp; this night we mean to lie
In that from whence the vanquish'd foe shall fly.
Scarce had he spoke, when, sudden at the word,
They seize the lance, and draw the shining sword:
At once the turfy fences all lie waste,
And through the breach the crowding legions haste;
Regardless all of order and array
They stand, and trust to fate alone the day.
Each had propos'd an empire to be won,
Had each once known a Pompey for his son;
Had Cæsar's soul inform'd each private breast,
A fiercer fury could not be express'd.
With sad presages, Pompey, now, beheld
His foes advancing o'er the neighbouring field:
He saw the gods had fix'd the day of fate,
And felt his heart hang heavy with new weight.
Dire is the omen when the valiant fear,
Which yet he strove to hide with well-dissembled cheer.
High on his warrior-steed the chief o'erran
The wide array, and thus at length began:
The time to ease your groaning country's pain,
Which long your eager valour sought in vain;
The great deciding hour at length is come,
To end the strivings of distracted Rome:
For this one last effort exert your power,
Strike home to-day, and all your toils are o'er.
If the dear pledges of connubial love,
Your household gods, and Rome, your souls can move,
Hither by fate they seem together brought,
And for that prize, to-day, the battle shall be fought.
Let none the favouring gods' assistance fear;
They always make the juster cause their care.
The flying dart to Cæsar shall they guide,
And point the sword at his devoted side:
Our injur'd laws shall be on him made good,
And liberty establish'd in his blood.
Could heaven, in violence of wrath, ordain
The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign,
It had not spar'd your Pompey's head so long,
Nor lengthen'd out my age to see the wrong.
All we can wish for, to secure success,
With large advantage, here, our arms possess:
See, in the ranks of every common band,
Where Rome's illustrious names for soldiers stand.
Could the great dead revisit life again,
For us, once more, the Decii would be slain;
The Curii, and Camilli, might we boast,
Proud to be mingled in this noblest host.
If men, if multitudes, can make us strong,
Behold what tribes unnumber'd march along!
Where'er the Zodiac turns its radiant round,
Wherever earth, or people can be found;

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To us the nations iſſue forth in ſwarms,
And in Rome's cauſe all human nature arms.
What then remains, but that our wings encloſe,
Within their ample folds our ſhrinking foes?
Thouſands, and thouſands, uſeleſs may we ſpare;
Yon handful will not half employ our war.
Think, from the ſummit of the Roman wall,
You hear our loud lamenting matrons call;
Think with what tears, what lifted hands they
ſue,
And place their laſt, their only hopes in you.
Imagine kneeling age before you ſpread,
Each hoary reverend majeſtic head;
Imagine, Rome herſelf your aid implor'd,
To ſave her from a proud imperious lord.
Think how the preſent age, how that to come,
What multitudes, from you expect their doom:
On your ſucceſs dependant all rely:
Theſe to be born in freedom thoſe to die.
Think (if there be a thought can move you more,
A pledge more dear than thoſe I nam'd before)
Think you behold (were ſuch a poſture meet)
Ev'n me, your Pompey, proſtrate at your feet.
Myſelf, my wife, my ſons, a ſuppliant band,
From you our lives and liberties demand;
Or conquer you, or I, to exile borne,
My laſt diſhonourable years ſhall mourn,
Your long reproach, and my proud father's
ſcorn.
From bonds, from infamy, your general ſave,
Nor let his hoary head deſcend to earth a ſlave.
Thus while he ſpoke, the faithful legions round,
With indignation caught the mournful ſound;
Falſely, they think, his fears thoſe dangers view,
But vow to die, ere Cæſar proves them true.
What differing thoughts the various hoſts incite,
And urge their deadly ardour for the fight!
Thoſe bold ambition kindles into rage,
And theſe their fears for liberty engage.
How ſhall this day the peopled earth deface,
Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race!
Though all the years to come ſhould roll in peace,
And future ages bring their whole increaſe;
Though nature all her genial powers employ,
All ſhall not yield what theſe curſt hands deſtroy.
Soon ſhall the greatneſs of the Roman name,
To unbelieving ears, be told by fame;
Low ſhall the mighty Latian towers be laid,
And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head;
While yearly magiſtrates, in turns compell'd
To lodge by night upon th' uncover'd field,
Shall at old doting Numa' laws repine,
Who could to ſuch bleak wilds his Latine rites aſſign.
Ev'n now behold! where waſte Heſperia lies,
Where empty cities ſhock our mournful eyes;
Untouch'd by time, our infamy they ſtand,
The marks of civil diſcord's murderous hand.
How is the ſtock of human-kind brought low!
Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plow.
Our fathers fertile fields by ſlaves are till'd,
And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd:
Such were the heaps, the millions of the ſlain,
As't were the purpoſe of Emathia's plain,
That none for future miſchiefs ſhould remain.
Well may our annals leſs misfortunes yield,
Mark Allia's flood, and Cannæ's fatal field;
But let Pharſalia's day be ſtill forgot,
Be raz'd at once from every Roman thought.

'Twas there, that fortune, in her pride, diſplay'd,
The greatneſs her own mighty hands had made;
Forth in array the powers of Rome ſhe drew,
And ſet her ſubject nations all to view;
As if ſhe meant to ſhow the haughty queen,
Ev'n by her ruins, what her height had been.
Oh countleſs loſs! that well might have ſupply'd
The deſolation of all deaths beſide.
Though famine with blue peſtilence conſpire,
And dreadful earthquakes with deſtroying fire;
Pharſalia's blood the gaping wounds had join'd,
And built again the ruins of mankind.
Immortal gods! with what reſiſtleſs force,
Our growing empire ran its rapid courſe!
Still every year with new ſucceſs was crown'd,
And conquering chiefs enlarge the Latian bound;
Till Rome ſtood miſtreſs of the world confeſs'd,
From the gray orient to the ruddy weſt;
From pole to pole, her wide dominions run
Where'er the ſtars, or brighter Phœbus ſhone;
As heaven and earth were made for her alone.
But now, behold, how fortune tears away
The gift of ages in one fatal day!
One day ſhakes off the vanquiſh'd Indians chain,
And turns the wandering Dæ looſe again:
No longer ſhall the victor conſul now
Trace our Sarmatian cities with the plow:
Exulting Parthia ſhall her ſlaughters boaſt,
Nor feel the vengeance due to Craſſus ghoſt.
While liberty long wearied by our crimes,
Forſakes us for ſome better barbarous climes;
Beyond the Rhine and Tanais ſhe flies,
To ſnowy mountains and to frozen ſkies;
While Rome, who long purſu'd that chiefeſt good,
O'er fields of ſlaughter, and through ſeas of blood,
In ſlavery her abject ſtate ſhall mourn,
Nor dare to hope the goddeſs will return.
Why were we ever free? Oh why has heaven
A ſhort-liv'd tranſitory bleſſing given?
Of thee, firſt Brutus, juſtly we complain! [chain,
Why didſt thou break thy groaning country's
And end the proud laſcivious tyrant's reign?
Why did thy patriot hand on Rome beſtow
Laws, and her conſuls righteous rule to know?
In ſervitude more happy had we been,
Since Romulus firſt wall'd his refuge in,
Ev'n ſince the twice ſix vultures bade him build,
To this curſt period of Pharſalia's field.
Medes and Arabians of the flaviſh Eaſt
Beneath eternal bondage may be bleſt;
While, of a differing mold and nature, we,
From fire to ſon accuſtom'd to be free,
Feel indignation riſing in our blood,
And bluſh to wear the chains that make them
proud,
Can there be gods, who rule yon azure ſky?
Can they behold Emathia from on high,
And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly?
Is it the buſineſs of a thundering Jove,
To rive the rocks, and blaſt the guiltleſs grove
While Caſſius holds the balance in his ſtead,
And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.
The ſun ran back from Atreus' monſtrous feaſt,
And his fair beams in murky clouds ſuppreſs'd;
Why ſhines he now? why lends his golden light
To theſe worſe parricides, this more accurſed ſight
But chance guides all; the gods their taſk forego,
And providence no longer reigns below.

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Yet are they juſt, and ſome revenge afford
While their own heavens are humbled by the ſword,
And the proud victors, like themſelves, ador'd:
With rays adorn'd, with thunders arm'd they ſtand,
And incenſe, prayers, and ſacrifice demand;
While trembling, ſlaviſh, ſuperſtitious Rome,
Swears by a mortal wretch, that moulders in a tomb.

Now either hoſt the middle plain had paſs'd,
And front to front in threatning ranks were plac'd;
Then every well-known feature ſtood to view,
Brothers their brothers, ſons their fathers knew.
Then firſt they feel the curſe of civil hate,
Mark where there miſchiefs are aſſign'd by fate,
And ſee from whom themſelves deſtruction wait.
Stupid a while, and at a gaze, they ſtood,
While creeping horror froze the lazy blood:
Some ſmall remains of piety withſtand,
And ſtop the javelin in the lifted hand;
Remorſe for one ſhort moment ſtepp'd between,
And motionleſs as ſtatues all were ſeen.
And oh! what ſavage fury could engage,
While lingering Cæſar yet ſuſpends his rage?
For him, ye gods! for Craſtinus, whoſe ſpear
With impious eagerneſs began the war,
Some more than common puniſhment prepare;
Beyond the grave long laſting plagues ordain,
Surviving ſenſe, and never ceaſing pain.
Straight, at the fatal ſignal, all around
A thouſand fifes, a thouſand clarions, ſound;
Beyond where clouds, or glancing lightnings fly,
The piercing clangors ſtrike the vaulted ſky.
The joining battles ſhout, and the loud peal
Bounds from the hill, and thunders down the vale;
Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
And Oeta's rocks and groaning Pindus mourn;
From pole to pole the tumult ſpreads afar,
And the world trembles at the diſtant war.

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
And various vows from various maſters bear:
Some ſeek the nobleſt Roman heart to wound,
And ſome to err upon the guiltleſs ground;
While chance decrees the blood that ſhall be ſpilt,
And blindly ſcatters innocence and guilt.
But random ſhafts too ſcanty death afford,
A civil war is buſineſs for the ſword:
Where face to face the parricides may meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the crime complete.

Firm in the front, with joining bucklers clos'd,
Stood the Pompeian infantry diſpos'd;
So crowded was the ſpace, it ſcarce affords
The power to toſs their piles, or wield their ſwords.
Forward, thus thick embattled though they ſtand,
With headlong wrath ruſh furious Cæſar's band;
In vain the lifted ſhield their rage retards,
Or plaited mail devoted boſoms guards;
Through ſhields, through mail, the wounding weapons go,
And to the heart drive home each deadly blow;
Oh rage ill match'd! Oh much unequal war,
Which thoſe wage proudly, and theſe tamely bear!
Theſe, by cold, ſtupid piety diſarm'd; warm'd.
Thoſe by hot blood, and ſmoking ſlaughter
Nor in ſuſpenſe uncertain fortune hung,
But yields, o'ermaſter'd by a power too ſtrong,
And borne by fate's impetuous ſtream along.

From Pompey's ample wings, at length the horſe
Wide o'er the plain extending take their courſe;
Wheeling around the hoſtile line they wind,
While lightly arm'd the ſhot ſucceed behind.
In various ways the various bands engage,
And hurl upon the foe the miſſile rage:
There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly,
And heating bullets whiſtle through the ſky:
Of feather'd ſhafts, a cloud thick ſhading goes,
From Arab, Mede, and Ituræan bows:
But driven by random aim they ſeldom wound;
At firſt they hide the heaven, then ſtrew the ground;
While Roman hands unerring miſchief ſend,
And certain deaths on every pile attend.

But Cæſar, timely careful to ſupport
His wavering front againſt the firſt effort,
Had plac'd his bodies of reſerve behind,
And the ſtrong rear with choſen cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careleſs foe the fight purſue,
A ſudden band and ſtable forth he drew;
When ſoon, oh ſhame! the looſe barbarians yield,
Scattering their broken ſquadron's o'er the field,
And ſhow, too late, that ſlaves attempt in vain,
The ſacred cauſe of freedom to maintain.
The fiery ſteeds impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground;
Or on their friends with rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpleſs foot are borne.
Hence foul confuſion and diſmay ſucceed,
The victors murder, and the vanquiſh'd bleed:
Their weary hands the tir'd deſtroyers ply,
Scarce can theſe kill, ſo faſt as thoſe can die.
Oh, that Emathia's ruthleſs guilty plain
Had been contented with this only ſtain;
With theſe rude bones had ſtrewn her verdure o'er,
And dy'd her ſprings with none but Aſian gore!
But if ſo keen her thirſt for Roman blood,
Let none but Romans make the ſlaughter good;
Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
No bold Iberian, or rebellious Gaul:
Let theſe alone ſurvive for times to come,
And be the future citizens of Rome.
But fear on all alike her powers employ'd,
Did Cæſar's buſineſs, and like fate deſtroy'd.

Prevailing ſtill the victors held their courſe,
Till Pompey's main reſerve oppos'd their force;
There, in his ſtrength, the chief unſhaken ſtood,
Repell'd the foe, and made the combat good;
There in ſuſpenſe th' uncertain battle hung,
And Cæſar's favouring goddeſs doubted long;
There no proud monarchs led their vaſſals on,
Nor eaſtern bands in gorgeous purple ſhone;
There the laſt force of laws and freedom lay,
And Roman patriots ſtruggled for the day.
What parricides the guilty ſcene affords!
Sires, ſons, and brothers, ruſh on mutual ſwords!
There every ſacred bond of nature bleeds;
There met the war's worſt rage, and Cæſar's blackeſt deeds.

But, oh! my muſe, the mournful theme forbear,
And ſtay thy lamentable numbers here;
Let not my verſe to future times convey
What Rome committed on this dreadful day;
In ſhades and ſilence hide her crimes from fame,
And ſpare thy miſerable country's ſhame.

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But Cæsar's rage shall with oblivion strive,
And for eternal infamy survive.
From rank to rank, unweary'd, still he flies,
And with new fires their fainting wrath supplies.
His greedy eyes each sign of guilt explore,
And mark whose sword is deepest dy'd in gore,
Observe where pity and remorse prevail,
What arm strikes faintly, and what cheek turns pale.
Or while he rides the slaughter'd heaps around,
And views some foe expiring on the ground,
His cruel hands the gushing blood restrain,
And strive to keep the parting soul in pain.
As when Bellona drives the world to war,
Or Mars comes thundering in his Thracian car;
Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon shield,
And gloomy terror broods upon the field;
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful gods impart,
And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving heart;
The many shout, arms clash, the wounded cry,
And one promiscuous peal groans upwards to the sky.
Nor furious Cæsar, on Emathia's plains
Less terribly the mortal strife sustains:
Each hand unarm'd he fills with means of death,
And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath:
Now with his voice, his gesture now, he strives,
Now with his lance the lagging soldier drives:
The weak he strengthens, and confirms the strong,
And hurries war's impetuous stream along,
Strike home, he cries, and let your swords erase
Each well-known feature of the kindred face:
Nor waste your fury on the vulgar band;
See! where the hoary doting senate stand;
There laws and right at once you may confound,
And liberty shall bleed at every wound.
The curs'd destroyer spoke: and, at the word,
The purple nobles sunk beneath the sword:
The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
Illustrious names, for love of laws renown'd.
The great Metelli and Torquati bleed,
Chiefs worthy, if the state had so decreed,
And Pompey were not there, mankind to lead.
Say thou! thy sinking country's only prop,
Glory of Rome, and liberty's last hope;
What helm, oh Brutus! could, amidst the crowd,
Thy sacred undistinguish'd visage shroud?
Where fought thy arm that day! But ah! forbear!
Nor rush unwary on the pointed spear;
Seek not to hasten on untimely fate,
But patient for thy own Emathia wait:
Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on this bloody plain,
To-day thy steel pursues his life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
To make the measure of his crimes complete;
As yet he has not every law defy'd,
Nor reach'd the utmost heights of daring pride.
Ere long thou shalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
And ripen'd by ambition for thy sword; [mand,
Then, thy griev'd country vengeance shall de-
And ask the victim at thy righteous hand.
Among huge heaps of the patricians slain,
And Latian chiefs who strew'd that purple plain,
Recording story has distinguish'd well,
How brave, unfortunate Domitius fell.
In every loss of Pompey still he shar'd,
And dy'd in liberty, the best reward;
Though vanquish'd oft by Cæsar ne'er enslav'd,
Ev'n to the last, the tyrant's power he brav'd:
Mark'd o'er with many a glorious streaming wound,
In pleasure sunk the warrior to the ground;
No longer forc'd on vilest terms to live,
For chance to doom, and Cæsar to forgive.
Him, as he pass'd insulting o'er the field,
Roll'd in his blood, the victor proud beheld:
And can, he cry'd, the fierce Domitius fall,
Forsake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul?
Must the war lose that still successful sword,
And my neglected province want a lord?
He spoke; when, lifting slow his closing eyes,
Fearless the dying Roman thus replies:
Since wickedness stands unrewarded yet,
Nor Cæsar's arms their wish'd success have met;
Free and rejoicing to the shades I go,
And leave my chief still equal to his foe;
And if my hopes divine thy doom aright,
Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd head ere night.
Dire punishments the righteous gods decree,
For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me;
In hell's dark realms thy tortures I shall know,
And hear thy ghost lamenting loud below.
He said; and soon the leaden sleep prevail'd,
And everlasting night his eyelids seal'd.
But, oh! what grief the ruin can deplore;
What verse can run the various slaughter o'er!
For lesser woes our sorrows may we keep,
No tears suffice, a dying world to weep.
In differing groups ten thousand deaths arise,
And horrors manifold the soul surprise.
Here the whole man is open'd at a wound,
And gushing bowels pour upon the ground:
Another through the gaping jaws is gor'd,
And in his utmost throat receives the sword:
At once, a single blow a third extends;
The fourth a living trunk dismember'd stands.
Some in their breasts erect the javelin bear,
Some cling to earth with the transfixing spear.
Here, like a fountain, springs a purple flood,
Spouts on the foe, and stains his arms with blood.
There horrid brethren on their brethren prey;
One starts, and hurls a well-known head away.
While some detested son, with impious ire,
Lops by the shoulders close his hoary sire:
Ev'n his rude fellows damn the curs'd deed,
And bastard-born the murderer aread.
No private house its loss lamented then,
But count the slain by nations, not by men.
Here Grecian streams, and Asiatic run,
And Roman torrents drive the deluge on.
More than the world at once was given away,
And late posterity was lost that day:
A race of future slaves receiv'd their doom,
And children yet unborn were overcome.
How shall our miserable sons complain,
That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign?
Did our base hands, with justice shall they say,
The sacred cause of liberty betray?
Why have our fathers given us up a prey?
Their age, to ours, the curse of bondage leaves;
Themselves were cowards, and begot us slaves.
'Tis just; and fortune, that impos'd a lord,
One struggle for their freedom might afford;
Might leave their hands their proper cause to fight,
And let them keep, or lose themselves, their right.
But Pompey, now, the fate of Rome descry'd,
And saw the changing gods forsake her side.

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Hard to believe, though from a rising ground
He view'd the universal ruin round,
In crimson streams he saw destruction run,
And in the fall of thousands felt his own.
Nor wish'd he, like most wretches in despair,
The world one common misery might share:
But with a generous, great, exalted mind,
Besought the gods to pity poor mankind,
To let him die, and leave the rest behind:
This hope came smiling to his anxious breast,
For this his earnest vows were thus address'd:
Spare man, ye gods! oh, let the nations live!
Let me be wretched, but let Rome survive.
Or if this head suffices not alone,
My wife, my sons, your anger shall atone:
If blood the yet unsated war demand,
Behold my pledges left in fortune's hand!
Ye cruel powers, who urge me with your hate,
At length behold me crush'd beneath the weight:
Give then your long pursuing vengeance o'er,
And spare the world since I can lose no more.
So saying, the tumultuous field he cross'd,
And warn'd from battle his despairing host.
Gladly the pains of death he had explor'd,
And fall'n undaunted on his pointed sword:
Had he not fear'd th' example might succeed,
And faithful nations by his side would bleed.
Or did his swelling soul disdain to die,
While his insulting father stood so nigh?
Fly where he will, the gods shall still pursue,
Nor his pale head shall 'scape the victor's view.
Or else, perhaps, and fate the thought approv'd,
For her dear sake he fled, whom best he lov'd:
Malicious fortune to his wish agreed,
And gave him in Cornelia's sight to bleed.
Borne by his winged steed at length away,
He quits the purple plain and yields the day.
Fearless of danger, still secure and great,
His daring soul supports his lost estate;
Nor groans his breast, nor swell his eyes with tears,
But still the same majestic form he wears.
An awful grief sat decent in his face,
Such as became his sons, and Rome's disgrace:
His mind, unbroken, keeps her constant frame,
In greatness and misfortune still the same;
While fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging sees him leave Pharsalia's field.
Now, disentangled from unwieldy power,
O Pompey! run thy former honours o'er:
At leisure now review the glorious scene,
And call to mind how mighty thou hast been.
From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
And from thy thoughts exclude the murd'rous war:
Let the just gods bear witness on thy side,
Thy cause no more shall by the sword be try'd.
Whether sad Afric shall her loss bemoan,
Or Munda's plains beneath their burden groan,
The guilty bloodshed shall be all their own.
No more the much-lov'd Pompey's name shall charm
The peaceful world, with one consent, to arm;
Nor for thy sake, nor aw'd by thy command,
But for themselves, the fighting senate stand:
The war but one distinction shall afford,
And liberty, or Cæsar, be the word.

Nor, oh! do thou thy vanquish'd lot deplore,
But fly with pleasure from those seas of gore:
Look back upon the horror, guiltless thou,
And pity Cæsar, for whose sake they flow.
With what a heart, what triumph shall he come,
A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome?
Though misery thy banishment attends,
Though thou shalt die, by thy false Pharian friends;
Yet trust securely to the choice of heaven,
And know thy loss was for a blessing giv'n:
Though flight may seem the warrior's shame and curse;
To conquer, in a cause like this, is worse.
And, oh! let every mark of grief be spar'd.
May no tear fall, no groan, no sigh be heard;
Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore,
And reverence thy fall, ev'n as thy height of power,
Meanwhile survey th' attending world around.
Cities by thee possess'd, and monarchs crown'd:
On Afric, or on Asia, cast thy eye,
And mark the land where thou shalt choose to die.
Larissa first the constant chief beheld,
Still great, though flying from the fatal field:
With loud acclaim her crowds his coming greet,
And, sighing, pour their presents at his feet.
She crowns her altars, and proclaims a feast;
Would put on joy to cheer her noble guest;
But weeps, and begs to share his woes at least.
So was he lov'd ev'n in his lost estate,
Such faith, such friendship, on his ruins wait;
With ease Pharsalia's loss might be supply'd,
While eager nations hasten to his side;
As if misfortune meant to bless him more,
Than all his long prosperity before.
In vain, he cries, you bring the vanquish'd aid;
Henceforth to Cæsar be your homage paid,
Cæsar, who triumphs o'er yon heaps of dead.
With that, his courser urging on to flight,
He vanish'd from the mournful city's sight.
With cries, and loud laments, they fill the air,
And curse the cruel gods, in fierceness of despair,
Now in huge lakes Hesperian crimson stood,
And Cæsar's self grew satiated with blood.
The great patricians fall'n, his pity spar'd
The worthless, unresisting, vulgar herd.
Then, while his glowing fortune yet was warm,
And scattering terror spread the wild alarm,
Straight to the hostile camp his way he bent,
Careful to seize the hasty flier's tent,
The leisure of a night, and thinking to prevent.
Nor reck'd he much the weary soldiers toil
But led them prone and greedy to the spoil,
Behold, he cries, our victory complete,
The glorious recompence attends you yet:
Much have you done to-day, for Cæsar's sake;
'Tis mine to show the prey, 'tis yours to take.
'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquish'd foe has left;
'Tis what your valour gain'd, and not my gift.
Treasures immense, yon wealthy tents enfold,
The gems of Asia, and Hesperian gold;
For you the once-great Pompey's store attends,
With regal spoils of his barbarian friends:
Haste then, prevent the foe, and seize that good,
For which you paid so well with Roman blood.
He said; and with the rage of rapine stung,
The multitude tumultuous rush along,

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On ſwords and ſpears, on ſires and ſons they tread,
And all remorſeleſs ſpurn the gory dead.
What trench can intercept, what fort withſtand
The brutal ſoldier's rude rapacious hand;
When eager to his crime's reward he flies,
And, bath'd in blood, demands the horrid prize?
There wealth collected from the world around,
The deſtin'd recompence of war they found.
But, oh! not golden Arimaſpus' ſtore,
Nor all the Tagus or rich Iber pour,
Can fill the greedy victors griping hands:
Rome, and the capitol, their pride demands;
All other ſpoils they ſcorn, as worthleſs prey,
And count their wicked labours robb'd of pay.
Here, in patrician tents, plebeians reſt,
And regal couches are by ruffians preſs'd:
There impious parricides the bed invade,
And ſleep where late their ſlaughter'd ſires were laid.
Meanwhile the battle ſtands in dreams renew'd,
And Stygian horrors o'er their ſlumbers brood.
Aſtoniſhment and dread their ſouls infeſt,
And guilt ſits painful on each heaving breaſt.
Arms, blood, and death, work in the labouring brain,
They ſigh, they ſtart, they ſtrive, and fight it o'er again.
Aſcending fi ds infect the air around,
And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground:
Hence dire affright diſtracts the warriors ſouls,
Vengeance divine their daring hearts controuls,
Snakes hiſs, and livid flame tormenting rolls.
Each, as his hands in guilt have been imbrued,
By ſome pale ſpectre flies all night purſued.
In various forms the ghoſts unnumber'd groan,
The brother, friend, the father, and the ſon:
To every wretch his proper phantom ſell,
While Cæſar ſleeps the general care of hell.
Such were his pangs as mad Oreſtes felt,
Ere yet the Scythian altar purg'd his guilt.
Such horrors Pentheus, ſuch Agave knew;
He when his rage firſt came, and ſhe when her's withdrew.
Preſent and future ſwords his boſom bears,
And feels the blow that Brutus now deſers.
Vengeance, in all her pomp of pain, attends:
To wheels ſhe binds him, and with vultures rends,
With rack of conſcience, and with whips of fiends.
But ſoon the viſionary horrors paſs,
And his firſt rage with day reſumes its place:
Again his eyes rejoice to view the ſlain,
And run unweary'd o'er the dreadful plain.
He bids his train prepare his impious board,
And feaſts amidſt the heaps of death abhorr'd.
There each pale face at leiſure he may know,
And ſtill behold the purple current flow.
He views the woeful wide horizon round,
Then joys that earth is no where to be found,
And owns, thoſe gods he ſerves, his utmoſt wiſh have crown'd:
Still greedy to poſſeſs the curs'd delight,
To glut his ſoul, and gratify his ſight,
The laſt funereal honours he denies,
And poiſons with the ſtench Emathia's ſkies.

Not thus the ſworn inveterate foe of Rome,
Refus'd the vanquiſh'd conſul's bones a tomb:
His piety the country round beheld,
And bright with fires ſhone Cannæ's fatal field.
But Cæſar's rage from fiercer motives roſe;
Theſe were his countrymen, his worſt of foes.
But, oh! relent, forget thy hatred paſt,
And give the wandering ſhades to reſt at laſt.
Nor ſeek we ſingle honours for the dead,
At once let nations on the pile be laid:
To feed the flame, let heapy foreſts riſe,
Far be it ſeen to fret the ruddy ſkies,
And grieve deſpairing Pompey where he flies.
Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in-vain
Strews with unbury'd carcaſes the plain.
What is it to thy malice, if they burn,
Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn?
The forms of matter all diſſolving die,
And loſt in nature's blending boſom lie.
Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
Theſe and the world one common lot ſhall have;
One laſt appointed flame, by fate's decree,
Shall waſte yon azure heavens, this earth, and ſea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled maſs,
Where ſtars and they ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd paſs.
And though thou ſcorn their fellowſhip, yet know,
High as thy own can ſoar theſe ſouls ſhall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below.
Death is beyond thy goddeſs fortune's power,
And parent earth receives whate'er ſhe bore.
Nor will we mourn thoſe Romans fate, who li
Beneath the glorious covering of the ſky;
That ſtarry arch for ever round them turns,
A nobler ſhelter far than tombs or urns.
But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence?
Does ſlaughter ſtrike too ſtrongly on thy ſenſe?
Yet ſtay, yet breathe the thick infectious ſtream,
Yet quaff with joy the blood-polluted ſteam,
But ſee, they fly! the daring warriors yield!
And the dead heaps drive Cæſar from the field!
Now to the prey, gaunt wolves, a howling train,
Speed hungry from the far Biſtonian plain;
From Pholoe the tawny lion comes,
And growling bears forſake their darkſome homes:
With theſe, lean dogs in herds obſcene repair,
And every kind that ſnuffs the tainted air.
For food the cranes their wonted flight delay,
That erſt to warmer Nile had wing'd their way:
With them the feather'd race convene from far,
Who gather to the prey, and wait on war.
Ne'er were ſuch flocks of vultures ſeen to fly,
And hide with ſpreading plumes the crowded ſky:
Gorging on limbs in every tree they ſat,
And dropp'd raw morſels down, and gory fat:
Oft their tir'd talons, looſening as they fled,
Rain'd horrid offals on the victor's head.
But while the ſlain ſupply'd too full a feaſt,
The plenty bred ſatiety at laſt;
The ravenous feeders riot at their eaſe,
And ſingle out what dainties beſt may pleaſe.
Part borne away, the reſt neglected lie,
For noon-day ſuns, and parching winds, to dry;
Till length of time ſhall wear them quite away,
And mix them with Emathia's common clay.

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Oh fatal Theſſaly! Oh land abhorr'd!
How have thy fields the hate of heaven incurr'd;
That thus the gods to thee deſtruction doom,
And load thee with the curſe of falling Rome!
Still to new crimes, new horrors, doſt thou haſte,
When yet thy former miſchiefs ſcarce were paſt.
What rolling years, what ages, can repay
The multitudes thy wars have ſwept away!
Though tombs and urns their numerous ſtore ſhould ſpread,
And long antiquity yield all her dead;
Thy guilty plains more ſlaughter'd Romans hold,
Than all thoſe tombs, and all thoſe urns, infold.
Hence bloody ſpots ſhall ſtain thy graſſy green,
And crimſon drops on bladed corn be ſeen:
Each plowſhare ſome dead patriot ſhall moleſt,
Diſturb his bones, and rob his ghoſt of reſt.
Oh! had the guilt of war been all thy own,
Were civil rage confin'd to thee alone;
No mariner his labouring bark ſhould moor,
In hopes of ſafety, on thy dreadful ſhore;
No ſwain thy ſpectre-haunted plain ſhould know,
Nor turn'd thy blood-ſtain'd fallow with his plough:
No ſhepherd e'er ſhould drive his ſtock to feed,
Where Romans ſlain enrich the verdant mead:
All deſolate ſhould lie the land and waſte,
As in ſome ſcorch'd or frozen region plac'd.
But the great gods forbid our partial hate
On Theſſaly's diſtinguiſh'd land to wait;
New blood, and other ſlaughters, they decree,
And others ſhall be guilty too, like thee.
Munda and Mutina ſhall boaſt their ſlain,
Pachynus' waters ſhare the purple ſtain,
And Actium juſtify Pharſalia's plain.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

From Pharſalia, Pompey flies, firſt to Lariſſa, and after to the ſea-ſhore: where he embarks upon a ſmall veſſel for Leſbos. There, after a melancholy meeting with Cornelia, and his refuſal of the Mitylenians invitations, he embarks with his wife for the coaſt of Aſia. In the way thither he is joined by his ſon Sextus, and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, who had fled likewiſe from the late battle; and among the reſt by Deiotarus, king of Gallo-Græcia. To him he recommends the ſoliciting of ſupplies from the king of Parthia, and the reſt of his allies in Aſia. After coaſting Cilicia for ſome time, he comes at length to a little town called Syedra or Syedræ, where great part of the ſenate meet him. With theſe, he deliberates upon the preſent circumſtances of the commonwealth, and propoſes either Mauritania, Ægypt, or Parthia, as the proper places where he may hope to be received, and from whoſe kings he may expect aſſiſtance. In his own opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long oration, oppoſes very warmly; and, in conſideration of young Ptolemy's perſonal obligations to Pompey, prefers Ægypt. This advice is generally approved and followed, and Pompey ſets ſail accordingly for Ægypt. Upon his arrival upon that coaſt, the king calls a council, where, at the inſtigation of Pothinus, a villainous miniſter, it is reſolved to take his life; and the execution of this order is committed to the care of Achillas, formerly the king's governor, and then general of the army. He, with Septimius, a renegado Roman ſoldier, who had formerly ſerved under Pompey, upon ſeveral frivolous pretences, perſuades him to quit his ſhip, and come into their boat; where, as they make towards the ſhore, he treacherouſly murders him, in the ſight of his wife, his ſon, and the reſt of his fleet. His head is cut off, and his body thrown into the ſea. The head is fixed upon a ſpear, and carried to Ptolemy; who, after he had ſeen it, commands it to be embalmed. In the ſucceeding night, one Cordus, who had been a follower of Pompey, finds the trunk floating near the ſhore, brings it to land with ſome difficulty: and, with a few planks that remained from a ſhip-wrecked veſſel, burns it. The melancholy deſcription of this mean funeral, with the poet's invective againſt the gods, and fortune, for their unworthy treatment of ſo great a man, concludes this book.

Now through the vale, by great Alcides made,
And the ſweet maze of Tempe's pleaſing ſhade,
Cheerleſs, the flying chief renew'd his ſpeed,
And urg'd, with gory ſpurs, his fainting ſteed.
Fall'n from the former greatneſs of his mind,
He turns where doubtful paths obſcurely wind.
The fellows of his flight increaſe his dread,
While hard behind the trampling horſemen tread:
He ſtarts at every ruſtling of the trees,
And fears the whiſpers of each murmuring breeze.
He feels not yet, alas! his loſt eſtate;
And, though he flies, believes himſelf ſtill great:
Imagines millions for his life are bid,
And rates his own, as he would Cæſar's head.
Where'er his fear explores untrodden ways,
His well-known viſage ſtill his flight betrays.
Many he meets unknowing of his chance,
Whoſe gathering forces to his aid advance.
With gaze aſtoniſh'd, theſe their chief behold,
And ſcarce believe what by himſelf is told.
In vain, to covert, from the world he flies,
Fortune ſtill grieves him with purſuing eyes:
Still aggravates, ſtill urges his diſgrace,
And galls him with the thoughts of what he was.

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His youthful triumph ſadly now returns,
His Pontic and piratic wars he mourns,
While ſtung with ſecret ſhame and anxious care he burns.
Thus age to ſorrows oft the great betrays.
When loſs of empire comes with length of days.
Life and enjoyment ſtill one end ſhall have,
Leſt early miſery prevent the grave.
The good, that laſts not, was in vain beſtow'd,
And eaſe once paſt becomes the preſent load:
Then let the wiſe, in fortune's kindeſt hour,
Still keep one ſafe retreat within his power;
Let death be near, to guard him from ſurpriſe,
And free him, when the fickle goddeſs flies.
Now to thoſe ſhores the hapleſs Pompey came,
Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient ſtream:
Red with Emathian ſlaughter ran his flood,
And dy'd the ocean deep in Roman blood.
There a poor bark, whoſe keel perhaps might glide
Safe down ſome river's ſmooth deſcending tide,
Receiv'd the mighty maſter of the main,
Whoſe ſpreading navies hide the liquid plain.
In this he braves the winds and ſtormy ſea,
And to the Leſbian iſle directs his way.
There the kind partner of his every care,
His faithful, lov'd Cornelia, languiſh'd there:
At that ſad diſtance more unhappy far,
Than in the midſt of danger, death, and war.
There on her heart, ev'n all the live-long day,
Foreboding thought a weary burden lay:
Sad viſions haunt her ſlumbers with affright,
And Theſſaly returns with every night.
Soon as the ruddy morning paints the ſkies,
Swift to the ſhore the penſive mourner flies;
There, lonely ſitting on the cliff's bleak brow,
Her ſight ſhe fixes on the ſeas below;
Attentive marks the wide horizon's bound,
And kens each ſail that riſes in the round; [near,
Thick beats her heart, as every prow draws
And dreads the fortunes of her lord to hear.
At length, behold! the fatal bark is come!
See! the ſwoln canvas labouring with her doom.
Preventing fame, misfortune lends him wings,
And Pompey's ſelf his own ſad ſtory brings.
Now bid thy eyes, thou loſt Cornelia, flow,
And change thy fears to certain ſorrows, now.
Swift glides the woeful veſſel on to land;
Forth flies the headlong matron to the ſtrand.
There ſoon ſhe found what worſt the gods could do, [knew;
There ſoon her dear much-alter'd lord ſhe
Though fearful all and ghaſtly was his hue.
Rude, o'er his face, his hoary locks were grown,
And duſt was caſt upon his Roman gown.
She ſaw, and, fainting, ſunk in ſudden night;
Grief ſtopp'd her breath, and ſhut out loathſome light;
The looſening nerves no more their force exert,
And motion ceas'd within the freezing heart;
Death kindly ſeem'd her wiſhes to obey,
And, ſtretch'd upon the beach, a corſe ſhe lay.
But now the mariners the veſſel moor,
And Pompey, landing, views the lonely ſhore.
The faithful maids their loud lamentings ceas'd,
And reverendly their ruder grief ſuppreſs'd.
Straight, while with duteous care they kneel around,
And raiſe their wretched miſtreſs from the ground,
Her lord infolds her with a ſtrict embrace,
And joins his cheek cloſe to her lifeleſs face:
At the known touch, her failing ſenſe returns,
And vital warmth in kindling bluſhes burns.
At length, from virtue thus he ſeeks relief,
And kindly chides her violence of grief:
Canſt thou then ſink, thou daughter of the great,
Sprung from the nobleſt guardians of our ſtate;
Canſt thou thus yield to the firſt ſhock of fate?
Whatever deathleſs monuments of praiſe
Thy ſex can merit, 'tis in thee to raiſe.
On man alone life's ruder trials wait,
The fields of battle, and the cares of ſtate;
While the wife's virtue then is only try'd,
When faithleſs fortune quits her huſband's ſide.
Arm then thy ſoul, the glorious taſk to prove,
And learn, thy miſerable lord to love.
Behold me of my power and pomp bereft,
By all my kings, and by Rome's fathers left:
Oh make that loſs thy glory; and be thou
The only follower of Pompey now.
This grief becomes thee not, while I ſurvive;
War wounds not thee, ſince I am ſtill alive:
Theſe tears a dying huſband ſhould deplore,
And only fall when Pompey is no more.
'Tis true, my former greatneſs all is loſt;
Who weep for that, no love for me can boaſt,
But mourn the loſs of what they valued moſt.
Mov'd at her lord's reproof, the matron roſe;
Yet, ſtill complaining, thus avow'd her woes:
Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal bride, to Cæſar's hated bed?
To thee unlucky, and a curſe, I came,
Unbleſt by yellow Hymen's holy flame:
My bleeding Craſſus, and his fire, ſtood by,
And fell Erynnis ſhook her torch on high.
My fate on thee the Parthian vengeance draws,
And urges heaven to hate the juſter cauſe.
Ah, my once greateſt lord! ah, cruel hour!
Is thy victorious head in fortune's power?
Since miſeries my baneful love purſue,
Why did I wed thee, only to undo?
But ſee, to death my willing neck I bow;
Atone the angry gods by one kind blow.
Long ſince, for thee, my life I would have given;
Yet, let me, yet prevent the wrath of heaven.
Kill me, and ſcatter me upon the ſea,
So ſhall propitious tides thy fleets convey,
Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey.
And thou, where'er thy ſullen phantom flies,
Oh, Julia! let thy rival's blood ſuffice;
Let me the rage of jealous vengeance bear,
But him, thy lord, thy once-lov'd Pompey ſpare.
She ſaid, and ſunk within his arms again;
In ſtreams of ſorrow melt the mournful train:
Ev'n his, the warrior's eyes, were forc'd to yield,
That ſaw, without a tear, Pharſalia's field
Now to the ſtrand the Mitylenians preſs'd,
And humbly thus beſpoke their noble gueſt:
If, to ſucceeding times, our iſle ſhall boaſt
The pledge of Pompey left upon her coaſt,
Diſdain not, if thy preſence now we claim,
And fain would conſecrate our walls to fame.

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Make thou this place in future ſtory great,
Where pious Romans may direct their feet,
To view with adoration thy retreat.
This may we plead, in favour of the town;
That, while mankind the proſperous victor own,
Already, Cæſar's foes avow'd, are we,
Nor add new guilt, by duty paid to thee.
Some ſafety too our ambient ſeas ſecure:
Cæſar wants ſhips, and we defy his power.
Here may Rome's ſcatter'd fathers well unite,
And arm againſt a ſecond happier fight.
Our Leſbian youth with ready courage ſtands,
To man thy navies, or recruit thy bands.
For gold, whate'er to ſacred uſe is lent,
Take it, and the rapacious foe prevent.
This only mark of friendſhip we entreat,
Seek not to ſhun us in thy low eſtate;
But let our Leſbos, in thy ruin, prove,
As in thy greatneſs, worthy of thy love.
Much was the leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
Faith had not quite abandon'd human-kind.
To me (he cry'd) for ever were you dear;
Witneſs the pledge committed to your care:
Here in ſecurity I plac'd my home,
My houſehold gods, my heart, my wife, my Rome.
I know what ranſom might your pardon buy,
And yet I truſt you, yet to you I fly.
But, oh! too long my woes you ſingly bear;
I leave you, not for lands which I prefer,
But that the world the common load may ſhare.
Leſbos! for ever ſacred be thy name;
May late poſterity thy truth proclaim!
Whether thy fair example ſpread around,
Or whether, ſingly, faithful thou art found:
For 'tis reſolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my mind,
To try the doubtful world, and prove mankind.
Oh grant, good heaven! if there be one alone,
One gracious power ſo loſt a cauſe to own,
Grant, like the Leſbians, I my friends may find;
Such who, though Cæſar threaten, dare be kind:
Who, with the ſame juſt hoſpitable heart,
May leave me free to enter, or depart.
He ceas'd; and to the ſhip his partner bore,
While loud complainings fill the ſounding ſhore.
It ſeem'd as if the nation with her paſs'd,
And baniſhment had laid their iſland waſte.
Their ſecond ſorrows they to Pompey give,
For her, as for their citizen, they grieve.
Ev'n though glad victory had call'd her thence,
And her lord's bidding been the juſt pretence;
The Leſbian matrons had in tears been drown'd,
And brought her weeping to the watery bound.
So was ſhe lov'd, ſo winning was her grace,
Such lowly ſweetneſs dwelt upon her face;
In ſuch humility her life ſhe led,
Ev'n while her lord was Rome's commanding head,
As if his fortune were already fled.
Half hid in ſeas deſcending Phœbus lay,
And upwards half, half downwards ſhot the day;
When wakeful cares revolve in Pompey's ſoul,
And run the wide world o'er, from pole to pole.
Each realm, each city, in his mind are weigh'd,
Where he may fly, from whence depend on aid.
Weary'd at length beneath the load of woes,
And thoſe ſad ſcenes his future views diſcloſe,
In converſation for relief he ſought,
And exercis'd on various themes his thought.
Now ſits he by the careful pilot's ſide
And aſks what rules their watery journey guide;
What lights of heaven his arts attend to moſt,
Bound by the Libyan or the Syrian coaſt.
To him, intent upon the rolling ſkies,
The heaven-inſtructed ſhipman thus replies:
Of all yon multitude of golden ſtars,
Which the wide rounding ſphere inceſſant bears,
The cautious mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the conſtant pole alone.
When o'er the yard the leſſer Bear aſpires,
And from the topmaſt gleam its paly fires,
Then Boſphorus near-neighbouring we explore,
And hear loud billows beat the Scythian ſhore:
But when Caliſto's ſhining ſon deſcends,
And the low Cynoſure tow'rds ocean bends,
For Syria ſtraight we know the veſſel bears,
Where firſt Canopo's ſouthern ſign appears.
If ſtill upon the left thoſe ſtars thou keep,
And, paſſing Pharos, plow the foamy deep,
Then right a-head thy luckleſs bark ſhall reach
The Libyan ſhoals, and Syrts unfaithful beach.
But ſay, for lo! on thee attends my hand,
What courſe doſt thou aſſign? what ſeas, what land?
Speak, and the helm ſhall turn at thy command.
To him the chief, by doubts uncertain toſt;
Oh, fly the Latian and Theſſalian coaſt:
Thoſe only lands avoid. For all beſide
Yield to the driving winds, and rolling tide;
Let fortune, where ſhe pleaſe, a port provide.
Till Leſbos did my deareſt pledge reſtore,
That thought determin'd me to ſeek that ſhore:
All ports, all regions, but thoſe fatal two,
Are equal to unhappy Pompey now.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſtraight the maſter veer'd,
And right for Chios, and for Aſia ſteer'd.
The working waves the courſe inverted feel,
And daſh and foam beneath the winding keel.
With art like this, on rapid chariots borne,
Around the column ſkilful racers turn:
The nether wheels bear nicely on the goal,
The farther, wide in diſtant circles roll.
Now day's bright beams the various earth diſcloſe,
And o'er the fading ſtars the ſun aroſe;
When Pompey gathering to his ſide, beheld
The ſcatter'd relics of Pharſalia's field.
Firſt from the Leſbian iſle his ſon drew near,
And ſoon a troop of faithful chiefs appear.
Nor purple princes, yet, diſdain to wait
On vanquiſh'd Pompey's humbler low eſtate.
Proud monarchs, who in eaſtern kingdoms reign,
Mix in the great illuſtrious exile's train.
From theſe, apart, Deiotarus he draws,
The long-approv'd companion of his cauſe:
Thou beſt (he cries) of all my royal friends!
Since with our loſs Rome's power and empire ends;
What yet remains, but that we call from far
The eaſtern nations to ſupport the war?
Euphrates has not own'd proud Cæſar's ſide,
And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd tide.

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Let it not grieve thee, then, to ſeek for aid
From the wild Scythian, and remoteſt Mede.
To Parthia's monarch my diſtreſs declare,
And at his throne ſpeak this my humble prayer.
If faith in ancient leagues is to be found,
Leagues by our altars and your Magi bound,
Now ſtring the Getic and Armenian bow,
And in full quivers feather'd ſhafts beſtow.
If when o'er Caſpian hills my troops I led,
'Gainſt Allans, in eternal warfare bred,
I fought not once to make your Parthians yield,
But left them free to range the Perſian field.
Beyond th' Aſſyrian bounds my eagles flew,
And conquer'd realms, that Cyrus never knew;
Ev'n to the utmoſt eaſt I urg'd my way,
And ere the Perſian, ſaw the riſing day:
Yet while beneath my yoke the nations bend,
I fought the Parthian only as my friend.
Yet more; when Carræ bluſh'd with Craſſus' blood,
And Latium her ſevereſt vengeance vow'd;
When war with Parthia was the common cry,
Who ſtopp'd the fury of that rage, but I?
If this be true, through Zeugma take your way,
Nor let Euphrates' ſtream the march delay;
In gratitude to my aſſiſtance come;
Fight Pompey's cauſe, and conquer willing Rome.
He ſaid; the monarch cheerfully obey'd,
And ſtraight aſide his royal robes he laid;
Then bid his ſlaves their humbler veſtments bring:
And in that ſervile veil conceals the king.
Thus majeſty gives its proud trappings o'er,
And humbly ſeeks for ſafety from the poor:
The poor, who no diſguiſes need, nor wear;
Unbleſt with greatneſs, and unvex'd with fear.
His princely friend now ſafe convey'd to land,
The chief o'erpaſs'd the fam'd Epheſian ſtrand,
Icaria's rocks, with Colophon's ſmooth deep,
And foamy cliffs which rugged Samos keep.
From Coan ſhores ſoft breathes the weſtern wind,
And Rhodes and Gnidos ſoon are left behind.
Then croſſing o'er Telmeſſos' ample bay,
Right to Pamphilia's coaſt he cuts his way.
Suſpicious of the land, he keeps the main,
Till poor Phaſelis, firſt, receives his wandering train. [mand
There, free from fears, with eaſe he may com-
Her citizens, ſcarce equal to his band.
Nor lingering there, his ſwelling ſails are ſpread,
Till he diſcerns proud Taurus' riſing head:
A mighty maſs it ſtands, while down his ſide
Deſcending Dipſas rolls his headlong tide.
In a ſlight bark he runs ſecurely o'er
The pirates once-infeſted dreadful ſhore.
Ah! when he ſet the watery empire free,
And ſwept the fierce Cilician from the ſea,
Could the ſucceſsful warrior have forethought
'Twas for his future ſafety, then, he fought!
At length the gathering fathers of the ſtate,
In full aſſembly, on their leader wait:
Within Syedra's walls their ſenate meets,
Whom, ſighing, thus th' illuſtrious exile greets.
My friends! who with me fought, who with me fled,
And now are to me in my country's ſtead;
Though quite defenceleſs and unarm'd we ſtand,
On this Cilician, naked, foreign ſtrand;
Though every mark of fortune's wrath we bear,
And ſeem to ſeek for counſel in deſpair;
Preſerve your ſouls undaunted, free, and great,
And know I am not fall'n entirely, yet,
Spite of the ruins of Emathia's plain,
Yet can I rear my drooping head again.
From Afric's duſt abandon'd Marius roſe,
To ſeize the Faſces, and inſult his foes.
My loſs is lighter, leſs is my diſgrace;
Shall I deſpair to reach my former place?
Still on the Grecian ſeas my navies ride,
And many a valiant leader owns my ſide.
All that Pharſalia's luckleſs field could do,
Was to diſperſe my forces, not ſubdue.
Still ſafe beneath my former fame I ſtand,
Dear to the world, and lov'd in every land.
'Tis yours to counſel and determine, whom
We ſhall apply to, in the cauſe of Rome;
What faithful friend may beſt aſſiſtance bring;
The Libyan, Parthian, or Ægyptian king.
For me, what courſe my thoughts incline to take,
Here freely, and at large, I mean to ſpeak.
What moſt diſlike me in the Pharian prince,
Are his raw years, and yet unpractis'd ſenſe:
Virtue, in youth, no ſtable footing finds,
And conſtancy is built on manly minds.
Nor, with leſs danger, may our truſt explore
The faith uncertain of the crafty Moor!
From Carthaginian blood he draws his race,
Still mindful of the vanquiſh'd town's diſgrace;
From thence Numidian miſchiefs he derives;
And Hannibal in his falſe heart ſurvives:
With pride he ſaw ſubmiſſive Varus bow,
And joys to hear the Roman power lies low.
To warlike Parthia therefore let us turn,
Where ſtars unknown in diſtant azure burn;
Where Caſpian hills to part the world ariſe,
And night and day ſucceed in other ſkies;
Where rich Aſſyrian plains Euphrates laves,
And ſeas diſcolour'd roll their ruddy waves.
Ambition, there, delights in arms to reign,
There ruſhing ſquadrons thunder o'er the plain;
There young and old the bow promiſcuous bend,
And fatal ſhafts with aim unerring ſend.
They firſt the Macedonian phalanx broke,
And hand to hand repell'd the Grecian ſtroke;
They drove the Mede and Bactrian from the field,
And taught aſpiring Babylon to yield;
Fearleſs againſt the Roman pile they ſtood,
And triumph'd in our vanquiſh'd Craſſus' blood.
Nor truſt they to the points of piercing darts,
But furniſh death with new improving arts,
In mortal juices dipt their arrows fly,
And if they taſte the blood, the wounded die.
Too well their powers and favouring gods we know,
And wiſh our fate much rather would allow
Some other aid againſt the common foe.
With unauſpicious ſuccour ſhall they come,
Nurs'd in the hate and rivalſhip of Rome.
With theſe, the neighbouring nations round ſhall arm,
And the whole eaſt rouſe at the dire alarm.
Should the barbarian race their aid deny,
Yet would I chooſe in that ſtrange land to die:

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There let our shipwreck'd poor remains be thrown,
Our loss forgotten, and our names unknown:
Securely there ill-fortune would I brave,
Nor meanly sue to kings, whose crowns I gave:
From Cæsar free, enjoy my latest hour,
And scorn his anger's and his mercy's pow'r.
Still, when my thoughts my former days restore,
With joy, methinks, I run those regions o'er;
There, much the better parts of life, I prov'd,
Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd;
Wide o'er Mæotis spread my happy name,
And Tanaïs ran conscious of my fame;
My vanquish'd enemies my conquests mourn'd,
And cover'd still with laurels, I return'd.
Approve then, Rome, my present cares for thee;
Thine is the gain, whate'er th' event shall be.
What greater boon canst thou from heaven demand,
Than in thy cause to arm the Parthian's hand?
Barbarians thus shall wage thy civil war,
And those that hate thee in thy ruin share.
When Cæsar and Phraates battle join,
They must revenge, or Crassus' wrongs, or mine.
The leader ceas'd; and straight a murmuring sound
Ran through the disapproving fathers round.
With these, in high pre-eminence, there sate
Distinguish'd Lentulus, the consul late:
None with more generous indignation stung,
Or nobler grief, beheld his country's wrong.
Sudden he rose, rever'd, and thus began,
In words that well became the subject, and the man:
Can then Pharsalia's ruins thus controul
The former greatness of thy Roman soul?
Must the whole world, our laws and country, yield
To one unlucky day, one ill-fought field?
Hast thou no hopes of succour, no retreat,
But mean prostration at the Parthian's feet?
Art thou grown weary of our earth and sky,
That thus thou seek'st a fugitive to fly;
New stars to view, new regions to explore,
To learn new manners, and new gods adore?
Wilt thou before Chaldean altars bend,
Worship their fires, and on their kings depend?
Why didst thou draw the world to arms around?
Why cheat mankind with liberty's sweet sound?
Why on Emathia's plain fierce Cæsar brave,
When thou canst yield thyself a tyrant's slave?
Shall Parthia, who with terror shook from far,
To hear thee nam'd, to head the Roman war,
Who saw thee lead proud monarchs in thy chain,
From wild Hyrcania and the Indian main;
Shall she, that very Parthia, see thee now,
A poor, dejected, humble suppliant bow?
Then haughtily with Rome her greatness mate,
And scorn thy country, for thy groveling fate?
Thy tongue, in eastern languages untaught,
Shall want the words that should explain thy thought:
Tears, then, unmanly, must thy suit declare;
And suppliant hands, uplifted, speak thy prayer.
Shall Parthia (shall it to our shame be known)
Revenge Rome's wrongs, ere Rome revenge her own?
Our war no interfering kings demands,
Nor shall be trusted to barbarian hands:
Among ourselves our bonds we will deplore,
And Rome shall serve the rebel son she bore.
Why would'st thou bid our foes transgress their bound,
And teach their feet to tread Hesperian ground?
With ensigns, torn from Crassus, shall they come,
And, with his ravish'd honours, threaten Rome;
His fate those blood-stain'd eagles shall recall,
And hover dreadful o'er their native wall.
Canst thou believe the monarch, who withheld
His only forces from Emathia's field,
Will bring his succours to the waining state,
And bravely now defy the victor's hate?
No eastern courage forms a thought so great.
In cold laborious climes the wintery north
Brings her undaunted hardy warriors forth,
In body and in mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of soul, and steady in the field;
While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease.
Here silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams.
Where no rude hills Sarmatia's wilds restrain,
Or rushing Tigris cuts the level plain,
Swifter than winds along the champain borne,
At liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,
And, distant still, the vain pursuer scorn.
Nor with like ease they force their warlike way,
Where rough unequal grounds their speed delay.
Whene'er the thicker shades of night arise,
Unaim'd the shaft, and unavailing, flies.
Nor are they form'd with constancy to meet
Those toils, that make the panting soldier sweat:
To climb the heights, to stem the rapid flood,
To make the dusty noon-day battle good,
Horrid with wounds, and crusted o'er in blood.
Nor war's machines they know, nor have the skill
To shake the rampire, or the trench to fill:
Each fence that cast their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fort impregnable, secure.
Light are their skirmishes, their war is flight,
And still to wheel their wavering troops delight.
To taint their coward darts, is all their care,
And then to trust them to the flitting air.
Whene'er their bows have spent their feather'd store,
The mighty business of their war is o'er:
No manly strokes they try, nor hand to hand
With cleaving swords in sturdy combat stand.
With swords the vallant still their foes invade;
These call in drugs and poison to their aid.
Are these the powers to whom thou bidst us fly?
Is this the land in which thy bones would lie?
Shall these barbarian hands for thee provide
The grave, to thy unhappy friend deny'd?
But be it so! that death shall bring thee peace,
That here thy sorrows and thy toils shall cease.
Death is what man should wish. But, oh! what fate
Shall on thy wife, thy sad survivor, wait!
For her, where lust with lawless empire reigns,
Somewhat more terrible than death remains.
Have we not heard, with what abhorr'd desires
The Parthian Venus feeds her guilty fires?

How their wild monarch, like the beſtial race,
Spreads the pollution of his loud embrace?
Unaw'd by reverence of connubial rites,
In multitudes, luxurious, he delights:
When gorg'd with feaſting, and inflam'd with wine,
No joys can ſate him, and no laws confine;
Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain,
From ſiſters and from mothers to abſtain.
The Greek and Roman with a trembling ear,
Th' unwilling crime of Oedipus may hear;
While Parthian kings like deeds, with glory, own,
And boaſt inceſtuous titles to the throne.
If crimes like theſe they can ſecurely brave,
What laws, what power, ſhall thy Cornelia ſave?
Think, how the helpleſs matron may be led,
The thouſandth harlot, to the royal bed.
Though when the tyrant claſps his noble ſlave,
And hears to whom her plighted hand ſhe gave,
Her beauties oft in ſcorn he ſhall preſer,
And chooſe t' inſult the Roman name in her.
Theſe are the powers to whom thou would'ſt ſubmit,
And Rome's revenge and Craſſus' quite forget.
Thy cauſe, preferr'd to his, becomes thy ſhame,
And blots, in common, thine and Cæſar's name.
With how much greater glory might you join,
To drive the Daci, or to free the Rhine!
How well your conquering legions might you lead,
'Gainſt the fierce Bactrian and the haughty Mede!
Level proud Babylon's aſpiring domes,
And with their ſpoils enrich our ſlaughter'd leaders tombs?
No longer, Fortune! let our friendſhip laſt,
Our peace, ill-omen'd, with the barbarous Eaſt;
If civil ſtrife with Cæſar's conqueſt end,
To Aſia let his proſperous arms extend:
Eternal wars there let the victor wage,
And on proud Parthia pour the Roman rage.
There I, there all, his victories may bleſs,
And Rome herſelf make vows for his ſucceſs.
Whene'er thou paſs the cold Araxes o'er,
An aged ſhade ſhall greet thee on the ſhore,
Tranſfix'd with arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar.
And art thou (ſhall he cry, complaining) come
In peace and friendſhip, to theſe foes of Rome?
Thou! from whoſe hand we hop'd revenge in vain,
Poor naked ghoſts, a thin unbury'd train,
That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary plain?
On every ſide new objects ſhall diſcloſe
Some mournful monument of Roman woes;
On every wall freſh marks thou ſhalt deſcry,
Where pale Heſperian heads were fix'd on high:
Each river, as he rolls his purple tide,
Shall own his waves in Latian ſlaughter dy'd.
If ſights like theſe thou canſt with patience bear,
What are the horrors which thy ſoul would fear?
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf with joy may be beheld,
Enthron'd on ſlaughter in Emathia's field.
Say then, we grant, thy cautions were not vain,
Of Punic frauds and Juba's faithleſs reign;
Abounding Egypt ſhall receive thee yet,
And yield, unqueſtion'd, a ſecure retreat.
By nature ſtrengthen'd with a dangerous ſtrand,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatneſs of her plenteous ſoil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile.
Her monarch, bred beneath thy guardian cares,
His crown, the largeſs of thy bounty, wears.
Nor let unjuſt ſuſpicions brand his truth:
Candour and innocence ſtill dwell with youth.
Truſt not a power accuſtom'd to be great,
And vers'd in wicked policies of ſtate.
Old kings, long harden'd in the regal trade,
By intereſt and by craft alone are ſway'd,
And violate with eaſe the leagues they made:
While new ones ſtill make conſcience of the truſt,
True to their friends, and to their ſubjects juſt.
He ſpoke; the liſtening fathers all were mov'd,
And with concurring votes the thought approv'd.
So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd,
When Pompey's ſuffrage, and his counſel fail'd.
And now Cilicia's coaſt the fleet forſake,
And o'er the watery plain for Cyprus make.
Cyprus to love's ambroſial goddeſs dear,
For ever grateful ſmoke the altars there:
Indulgent ſtill ſhe hears the Paphian vows,
And loves the favourite ſeas from whence ſhe roſe.
So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,
When her fond tales the birth of gods proclaim,
Unborn, and from eternity the ſame.
The craggy cliffs of Cyprus quickly paſt,
The chief runs ſouthward o'er the ocean vaſt.
Nor views he, through the murky veil of night,
The Caſian mountains far diſtinguiſh'd height,
The high-hung lantern, or the beamy light.
Haply at length the labouring canvas bore
Full on the fartheſt bounds of Ægypt's ſhore,
Where near Peluſium parting Nile deſcends,
And in her utmoſt eaſtern channel ends.
'Twas now the time, when equal Jove on high
Had hung the golden balance of the ſky:
But, ah! not long ſuch juſt proportions laſt,
The righteous ſeaſon ſoon was chang'd and paſs'd;
And Spring's encroachment, on the ſhortening ſhade,
Was fully to the wintery nights repaid:
When to the chief from ſhore they made report,
That, near high Caſium, lay the Pharian court.
This known, he thither turns his ready ſail,
The light yet laſting with the favouring gale.
The fleet arriv'd, the news flies ſwiftly round,
And their new gueſts the troubled court confound.
The time was ſhort; howe'er the council met,
Vile miniſters, a monſtrous motley ſet.
Of theſe, the chief in honour, and the beſt,
Was old Achoreus the Memphian prieſt:
In Iſis and Oſiris he believ'd,
And reverend tales from ſire to ſon receiv'd;
Could mark the ſwell of Nile's increaſing tide,
And many an Apis in his time had dy'd;
Yet was his age with gentleſt manners fraught,
Humbly he ſpoke, and modeſtly he taught.
With good intent the pious ſeer aroſe,
And told how much their ſtate to Pompey owes;
What large amends their monarch ought to make,
Both for his own, and for his father's ſake.
But fate had plac'd a ſubtler ſpeaker there,
A tongue more fitted for a tyrant's ear,
Pothinus, deep in arts of miſchief read,
Who thus, with falſe perſuaſion, blindly led
The early king, to doom his guardian dead:

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'o ſtricteſt juſtice many ills belong,
ınd honeſty is often in the wrong:
hieſly when ſtubborn rules her zealots puſh,
'o favour thoſe whom fortune means to cruſh.
ut thou, oh royal Ptolemy, be wiſe;
hange with the gods, and fly whom fortune flies.
ſot earth, from yon high heavens which we ad-
mire,
ſot from the watery element the fire,
.re ſever'd by diſtinction half ſo wide,
.s intereſt and integrity divide.
he mighty power of kings no more prevails,
Vhen juſtice comes with her deciding ſcales,
reedom for all things, and a lawleſs ſword,
lone ſupport an arbitrary lord.
e that is cruel muſt be bold in ills,
nd find his ſafety from the blood he ſpills.
or piety, and virtue's ſtarving rules,
o mean retirements let them lead their fools:
here, may they ſtill inglorioufly be good;
one can be ſafe in courts, who bluſh at blood.
'or let this fugitive deſpiſe thy years,
r think a name, like his, can cauſe thy fears:
xert thyſelf, and let him feel thy power,
nd know, that we dare drive him from our
ſhore.
ut if thou wiſh to lay thy greatneſs down,
o ſome more juſt ſucceſſion yield thy crown;
hy rival fifter willingly ſhall reign,
nd ſave our Ægypt from a foreign chain.
s now, at firſt, in neutral peace we lay,
or would be Pompey's friends, nor Cæſar's prey.
anquiſh'd, where'er his fortune has been try'd,
nd driv'n, with ſcorn, from all the world beſide,
y Cæſar chac'd, and left by his allies,
o us a baffled vagabond he flies.
he poor remaining ſenate loath his ſight,
nd ruin'd monarchs curſe his fatal flight;
'hile thouſand phantoms from th' unbury'd
ſlain,
'ho feed the vultures of Emathia's plain,
ifaſtrous ſtill purſue him in the rear,
nd urge his ſoul with horror and deſpair.
o us for refuge now he ſeeks to run,
nd would once more with Egypt be undone.
ouſe then, oh Ptolemy! repreſs the wrong;
e thinks we have enjoy'd our peace too long:
nd therefore kindly comes, that we may ſhare
he crimes of ſlaughter, and the woes of war.
is friendſhip ſhown to thee ſuſpicions draws,
nd makes us ſeem too guilty of his cauſe:
hy crown beſtow'd, the victor may impute;
he ſenate gave it, but at Pompey's ſuit.
or, Pompey! thou thyſelf ſhall think it hard,
from thy aid, by fate, we are debarr'd.
'e follow where the gods conſtraining, lead;
'e ſtrike at thine, but wiſh 'twere Cæſar's head.
ur weakneſs this, this fate's compulſion call;
'e only yield to him who conquers all.
hen doubt not if thy blood we mean to ſpill;
ower awes us; if we can, we muſt, and will.
'hat hopes thy fond mittaken ſoul betray'd,
o put thy truſt in Ægypt's feeble aid?
ur ſlothful nation, long diſus'd to toil,
'ith pain ſuffice to till their ſlimy ſoil;
ur idle force due modeſty ſhould teach,
or dare to aim beyond its humble reach.
Shall we reſiſt where Rome was forc'd to yield,
And make us parties to Pharſalia's field?
We mix'd not in the fatal ſtrife before:
And ſhall we, when the world has given it o'er?
Now! when we know th' avenging victor's
power?
Nor do we turn, unpitying, from diſtreſs;
We fly not Pompey's woes, but ſeek ſucceſs.
The prudent on the proſperous ſtill attends,
And none but fools chooſe wretches for their
friends.
He ſaid; the vile aſſembly all aſſent,
And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent,
Fond of the royalty his ſlaves beſtow'd,
And by new power of wickedneſs made proud.
Where Caſium high o'erlooks the ſhoaly
ſtrand,
A bark with armed ruffians ſtraight is mann'd,
And the taſk truſted to Achillas' hand.
Can then Ægyptian ſouls thus proudly dare!
Is Rome, yé gods! thus fall'n by civil war!
Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
And let ſuch blood by cowards hands be ſpilt?
Some kindred murderer at leaſt afford,
And let him fall by Cæſar's worthy ſword.
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardleſs boy!
Dar'ſt thou thy hand in ſuch a deed employ?
Does not thy trembling heart, with horror, dread
Jove's thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty head?
Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crown'd;
And ev'n the vanquiſh'd world his conqueſt
own'd;
Had not the reverend ſenate call'd him head,
And Cæſar given fair Julia to his bed,
He was a Roman ſtill: a name ſhould be
For ever ſacred to a king, like thee.
Ah, fool! thus blindly by thyſelf undone,
Thou ſeek'ſt his ruin, who upheld thy throne:
He only could thy feeble power maintain,
Who gave thee firſt o'er Ægypt's realm to reign.
The ſeamen now advancing near to ſhore,
Strike the wide ſail, and ply the plunging oar;
When the falſe miſcreants the navy meet,
And with diſſembled cheer the Roman greet.
They feign their hoſpitable land addreſs'd,
With ready friendſhip, to receive her gueſt;
Excuſing much an inconvenient ſhore,
Where ſhoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar:
From his tall ſhip, unequal to the place,
They beg him to their lighter bark to paſs.
Had not the gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed,
A thouſand ſigns the danger near foretel,
Seen by his ſad preſaging friends too well.
Had their low fawning juſtly been deſign'd,
If truth could lodge in an Ægyptian mind,
Their king himſelf with all his fleet had come,
To lead, in pomp, his benefactor home.
But thus fate will'd; and Pompey choſe to bear
A certain death before uncertain fear.
While now aboard the hoſtile boat he goes,
To follow him the frantic matron vows,
And claims her partnerſhip in all his woes.
But, oh! forbear (he cries) my love, forbear;
Thou and my ſon remain in ſafety here.
Let this old head the danger firſt explore,
And prove the faith of yon ſuſpected ſhore.

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He ſpoke; but ſhe, unmov'd at his commands,
Thus loud exclaiming, ſtretch'd her eager hands:
Whither, inhuman! whither art thou gone?
Still muſt I weep our common griefs alone?
Joy ſtill, with thee, forſakes my boding heart;
And fatal is the hour where'er we part.
Why did thy veſſel to my Leſbos turn?
Why was I from the faithful iſland borne?
Muſt I all lands, all ſhores, alike forbear,
And only on the ſeas thy ſorrows ſhare?
Thus, to the winds, loud plain'd her fruitleſs tongue,
While eager from the deck on high ſhe hung;
Trembling with wild aſtoniſhment and fear,
She dares not while her parting lord they bear,
Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there.
On him his anxious navy all are bent,
And wait, ſolicitous, the dire event.
No danger aim'd againſt his life they doubt;
Care for his glory only fills their thought:
They wiſh he may not ſtain his name renown'd,
By mean ſubmiſſion to the boy he crown'd.
Juſt as he enter'd o'er the veſſel's ſide,
Hail, general! the curs'd Septimius cry'd,
A Roman once in generous warfare bred,
And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led;
But now (what vile diſhonour muſt it bring)
The ruſſian ſlave of an Egyptian king.
Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to blood,
And ruthleſs as the ſavage of the wood.
Oh, fortune! who but would have call'd thee kind,
And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
When thy o'er-ruling providence withheld
This hand of miſchief from Pharſalia's field?
But, thus, thou ſcatter'ſt thy deſtroying ſwords,
And every land thy victims thus affords.
Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed!
Can Roman hands be to the taſk decreed!
Ey'n Cæſar, and his gods, abhor the deed.
Say you! who with the ſtain of murder brand
Immortal Brutus's avenging hand,
What monſtrous title, yet to ſpeech unknown,
To lateſt times ſhall mark Septimius down!
Now in the boat defenceleſs Pompey ſate,
Surrounded and abandoned to his fate.
Nor long they hold him in their power, aboard,
Ere every villain drew his ruthleſs ſword:
The chief perceiv'd their purpoſe ſoon, and ſpread
His Roman gown, with patience, o'er his head:
And when the curs'd Achillas pierc'd his breaſt,
His riſing indignation cloſe repreſs'd.
No ſighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
No tears his ſtill unfully'd glory ſtain'd:
Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his ſeat,
And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
Meanwhile, within his equal parting ſoul,
Theſe lateſt pleaſing thoughts revolving roll.
In this my ſtrongeſt trial, and my laſt,
As in ſome theatre I here am plac'd:
The faith of Ægypt, and my fate, ſhall be
A theme for preſent times, and late poſterity.
Much of my former life was crown'd with praiſe,
And honours waited on my early days:
Then, fearleſs, let me this dread period meet,
And force the world to own the ſcene complete
Nor grieve, my heart! by ſuch baſe hands to bleed;
Whoever ſtrikes the blow, 'tis Cæſar's deed.
What, though this mangled carcaſe ſhall be torn,
Theſe limbs be toſs'd about for public ſcorn;
My long proſperity has found its end,
And death comes opportunely like a friend:
It comes, to ſet me free from fortune's power,
And gives, what ſhe can rob me of no more.
My wife and ſon behold me now, 'tis true;
Oh! may no tears, no groans, my fate purſue!
My virtue rather let their praiſe approve,
Let them admire my death, and my remembrance love.
Such conſtancy in that dread hour remain'd,
And to the laſt, the ſtruggling ſoul ſuſtain'd.
Not ſo the matron's feebler powers repreſs'd
The wild impatience of her frantic breaſt:
With every ſtab her bleeding heart was torn,
With wounds much harder to be ſeen than borne.
'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (ſhe cries)
My love the ſword and ruthleſs hand ſupplies.
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal iſle,
That cruel Cæſar firſt might reach the Nile;
For Cæſar ſure is there; no hand but his
Has right to ſuch a parricide as this.
But whether Cæſar, or whoe'er thou art,
Thou haſt miſtook the way to Pompey's heart:
That ſacred pledge in my fad boſom lies,
There plunge thy dagger, and he more than dies.
Me too, moſt worthy of thy fury know,
The partner of his arms, and ſworn your foe.
Of all our Roman wives, I ſingly bore
The camp's fatigue, the ſea's tempeſtuous roar:
No dangers, not the victor's wrath, I fear'd;
What mighty monarchs durſt not do, I dar'd.
Theſe guilty arms did their glad refuge yield,
And claſp'd him, flying from Pharſalia's field.
Ah, Pompey! doſt thou thus my faith reward?
Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be ſpar'd?
But fate ſhall many means of death afford,
Nor want th' aſſiſtance of a tyrant's ſword.
And you, my friends, in pity, let me leap
Hence headlong, down amidſt the tumbling deep:
Or to my neck the ſtrangling cordage tie;
If there be any friend of Pompey nigh.
Transfix me, ſtab me, do but let me die.
My lord! my huſband!—Yet thou art not dead;
And ſee! Cornelia is a captive led:
From thee their cruel hands thy wife detain,
Reſerv'd to wear th' inſulting victor's chain.
She ſpoke; and ſtiffening ſunk in cold deſpair;
Her weeping maids the lifeleſs burden bear;
While the pale mariners the bark unmoor,
Spread every ſail, and fly the faithleſs ſhore.
Nor agonies, nor livid death, diſgrace
The ſacred features of the hero's face;
In the cold viſage, mournfully ſerene,
The ſame indignant majeſty was ſeen;
There virtue ſtill unchangeable abode,
And ſcorn'd the ſpite of every partial god.
The bloody buſineſs now complete and done,
New furies urge the fierce Septimius on.
He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
And to full view expos'd the recent dead;
Hard in his horrid gripe the face he preſs'd,
While yet the quivering muſcles life confeſs'd:

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He drew the dragging body down with haſte,
Then croſs a rower's ſeat the neck he plac'd;
There, awkward, haggling, he divides the bone
(The headſman's art but then was rudely known).
Straight on the ſpoil his Pharian partner flies,
And robes the heartleſs villain of his prize.
The head, his trophy, proud Achillas bears;
Septimius an inferior drudge appears,
And in the meaner miſchief poorly ſhares.
Caught by the venerable locks, which grow
In hoary ringlets, on his generous brow,
To Ægypt's impious king that head they bear,
That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear.
Thoſe ſacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
On which the liſtening forum oft has hung;
That tongue which could the world with eaſe reſtrain,
And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain;
That face, in which ſucceſs came ſmiling home,
And doubled every joy it brought to Rome:
Now pale, and wan, is fix'd upon a ſpear,
And borne, for public view, aloft in air.
The tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed
To keep this pledge of his deteſted deed.
His ſlaves ſtraight drain the ſerous parts away,
And arm the waſting fleſh againſt decay;
Then drugs and gums through the void veſſels paſs,
And for duration fix the ſtiffening maſs.
Inglorious boy! degenerate and baſe!
Thou laſt and worſt of the Lagæan race!
Whoſe feeble throne, ere long, ſhall be compell'd
To thy laſcivious ſiſter's reign to yield;
Canſt thou, with altars, and with rites divine,
The raſh vain youth of Macedon inſhrine:
Can Ægypt ſuch ſtupendous fabrics build;
Can her wide plains with pyramids be fill'd;
Canſt thou, beneath ſuch monumental pride,
The worthleſs Ptolemæan fathers hide;
While the great Pompey's headleſs trunk is toſs'd
In ſcorn, unbury'd, on thy barbarous coaſt?
Was it ſo much? Could not thy care ſuffice,
To keep him whole, and glut his father's eyes?
In this, his fortune ever held the ſame,
Still wholly kind, or wholly croſs, ſhe came.
Patient, his long proſperity ſhe bore,
But kept his death, and this ſad day, in ſtore.
No meddling god did e'er his power employ,
To eaſe his ſorrows, or to damp his joy;
Unmingled came the bitter and the ſweet,
And all his good and evil was complete.
No ſooner was he ſtruck by fortune's hand,
But, ſee! he lies unbury'd on the ſand;
Rocks tear him, billows toſs him up and down.
And Pompey by a headleſs trunk is known.
Yet ere proud Cæſar touch'd the Pharian Nile,
Chance found his mangled foe a funeral pile;
In pity half, and half in ſcorn, ſhe gave
A wretched, to prevent a nobler grave.
Cordus, a follower long of Pompey's fate,
(His quæſtor in Idalian Cyprus late)
From a cloſe cave, in covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighbouring ſhore betook his way:
Safe in the ſhelter of the gloomy ſhade,
And by ſtrong ties of pious duty ſway'd,
The fearleſs youth the watery ſtrand ſurvey'd.
'Twas now the thickeſt darkneſs of the night,
And waining Phœbe lent a feeble light;
Yet ſoon the glimmering goddeſs plainly ſhow'd
The paler corſe, amidſt the duſky flood.
The plunging Roman flies to its relief,
And with ſtrong arms infolds the floating chief.
Long ſtrove his labour with the tumbling main,
And dragg'd the ſacred burden on with pain.
Nigh weary now, the waves inſtruct him well,
To ſeize th' advantage of th' alternate ſwell:
Borne on the mounting ſurge, to ſhore he flies,
And on the beach in ſafety lands his prize.
There o'er the dead he hangs with tender care,
And drops in every gaping wound a tear:
Then, lifting to the gloomy ſkies his head,
Thus to the ſtars, and cruel gods, he pray'd:
See, fortune! where thy Pompey lies! and oh!
In pity, one, laſt little boon beſtow.
He aſks no heaps of frankincenſe to riſe,
No eaſtern odours to perfume the ſkies;
No Roman necks his patriot corſe to bear,
No reverend train of ſtatues to appear;
No pageant ſhows his glories to record,
And tell the triumphs of his conquering ſword;
No inſtruments in plaintive notes to ſound,
No legions ſad to march in ſolemn round;
A bier, no better than the vulgar need,
A little wood the kindling flame to feed,
With ſome poor hand to tend the homely fire,
Is all, theſe wretched relics now require.
Your wrath, ye powers! Cornelia's hand denies;
Let that, for every other loſs, ſuffice;
She takes not her laſt leave, ſhe weeps not here,
And yet ſhe is, ye gods! ſhe is too near.
Thus while he ſpoke he ſaw where through the ſhade
A ſlender flame its gleaming light diſplay'd;
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected body lonely burn'd.
He ſeiz'd the kindled brands; and oh! (he ſaid)
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendleſs ſhade;
And though unpity'd and forlorn thou lie,
Thyſelf a better office ſhalt ſupply.
If there be ſenſe in ſouls departed, thine
To my great leader ſhall her rites reſign:
With humble joy ſhall quit her meaner claim,
And bluſh to burn, when Pompey wants the flame
He ſaid; and, gathering in his garment, bore
The glowing fragments to the neighbouring ſhore.
There ſoon arriv'd, the noble trunk he found,
Half waſh'd into the flood, half reſting on the ground.
With diligence his hands a trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the body there.
No cloven oaks in lofty order lie,
To lift the great patrician to the ſky:
By chance a few poor planks were hard at hand,
By ſome late ſhipwreck caſt upon the ſtrand;
Theſe pious Cordus gathers where they lay,
And plants about the chief, as beſt he may.
Now while the blaze began to riſe around,
The youth ſat mournful by upon the ground:
And ah! (he cry'd) if this unworthy flame
Diſgrace thy great, majeſtic, Roman name;
If the rude outrage of the ſtormy ſeas
Seem better to thy ghoſt, than rites like theſe;
Yet let thy injur'd ſhade the wrong forget,
Which duty and officious zeal commit,

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Fate ſeems itſelf, in my excuſe to plead,
And thy hard fortune juſtifies my deed.
I only wiſh'd, nor is that wiſh in vain,
To ſave thee from the monſters of the main;
From vultures claws, from lions that devour,
From mortal malice, and from Cæſar's power.
No longer, then, this humbler flame withſtand;
'Tis lighted to thee by a Roman hand.
If e'er the gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd Heſperian land to ſee,
With me thy exil'd aſhes ſhall return,
And chaſte Cornelia give thee to thy urn.
Meanwhile, a ſignal ſhall thy care provide,
Some future Roman votary to guide;
When with due rites thy fate he would deplore,
And thy pale head to theſe thy limbs reſtore:
Then ſhall he mark the witneſs of my ſtone,
And taught by me, thy ſacred ghoſt atone.

He ſpoke; and ſtraight, with buſy pious hands,
Heap'd on the ſmoking corſe the ſcatter'd brands:
Slow ſunk amidſt the fire the waſting dead,
And the faint flame with dropping marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering ſtars to fade away,
Before the roſy promiſe of the day,
When the pale youth th' unfiniſh'd rites forſook,
And to the covert of his cave betook.

Ah! why thus raſhly would thy fears diſclaim
That only deed, which muſt record thy name?
Ev'n Cæſar's ſelf ſhall juſt applauſe beſtow,
And praiſe the Roman that interr'd his foe.
Securely tell him where his ſon is laid,
And he ſhall give thee back his mangled head.

But ſoon behold! the bolder youth returns,
While, half conſum'd, the ſmouldering carcaſe burns;
Ere yet the cleanſing fire had melted down
The fleſhy muſcles, from the firmer bone.
He quench'd the relics in the briny wave,
And hid them, haſty, in a narrow grave:
Then with a ſtone the ſacred duſt he binds,
To guard it from the breath of ſcattering winds:
And leſt ſome heedleſs mariner ſhould come,
And violate the warrior's humble tomb;
Thus with a line the monument he keeps,
"Beneath this ſtone the once great Pompey ſleeps."
Oh fortune! can thy malice ſwell ſo high?
Canſt thou with Cæſar's every wiſh comply?
Muſt he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie?
But oh! forbear, miſtaken man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there:
Where there are ſeas, or air, or earth, or ſkies,
Where'er Rome's empire ſtretches, Pompey lies:
Far be the vile memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this ſtone the partial gods upbraid.
Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
And Nyſa's hill, for Bacchus only, ſtand;
While one poor peeble is the warrior's doom,
That fought the cauſe of liberty and Rome!
If fate decrees he muſt in Ægypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave ſupply:
Yield the wide country to his awful ſhade,
Nor let us bear on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead.
But if one ſtone muſt bear the ſacred name,
Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.
There let the paſſenger, with wonder, read,
The pirates vanquiſh'd, and the ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war:
And the young Roman knight's triumphal car.
With theſe, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
And every nation of the vanquiſh'd eaſt:
Tell with what loud applauſe of Rome, he drove
Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove:
Tell too, the patriot's greateſt, beſt renown,
Tell, how the victor laid his empire down,
And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown.
But ah! what marbles to the taſk ſuffice.
Inſtead of theſe, turn, Roman, turn thy eyes;
Seek the known name our Faſti us'd to wear,
The noble mark of many a glorious year;
The name that wont the trophy'd arch to grace,
And ev'n the temples of the gods found place:
Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
And there that name, that Pompey may be found.

Oh fatal land! what curſe can I beſtow,
Equal to thoſe, we to thy miſchiefs owe?
Well did the wife Cumæan maid of yore
Warn our Heſperian chiefs to ſhun thy ſhore.
Forbid, juſt heavens! your dews to bleſs the ſoil,
And thou, withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile!
Like Ægypt, like the land of Æthiops, burn,
And her fat earth to ſandy deſerts turn.
Have we, with honours, dead Oſiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's ſound;
Receiv'd her Iſis to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd with Roman gods;
While, in deſpite of Pompey's injur'd ſhade,
Low in her duſt his ſacred bones are laid!
And thou, oh Rome! by whoſe forgetful hand
Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, ſtand,
Canſt thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghoſt in baniſhment to roam?
What though the victor's frown, and thy baſe fear,
Bad thee, at firſt, the pious taſk forbear;
Yet now, at leaſt, oh let him now return,
And reſt with honour in a Roman urn.
Nor let miſtaken ſuperſtition dread,
On ſuch occaſions, to diſturb the dead;
Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
The impious taſk ſhould be perform'd with joy:
How would I fly to tear him from the tomb,
And bear his aſhes in my boſom home!
Perhaps, when flames their dreadful ravage make,
Or groaning earth ſhall from the centre ſhake;
When blaſting dews the riſing harveſt ſeize,
Or nations ſicken with ſome dire diſeaſe:
The gods, in mercy to us, ſhall command
To fetch our Pompey from th' accurſed land.
Then, when his venerable bones draw near,
In long proceſſions ſhall the prieſts appear,
And their great chief the ſacred relics bear.
Or if thou ſtill poſſeſs the Pharian ſhore,
What traveller but ſhall thy grave explore;
Whether he tread Syene's burning ſoil,
Or viſit ſultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile:
Or if the merchants, drawn by hopes of gain,
Seek rich Arabia, and the ruddy main;
With holy rites thy ſhade ſhall he atone,
And bow before thy venerable ſtone.
For who but ſhall prefer thy tomb above
The meaner fane of an Ægyptian Jove?
Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raiſe
Statues and temples, to their tyrant's praiſe;

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Though his proud name on altars may preſide,
And thine be waſh'd by every rolling tide;
Thy grave ſhall the vain pageantry deſpiſe,
Thy grave, where that great god, thy fortune, lies.
Ev'n thoſe who kneel not to the gods above,
Nor offer ſacrifice or prayer to Jove,
To the Bidental bend their humble eyes,
And worſhip where the bury'd thunder lies.

Perhaps fate wills, in honour to thy fame,
No marble ſhall record thy mighty name.
So may thy duſt, ere long, be worn away,
And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay:
Perhaps a better age ſhall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this ſtone;
When Ægypt's boaſt of Pompey's tomb ſhall prove
As unbeliev'd a tale, as Crete relates of Jove.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet having ended the foregoing book with the death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheoſis; from thence, after a ſhort account of Cato's gathering up the relics of the battle of Pharſalia, and tranſporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to deſcribe Cornelia's paſſion upon the death of her huſband. Amongſt other things, ſhe informs his ſon Sextus of his father's laſt commands, to continue the war in defence of the commonwealth. Sextus ſets ſail for Cato's camp, where he meets his elder brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the fate of their father. Upon this occaſion the poet deſcribes the rage of the elder Pompey, and the diſorders that happened in the camp, both which Cato appeaſes. To prevent any future inconvenience of this kind, he reſolves to put them upon action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a deſcription of the Syrts, and their dangerous paſſage by them, follows Cato's ſpeech to encourage the ſoldiers to march through the deſerts of Libya; then an account of Libya, the deſerts, and their march. In the middle of which is a beautiful digreſſion concerning the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's perſuaſion to Cato to inquire of the oracle concerning the event of the war, and Cato's famous anſwer. From thence, after a warm eulogy upon Cato, the author goes on to the account of the original of ſerpents in Afric; and this, with the deſcription of the various kinds, and the ſeveral deaths of the ſoldiers by them, is perhaps the moſt poetical part of this whole work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Cæſar, whom he brings into Egypt, after having ſhown him the ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an occaſion to ſpeak well of poetry in general, and himſelf in particular. Cæſar, upon his arrival on the coaſt of Egypt, is met by an ambaſſador from Ptolemy with Pompey's head. He receives the preſent (according to Lucan) with a feigned abhorrence, and concludes the book with tears, and a ſeeming grief for the misfortune of ſo great a man.

Nor in the dying embers of its pile
Slept the great ſoul upon the banks of Nile.
Nor longer, by the earthy parts reſtrain'd,
Amidſt its wretched relics was detain'd;
But, active and impatient of delay,
Shot from the mouldering heap, and upwards urg'd its way.
Far in thoſe azure regions of the air
Which border on the rolling ſtarry ſphere,
Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height,
Where Cynthia drives around her ſilver light;
Their happy ſeats the demi-gods poſſeſs,
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliſs;
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heaven and ſtars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious place.
There Pompey's ſoul, adorn'd with heavenly light,
Soon ſhone among the reſt, and as the reſt was bright.
New to the bleſt abode, with wonder fill'd,
The ſtars and moving planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the ſun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our duſky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay.
But when he ſaw, how on the ſhore forlorn
His headleſs trunk was caſt for public ſcorn;
When he beheld, how envious fortune, ſtill,
Took pains to uſe a ſenſeleſs carcaſe ill,
He ſmil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
And pity'd impotent mankind below.

Then lightly paſſing o'er Emathia's plain,
His flying navy ſcatter'd on the main,
And cruel Cæſar's tents; he fix'd at laſt
His reſidence in Brutus' ſacred breaſt:
There brooding o'er his country's wrongs he ſate,
The ſtate's avenger, and the tyrant's fate;
There mournful Rome might ſtill her Pompey find,
There, and in Cato's free unconquer'd mind.
He, while in deep ſuſpenſe the world yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it ſhould obey,
Hatred avow'd to Pompey's ſelf did bear,
Though his companion in the common war.
Though by the ſenate's juſt command, they ſtood
Engag'd together for the public good;
But dread Pharſalia did all doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquiſh'd ſide.
His helpleſs country, like an orphan left,
Friendleſs and poor, of all ſupport bereft,
He took and cheriſh'd with a father's care,
He comforted, he bade her not to fear;
And taught her feeble hands once more the trade of war.
Nor luſt of empire did his courage ſway,
Nor hate, nor proud repugnance to obey:
Paſſions and private intereſt he forgot;
Not for himſelf, but liberty he fought.
Straight to Corcyra's port his way he bent,
The ſwift advancing victor to prevent;

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Who, marching ſudden on to new ſucceſs,
The ſcatter'd legions might with eaſe oppreſs.
There, with the ruins of Æmathia's field,
The flying hoſt, a thouſand ſhips he fill'd.
Who that from land, with wonder, had deſcry'd
The paſſing fleet, in all its naval pride,
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the diſtant ocean ſpread,
Could have believ'd thoſe mighty numbers fled?
Malea o'erpaſt, and the Tænarian ſhore,
With ſwelling ſails he for Cythera bore:
Then Crete he ſaw, and with a northern wind
Soon left the fam'd Dictæan iſle behind.
Urg'd by the bold Phycuntines churliſh pride,
(Their ſhores, their haven, to his fleet deny'd)
The chief reveng'd the wrong, and as he paſs'd,
Laid their unhoſpitable city waſte.
Thence waſted forward, to the coaſt he came
Which took of old from Palinure its name.
(Nor Italy this monument alone
Can boaſt, ſince Libya's Palinure has ſhown
Her peaceful ſhores were to the Trojan known.)
From hence they ſoon deſcry with doubtful pain,
Another navy on the diſtant main.
Anxious they ſtand, and now expect the foe,
Now their companions in the public woe:
The victor's haſte inclines them moſt to fear:
Each veſſel ſeems a hoſtile face to wear,
And every ſail they ſpy, they fancy Cæſar there.
But oh, thoſe ſhips a different burden bore,
A mournful freight they wafted to the ſhore:
Sorrows that might tears, ev'n from Cato, gain,
And teach the rigid Stoic to complain.
When long the ſad Cornelia's prayers, in vain,
Had try'd the flying navy to detain,
With Sextus long had ſtrove, and long implor'd,
To wait the relics of her murder'd lord; [ſtore,
The waves, perchance, might the dear pledge re-
And waft him bleeding from the faithleſs ſhore:
Still grief and love their various hopes inſpire,
Till ſhe beholds her Pompey's funeral fire,
Till on the land ſhe ſees th' ignoble flame
Aſcend, unequal to the hero's name;
Then into juſt complaints at length ſhe broke,
And thus with pious indignation ſpoke:
Oh fortune! doſt thou then diſdain t' afford
My love's laſt office to my deareſt lord?
Am I one chaſte, one laſt embrace deny'd?
Shall I not lay me by his clay-cold ſide,
Nor tears to bathe his gaping wounds provide?
Am I unworthy the ſad torch to bear,
To light the flame, and burn my flowing hair?
To gather from the ſhore the noble ſpoil,
And place it decent on the fatal pile?
Shall not his bones and ſacred duſt be borne,
In this ſad boſom to their peaceful urn?
Whate'er the laſt conſuming flame ſhall leave,
Shall not this widow'd hand by right receive,
And to the gods the precious relics give?
Perhaps, this laſt reſpect, which I ſhould ſhow,
Some vile Egyptian hand does now beſtow,
Injurious to the Roman ſhade below.
Happy, my Caſſius, were thy bones, which lay
Expos'd to Parthian birds and beaſts of prey!
Here the laſt rites the cruel gods allow,
And for a curſe my Pompey's pile beſtow.
For ever will the ſame ſad fate return?
Still unburied huſband muſt I mourn,
And weep my ſorrows o'er an empty urn?

But why ſhould tombs be built, or urns be made?
Does grief like mine require their feeble aid?
Is he not lodg'd, thou wretch! within thy heart,
And fix'd in every deareſt vital part?
O'er monuments ſurviving wives may grieve,
She ne'er will need them, who diſdains to live.
But oh! behold where yon malignant flames
Caſt feebly forth their mean inglorious beams:
From my lov'd lord, his dear remains, they riſe,
And bring my Pompey to my weeping eyes;
And now they ſink, the languid lights decay,
The cloudy ſmoke all eaſtward rolls away,
And wafts my hero to the riſing day.
Me too the winds demand, with freſhening gales;
Envious they call, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
No land on earth ſeems dear as Egypt now,
No land that crowns and triumphs did beſtow,
And with new laurels bound my Pompey's brow.
That happy Pompey to my thoughts is loſt,
He that is left, lies dead on yonder coaſt;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this curſed land;
Endear'd by crimes, for horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian ſhore.
Thou Sextus, thou ſhalt prove the chance of war,
And through the world thy father's enſigns bear,
Then hear his laſt command, intruſted to my care
" Whene'er my laſt, my fatal hour ſhall come,
" Arm you, my ſons, for liberty and Rome;
" While one ſhall of our free-born race remain,
" Let him prevent the tyrant Cæſar's reign.
" From each free city round, from every land,
" Their warlike aid in Pompey's name demand.
" Theſe are the parties, theſe the friends he leaves,
" This legacy your dying father gives.
" If for the ſea's wide rule your arms you bear,
" A Pompey ne'er can want a navy there,
" Heirs of my fame, my ſons, ſhall wage my war.
" Only be bold, unconquer'd in the fight,
" And, like your father, ſtill defend the right.
" To Cato, if for liberty he ſtand,
" Submit, and yield you to his ruling hand,
" Brave, juſt, and only worthy to command."
At length to thee, my Pompey, I am juſt,
I have ſurviv'd, and well diſcharg'd my truſt;
Through Chaos now, and the dark realms below,
To follow thee, a willing ſhade I go:
If longer with a lingering fate I ſtrive,
'Tis but to prove the pain of being alive,
'Tis to be curs'd for daring to ſurvive.
She, who could bear to ſee thy wounds, and live,
New proofs of love, and fatal grief, ſhall give.
Nor need ſhe fly for ſuccour to the ſword,
The ſteepy precipice, and deadly cord;
She from herſelf ſhall find her own relief,
And ſcorn to die of any death but grief.
So ſaid the matron; and about her head
Her veil ſhe draws, her mournful eyes to ſhade.
Reſolv'd to ſhroud in thickeſt ſhades her woe,
She ſeeks the ſhip's deep darkſome hold below:
There lonely left, at leiſure to complain,
She hugs her ſorrows, and enjoys her pain:
Still with freſh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her huſband's ſtead.
In vain the beating ſurges rage aloud,
And ſwelling Eurus grumbles in the ſhroud;

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Her; nor the waves beneath, nor winds above,
Nor all the noiſy cries of fear can move;
In ſullen peace compos'd for death ſhe lies,
And, waiting, longs to hear the tempeſt riſe;
Then hopes the ſeamen's vows ſhall all be croſt,
Prays for the ſtorm, and wiſhes to be loſt.
Soon from the Pharian coaſt the navy bore,
And ſought through foamy ſeas the Cyprian ſhore;
Soft eaſtern gales prevailing thence alone,
To Cato's camp and Libya waſt them on.
With mournful looks from land (as oft, we know,
A ſad prophetic ſpirit waits on woe),
Pompey his brother and the fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the watery field:
Straight to the beach with headlong haſte he flies:
Where is our father, Sextus, where? he cries:
Do we yet live? Stands yet the ſovereign ſtate?
Or does the world, with Pompey, yield to fate?
Sink we at length before the conquering foe?
And is the mighty head of Rome laid low?
He ſaid; the mournful brother thus reply'd;
O happy thou! whom lands and ſeas divide
From woes, which did to theſe ſad eyes betide:
Theſe eyes! which of their horror ſtill complain,
Since they beheld our godlike father ſlain.
Nor did his fate an equal death afford,
Nor ſuffer'd him to fall by Cæſar's ſword.
Truſting in vain to hoſpitable gods,
He dy'd, oppreſs'd by vile Egyptian odds:
By the curs'd monarch of Nile's ſlimy wave
He fell, a victim to the crown he gave.
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody deed;
Theſe eyes beheld our valiant father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and ſcarce believ'd my fear,
Nor thought th' Egyptian could ſo greatly dare;
But ſtill I look'd, and fancy'd Cæſar there.
But, oh! not all his wounds ſo much did move,
Pierc'd my ſad ſoul, and ſtruck my filial love,
As that his venerable head they bear,
Their wanton trophy, fix'd upon a ſpear;
Through every town 'tis ſhown the vulgar's ſport,
And the lewd laughter of the tyrant's court.
'Tis ſaid that Ptolemy preſerves this prize,
Proof of the deed, to glut the victor's eyes.
The body, whether rent, or borne away,
By foul Egyptian dogs, and birds of prey:
Whether within their greedy maws entomb'd,
Or by thoſe wretched flames, we ſaw, conſum'd;
Its fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That crime unpuniſh'd, to the gods we leave,
'Tis for the part preſerv'd alone we grieve.
Scarce had he ended thus, when Pompey, warm
With noble fury, calls aloud to arm;
Nor ſeeks in ſighs and helpleſs tears relief,
But thus in pious rage expreſs'd his grief:
Hence all aboard, and haſte to put to ſea,
Urge on againſt the winds our adverſe way;
With me let every Roman leader go,
Since civil wars were ne'er ſo juſt as now.
Pompey's unbury'd relics aſk your aid,
Call for due rites and honours to be paid.
Let Egypt's tyrant pour a purple flood,
And ſooth the ghoſt with his inglorious blood.
Not Alexander ſhall his prieſts defend,
Forc'd from his golden ſhrine he ſhall deſcend:
In Mareotis deep I'll plunge him down,
Deep in the ſluggiſh waves the royal carcaſe drown,
From his proud pyramid Amaſis torn,
With his long dynaſties my rage ſhall mourn,
And floating down their muddy Nile be borne.
Each ſtately tomb and monumental ſtone,
For thee, unburied Pompey, ſhall atone.
Iſis no more ſhall draw the cheated crowd,
Nor God Oſiris in his linen ſhroud;
Stript of their ſhrines, with ſcorn they ſhall be caſt,
To be by ignominious hands defac'd;
Their holy Apis, of diviner breed,
To Pompey's duſt a ſacrifice ſhall bleed,
While burning deities the flame ſhall feed.
Waſte ſhall the land be laid, and never know
The tiller's care, nor feel the crooked plough:
None ſhall be left for whom the Nile may flow:
Till, the gods baniſh'd, and the people gone,
Egypt to Pompey ſhall be left alone.
He ſaid; then haſty to revenge he flew,
And ſeaward out the ready navy drew;
But cooler Cato did the youth aſſuage,
And praiſing much, compreſt his filial rage.
Meantime the ſhores, the ſeas, and ſkies around,
With mournful cries for Pompey's death reſound.
A rare example have their ſorrows ſhown,
Yet in no age beſide, nor people known,
How falling power did with compaſſion meet,
And crowds deplor'd the ruins of the great.
But when the ſad Cornelia firſt appear'd,
When on the deck her mournful head ſhe rear'd,
Her locks hang rudely o'er the matron's face,
With all the pomp of grief's diſorder'd grace;
When they beheld her, waſted quite with woe,
And ſpent with tears that never ceas'd to flow,
Again they feel their loſs, again complain,
And heaven and earth ring with their cries again.
Soon as ſhe landed on the friendly ſtrand,
Her lord's laſt rites employ her pious hand;
To his dear ſhade ſhe builds a funeral pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble ſpoil.
There ſhone his arms with antic gold inlaid,
There the rich robes which ſhe herſelf had made,
Robes to imperial Jove in triumph erſt diſplay'd:
The relics of his paſt victorious days,
Now this his lateſt trophy ſerve to raiſe,
And in one common flame together blaze.
Such was the weeping matron's pious care:
The ſoldiers, taught by her, their fires prepare;
To every valiant friend a pile they build,
That fell for Rome in curs'd Pharſalia's field:
Stretch'd wide along the ſhores, the flames extend,
And, grateful to the wandering ſhades, aſcend.
So when Apulean hinds, with art, renew
The wintery paſtures to their verdant hue,
That flowers may riſe, and ſpringing graſs return,
With ſpreading flames the wither'd fields they burn,
Garganus then and lofty Vultur blaze,
And draw the diſtant wandering ſwains to gaze;
Far are the glittering fires deſcry'd by night,
And gild the duſky ſkies around with light.
But, oh! not all the ſorrows of the crowd,
That ſpoke their free impatient thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the gods, as authors of their woe,
And charg'd them with neglect of things below;
Not all the marks of the wild people's love,
The hero's ſoul, like Cato's praiſe, could move;
Few were his words, but from an honeſt heart,
Where faction and where favour had no part,
But truth made up for paſſion and for art.

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We've loſt a Roman citizen (he ſaid:)
One of the nobleſt of that name is dead;
Who, though not equal to our fathers found
Nor by their ſtricteſt rules of juſtice bound,
Yet from his faults this benefit we draw,
He, for his country's good, tranſgreſs'd her law,
To keep a bold licentious age in awe.
Rome held her freedom ſtill, though he was great;
He ſway'd the ſenate, but they rul'd the ſtate.
When crowds were willing to have worn his chain,
He choſe his private ſtation to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.
War's boundleſs power he never ſought to uſe,
Nor aſk'd, but what the people might refuſe.
Much he poſſeſs'd, and wealthy was his ſtore,
Yet ſtill he gather'd but to give the more,
And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
He drew the ſword, but knew its rage to charm,
And lov'd peace beſt, when he was forc'd to arm;
Unmov'd with all the glittering pomp of power,
He took with joy, but laid it down with more:
His chaſter houſehold and his frugal board,
Nor lewdneſs did, nor luxury afford,
Ev'n in the higheſt fortunes of their lord.
His noble name, his country's honour grown,
Was venerably round the nations known,
And as Rome's faireſt light and brighteſt glory ſhone.
When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla toſt,
The commonwealth her ancient freedom loſt,
Some ſhadow yet was left, ſome ſhew of power;
Now ev'n the name with Pompey is no more:
Senate and people all at once are gone,
Nor need the tyrant bluſh to mount the throne.
Oh, happy Pompey! happy in thy fate,
Happy by falling with the falling ſtate,
Thy death a benefit the gods did grant,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd thoſe Pharian ſwords to want.
Freedom, at leaſt, thou doſt by dying gain,
Nor liv'ſt to ſee thy Julia's father reign; ſlain.
Free death is man's firſt bliſs, the next is to be
Such mercy only I from Juba crave,
(If fortune ſhould ordain me Juba's ſlave)
To Cæſar let him ſhow, but ſhow me dead,
And keep my carcaſe, ſo he takes my head.
He ſaid, and pleas'd the noble ſhade below,
More than a thouſand orators could do;
Though Tully too had lent his charming tongue,
And Rome's full forum with his praiſe had rung.
But diſcord now infects the ſullen crowd,
And now they tell their diſcontents aloud:
When Tarchon firſt his flying enſigns bore,
Call'd out to march, and haſten'd to the ſhore;
Him Cato thus, purſuing as he mov'd,
Sternly beſpoke, and juſtly thus reprov'd:
Oh, reſtleſs author of the roving war,
Doſt thou again piratic arms prepare?
Pompey, thy terror and thy ſcourge is gone,
And now thou hop'ſt to rule the ſeas alone.
He ſaid, and bent his frown upon the reſt,
Of whom one bolder thus the chief addreſs'd,
And thus their wearineſs of war confeſs'd:
For Pompey's ſake (nor thou diſdain to hear)
The civil war we wage, theſe arms we bear;
Him we preferr'd to peace: but, Cato, now,
That cauſe, that maſter of our arms lies low.
Let us no more our abſent country mourn,
But to our homes and houſehold gods return;
To the chaſte arms from whoſe embrace we fled,
And the dear pledges of the nuptial bed.
For, oh! what period can the war attend,
Which nor Pharſalia's field nor Pompey's death can end?
The better times of flying life are paſt,
Let death come gently on in peace at laſt.
Let age at length with providential care
The neceſſary pile and urn prepare,
All rites the cruel civil war denies,
Part ev'n of Pompey yet unbury'd lies.
Though vanquiſh'd, yet by no barbarian hand,
We fear not exile in a foreign land,
Nor are our necks by fortune now beſpoke,
To bear the Scythian or Armenian yoke;
The victor ſtill a citizen we own,
And yield obedience to the Roman gown.
While Pompey liv'd, he bore the ſovereign ſway;
Cæſar was next, and him we now obey;
With reverence be the ſacred ſhade ador'd,
But war has given us now another lord:
To Cæſar and ſuperior chance we yield:
All was determin'd in Emathia's field.
Nor ſhall our arms on other leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain hopes moleſt the ſtate,
We follow'd Pompey once, but now we follow fate.
What terms, what ſafety, can we hope for now,
But what the victor's mercy ſhall allow?
Once Pompey's preſence juſtify'd the cauſe,
Then fought we for our liberties and laws;
With him the honours of that cauſe lie dead,
And all the ſanctity of war is fled.
If, Cato, thou for Rome theſe arms doſt bear,
If ſtill thy country only be thy care,
Seek we the legions where Rome's enſigns fly,
Where her proud eagles wave their wings on high;
No matter who to Pompey's power ſucceeds,
We follow where a Roman conſul leads.
This ſaid, he leap'd aboard; the youthful ſort
Join in his flight, and haſte to leave the port;
The ſenſeleſs crowd their liberty diſdain,
And long to wear victorious Cæſar's chain.
Tyrannic power now ſudden ſeem'd to threat
The ancient glories of Rome's free-born ſtate,
Till Cato ſpoke, and thus deferr'd her fate:
Did then your vows and ſervile prayers conſpire
Nought but a haughty maſter to deſire?
Did you, when eager for the battle, come
The ſlaves of Pompey, not the friends of Rome?
Now, weary of the toil, from war you fly,
And idly lay your uſeleſs armour by;
Your hands neglect to wield the ſhining ſword,
Nor can you fight but for a king and lord.
Some mighty chief you want, for whom to ſweat;
Yourſelves you know not, or at leaſt forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great:
Meanly you toil, to give yourſelves away;
And die, to leave the world a tyrant's prey.
The gods and fortune do at length afford
A cauſe moſt worthy of a Roman ſword.
At length 'tis ſafe to conquer. Pompey now
Cannot, by your ſucceſs, too potent grow;
Yet now, ignobly, you withhold your hands,
When nearer liberty your aid demands.
Of three who durſt the ſovereign power invade,
Two by your fortune's kinder doom lie dead;
And ſhall the Pharian ſword and Parthian bow
Do more for liberty and Rome, than you?

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aſe as you are, in vile ſubjection go,
nd ſcorn what Ptolemy did ill beſtow.
nobly innocent, and meanly good,
ou durſt not ſtain your hardy hands in blood;
eebly a while you fought, but ſoon did yield,
nd fled the firſt from dire Pharſalia's field;
o then ſecure, for Cæſar will be good,
ill pardon thoſe who are with eaſe ſubdu'd;
he pitying victor will in mercy ſpare
he wretch, who never durſt provoke his war.
o ſordid ſlaves! one lordly maſter gone,
ike heirlooms go from father to the ſon.
till to enhance your ſervile merit more,
ear ſad Cornelia weeping from the ſhore;
eanly for hire expoſe the matron's life,
ſetellus' daughter ſell, and Pompey's wife;
ake too his ſons: let Cæſar find in you
Vretches that may ev'n Ptolemy out-do.
ut let not my devoted life be ſpar'd,
he tyrant greatly ſhall that deed reward;
uch is the price of Cato's hated head,
hat all your former wars ſhall well be paid;
ill me, and in my blood do Cæſar right.
'is mean to have no other guilt but flight.
He ſaid, and ſtopp'd the flying naval power;
ack they return'd, repenting, to the ſhore.
s when the bees their waxen town forſake,
areleſs in air their wandering way they take;
o more in cluſtering ſwarms condens'd they fly,
ut fleet uncertain through the various ſky;
o more from flowers they ſuck the liquid ſweet,
ut all their care and induſtry forget.
hen if at length the tinkling braſs they hear,
Vith ſwift amaze their flight they ſoon forbear;
udden their flowery labours they renew,
lang on the thyme, and ſip the balmy dew.
ſcantime, ſecure on Hybla's fragrant plain,
Vith joy exults the happy ſhepherd ſwain;
roud that his art had thus preſerv'd his ſtore,
le ſcorns to think his homely cottage poor.
Vith ſuch prevailing force did Cato's care
he fierce impatient ſoldiers minds prepare,
o learn obedience, and endure the war.
And now their minds, unknowing of repoſe,
Vith buſy toil to exerciſe he choſe;
till with ſucceſſive labours are they ply'd,
nd oft in long and weary marches try'd.
efore Cyrene's walls they now ſit down;
nd here the victor's mercy well was ſhown,
le takes no vengeance of the captive town;
atient he ſpares, and bids the vanquiſh'd live,
ince Cato, who could conquer, could forgive.
lence, Libyan Juba's realms they mean t' explore,
uba, who borders on the ſwarthy moor;
ut nature's boundaries the journey ſtay,
he Syrts are fix'd athwart the middle way;
et led by daring virtue on they preſs,
corn oppoſition, and ſtill hope ſucceſs.
When nature's hand the firſt formation try'd,
Vhen ſeas from lands ſhe did at firſt divide,
he Syrts, not quite of ſea nor land bereft,
mingled maſs uncertain ſtill ſhe left;
or nor the land with ſeas is quite o'erſpread,
or ſink he waters deep their oozy bed,
or earth defends its ſhore, nor lifts aloft its
he ſite with neither, and with each complies,
oubtful and inacceſſible it lies;
Or 'tis a ſea with ſhallows bank'd around,
Or 'tis a broken land with waters drown'd;
Here ſhores advanc'd o'er Neptune's rule we find,
And there an inland ocean lags behind.
Thus nature's purpoſe by herſelf deſtroy'd,
Is uſeleſs to herſelf and unemploy'd,
And part of her creation ſtill is void.
Perhaps, when firſt the world and time began,
Her ſwelling tides and plenteous waters ran;
But long confining on the burning zone,
The ſinking ſeas have felt the neighbouring ſun:
Still by degrees we ſee how they decay,
And ſcarce reſiſt the thirſty god of day.
Perhaps, in diſtant ages, 'twill be found,
When future ſuns have run the burning round,
Theſe Syrts ſhall all be dry and ſolid ground;
Small are the depths their ſcanty waves retain,
And earth grows daily on the yielding main.
And now the loaden fleet with active oars
Divide the liquid plain, and leave the ſhores,
When cloudy ſkies a gathering ſtorm preſage,
And Auſter from the ſouth began to rage.
Full from the land the ſounding tempeſt roars,
Repels the ſwelling ſurge, and ſweeps the ſhores;
The wind purſues, drives on the rolling ſand,
And gives new limits to the growing land.
'Spite of the ſeaman's toil, the ſtorm prevails;
In vain with ſkilful ſtrength he hands the ſails,
In vain the cordy cables bind them faſt,
At once it rips and rends them from the maſt;
At once the winds the fluttering canvas tear,
Then whirl and whiſk it through the ſportive air.
Some, timely for the riſing rage prepar'd,
Furl the looſe ſheet, and laſh it to the yard:
In vain their care; ſudden the furious blaſt
Snaps by the board, and bears away the maſt;
Of tackling, ſails, and maſts, at once bereft,
The ſhip a naked helpleſs hull is left.
Forc'd round and round, ſhe quits her purpos'd way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the ſwelling ſea.
But happier ſome a ſteady courſe maintain,
Who ſtand far out, and keep the deeper main.
Their maſts they cut, and driving with the tide,
Safe o'er the ſurge beneath the tempeſt ride:
In vain did, from the ſouthern coaſt, their foe,
All black with clouds, old ſtormy Auſter blow;
Lowly ſecure amidſt the waves they lay,
Old ocean heav'd his back, and roll'd them on their way.
Some on the ſhallows ſtrike, and doubtful ſtand,
Part beat by waves, part fix'd upon the ſand.
Now pent amidſt the ſhoals the billows roar,
Daſh on the banks, and ſcorn the new-made ſhore:
Now by the wind driven on in heaps they ſwell,
The ſtedfaſt banks both winds and waves repel:
Still with united force they rage in vain,
The ſandy piles their ſtation fix'd maintain,
And lift their heads ſecure amidſt the watery plain.
There 'ſcap'd from ſeas, upon the faithleſs ſtrand,
With weeping eyes the ſhipwreck'd ſeaman ſtand,
And, caſt aſhore, look vainly out for land.
Thus ſome were loſt: but far the greater part,
Preſerv'd from danger by the pilot's art,
Keep on their courſe, a happier fate partake,
And reach in ſafety the Tritonian lake.
Theſe waters to the tuneful god are dear,
Whoſe vocal ſhell the ſea-green Nereids hear;

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These Pallas loves, so tells reporting fame,
Here first from heaven to earth the goddess came
(Heaven's neighbourhood the warmer clime betrays,
And speaks the nearer sun's immediate rays),
Here her first footsteps on the brink she staid,
Here in the watery glass her form survey'd,
And call'd herself from hence the chaste Tritonian maid.
Here Lethe's streams, from secret springs below,
Rise to the light; here heavily, and slow,
The silent dull forgetful waters flow.
Here by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
Hesperian plants grew rich with living gold;
Long since, the fruit was from the branches torn,
And now the gardens their lost honours mourn.
Such was in ancient times the tale receiv'd
Such by our good forefathers was believ'd;
Nor let inquirers the tradition wrong,
Or dare to question, now, the poet's sacred song.
Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood
Here under golded boughs low bending stood;
On some large tree his folds the serpent wound,
The fair Hesperian virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground
But great Alcides came to end their care,
Stript the gay grove, and left the branches bare;
Then back returning fought the Argive shore,
And the bright spoil to proud Eurystheus bore.
These famous regions and the Syrts o'erpast,
They reach'd the Garamantian coast at last;
Here, under Pompey's care the navy lies,
Beneath the gentlest clime of Libya's skies.
But Cato's soul, by dangers unrestrain'd,
Ease and a full inactive life disdain'd,
His daring virtue urges to go on,
Through desert lands, and nations yet unknown;
To march and prove th' inhospitable ground,
To shun the Syrts, and lead the soldier round.
Since now tempestuous seasons vex the sea,
And the declining year forbids the watery way;
He sees the cloudy drizzling winter near,
And hopes kind rains may cool the sultry air:
So haply may they journey on secure,
Nor burning heats, nor killing frosts endure;
But while cool winds the winter's breath supplies,
With gentle warmth the Libyan sun may rise,
And both may join and temper well the skies.
But ere the toilsome march he undertook,
The hero thus the listening host bespoke:
Fellows in arms! whose bliss, whose chiefest good,
Is Rome's defence, and freedom bought with blood;
You, who, to die with liberty, from far
Have follow'd Cato in this fatal war,
Be now for virtue's noblest task prepar'd,
For labours many, perilous, and hard.
Think through what burning climes, what wilds we go,
No leafy shades the naked deserts know, [flow.
Nor silver streams through flowery meadows
But horrors there, and various deaths abound,
And serpents guard th' unhospitable ground.
Hard is the way; but thus our fate demands;
Rome and her laws we seek amidst these sands.
Let those who, glowing with their country's love,
Resolve with me these dreadful plains to prove,
Nor of return nor safety once debate,
But only dare to go, and leave the rest to fate.
Think not I mean the dangers to disguise,
Or hide them from the cheated vulgar's eyes.
Those, only those, shall in my fate partake,
Who love the daring for the danger's sake;
Those who can suffer all the worst can come,
And think it what they owe themselves and Rome.
If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear;
If life be, more than liberty, his care;
Here, ere we journey farther, let him stay,
Inglorious let him, like a slave, obey,
And seek a master in some safer way.
Foremost, behold, I lead you to the toil,
My feet shall foremost print the dusty soil:
Strike me the first, thou flaming god of day,
First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching ray;
Ye living poisons all, ye snaky train,
Meet me the first upon the fatal plain.
In every pain, which you my warriors fear,
Let me be first, and teach you how to bear.
Who sees me pant for drought, or fainting first,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of thirst.
If e'er for shelter to the shades I fly,
Me let him curse, me, for the sultry sky.
If while the weary soldier marches on;
Your leader by distinguish'd ease be known,
Forsake my cause, and leave me there alone.
The sands, the serpents, thirst, and burning heat,
Are dear to patience, and to virtue sweet;
Virtue, that scorns on cowards terms to please,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with ease:
But then she joys, then smiles upon her state,
Then fairest to herself, then most complete,
When glorious danger makes her truly great.
So Libya's plains alone shall wipe away
The foul dishonours of Pharsalia's day;
So shall your courage now transcend that fear;
You fled with glory there, to conquer here.
He said; and hardy love of toil inspir'd;
And every breast with godlike ardour fir'd.
Straight, careless of return, without delay
Through the wide waste he took his pathless way.
Libya, ordain'd to be his last retreat,
Receives the hero, fearless of his fate;
Here the good gods his last of labours doom,
Here shall his bones and sacred dust find room,
And his great head be hid within an humble tomb.
If this large globe be portion'd right by fame,
Then one third part shall sandy Libya claim:
But if we count, as suns descend and rise,
If we decide by east and west the skies,
Then, with fair Europe, Libya shall combine,
And both to make the western half shall join.
Whilst wide-extended Asia fills the rest,
Of all from Tanais to Nile possest,
And reigns sole empress of the dawning east.
Of all the Libyan soil, the kindliest found
Far to the western seas extends its bound;
Where cooling gales, where gentle zephyrs fly,
And setting suns adorn the gaudy sky:
And yet ev'n here no liquid fountain's vein
Wells through the soil, and gurgles o'er the plain;
But from our northern clime, our gentler heaven,
Refreshing dews and fruitful rains are driven;
All bleak, the god, cold Boreas, spreads his wing,
And with our winter gives the Libyan spring.

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No wicked wealth infects the ſimple ſoil,
Nor golden ores diſcloſe their ſhining ſpoil:
'ure is the glebe, 'tis earth, and earth alone,
'o guilty pride and avarice unknown:
'here citron groves, the native riches, grow,
'here cool retreats and fragrant ſhades beſtow,
nd hoſpitably ſcreen their gueſts below.
afe by their leafy office, long they ſtood
ſacred, old, unviolated wood,
'ill Roman luxury to Afric paſt,
nd foreign axes laid their honours waſte.
'hus utmoſt lands are ranſack'd, to afford
'he far-fetch'd dainties, and the coſtly board.
ut rude and waſteful all thoſe regions lie
'hat border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh
'heir ſultry ſummer ſun, and parching ſky.
ſo harveſt, there, the ſcatter'd grain repays,
ut withering dies, and ere it ſhoots decays:
'here never loves to ſpring the mantling vine,
ſor wanton ringlets round her elm to twine.
'he thirſty duſt prevents the ſwelling fruit,
rinks up the generous juice, and kills the root;
'hrough ſecret veins no tempering moiſtures paſs,
'o bind with viſcous force the mouldering maſs;
ut genial Jove, averſe, diſdains to ſmile,
orgets, and curſes the neglected ſoil.
'hence lazy nature droops her idle head,
s every vegetable ſenſe were dead;
'hence the wide dreary plains one viſage wear,
like in ſummer, winter, ſpring appear,
or feel the turns of the revolving year.
hin herbage here (for ſome ev'n here is found)
'he Naſamonian hinds collect around;
naked race, and barbarous of mind,
'hat live upon the loſſes of mankind:
he Syrts ſupply their wants and barren ſoil,
nd ſtrow th' unhoſpitable ſhores with ſpoil.
rade they have none, but ready ſtill they ſtand,
apacious, to invade the wealthy ſtrand,
nd hold a commerce, thus, with every diſtant land.

Through this dire country Cato's journey lay,
ere he purſu'd, while virtue led the way.
ere the bold youth, led by his high command,
earleſs of ſtorms and raging winds, by land
epeat the dangers of the ſwelling main,
nd ſtrive with ſtorms and raging winds again.
ere all at large, where nought reſtrains his force,
npetuous Auſter runs his rapid courſe;
or mountains here, nor ſtedfaſt rocks reſiſt,
ut free he ſweeps along the ſpacious liſt.
o ſtable groves of ancient oaks ariſe,
o tire his rage, and catch him as he flies;
ut wide, around, the naked plains appear,
ere fierce he drives unbounded through the air,
oars and exerts his dreadful empire here.
he whirling duſt, like waves in eddies wrought,
iſing aloft, to the mid-heaven is caught;
here hangs a ſullen cloud; nor falls again,
or breaks, like gentle vapours, into rain.
azing, the poor inhabitant deſcries,
/here high above his land and cottage flies;
ereft, he ſees his loſt poſſeſſions there,
rom earth tranſported, and now fix'd in air.
ſot riſing flames attempt a bolder flight;
ike ſmoke by riſing flames uplifted, light
he ſands aſcend, and ſtain the heavens with night.

But now his utmoſt power and rage to boaſt,
The ſtormy god invades the Roman hoſt;
The ſoldier yields, unequal to the ſhock,
And ſtaggers at the wind's ſtupendous ſtroke.
Amaz'd he ſees that earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his feet and torn away.
Oh Lybia! were thy pliant ſurface bound,
And form'd a ſolid, cloſe-compacted ground;
Or hadſt thou rocks, whoſe hollows deep below
Would draw thoſe raging winds that looſely blow;
Their fury, by thy firmer maſs oppos'd,
Or in thoſe dark infernal caves inclos'd,
Thy certain ruin would at once complete,
Shake thy foundations, and unfix thy ſeat:
But well thy flitting plains have learn'd to yield;
Thus, not contending, thou thy place haſt held,
Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ſt the field.
Helms, ſpears, and ſhields, ſnatch'd from the warlike hoſt,
Through heaven's wide regions far away were toſt;
While diſtant nations, with religious fear,
Beheld them, as ſome prodigy in air,
And thought the gods by them denounc'd a war.
Such haply was the chance which firſt did raiſe
The pious tale, in prieſtly Numa's days;
Such were thoſe ſhields, and thus they came from heaven,
A ſacred charge to young patricians given;
Perhaps, long ſince, to lawleſs winds a prey,
From far barbarians were they forc'd away;
Thence through long airy journeys ſafe did come,
To cheat the crowd with miracles at Rome.
Thus, wide o'er Libya, rag'd the ſtormy ſouth,
Thus every way aſſail'd the Latian youth:
Each ſeveral method for defence they try, [lie:
Now wrap their garments tight, now cloſe they
Now ſinking to the earth, with weight they preſs,
Now claſp it to them with a ſtrong embrace,
Scarce in that poſture ſafe; the driving blaſt
Bears hard, and almoſt heaves them off at laſt.
Meantime a ſandy flood comes rolling on,
And ſwelling heaps the proſtrate legions drown:
New to the ſudden danger, and diſmay'd,
The frighted ſoldier haſty calls for aid,
Heaves at the hill, and ſtruggling rears his head.
Soon ſhoots the growing pile, and, rear'd on high,
Lifts up its lofty ſummit to the ſky:
High ſandy walls, like forts, their paſſage ſtay,
And riſing mountains intercept their way:
The certain bounds which ſhould their journey guide,
The moving earth and duſty deluge hide:
So landmarks ſink beneath the flowing tide.
As through mid ſeas uncertainly they move,
Led only by Jove's ſacred lights above:
Part ev'n of them the Libyan clime denies,
Forbids their native northern ſtars to riſe,
And ſhades the well-known luſtre from their eyes.
Now near approaching to the burning zone,
To warmer, calmer ſkies they journey'd on.
The ſlackening ſtorms the neighbouring ſun confeſs, [leſs,
The heat ſtrikes fiercer, and the winds grow
Whilſt parching thirſt and fainting ſweats increaſe.

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As forward on the weary way they went,
Panting with drought, and all with labour ſpent,
Amidſt the deſart, deſolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling ſpring to ſpy:
Proud of the prize he drain'd the ſcanty ſtore,
And in his helmet to the chieftain bore.
Around, in crowds, the thirſty legions ſtood,
Their throats and clammy jaws with duſt beſtrew'd,
And all with wiſhful eyes the liquid treaſure view'd.
Around the leader caſt his careful look,
Sternly the tempting envy'd gift he took,
Held it, and thus the giver fierce beſpoke:
And think'ſt thou then that I want virtue moſt!
Am I the meaneſt of this Roman hoſt!
Am I the firſt ſoft coward that complains!
That ſhrinks, unequal to theſe glorious pains!
Am I in eaſe and infamy the firſt!
Rather be thou, baſe as thou art, accurs'd,
Thou that dar'ſt drink, when all beſide thee thirſt.
He ſaid; and wrathful ſtretching forth his hand,
Pour'd out the precious draught upon the ſand.
Well did the water thus for all provide,
Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
A little thus the general want ſupply'd.
Now to the ſacred temple they draw near,
Whoſe only altars Libyan lands revere;
There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd,
A form uncouth, ſtands heaven's Almighty Lord.
No regal enſigns grace his potent hand,
Nor ſhakes he there the lightning's flaming brand.
But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
Belies the god, and Ammon is his name.
There, though he reigns unrivall'd and alone,
O'er the rich neighbours of the torrid zone;
Though ſwarthy Æthiops are to him confin'd,
With Araby the bleſt, and wealthy Inde;
Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are ſeen,
To blaze upon his ſhrines with coſtly ſheen;
But plain and poor, and unprofan'd he ſtood,
Such as, to whom our great forefathers bow'd:
A god of pious times, and days of old,
That keeps his temples ſafe from Roman gold.
Here, and here only, through wide Libya's ſpace,
Thill trees, the land, and verdant herbage grace;
Here the looſe ſands by plenteous ſprings are bound,
Knit to a maſs, and moulded into ground:
Here ſmiling nature wears a fertile dreſs,
And all things here the preſent god confeſs.
Yet here the ſun to neither pole declines,
But from his zenith vertically ſhines:
Hence, ev'n the trees no friendly ſhelter yield,
Scarce their own trunks the leafy branches ſhield;
The rays deſcend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central point the ſhadow chaſe.
Here equally the middle line is found,
To cut the radiant zodiac in its round:
Here unoblique the bull and ſcorpion riſe,
Nor mount too ſwift, nor leave too ſoon the ſkies;
Nor libra does too long the ram attend,
Nor bids the maid the fiſhy ſign deſcend.
The boys and centaur juſtly time divide,
And equally their ſeveral ſeaſons guide:
Alike the crab and wintery goat return,
Alike the lion and the flowing urn.
If any farther nations yet are known,
Beyond the Libyan fires, and ſcorching zone;
Northward from them the ſun's bright courſe is made,
And to the ſouthward ſtrikes the leaning ſhade:
There ſlow Boötes, with his lazy wain
Deſcending, ſeems to reach the watery main.
Of all the lights which high above they ſee,
No ſtar whate'er from Neptune's waves is free,
The whirling axle drives them round, and plunges in the ſea.
Before the temple's entrance, at the gate,
Attending crowds of eaſtern pilgrims wait:
Theſe from the horned god expect relief:
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His hoſt (as crowds are ſuperſtitious ſtill)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's ſkill,
Intreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
And thus the common ſuit to Cato mov'd:
Chance, and the fortune of the way, he ſaid,
Have brought Jove's ſacred counſels to our aid:
This greateſt of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each diſtreſs ſhall be a ſure relief;
Shall point the diſtant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, O Cato! pious! wiſe! and juſt!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods ſhall truſt;
To thee their fore-determin'd will ſhall tell:
Their will has been thy law, and thou haſt kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance ſhall come
To impious Cæſar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at leaſt, thy country's doom.
Aſk if theſe arms our freedom ſhall reſtore:
Or elſe if laws and right ſhall be no more.
Be thy great breaſt with ſacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought:
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave ſome perfect rule to guide mankind.
Full of the god that dwelt within his breaſt,
The hero thus his ſecret mind expreſs'd,
And in-born truths reveal'd; truths which might well
Become ev'n oracles themſelves to tell.
Where would thy fond, thy vain inquiry go?
What myſtic fate, what ſecret, wouldſt thou know?
Is it a doubt if death ſhould be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than ſee a tyrant crown'd in Rome?
Or wouldſt thou know if, what we value here,
Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care?
What by old age and length of days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the ſenſe of pain,
Or if this world, with all its forces join'd,
The univerſal malice of mankind,
Can ſhake or hurt the brave and honeſt mind?
If ſtable virtue can her ground maintain,
Whilſt fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If truth and juſtice with uprightneſs dwell,
And honeſty conſiſt in meaning well?
If right be independent of ſucceſs,
And conqueſt cannot make it more or leſs?

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Are theſe, my friends, the ſecrets thou wouldſt know,
Thoſe doubts for which to oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned Ammon can no more unfold.
From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd,
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:
And though our prieſts are mute, and temples ſtill,
God never wants a voice to ſpeak his will.
When firſt we from the teeming womb were brought,
With in-born precepts then our ſouls were fraught,
And then the maker his new creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
He gave us all our uſeful knowledge then.
Canſt thou believe, the vaſt eternal mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan ſands confin'd?
That he would chooſe this waſte, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deſerts drown'd?
Is there a place that God would chooſe to love
Beyond this earth, the ſeas, yon heaven above,
And virtuous minds, the nobleſt throne for Jove?
Why ſeek we farther then? behold around,
How all thou ſeeſt does with the god abound,
Jove is alike to all, and always to be found.
Let thoſe weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling prieſts for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain ſoul from doubt has freed.
The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall;
And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.
So ſpoke the hero; and, to keep his word,
Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;
But left the crowd at freedom to believe,
And take ſuch anſwers as the prieſt ſhould give.
Foremoſt on foot he treads the burning ſand,
Bearing his arms in his own patient hand;
Scorning another's weary neck to preſs,
Or in a lazy chariot loll at eaſe:
The panting ſoldier at his toil ſucceeds,
Where no command, but great example leads.
Sparing of ſleep, ſtill for the reſt he wakes,
And at the fountain, laſt, his thirſt he ſlakes;
Whene'er by chance ſome living ſtream is found,
He ſtands, and ſees the cooling draughts go round.
Stays till the laſt and meaneſt drudge be paſt,
And, till his ſlaves have drunk, diſdains to taſte.
If true good men deſerve immortal fame,
If virtue, though diſtreſs'd, be ſtill the ſame;
Whate'er our fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wiſely knew,
Their virtues all are his, and all their praiſe is due.
Whoe'er, with battles fortunately fought,
Whoe'er with Roman blood, ſuch honours bought?
This triumph, this, on Libya's utmoſt bound,
With death and deſolation compaſs'd round,
To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,
Thy trophies and thy third triumphal car,
To Marius' mighty name, and great Jugurthine war.
His country's father here, O Rome, behold,
Worthy thy temples, prieſts and ſhrines of gold!
If e'er thou break'ſt thy lordly maſter's chain,
If liberty be e'er reſtor'd again,
Him ſhalt thou place in thy divine abodes,
Swear by his holy name and rank him with thy gods.
Now to thoſe ſultry regions were they paſt,
Which Jove to ſtop inquiring mortals plac'd,
And as their utmoſt, ſouthern, limits caſt.
Thirſty, for ſprings they ſearch the deſert round,
And only one, amidſt the ſands, they found.
Well ſtor'd it was, but all acceſs was barr'd:
The ſtream ten thouſand noxious ſerpents guard:
Dry Aſpics on the fatal margin ſtood,
And Dipſas thirſted in the middle flood.
Back from the ſtream the frighted ſoldier flies,
Though parch'd, and languiſhing for drink, he dies:
The chief beheld, and ſaid, You fear in vain,
Vainly from ſafe and healthy draughts abſtain,
My ſoldier, drink, and dread not death or pain.
When urg'd to rage, their teeth the ſerpents fix,
And venom with our vital juices mix;
The peſt infus'd through every vein runs round,
Infects the maſs, and death is in the wound.
Harmleſs and ſafe, no poiſon here they ſhed:
He ſaid; and firſt the doubtful draught eſſay'd;
He, who through all their march, their toil, their thirſt,
Demanded, here, alone, to drink the firſt.
Why plagues, like theſe, infect the Libyan air,
Why deaths unknown in various ſhapes appear;
Why, fruitful to deſtroy the curſed land
Is temper'd thus, by nature's ſecret hand;
Dark and obſcure the hidden cauſe remains,
And ſtill deludes the vain inquirer's pains;
Unleſs a tale for truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd world be willingly deceiv'd.
Where weſtern waves on fartheſt Libya beat,
Warm'd with the ſetting ſun's deſcending heat,
Dreadful Meduſa fix'd her horrid ſeat.
No leafy ſhade, with kind protection, ſhields
The rough, the ſqualid, unfrequented fields:
No mark of ſhepherds, or the ploughman's toil,
To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow ſoil:
But rude with rocks, the region all around
Its miſtreſs, and her potent viſage, own'd.
'Twas from this monſter to afflict mankind,
That nature firſt produc'd the ſnaky kind:
On her, at firſt their forky tongues appear'd;
From her, their dreadful hiſſings firſt were heard.
Some wreath'd in folds upon her temples hung;
Some backwards to her waiſt depended long;
Some with their riſing creſts her forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and laſh her ſwelling neck:
And while her hands the curling vipers comb,
Poiſons diſtil around, and drops of livid foam.
None, who beheld the fury, could complain;
So ſwift their fate preventing death and pain:
Ere they had time to fear, the change came on,
And motion, ſenſe, and life, were loſt in ſtone.
The ſoul itſelf, from ſudden flight debarr'd,
Congealing, in the body's fortune ſhar'd.
The dire Eumenides could rage inſpire,
But could no more; the tuneful Thracian lyre
Infernal Cerberus did ſoon aſſuage,
Lull'd him to reſt, and ſooth'd his triple rage;
Hydra's ſeven heads the bold Alcides view'd,
Safely he ſaw, and what he ſaw, ſubdu'd:
Of theſe in various terrors each excell'd;
But all to this ſuperior fury yield.

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Phorcus and Ceto, next to Neptune he,
Immortal both, and rulers of the sea,
Thus monster's parents did their offspring dread;
And from her sight her sister Gorgons fled.
Old ocean's waters and the liquid air,
The universal world her power might fear:
All nature's beauteous works she could invade,
Through every part a lazy numbness shed,
And over all a stony surface spread.
Birds in their flight were stopt, and ponderous grown,
Forgot their pinions, and fell senseless down.
Beasts to the rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were tribes of stone and marble nations found.
No living eyes so fell a sight could bear; 'were,
Her snakes themselves, all deadly though they
Shot backward from her face, and shrunk away
For fear.
By her, a rock Titanian Atlas grew,
And heav'n by her the giants did subdue:
Hard was the fight, and Jove was half dismay'd,
Till Pallas brought the Gorgon to his aid:
The heavenly nation laid aside their fear,
For soon she finish'd the prodigious war;
To mountains turn'd, the monster race remains,
The trophies of her power on the Phlegræan plains.
To seek this monster, and her fate to prove,
The son of Danaë and golden Jove,
Attempts a flight through airy ways above.
The youth Cyllenian Hermes' aid implor'd;
The god assisted with his wings the sword,
His sword which late made watchful Argus bleed,
And Io from her cruel keeper freed.
Unwedded Pallas lent a sister's aid;
But ask'd, for recompence, Medusa's head.
Eastward she warns her brother bend his flight,
And from the Gorgon realms avert his sight;
Then arms his left with her refulgent shield,
And shows how there the foe might be beheld.
Deep slumbers had the drowsy fiend possest,
Such as drew on, and well might seem, her last:
And yet she slept not whole; one half her snakes
Watchful to guard their horrid mistress, wakes;
The rest dishevell'd, loosely round her head,
And o'er her drowsy lids and face were spread.
Backward the youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a stroke:
His faultering hand the virgin goddess guides,
And from the monster's neck her snaky head divides.
But oh! what art, what numbers, can express
The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face!
Whan clouds of poison from her lips arise,
What death, what vast destruction, threaten'd in her eyes!
'Twas somewhat that immortal gods might fear,
More than the warlike maid herself could bear.
The victor Perseus still had been subdu'd,
Though, wary still, with eyes averse he stood:
Had not his heavenly sisters timely care
Veil'd the dread visage with the hissing hair.
Seis'd of his prey, heavenwards, uplifted light,
On Hermes' nimble wings, he took his flight.
Now thoughtful of his course he hung in air,
And meant through Europe's happy clime to steer;
Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blast
Her fruitful fields, nor lay her cities waste.

For who could not brave dangers out their sight,
Curious to gaze at such a wondrous sight?
Therefore by gales of gentle zephyrs borne
To Libya's coast the hero minds to turn.
Beneath the starry line, expos'd it lies
To kindly planets, and malignant skies.
Soon, with his fiery steeds, the god of day
Drives through that heaven, and makes his burning way.
No land more high erects its lofty head,
The silver moon in dim eclipse to shade;
If through the summer signs direct she rue,
Nor bends obliquely, north or south to shun
The envious earth that hides her from the sun.
Yet could this soil accurst, this barren field,
Increase of deaths, and poisonous harvests yield.
Where'er sublime in air the victor flew,
The monster's head distill'd a deadly dew;
The earth receiv'd the seed, and pregnant grew.
Still as the putrid gore drops on the sand,
'Twas temper'd up by nature's forming hand;
The glowing climate makes the work complete,
And broods upon the mass, and lends it genial heat.
First of those plagues the drowsy asp appear'd,
Then first her crest and swelling neck she rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing blood
Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly brood.
Of all the serpent race are none so fell, [swell;
None with so many deaths such plenteous venom
Chill in themselves, our colder climes they shun,
And choose to bask in Afric's warmer sun;
But Nile no more confines them now: What
Can for insatiate avarice be found! [bound
Freighted with Libyan deaths our merchants come,
And poisonous asps are things of price at Rome.
Her scaly folds th' Hæmorrhois unbends,
And her vast length along the sand extends;
Where'er she wounds, from every part the blood
Gushes resistless in a crimson flood.
Amphibious some do in the Syrts abound,
And now on land, in waters now are found.
Slimy Chelyders the parch'd earth distain,
And trace a reeking furrow on the plain.
The spotted cenchris, rich in various dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies:
Not Theban marbles are so gaily dress'd,
Nor with such party colour'd beauties grac'd
Safe in his earthly hue and dusky skin,
Th' Amodites lurks in the sands unseen:
The swimmer there the crystal stream pollutes;
And swift through air the flying javelin shoots.
The scytale, ere yet the spring returns,
There casts her coat; and there the Dipsas burns;
The Amphisbæna doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threatening head she rears
Rais'd on his active tail the pareas stands,
And, as he passes furrows up the sands.
The prester by his forming jaws is known;
The seps invades the flesh and firmer bone,
Dissolves the mass of man, and melts his fabric down.
The basilisk, with dreadful hissings heard,
And from afar by every serpent fear'd,
To distance drives the vulgar, and remains
The lonely monarch of the desert plains.
And you, ye dragons of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace,

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1 other nations harmleſs are you found,
'his guardian genii and protectors own'd;
1 Afric only are you fatal; there,
In wide-expanded wings, ſublime you rear
'our dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
'he lowing kine in droves you chaſe, and cull
ome maſter of the herd, ſome mighty bull:
round his ſtubborn ſides your tails you twiſt,
y force compreſs, and burſt his brawny cheſt.
ot elephants are by their larger ſize
ecure, but, with the reſt, become your prize.
eſiſtleſs in your might, you all invade,
nd for deſtruction need not poiſon's aid.
Thus, though a thouſand plagues around them ſpread,
weary march the hardy ſoldiers tread, [led.
hrough thirſt, through toil and death, by Cato
heir chief with pious grief and deep regret,
ach moment mourns his friends untimely fate;
Vondering, he ſees ſome ſmall, ſome trivial wound,
xtend a valiant Roman on the ground.
ulus a noble youth of Tyrrhene blood,
Who bore the ſtandard, on a Dipſas trode;
ackward the wrathful ſerpent bent her head,
nd, fell with rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.
carce did ſome little mark of hurt remain,
nd ſcarce he found ſome little ſenſe of pain;
or could he yet the danger doubt, nor fear
hat death, with all its terrors, threaten'd there.
When lo! unſeen, the ſecret venom ſpreads,
nd every nobler part at once invades;
wift flames conſume the marrow and the brain,
nd the ſcorch'd entrails rage with burning pain;
pon his heart the thirſty poiſons prey,
nd drain the ſacred juice of life away.
o kindly floods of moiſture bathe his tongue,
ut cleaving to the parched roof it hung;
o trickling drops diſtil, no dewy ſweat,
o eaſe his weary limbs, and cool the raging heat.
or could he weep; ev'n grief could not ſupply
treams for the mournful office of his eye,
he never-failing ſource of tears was dry.
rantic he flies, and with a careleſs hand
urls the neglected eagle on the ſand.
or hears, nor minds, his pitying chief's command.
or ſprings he ſeeks, he digs, he proves the ground,
or ſprings in vain, explores the deſart round,
or cooling draughts, which might their aid impart,
nd quench the burning venom in his heart.
lung'd in the Tanais, the Rhone, or Po,
r Nile, whoſe wandering ſtreams, o'er Egypt flow,
till would he rage, ſtill with the fever glow.
he ſcorching climate to his fate conſpires,
nd Libya's ſun aſſiſts the Dipſas' fires.
ow everywhere for drink, in vain he pries,
ow to the Syrts and briny ſeas he flies;
he briny ſeas delight, but ſeem not to ſuffice.
or yet he knows what ſecret plague he nurs'd,
or found the poiſon, but believ'd it thirſt.
f thirſt, and thirſt alone, he ſtill complains,
aving for thirſt, he tears his ſwelling veins;
rom every veſſel drains a crimſon flood,
nd quaffs in greedy draughts his vital blood.
This Cato ſaw, and ſtraight, without delay,
ommands his legions on to urge their way;
Nor give th' inquiring ſoldier time to know
What deadly deeds a fatal thirſt could do.
But ſoon a fate more ſad, with new ſurpriſe,
From the firſt object turns their wondering eyes.
Wretched Sabellus by a ſeps was ſtung;
Fix'd to his leg, with deadly death, it hung:
Sudden the ſoldier ſhook it from the wound,
Tranſfix'd and nail'd it to the barren ground.
Of all the dire deſtructive ſerpent race,
None have ſo much of death, though none are leſs.
For ſtraight, around the part, the ſkin withdrew,
The fleſh and ſhrinking ſinews backward flew,
And left the naked bones expos'd to view.
The ſpreading poiſons all the parts confound,
And the whole body ſinks within the wound.
The brawny thighs no more their muſcles boaſt,
But, melting, all in liquid filth are loſt;
The well-knit groin above, and ham below,
Mix'd in one putrid ſtream, together flow;
The firm peritonæum, rent in twain,
No more the preſſing entrails could ſuſtain,
It yields, and forth they fall, at once they guſh amain.
Small relics of the mouldering maſs were left,
At once of ſubſtance, as of form bereft;
Diſſolv'd the whole in liquid poiſon ran,
And to a nauſeous puddle ſhrunk the man.
Then burſt the rigid nerves, the manly breaſt,
And all the texture of the heaving cheſt;
Reſiſtleſs way the conquering venom made,
And ſecret nature was at once diſplay'd;
Her ſacred privacies all open lie
To each profane, inquiring, vulgar eye.
Then the broad ſhoulders did the peſt invade,
Then o'er the valiant arms and neck it ſpread;
Laſt ſunk, the mind's imperial ſeat, the head.
So ſnows diſſolv'd by ſouthern breezes run,
So melts the wax before the noon-day ſun.
Nor ends the wonder here; though flames are known
To waſte the fleſh, yet ſtill they ſpare the bone:
Here none were left, no leaſt remains were ſeen;
No marks to ſhow, that once the man had been.
Of all the plagues which curſe the Libyan land,
(If death and miſchief may a crown demand)
Serpent, the palm is thine. Though others may
Boaſt of their power to force the ſoul away,
Yet ſoul and body both become thy prey.
A fate of different kind Naſidius found,
A burning preſter gave the deadly wound;
And ſtraight a ſudden flame began to ſpread,
And paint his viſage with a glowing red.
With ſwift expanſion ſwells the bloated ſkin,
Nought but an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs is ſeen,
While the fair human form lies loſt within.
The puffy poiſon ſpreads, and heaves around,
Till all the man is in the monſter drown'd.
No more the ſteely plate his breaſt can ſtay,
But yields, and gives the burſting poiſon way.
Not waters ſo, when fire the rage ſupplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling cauldrons riſe:
Nor ſwells the ſtretching canvas half ſo faſt,
When the ſails gather all the driving blaſt,
Strain the tough yards, and bow the lofty maſt.

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The various parts no longer now are known,
One headless formless heap remains alone;
The feather'd kind avoid the fatal feast,
And leave it deadly to some hungry beast;
With horror seiz'd, his sad companions too,
In haste from the unbury'd carcase flew;
Look'd back, but fled again, for still the monster grew.

But fertile Libya still new plagues supplies,
And to more horrid monsters turns their eyes.
Deeply the fierce hæmorrhois impress
Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breast:
The noble youth, with virtue's love inspir'd,
Her, in her Cato, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to share,
With him, each chance of that disastrous war.
And as when mighty Rome's spectators meet
In the full theatre's capacious seat,
At once, by secret pipes and channels fed,
Rich tinctures gush from every antique head;
At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
And rain their odours on the crowd below:
So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting heart.
Blood fails for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace:
Where'er the liquid juices find a way,
There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray:
His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood;
In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.

Lævus, a colder aspic bit, and straight
His blood forgot to flow, his heart to beat;
Thick shades upon his eye-lids seem'd to creep,
And lock him fast in everlasting sleep:
No sense of pain, no torment did he know,
But sunk in slumbers to the shades below.

Not swifter death attends the noxious juice,
Which dire Sabæan aconites produce.
Well may their crafty priests divine, and well
The fate which they themselves can cause, foretel.

Fierce from afar a darting javelin shot,
(For such, the serpent's name has Afric taught)
And through unhappy Paulus' temples flew;
Nor poison, but a wound, the soldier slew.
No flight so swift, so rapid none we know,
Stones for the sounding sling, compar'd, are slow.
And the shaft loiters from the Scythian bow.

A basilisk bold Murrus kill'd in vain,
And nail'd it dying to the sandy plain;
Along the spear the sliding venom ran,
And sudden, from the weapon, seiz'd the man:
His hand first touch'd, ere it his arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his shining blade:
The serpent's force by sad example taught,
With his lost hand, his ransom'd life he bought.

Who that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threatening, he rears his knotty tail on high;
The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy in the sky.

Or could we the salpuga's anger dread,
Or fear upon her little cell to tread?
Yet she the fatal threads of life commands,
And quickens oft the Stygian sisters' hands.

Pursu'd by dangers, thus they pass'd away
The restless night, and thus the cheerless day;
Ev'n earth itself they fear'd, the common bed,
Where each lay down to rest his weary head:
There no kind trees their leafy couches strow,
The sands no turf nor mossy beds bestow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious toil,
Expos'd they sleep upon the fatal soil.
With vital heat they brood upon the ground,
And breathe a kind attractive vapour round.
While chill, with colder night's ungentle air,
To man's warm breast his snaky foes repair,
And find, ungrateful guests, a shelter there.
Thence fresh supplies of poisonous rage return,
And fiercely with recruited deaths they burn.

Restore, thus sadly oft the soldier said,
Restore Emathia's plains, from whence we fled;
This grace, at least, ye cruel gods afford,
That we may fall beneath the hostile sword.
The Dipsa's here in Cæsar's triumph share,
And fell Ceraste wage his civil war.
Or let us haste away, press farther on,
Urge our bold passage to the burning zone,
And die by those ethereal flames alone.
Afric, thy deserts we accuse no more,
Nor blame, oh nature! thy creating power:
From man thou wisely didst these wilds divide,
And for thy monsters here alone provide;
A region waste and void of all beside.
Thy prudent care forbade the barren field
The yellow harvest's ripe increase to yield;
Man and his labours well thou didst deny,
And bad'st him from the land of poisons fly.
We, impious we, the bold irruption made;
We, this the serpent's world, did first invade;
Take then our lives a forfeit for the crime,
Whoe'er thou art, that rul'st this cursed clime:
What god soe'er, that only lov'st to reign,
And dost the commerce of mankind disdain;
Who, to secure thy horrid empire's bound,
Had fix'd the Syrts, and torrid realms around;
Here the wild waves, there the flames scorching breath,
And fill'd the dreadful middle space with death.
Behold, to thy retreats our arms we bear,
And with Rome's civil rage profane thee here;
Ev'n to thy inmost seats we strive to go,
And seek the limits of the world to know.
Perhaps more dire events attend us yet;
New deaths, new monsters, still we go to meet.
Perhaps to those far seas our journey bends,
Where to the waves the burning sun descends;
Where, rushing headlong down heaven's azure steep,
All red he plunges in the hissing deep.
Low sinks the pole, declining from its height,
And seems to yield beneath the rapid weight.

Nor farther lands from fame herself are known.
But Mauritanian Juba's realms alone.
Perhaps, while, rashly daring, on we pass,
Fate may discover some more dreadful place;
Till, late repenting, we may wish in vain
To see these serpents, and these sands again.
One joy at least do these sad regions give,
Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to live:
That, by the native plagues, we may perceive.

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Nor aſk we now for Aſia's gentler day,
Nor now for European ſuns we pray;
Thee, Afric, now, thy abſence we deplore,
And ſadly think we ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.
Say, in what part, what climate, art thou loſt?
Where have we left Cyrene's happy froſt?
Cold ſkies we felt, and froſty winter there,
While more than ſummer ſuns are raging here,
And break the laws of the well-order'd year.
Southward, beyond earth's limits, are we paſs'd,
And Rome, at length, beneath our feet is plac'd.
Grant us, ye gods, one pleaſure ere we die,
Add to our harder fate this only joy,
That Cæſar may purſue, and follow where we fly.
Impatient, thus the ſoldier oft complains,
And ſeems, by telling, to relieve his pains.
But moſt the virtues of their matchleſs chief
Inſpire new ſtrength, to bear with every grief;
All night, with careful thoughts and watchful eyes,
On the bare ſands expos'd the hero lies;
In every place alike, in every hour,
Dares his ill fortune, and defies her power.
Unweary'd ſtill, his common care attends
On every fate, and cheers his dying friends:
With ready haſte at each ſad call he flies,
And more than health, or life itſelf, ſupplies;
With virtue's nobleſt precepts arms their ſouls,
And ev'n their ſorrows, like his own, controuls.
Where'er he comes, no ſigns of grief are ſhown;
Grief, an unmanly weakneſs, they diſown,
And ſcorn to ſigh, or breathe one parting groan.
Still urging on his pious cares, he ſtrove
The ſenſe of outward evils to remove;
And, by his preſence, taught them to diſdain
The feeble rage and impotence of pain.
But now, ſo many toils and dangers paſt,
Fortune grew kind, and brought relief at laſt.
Of all who ſcorching Afric's ſun endure,
None like the ſwarthy Pſyllians are ſecure.
Skill'd in the lore of powerful herbs and charms,
Them, nor the ſerpent's tooth, nor poiſon harms;
Nor do they thus in arts alone excel,
But nature too their blood has temper'd well,
And taught with vital force the venom to repel.
With healing gifts, and privileges grac'd,
Well in the land of ſerpents were they plac'd;
Truce with the dreadful tyrant, death, they have,
And border ſafely on his realm, the grave.
Such is their confidence in true-born blood,
That oft with aſps they prove their doubtful brood;
When wanton wives their jealous rage inflame,
The new-born infant clears or damns the dame;
If ſubject to the wrathful ſerpent's wound,
The mother's ſhame is by the danger found;
But if unhurt the fearleſs infant laugh;
The wife is honeſt, and the huſband ſafe.
So when Jove's bird, on ſome tall cedar's head,
Has a new race of generous eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the neſt they lie,
Wary ſhe turns them to the eaſtern ſky;
Then if, unequal to the god of day,
Abaſh'd they ſhrink, and ſhun the potent ray,
She ſpurns them forth, and caſts them quite away:
But if with daring eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withſtand the light, and bear the golden blaze;
Tender ſhe broods them with a parent's love,
The future ſervants of her maſter Jove.
Nor ſafe themſelves, alone, the Pſyllians are,
But to their gueſts extend their friendly care.
Firſt, where the Roman camp is mark'd, around
Circling they paſs, then chanting, charm the ground,
And chaſe the ſerpents with the myſtic ſound.
Beyond the fartheſt tents rich fires they build,
That healthy medicinal odours yield;
There foreign galbanum diſſolving fries,
And crackling flames from humble wall-wort riſe;
There tamariſk, which no green leaf adorns,
And there the ſpicy Syrian coſtos burns.
There centory ſupplies the wholeſome flame,
That from Theſſalian Chiron takes its name;
The gummy larch-tree, and the thapſos there,
Wound-wort and maiden-weed perfume the air.
There the large branches of the long-liv'd hart,
With ſouthern-wood, their odours ſtrong impart.
The monſters of the land, the ſerpents fell,
Fly far away, and ſhun the hoſtile ſmell.
Securely thus they paſs the nights away;
And if they chance to meet a wound by day,
The Pſyllian artiſts ſtraight their ſkill diſplay.
Then ſtrives the leach the power of charms to ſhow,
And bravely combats with the deadly foe:
With ſpittle firſt, he marks the part around,
And keeps the poiſon priſoner in the wound;
Then ſudden he begins the magic ſong,
And rolls the numbers haſty o'er his tongue;
Swift he runs on; nor pauſes once for breath,
To ſtop the progreſs of approaching death:
He fears the cure might ſuffer by delay,
And life be loſt but for a moment's ſtay.
Thus oft, though deep within the veins it lies,
By magic numbers chas'd, the miſchief flies:
But if it hear too ſlow, if ſtill it ſtay,
And ſcorn the potent charmer to obey;
With forceful lips he faſtens on the wound,
Drains out, and ſpits the venom to the ground.
Thus, by long uſe and oft experience taught,
He knows from whence his hurt the patient got;
He proves the part through which the poiſon paſt,
And knows each various ſerpent by the taſte.
The warriors thus reliev'd, amidſt their pains,
Held on their paſſage through the deſert plains:
And now the ſilver empreſs of the night
Had loſt, and twice regain'd her borrow'd light,
While Cato, wandering o'er the waſteful field,
Patient in all his labours, ſhe beheld.
At length condens'd in clods the ſands appear,
And ſhow a better ſoil and country near:
Now from afar thin tufts of trees ariſe,
And ſcattering cottages delight their eyes.
But when the ſoldier once beheld again
The raging lion ſhake his horrid mane,
What hopes of better lands his ſoul poſſeſt!
What joys he felt, to view the dreadful beaſt!

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Leptis at laſt they reach'd, that neareſt lay,
There free from ſtorms, and the ſun's parching ray,
At eaſe they paſs'd the wintery year away.
When ſated with the joys which ſlaughters yield,
Retiring Cæſar left Emathia's field;
His other cares laid by, he ſought alone
To trace the ſoutſteps of his flying ſon.
Led by the guidance of reporting fathe,
Firſt to the Thracian Helleſpont he came.
Here young Leander periſh'd in the flood,
And here the tower of mournful Hero ſtood:
Here, with a narrow ſtream, the flowing tide,
Europe, from wealthy Aſia, does divide.
From hence the curious victor paſſing o'er,
Admiring ſought the fam'd Sigæan ſhore.
There might he tombs of Grecian chiefs behold,
Renown'd in ſacred verſe by bards of old.
There the long ruins of the walls appear'd,
Once by great Neptune, and Apollo, rear'd:
There ſtood old Troy, a venerable name;
For ever conſecrate to deathleſs fame.
Now blaſted moſſy trunks with branches ſear,
Brambles and weeds, a loathſome foreſt rear;
Where once, in palaces of regal ſtate,
Old Priam and the Trojan princes ſat.
Where temples once, on lofty columns borne,
Majeſtic, did the wealthy town adorn,
All rude, all waſte, and deſolate is laid,
And even the ruin'd ruins are decay'd.
Here Cæſar did each ſtory'd place ſurvey,
Here ſaw the rock, where, Neptune to obey,
Heſione was bound the monſter's prey.
Here, in the covert of a ſacred grove,
The bleſt Anchiſes claſp'd the queen of love:
Here fair Oenone play'd, here ſtood the cave
Where Paris once the fatal judgment gave;
Here lovely Ganymede to heaven was borne,
Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.
Here all that does of Xanthus' ſtream remain,
Creeps a ſmall brook along the duſty plain.
Whilſt careleſs and ſecurely on they paſs,
The Phrygian guide forbids to preſs the graſs;
This place, he ſaid, for ever ſacred keep,
For here the ſacred bones of Hector ſleep.
Then warns him to obſerve, where, rudely caſt,
Disjointed ſtones lay broken and defac'd:
Here his laſt fate, he cries, did Priam prove;
Here, on this altar of Hercæan Jove.
O poeſy divine! O ſacred ſong!
To thee, bright fame and length of days belong;
Thou, goddeſs! thou eternity canſt give,
And bid ſecure the mortal hero live.
Nor, Cæſar, thou diſdain, that I rehearſe
Thee, and thy wars, in no ignoble verſe;
Since, if in aught the Latian muſe excel,
My name, and thine, immortal I foretel;
Eternity our labours ſhall reward,
And Lucan flouriſh, like the Grecian bard;
My numbers ſhall to lateſt times convey
The tyrant Cæſar, and Pharſalia's day.
When long the chief his wondering eyes had caſt
On ancient monuments of ages paſt;
Of living turf an altar ſtraight he made,
Then on the fire rich gums and incenſe laid,
And thus, ſucceſsful in his vows, he pray'd.

Ye ſhades divine! who keep this ſacred place,
And thou, Æneas, author of my race!
Ye powers, whoe'er from burning Troy did come,
Domeſtic gods of Alba, and of Rome,
Who ſtill preſerv'd your ruin'd country's name,
And on your altars guard the Phrygian flame:
And thou, bright maid, who art to men deny'd;
Pallas, who doſt thy ſacred privilege confide
To Rome, and in her inmoſt temple hide;
Hear, and auſpicious to my vows incline,
To me, the greateſt of the Julian line:
Proſper my future ways; and, lo! I vow
Your ancient ſtate and honours to beſtow;
Auſonian hands ſhall Phrygian walls reſtore,
And Rome repay what Troy conferr'd before.
He ſaid; and haſted to his fleet away,
Swift to repair the loſs of this delay.
Up ſprung the wind, and with a freſhening gale,
The kind north-weſt fill'd every ſwelling ſail;
Light o'er the foamy waves the navy flew,
Till Aſia's ſhores and Rhodes no more they view.
Six times the night her ſable round had made,
The ſeventh now paſſing on, the chief ſurvey'd
High Pharos ſhining through the gloomy ſhade;
The coaſt deſcry'd, he waits the riſing day,
Then ſafely to the port directs his way.
There wide with crowds o'erſpread he ſees the ſhore,
And echoing hears the loud tumultuous roar.
Diſtruſtful of his fate, he gives command
To ſtand aloof, nor truſt the doubted land.
When lo! a meſſenger appears, to bring
A fatal pledge of peace from Ægypt's king:
Hid in a veil, and cloſely cover'd o'er,
Pompey's pale viſage in his hand he bore.
An impious orator the tyrant ſends,
Who thus, with fitting words, the monſtrous gift commends.
Hail, firſt and greateſt of the Roman name!
In power moſt mighty, moſt renown'd in fame:
Hail! rightly now, the world's unrivall'd lord!
That benefit thy Pharian friends afford.
My king beſtows the prize thy arms have fought,
For which Pharſalia's field in vain was fought.
No taſk remains for future labours now;
The civil wars are finiſh'd at a blow.
To heal Theſſalia's ruins, Pompey fled
To us for ſuccour, and by us lies dead.
Thee, Cæſar, with this coſtly pledge we buy,
Thee to our friendſhip, with this victim, tie.
Ægypt's proud ſceptre freely then receive,
Whate'er the fertile flowing Nile can give:
Accept the treaſures which this deed has ſpar'd;
Accept the beneſit, without reward.
Deign, Cæſar! deign to think my royal lord
Worthy the aid of thy victorious ſword:
In the firſt rank of greatneſs ſhall he ſtand;
He, who could Pompey's deſtiny command.
Nor frown diſdainful on the proffer'd ſpoil,
Becauſe not dearly bought with blood and toil:
But think, oh think, what ſacred ties were broke,
How friendſhip pleaded, and how nature ſpoke:
That Pompey, who reſtor'd Auletes' crown,
The father's ancient gueſt was murder'd by the ſon.
Then judge thyſelf, or aſk the world and fame,
If ſervices like theſe deſerve a name.

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If gods and men the daring deed abhor,
Think, for that reaſon, Cæſar owes the more;
This blood *for thee*, though not *by thee*, was ſpilt;
Thou haſt the benefit, and we the guilt.
He ſaid, and ſtraight the horrid gift unveil'd,
And ſtedfaſt to the gazing victor held.
Chang'd was the face, deform'd with death all o'er,
Pale, ghaſtly, wan, and ſtain'd with clotted gore,
Unlike the Pompey Cæſar knew before.
He, nor at firſt diſdain'd the fatal boon,
Nor ſtarted from the dreadful ſight too ſoon.
Awhile his eyes the murderous ſcene endure,
Doubting they view; but ſhun it, when ſecure.
At length he ſtood convinc'd, the deed was done;
He ſaw 'twas ſafe to mourn his lifeleſs ſon:
And ſtraight the ready tears, that ſtaid till now,
Swift at command with pious ſemblance flow:
As if deteſting, from the ſight he turns,
And groaning with a heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his impious thought ſhould be deſcry'd,
And ſeeks in tears the ſwelling joy to hide.
Thus the curſt Pharian tyrant's hopes were croſt,
Thus all the merit of his gift was loſt;
Thus for the murder Cæſar's thanks were ſpar'd;
He choſe to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentleſs, through Pharſalia rode,
And on the ſenate's mangled fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying ſigh, beheld
The blood and ſlaughter of that woeful field;
Thee, murder'd Pompey, could not ruthleſs ſee,
But pay'd the tribute of his grief to thee.
Oh myſtery of fortune, and of fate!
Oh ill-conſorted piety and hate!
And canſt thou, Cæſar, then thy tears afford
To the dire object of thy vengeful ſword?
Didſt thou, for this, devote his hoſtile head,
Purſue him living, to bewail him dead?
Could not the gentle ties of kindred move?
Wert thou not touch'd with thy ſad Julia's love?
And weep'ſt thou now? doſt thou theſe tears provide
To win the friends of Pompey to thy ſide?
Perhaps, with ſecret rage thou doſt repine,
That he ſhould die by any hand but thine:
Thence fall thy tears, that Ptolemy has done
A murder, due to Cæſar's hand alone.
What ſecret ſprings ſoe'er theſe currents know,
They ne'er, by piety, were taught to flow.
Or didſt thou kindly, like a careful friend,
Purſue him flying, only to defend?
Well was his fate deny'd to thy command!
Well was he ſnatch'd by fortune from thy hand!
Fortune withheld this glory from thy name,
Forbade thy power to ſave, and ſpar'd the Roman ſhame.
Still he goes on to vent his griefs aloud,
And artful, thus, deceives the eaſy crowd.
Hence from my ſight, nor let me ſee thee more;
Haſte, to thy king his fatal gift reſtore.
At Cæſar have you aim'd the deadly blow,
And wounded Cæſar worſe than Pompey now;
The cruel hands by which this deed was done,
Have torn away the wreaths my ſword had won.

That nobleſt prize this civil war could give,
The victor's right to bid the vanquiſh'd live.
Then tell your king, his gift ſhall be repaid;
I would have ſent him Cleopatra's head;
But that he wiſhes to behold her dead.
How has he dar'd, this Ægypt's petty lord,
To join his murders to the Roman ſword?
Did I, for this, in heat of war, diſtain
With nobleſt blood Emathia's purple plain,
To licenſe Ptolemy's pernicious reign?
Did I with Pompey ſcorn the world to ſhare?
And can I an Ægyptian partner bear?
In vain the warlike trumpet's dreadful ſound
Has rous'd the univerſe to arms around;
Vain was the ſhock of nations, if they own,
Now, any power on earth but mine alone.
If hither to your impious ſhores I came,
'Twas to aſſert at once my power and fame;
Leſt the pale fury envy ſhould have ſaid,
Your crimes I damn'd not, or your arms I fled.
Nor think to fawn before me and deceive;
I know the welcome you prepare to give.
Theſſalia's field preſerves me from your hate,
And guards the victor's head from Pompey's fate.
What ruin, gods! attended on my arms,
What dangers unforeſeen! what waiting harms!
Pompey, and Rome, and exile, were my fear;
See yet a fourth, ſee Ptolemy appear!
The boy-king's vengeance loiters in the rear.
But we forgive his youth, and bid him know
Pardon and life's the moſt we can beſtow.
For you, the meaner herd, with rites divine,
And pious cares, the warrior's head enſhrine:
Atone with penitence the injur'd ſhade,
And let his aſhes in their urn be laid;
Pleas'd, let his ghoſt lamenting Cæſar know,
And feel my preſence here, ev'n in the realms below.
Oh, what a day of joy was loſt to Rome,
When hapleſs Pompey did to Ægypt come!
When, to a father and a friend unjuſt,
He rather choſe the Pharian boy to truſt.
The wretched world that loſs of peace ſhall rue,
Of peace, which from our friendſhip might enſue:
But thus the gods their hard decrees have made;
In vain, for peace, and for repoſe, I pray'd;
In vain implor'd, that wars and rage might end,
That, ſuppliant-like, I might to Pompey bend,
Beg him to live, and once more be my friend.
Then had my labours met their juſt reward,
And, Pompey, thou in all my glories ſhar'd;
Then, jars and enmities all paſt and gone,
In pleaſure had the peaceful years roll'd on;
All ſhould forgive, to make the joy complete;
Thou ſhouldſt thy harder fate, and Rome my wars forget.
Faſt falling ſtill the tears, thus ſpoke the chief,
But found no partner in the ſpecious grief.
Oh, glorious liberty! when all ſhall dare
A face, unlike their mighty lord, to wear!
Each in his breaſt the riſing ſorrow kept,
And thought it ſafe to laugh, though Cæſar wept.

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BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

CÆSAR, upon his arrival in Ægypt, finds Ptolemy engaged in a quarrel with his ſiſter Cleopatra; whom, at the inſtigation of Photinus, and his other evil counſellors, he had deprived of her ſhare in the kingdom, and impriſoned: ſhe finds means to eſcape, comes privately to Cæſar, and puts herſelf under his protection, Cæſar interpoſes in the quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great magnificence and luxury at the royal palace in Alexandria. At this feaſt Cæſar, who at his firſt arrival had viſited the tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever elſe was curious in that city, inquires of the chief prieſt, Achoreus, and is by him informed of the courſe of the Nile, its ſtated increaſe and decreaſe, with the ſeveral cauſes that had been till that time aſſigned for it. In the meantime Photinus writes privately to Achillas, to draw the army to Alexandria, and ſurpriſe Cæſar; this he immediately performs, and beſieges the palace. But Cæſar, having ſet the city and many of the Ægyptian ſhips on fire, eſcapes to the iſland and tower of Pharos, carrying the young king and Photinus, whom he ſtill kept in his power, with him; there having diſcovered the treachery of Photinus, he puts him to death. At the ſame time Arſinoë, Ptolemy's younger ſiſter, having by the advice of her tutor, the eunuch Ganymedes, aſſumed the regal authority, orders Achillas to be killed likewiſe, and renews the war againſt Cæſar. Upon the mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompaſſed by the enemy, and very near being ſlain, but at length breaks through, leaps into the ſea, and with his uſual courage and good fortune ſwims in ſafety to his own fleet.

SOON as the victor reach'd the guilty ſhore,
Yet red with ſtains of murder'd Pompey's gore,
New toils his ſtill prevailing fortune met,
By impious Ægypt's genius hard beſet.
The ſtrife was now, if this deteſted land
Should own imperial Rome's ſupreme command,
Or Cæſar bleed beneath ſome Pharian hand.
But thou, oh Pompey! thy diviner ſhade,
Came timely to this cruel father's aid;
Thy influence the deadly ſword withſtood, [blood.
Nor ſuffer'd Nile, again, to bluſh with Roman
Safe in the pledge of Pompey, ſlain ſo late,
Proud Cæſar, enters Alexandria's gate:
Enſigns on high the long proceſſion lead;
The warrior and his armed train ſucceed.
Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody throng
Behold his faſces borne in ſtate along;
Of innovations fiercely they complain,
And ſcornfully reject the Roman reign.
Soon ſaw the chief th' untoward bent they take,
And found that Pompey fell not for his ſake.
Wiſely, howe'er, he did his ſecret fear,
And held his way with well-diſſembled cheer.
Careleſs, he runs their gods and temples o'er,
The monuments of Macedonian power;
But neither god, nor ſhrine, nor myſtic rite,
Their city, nor her walls, his ſoul delight:
Their caves beneath his fancy chiefly led,
To ſearch the gloomy manſions of the dead:
Thither with ſecret pleaſure he deſcends,
And to the guide's recording tale attends.
Here the vain youth who made the world his prize,
That proſperous robber, Alexander, lies. [death,
When paying death, at length, and freed mankind,
To ſacred reſt his bones were here conſign'd:
His bones, that better had been toſs'd and hurl'd,
With juſt contempt, around the injur'd world.
But fortune ſpar'd the dead; and partial fate,
For ages fix'd his Pharian empire's date.
Here our long-loſt liberty return,
That carcaſe is reſerv'd for public ſcorn:
Now, it remains a monument confeſt,
How one proud man could lord it o'er the reſt.
To Macedon, a corner of the earth,
The vaſt ambitious ſpoiler ow'd his birth:
There, ſoon, he ſcorn'd his father's humbler reign,
And view'd his vanquiſh'd Athens with diſdain.
Driv'n headlong on, by fate's reſiſtleſs force,
Through Aſia's realms he took his dreadful courſe:
His ruthleſs ſword laid human nature waſte,
And deſolation follow'd where he paſs'd.
Red Ganges bluſh'd, and fam'd Euphrates' flood,
With Perſian this, and that with Indian blood.
Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
When, undiſtinguiſhing, his wrath deſtroys:
Such to mankind, portentous meteors riſe,
Trouble the gazing earth, and blaſt the ſkies.
Nor flame, nor flood, his reſtleſs rage withſtand,
Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan ſand:
O'er waves unknown he meditates his way,
And ſeeks the boundleſs empire of the ſea;
Ev'n to the utmoſt weſt he would have gone,
Where Tethys' lap receives the ſetting ſun;
Around each pole his circuit would have made,
And drunk from ſecret Nile's remoteſt head,
When nature's hand is wild ambition ſtay'd.
With him, that power his pride had lov'd ſo well,
His monſtrous univerſal empire, fell:
No heir, no juſt ſucceſſor left behind,
Eternal wars he to his friends aſſign'd,
To tear the world, and ſcramble for mankind.
Yet ſtill he dy'd the maſter of his fame,
And Parthia to the laſt rever'd his name:
The haughty Eaſt from Greece receiv'd her doom,
With lower homage than ſhe pays to Rome.
Though from the frozen pole our empire run,
Far as the journeys of the ſouthern ſun;
In triumph though our conquering eagles fly,
Where'er ſoft zephyr's fan the weſtern ſky;
Still to the haughty Parthian muſt we yield,
And mourn the loſs of Carræ's dreadful field;

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till ſhall the race untam'd their pride avow,
And lift thoſe heads aloft which Pella taught to bow,
From Caſium now the beardleſs monarch came
To quench the kindling Alexandrian's flame.
Th' unwarlike rabble ſoon the tumult ceaſe,
And he, their king, remains the pledge of peace;
When veil'd in ſecrecy, and dark diſguiſe,
To mighty Cæſar Cleopatra flies.
Won by perſuaſive gold, and rich reward,
Her keeper's hand her priſon-gates unbarr'd,
And a light galley for her flight prepar'd.
Oh, fatal form? thy native Ægypt ſhame!
Thou lewd perdition of the Latian name!
How wert thou doom'd our furies to increaſe,
And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece!
When with an hoſt, from vile Canopus led,
Thy vengeance aim'd at great Auguſtas' head;
When thy ſhrill timbrel's ſound was heard from far,
And Rome herſelf ſhook at the coming war;
When doubtful fortune, near Leucadias' ſtrand,
Suſpended long the world's ſupreme command,
And almoſt gave it to a woman's hand.
Such daring courage ſwells her wanton heart,
While Roman lovers Roman fires impart:
Flowing alike with greatneſs and delight,
She roſe ſtill bolder from each guilty night.
Then blame me, hapleſs Anthony, no more,
Loſt and undone by fatal beauty's power;
For Cæſar, long inur'd to rage and arms,
Submits his ſtubborn heart to thoſe ſoft charms;
Yet, reeking from Emathia's dreadful plain,
And horrid with the blood of thouſands ſlain,
He ſinks laſcivious in a lewd embrace,
While Pompey's ghaſtly ſpectre haunts the place:
Not Julia's chaſteſt name he can forget,
And raiſe her, brethren of a baſtard bet;
Indolently he permits, from far,
Old Cato to revive the fainting war;
The can give away the fruits of blood,
And fight to make a ſtrumpet's title good.
To him diſdaining, or to feign a tear,
Her ſpread her artfully diſhevell'd hair,
In comely ſorrow's decent garb array'd,
And truſting to her beauty's certain aid,
In words like theſe began the Pharian maid:
If loyal birth and the Lagæan name,
My favouring pity, greateſt Cæſar, claim,
Redreſs my wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
And to her ſtate an injur'd queen reſtore.
Here ſhed thy juſter influence, and riſe
More ſtar auſpicious to Ægyptian ſkies.
Nor is it ſtrange for Pharos to behold
A woman's temples bound with regal gold:
No laws our ſofter ſex's powers reſtrain,
But undiſtinguiſh'd equally we reign.
Vouchſafe my royal father's will to read,
And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed;
My juſt pretenſions ſtand recorded there,
My brother's empire and his bed to ſhare.
Nor would the gentle boy his love refuſe,
Did curs'd Photinus leave him free to chooſe;
But now in vaſſalage he holds his crown,
And acts by power and paſſions not his own.
Nor is my ſoul on empire fondly ſet,
But could with eaſe my royal rights forget;
So thou the throne from vile diſhonour ſave,
Reſtore the maſter, and depoſe the ſlave.

What ſcorn, what pride, his haughty boſom ſwell,
Since, at his bidding, Roman Pompey fell;
(Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous gods avert,
His ſword is levell'd at thy noble heart)
Thou and mankind are wrong'd, when he ſhall
Or in thy prize, or in thy crime to ſhare. [dare,
In vain her words of warrior's ears aſſail'd,
Had not her face beyond her tongue prevail'd;
From thence reſiſtleſs eloquence ſhe draws,
And with the ſweet perſuaſion gains her cauſe.
His ſtubborn heart diſſolves in looſe delight,
And grants her ſuit, for one laſcivious night.
Ægypt and Cæſar, now, in peace agreed,
Riot and feaſting to the war ſucceed:
The wanton queen diſplays her wealthy ſtore,
Exceſs unknown to frugal Rome before.
Rich, as ſome fane by lavish zealots rear'd,
For the proud banquet, ſtood the hall prepar'd:
Thick golden plates the latent beams infold,
And the high roof was fretted o'er with gold:
Of ſolid marble all, the walls were made,
And onyx ev'n the meaner floor inlay'd;
While porphyry and agat, round the court,
In maſſy columns, roſe a proud ſupport.
Of ſolid ebony each poſt was wrought,
From ſwarthy Meroë profuſely brought:
With ivory was the entrance cruſted o'er,
And poliſh'd tortoiſe hid each ſhining door:
While on the cloudy ſpots enchas'd was ſeen
The lively emerald's never-fading green.
Within, the royal beds and couches ſhone,
Beamy and bright with many a coſtly ſtone.
In glowing purple rich the coverings lie;
Twice bad they drunk the nobleſt Tyrian dye;
Others, as Pharian artiſts have the ſkill
To mix the party-colour'd web at will,
With winding trails of various ſilks were made,
Where branching gold ſet off the rich brocade.
Around, of every age, and choicer form,
Huge crowds, whole nations of attendants ſwarm:
Some wait in yellow rings of golden hair,
The vanquiſh'd Rhine ſhow'd Cæſar none ſo fair:
Others were ſeen with ſwarthy wooly heads,
Black as eternal night's unchanging ſhades,
Here ſqueaking eunuchs, a diſmember'd train,
Lament the loſs of genial joys in vain:
There nature's nobleſt work, a youthful band,
In the full pride of blooming manhood ſtand.
All duteous on the Pharian princes wait,
The princes round the board recline in ſtate,
With mighty Cæſar, more than princes great.
On ivory feet the citron board was wrought,
Richer than thoſe with captive Juba brought.
With every wile ambitious beauty tries
To fix the daring Roman's heart her prize.
Her brother's meaner bed and crown ſhe ſcorns,
And with fierce hopes for nobler empire burns;
Collects the miſchiefs of her wanton eyes,
And her faint cheeks with deeper roſes dyes;
Amidſt the braidings of her flowing hair,
The ſpoils of orient rocks and ſhells appear;
Like midnight ſtars, ten thouſand diamonds deck
The comely riſing of her graceful neck;
Of wondrous work, a thin tranſparent lawn
O'er each ſoft breaſt in decency was drawn:
Where ſtill by turns the parting threads withdrew,
And all the panting boſom roſe to view.

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Her robe, her every part, her air, confeſs
The power of female ſkill exhauſted in her dreſs.
Fantaſtic madneſs of unthinking pride,
To boaſt that wealth, which prudence ſtrives to hide!
In civil wars ſuch treaſures to diſplay,
And tempt a ſoldier with the hopes of prey!
Had Cæſar not been Cæſar, impious, bold,
And ready to lay waſte the world for gold,
But juſt as all our frugal names of old;
This wealth could Curius or Fabricius know,
Or ruder Cincinnatus from the plough,
As Cæſar, they had ſeiz'd the mighty ſpoil,
And to enrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile.
Now, by a train of ſlaves, the various feaſt
In maſſy gold magnificent was plac'd:
Whatever earth, or air, or ſeas afford,
In vaſt profuſion crowns the labouring board.
For dainties, Ægypt every land explores,
Nor ſpares thoſe very gods her zeal adores.
The Nile's ſweet wave capacious cryſtals pour,
And gems of price the grapes delicious ſtore;
No growth of Mareotis' marſhy fields,
But ſuch as Meroë maturer yields;
Where the warm ſun the racy juice refines,
And mellows into age the infant wines.
With wreaths of nard the gueſts their temples bind,
And blooming roſes of immortal kind;
Their dropping locks with oily odours flow,
Recent from near Arabia, where they grow:
The vigorous ſpices breathe their ſtrong perfume,
And the rich vapour fills the ſpacious room.

Here Cæſar Pompey's poverty diſdain'd,
And learn'd to waſte that world his arms had gain'd
He ſaw th' Ægyptian wealth with greedy eyes,
And wiſh'd ſome fair pretence to ſeize the prize.
Sated at length with the prodigious feaſt,
Their weary appetites from riot ceas'd;
When Cæſar, curious of ſome new delight,
In converſation ſought to wear the night:
Then gently thus addreſt the good old prieſt,
Reclining decent in his linen veſt:
O wiſe Achoreus! venerable ſeer!
Whoſe age beſpeaks thee heaven's peculiar care,
Say from what origin thy nation ſprung,
What bounderies to Ægypt's land belong?
What are thy people's cuſtoms, and the modes,
What rites they teach, what forms they give their gods?
Each ancient ſacred myſtery explain,
Which monumental ſculptures yet retain.
Divinity diſdains to be confin'd,
Fain would be known, and reverenc'd by mankind.
'Tis ſaid thy holy predeceſſors thought
Cecropian Plato worthy to be taught:
And ſure the ſages of your ſchools have known
No ſoul more form'd for ſcience than my own.
Fame of my potent rival's flight, 'tis true,
To this your Pharian ſhore my journey drew;
Yet know the love of learning led me too.
In all the hurries of tumultuous war,
The ſtars, the gods, and heavens, were ſtill my care.
Nor ſhall my ſkill to fix the rolling year
Inferior to Eudoxus' art appear.
Long has my curious ſoul, from early youth,
Toil'd in the noble ſearch of ſacred truth:
Yet ſtill no views have urg'd my ardour more,
Than Nile's remoteſt fountain to explore.
Then ſay what ſource the famous ſtream ſupplies,
And bids it at revolving periods riſe;
Show me that head from whence, ſince time began,
The long ſucceſſion of his waves has ran;
This let me know, and all my toils ſhall ceaſe,
The ſword be ſheath'd, and earth be bleſt with peace.

The warrior ſpoke; and thus the ſeer reply'd:
Nor ſhalt thou, mighty Cæſar, be deny'd.
Our fires forbade all, but themſelves, to know,
And kept with care profaner laymen low:
My ſoul, I own, more generouſly inclin'd,
Would let in daylight to inform the blind.
Nor would I truth in myſteries reſtrain,
But make the gods, their power, and precepts plain,
Would teach their miracles, would ſpread their praiſe,
And well-taught minds to juſt devotion raiſe.
Know then, to all thoſe ſtars, by nature driven
In oppoſition to revolving heaven,
Some one peculiar influence was given.
The ſun the ſeaſons of the year ſupplies,
And bids the evening and the morning riſe;
Commands the planets with ſuperior force,
And keeps each wandering light to his appointed courſe.
The ſilver moon o'er briny ſeas preſides,
And heaves huge ocean with alternate tides.
Saturn's cold rays in icy climes prevail;
Mars rules the winds, the ſtorm, and rattling hail;
Where Jove aſcends, the ſkies are ſtill ſerene;
And fruitful Venus is the genial queen:
While every limpid ſpring, and falling ſtream,
Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning beam.
When in the Crab the humid ruler ſhines,
And to the ſultry Lion near inclines,
There fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent ſource,
He ſtrikes the watery ſtores with ponderous force;
Nor can the flood bright Maia's ſon withſtand,
But heaves, like ocean, at the moon's command:
His waves aſcend, obedient as the ſeas,
And reach their deſtin'd height by juſt degrees.
Nor to its bank returns th' enormous tide,
Till Libra's equal ſcales the days and nights divide.
Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
In dreams of Ethiopian ſnows believ'd:
From hills they taught, how melting currents ran,
When the firſt ſwelling of the flood began.
But, ah, how vain the thought! no Boreas there
In icy bonds conſtrains the wintery year,
But ſultry ſouthern winds eternal reign,
And ſcorching ſuns the ſwarthy natives ſtain.
Yet more, whatever flood the froſt congeals,
Melts as the genial ſpring's return he feels:
While Nile's redundant waters never riſe,
Till the hot Dog inflames the ſummer ſkies;
Nor to his banks his ſhrinking ſtream conſires,
Till high in heaven th' autumnal balance ſhines.
Unlike his watery brethren preſides,
And by new laws his liquid empire guides.
From dropping ſeaſons no increaſe he knows,
Nor feels the fleecy ſhowers of melting ſnows.
His river ſwells not idly, ere the land
The timely office of his waves demand;
But knows his lot, by Providence aſſign'd,
To cool the ſeaſon, and refreſh mankind.
Whene'er the Lion ſheds his fires around,
And Cancer burns Syene's parching ground;
Then, at the prayer of nations, comes the Nile,
And kindly tempers up the mouldering ſoil.

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Nor from the plains the covering god retreats,
Till the rude fervour of the skies abates;
Till Phœbus into milder autumn sades,
And Meroë projects her lengthening shades.
Nor let inquiring sceptics ask the cause,
'Tis Jove's command, and these are nature's laws,
Others of old, as vainly too, have thought
By western winds the spreading deluge brought;
While at fix'd times, for many a day, they last,
Possess the skies, and drive a constant blast;
Collected clouds united Zephyrs bring,
And shed huge rains from many a dropping wing,
To heave the flood, and swell th' abounding spring.
Or when the airy brethren's stedfast force
Resists the rushing current's downward course.
Backward he rolls indignant, to his head:
While o'er the plains his heapy waves are spread.
Some have believ'd, that spacious channels go
Through the dark entrails of the earth below;
Through these, by turns, revolving rivers pass,
And secretly pervade the mighty mass;
Through these the sun, when from the north he flies,
And cuts the glowing Ethiopic skies,
From distant streams attracts their liquid stores,
And through Nile's spring th' assembled waters pours:
Till Nile, o'er-burden'd, disembogues the load,
And spew the foamy deluge all abroad.
Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,
That ocean's waves through porous earth are drain'd;
'Tis thence their saltness they no longer keep,
By slow degrees still fresh'ning as they creep:
Till at a period, Nile receives them all,
And pours them loosely spreading, as they fall,
The stars, and sun himself, as some have said,
By exhalations from the deep are fed;
And when the golden ruler of the day
Through Cancer's fiery sign pursues his way,
His beams attract too largely from the sea;
The refuse of his draughts the nights return,
And more than fill the Nile's capacious urn.
Were I the dictates of my soul to tell,
And speak the reasons of the watery swell,
To Providence the task I should assign,
And find the cause in workmanship divine.
Lets streams we trace, unerring, to their birth,
And know the parent earth which brought them forth:
While this, as early as the world begun,
Ran thus, and must continue thus to run;
And still, unfathom'd by our search, shall own
No cause, but Jove's commanding will alone.
Nor, Cæsar, is thy search of knowledge strange;
Well may thy boundless soul desire to range,
Well may she strive Nile's fountain to explore;
Since mighty kings have sought the same before;
Each for the first discoverer would be known,
And hand, to future times, the secret down;
But still their powers were exercis'd in vain,
While latent nature mock'd their fruitless pain.
Philip's great son, whom Memphis still records,
The chief of her illustrious sceptier'd lords,
Sent, of his own, a chosen number forth,
To trace the wondrous stream's mysterious birth.
Through Æthiopia's plains they journey'd on,
Till the hot sun oppos'd the burning zone:
There, by the god's resistless beams repell'd,
An unbeginning stream they still beheld.
Fierce came Sesostris from the eastern dawn;
On his proud car by captive monarchs drawn;
His lawless will, impatient of a bound,
Commanded Nile's hid fountain to be found:
But sooner much the tyrant might have known,
Thy fam'd Hesperian Po, or Gallic Rhone,
Cambyses too, his daring Persians led,
Where hoary age makes white the Ethiop's head;
Till sore distress'd and destitute of food,
He stain'd his hungry jaws with human blood;
Till half his host the other half devour'd,
And left the Nile behind them unexplor'd.
Of thy forbidden head, thou sacred stream,
Nor fiction dares to speak, nor poets dream.
Through various nations roll thy waters down,
By many seen, though still by all unknown;
No land presumes to claim thee for her own.
For me, my humble tale no more shall tell,
Than what our just records demonstrate well;
Than God, who bade thee thus mysterious flow,
Permits the narrow mind of man to know.
Far in the south the daring waters rise,
As in disdain of Cancer's burning skies;
Thence, with a downward course, they seek the main,
Direct against the lazy northern wain:
Unless when, partially, thy winding tide
Turns to the Libyan or Arabian side.
The distant Seres first behold thee flow;
Nor yet thy spring the distant Seres know.
'Midst sooty Ethiops, next, thy current roams;
The sooty Ethiops wonder whence it comes;
Nature conceals thy infant stream with care,
Not lets thee, but in majesty, appear.
Upon thy banks astonish'd nations stand,
Nor dare assign thy rise, to one peculiar land.
Exempt from vulgar laws thy waters run,
Nor take their various seasons from the sun:
Though high in heaven the fiery solstice stand,
Obedient winter comes at thy command.
From pole to pole thy boundless waves extend;
One never knows thy rise, nor one thy end.
By Meroë thy stream divided roves,
And winds encircling round her ebon groves;
Of sable hue the costly timbers stand,
Dark as the swarthy natives of the land:
Yet, though tall woods in wide abundance spread,
Their leafy tops afford no friendly shade;
So vertically shine the solar rays,
And from the lion dart the downward blaze.
From thence, through deserts dry, thou journey'st on,
Nor shrink'st, diminish'd by the Torrid Zone,
Strong in thyself, collected, full, and one.
Anon, thy streams are parcell'd o'er the plain.
Anon the scatter'd currents meet again;
Jointly they flow, where Philæ's gates divide
Our fertile Ægypt from Arabia's side;
Thence, with a peaceful, soft descent, they creep,
And seek, insensibly, the distant deep;
Till through seven mouths, the famous flood is lost,
On the last limits of our Pharian coast;
Where Gaza's isthmus rises, to restrain
The Erythræan from the midland main.
Who that beholds thee, Nile! thus gently flow,
With scarce a wrinkle on thy glassy brow,

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Can gueſs thy rage, when rocks reſiſt thy force,
And hurl thee headlong in thy downward courſe;
When ſpouting cataracts thy torrent pour,
And nations tremble at the deafening roar;
When thy proud waves with indignation riſe,
And daſh their foamy fury to the ſkies?
Theſe wonders reedy Abatos can tell,
And the tall cliffs that firſt declare thy ſwell;
The cliffs with ignorance of old believ'd
Thy parent veins, and for thy ſpring receiv'd.
From thence huge mountains nature's hand pro-
To bank thy too luxurious river's ſides; [vides,
As in a vale thy current ſhe reſtrains,
Nor ſuffers thee to ſpread the Libyan plains:
At Memphis, firſt, free liberty ſhe yields,
And lets thee looſe to float the thirſty fields.
In unſuſpected peace ſecurely laid,
Thus waſte they ſilent night's declining ſhade.
Meanwhile accuſtom'd furies ſtill infeſt,
With uſual rage, Photinus' horrid breaſt;
Nor can the ruffian's hand from ſlaughter reſt.
Well may the wretch, diſtain'd with Pompey's
Think every other dreadful action good. [blood,
Within him ſtill the ſnaky ſiſter's dwell,
And urge his ſoul with all the powers of hell.
Can fortune to ſuch hands ſuch miſchief doom,
And let a ſlave revenge the wrongs of Rome!
Prevent th' example, preordain'd to ſtand
The great renown of Brutus' righteous hand!
Forbid it, gods! that Cæſar's hallow'd blood,
To liberty by fate a victim vow'd,
Should on a leſs occaſion e'er be ſpilt,
And prove a vile Ægyptian eunuch's guilt.
Harden'd by crimes, the bolder villain, now,
Avows his purpoſe with a daring brow;
Scorns the mean aids of falſehood and ſurpriſe,
And openly the victor chief deſies.
Vain in his hopes, nor doubting to ſucceed,
He truſts that Cæſar muſt, like Pompey, bleed.
The feeble boy to curs'd Achillas' hand
Had, with his army, given his crown's command;
To him, by wicked ſympathy of mind,
By leagues and brotherhood of murder join'd,
To him, the firſt and fitteſt of his friends,
Thus, by a truſty ſlave, Photinus ſends:
While ſtretch'd at eaſe the great Achillas lies,
And ſleep ſits heavy on his ſlothful eyes,
The bargain for our native land is made,
And the diſhoneſt price already paid.
The former rule no longer now we own,
Uſurping Cleopatra wears the crown.
Doſt thou alone withdraw thee from her ſtate,
Nor on the bridals of thy miſtreſs wait?
To-night at large ſhe laviſhes her charms,
And riots in luxurious Cæſar's arms.
Ere long her brother may the wanton wed,
And reap the refuſe of the Roman's bed;
Doubly a bride, then doubly ſhall ſhe reign,
While Rome and Ægypt wear, by turns, her chain.
Nor truſt thou to thy credit with the boy, [ploy.
When arts and eyes, like hers, their powers em-
Mark with what eaſe her fatal charms can mould
The heart of Cæſar, ruthleſs, hard and old;
Were the ſoft king his thoughtleſs head to reſt,
But for a night, on her inceſtuous breaſt:
His crown and friends he'd barter for the bliſs,
And give thy head and mine for one lewd kiſs;
On croſſes, or in flames, we ſhould deplore
Her beauty's terrible reſiſtleſs power.
On both, her ſentence is already paſs'd,
She dooms us dead, becauſe we kept her chaſte.
What potent hand ſhall then aſſiſtance bring?
Cæſar's her lover, and her huſband king.
Haſte, I adjure thee by our common guilt,
By that great blood which we in vain have ſpilt,
Haſte, and let war, let death, with thee return,
And the funereal torch for Hymen's burn.
Whate'er embrace the hoſtile charmer hold,
Find, and tranſfix her in the luſcious fold.
Nor let the fortune of this Latian lord
Abaſh thy courage, or reſtrain thy ſword;
In the ſame glorious guilty paths we tread,
That rais'd him up, the world's imperious head.
Like him, we ſeek dominion for our prize,
And hope, like him, by Pompey's fall to riſe.
Witneſs the ſtains of yonder bluſhing wave,
Yon bloody ſhore, and yon inglorious grave.
Why fear we then to bring our wiſh to paſs?
This Cæſar is not more than Pompey was.
What though we boaſt no birth, nor noble name,
Nor kindred with ſome purple monarch claim?
Conſcious of fate's decree, ſuch aid we ſcorn,
And know we were for mighty miſchief born.
See, how kind fortune, by this offer'd prey,
Finds means to purge all paſt offence away:
With grateful thanks Rome ſhall the deed approve,
And this laſt merit the firſt crime remove.
Stripp'd of his titles, and the pomp of power,
Cæſar's a ſingle ſoldier and no more.
Think then how eaſily the taſk were done,
How ſoon we may an injur'd world atone:
Finiſh all wars, appeaſe each Roman ſhade,
By ſacrificing one devoted head.
Fearleſs, ye dread united legions, go;
Ruſh, all undaunted, on your common foe:
This right, ye Romans! to your country do;
Ye Pharians! this your king expects from you.
But chief, Achillas! may the praiſe be thine:
Haſte thou, and find him on his bed ſupine,
Weary with toiling luſt, and gorg'd with wine.
Then ſtrike, and what their Cato's prayers demand,
The gods ſhall give to thy more favour'd hand.
Nor fail'd the meſſage, fitted to perſuade;
But, prone to blood, the willing chief obey'd.
No noiſy trumpets ſound the loud alarm,
But ſilently the moving legions arm:
All unperceiv'd, for battle they prepare,
And buſtle through the night with buſy care.
The mingled bands who form'd this mongrel
hoſt,
To the diſgrace of Rome were Romans moſt;
A herd, who had they not been loſt to ſhame,
And long forgetful of their country's name,
Had bluſh'd to own ev'n Ptolemy their head:
Yet now were by his meaner vaſſal led.
Oh! mercenary war, thou ſlave of gold!
How is thy faithleſs courage bought and ſold?
For baſe reward thy hireling hands obey;
Unknowing right or wrong, they fight for pay,
And give their country's great revenge away.
Ah, wretched Rome! for whom thy fate prepares,
In every nation, new domeſtic wars;
The fury, that from pale Theſſalia fled,
Rears on the banks of Nile her baleful head,

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What could proteſting Ægypt more have done,
Had ſhe receiv'd the haughty victor's ſon?
But thus the gods our ſinking ſtate confound,
Thus tear our mangled empire all around:
In every land fit inſtruments employ,
And ſuffer ruthleſs ſlaughter to deſtroy.
Thus ev'n Ægyptian parricides preſume
To meddle in the ſacred cauſe of Rome;
Thus, had not fate thoſe hands of murder ty'd,
Succeſs had crown'd the vile Achilla's ſide,
Nor wanted fit occaſion for the deed;
Timely the traitors to the place ſucceed,
While in ſecurity the careleſs gueſt,
Lingering as yet, his couch ſupinely preſt:
No gates, no guards, forbade their open way
But all diſſolv'd in ſleep and ſurfeits lay;
With eaſe the victor at the board had bled,
And loſt in riot his defenceleſs head;
But pious caution now their rage withſtands,
And care for Ptolemy withholds their hands:
With reverence and remorſe, unknown before,
They dread to ſpill their royal maſter's gore;
Left, in the tumult of the murderous night,
Some erring miſchief on his youth may light.
Sway'd by this thought, not doubting to ſucceed,
They hold it fitting to defer the deed.
Gods! that ſuch wretches ſhould ſo proudly dare!
Can ſuch a life be theirs to take, or ſpare!
Till dawn of day the warrior ſtood repriev'd,
And Cæſar at Achillas' bidding liv'd.

Now o'er aſpiring Caſium's eaſtern head
The roſy light by Lucifer was led; [borne,
Swift through the land the piercing beams were
And glowing Ægypt felt the kindling morn:
When from proud Alexandria's walls afar,
The citizen's behold the coming war.
The dreadful legion's ſhine in juſt array,
And firm, as to the battle, hold their way.
Conſcious, meanwhile, of this unequal force,
Straight to the palace Cæſar bends his courſe:
Nor in the lofty bulwarks dares confide,
Their ample circuit ſtretching far too wide:
To one fix'd part his little band retreats,
There mans the walls and towers, and bars the gates.
There fear, there wrath, by turns, his boſom tears;
He fears, but ſtill with indignation fears.
His daring ſoul, reſtrain'd, more fiercely burns,
And proudly the ignoble refuge ſcorns.
The captive lion thus, with generous rage,
Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his cage.
Thus, if ſome power could Mulciber inſlave,
And bind him down in Ætna's ſmoky cave,
With fires more fierce th' impriſon'd god would glow.
And bellow in the dreadful deeps below. [
He who ſo lately, with undaunted pride,
The power of mighty Pompey's arms defy'd,
With juſtice and the ſenate on his ſide;
Who, with a cauſe which gods and men muſt hate,
Stood up, and ſtruggled for ſucceſs with fate;
Now abject foes and ſlaves inſulting fears,
And ſhrinks beneath a ſhower of Pharian ſpears.
The warrior who diſdain'd to be confin'd
By Tyrian Gades, or the eaſtern Inde,
Now in a narrow houſe conceals that head,
From which the fierceſt Scythians once had fled,
And horrid Moors beheld with awful dread.

From room to room irreſolute he flies,
And on ſome guardian bar or door relies.
So boys and helpleſs maids, when towns are won,
To ſecret corners for protection run.
Still by his ſide the beardleſs king he bears,
Ordain'd to ſhare in every ill he fears:
If he muſt die, he dooms the boy to go,
Alike devoted to the ſhades below;
Reſolves his head a victim firſt ſhall fall,
Hurl'd at his ſlaves from off the lofty wall.
So from Æëtes fierce Medea fled,
Her ſword ſtill aim'd at young Abſyrtos' head;
Whene'er ſhe ſees her vengeful ſire draw nigh,
Ruthleſs ſhe dooms the wretched boy ſhould die.
Yet ere theſe cruel laſt extremes he proves,
By gentler ſteps of peace the Roman moves;
He ſends an envoy, in the royal name,
To chide their fury, and the war diſclaim.
But impious they nor gods nor kings regard,
Nor univerſal laws, by all rever'd;
No right of ſacred characters they know,
But tear the olive from the hallow'd brow;
To death the meſſenger of peace purſue,
And in his blood their horrid hands embrue.

Such are the palms which curs'd Ægyptians claim,
Such prodigies exalt their nation's name. [
Nor purple Theſſaly's deſtructive ſhore,
Nor dire Pharnaces, nor the Libyan Moor,
Nor every barbarous land, in every age,
Equal a ſoft Ægyptian eunuch's rage.

Inceſſant ſtill the roar of war prevails,
While the wild hoſt the royal pile aſſails.
Void of device, no thundering rams they bring,
Nor kindling flames with ſpreading miſchief fling:
Bellowing around they run with fruitleſs pain,
Heave at the doors, and thruſt and ſtrive in vain:
More than a wall, great Cæſar's fortune ſtands,
And mocks the madneſs of their feeble hands.

On one proud ſide the lofty fabric ſtood
Projected bold into th' adjoining flood;
There, fill'd with armed bands, their barks draw near,
But find the fame defending Cæſar there:
To every part the ready warrior flies,
And with new rage the fainting fight ſupplies;
Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
Nor ſeems to be invaded, but t' invade.
Againſt the ſhips Phalaric darts he aims;
Each dart with pitch and livid ſulphur flames.
The ſpreading fire o'er-runs their unctuous ſides,
And, nimbly mounting, on the top-maſt rides:
Planks, yards and cordage, feed the dreadful blaze;
The drowning veſſel hiſſes in the ſeas;
While floating arms and men, promiſcuous ſtrow'd,
Hide the whole ſurface of the azure flood.
Nor dwells deſtruction on their fleet alone, [town;
But, driven by winds, invades the neighbouring
On rapid wings the ſheety flames they bear,
In wavy lengths, along the reddening air.
Not much unlike, the ſhooting meteors fly,
In gleamy trails, athwart the midnight ſky.

Soon as the crowd behold their city burn,
Thither, all headlong, from the ſiege they turn.
But Cæſar, prone to vigilance and haſte,
To ſnatch the juſt occaſion ere it paſs'd,
Hid in the friendly night's involving ſhade,
A ſafe retreat to Pharos timely made.

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In elder times of holy Proteus' reign,
An isle it stood, incompass'd by the main:
Now by a mighty mole the town it joins,
And from wide seas the safer port confines.
Of high importance to the chief it lies,
To him brings aid, and to the foe denies:
In close restraint the captive town is held,
While free behind he views the watery field.
There safe, with curs'd Photinus in his power,
Cæsar defers the villain's doom no more.
Yet, ah! by means too gentle he expires;
No gnashing knives he feels, no scorching fires;
Nor were his limbs by grinning tigers torn,
Nor pendent on the horrid cross are borne:
Beneath the sword the wretch resigns his breath,
And dies too gloriously by Pompey's death.
Meanwhile, by wily Ganymede convey'd,
Arsinoë, the younger royal maid,
Fled to the camp; and with a daring hand
Assumes the sceptre of supreme command:
And, for her feeble brother was not there,
She calls herself the sole Lagæan heir.
Then, since he dares dispute her right to reign,
She dooms the fierce Achillas to be slain.
With just remorse, repenting fortune paid
This second victim to her Pompey's shade.
But oh! nor this, nor Ptolemy, nor all
The race of Lagos doom'd at once to fall,
Not hetacombs of tyrants shall suffice,
Till Brutus strikes, and haughty Cæsar dies.
Nor yet the rage of war was hush'd in peace,
Nor would that storm, with him who rais'd it, cease.
A second eunuch to the task succeeds,
And Ganymede the power of Ægypt leads:
He cheers the drooping Pharians with success,
And urg'd the Roman chief with new distress.
Such dangers did one dreadful day afford,
As annals might to latest times record,
And consecrate to fame the warrior's sword.
While to their barks his faithful band descends,
Cæsar, the mole's contracted space defends.
Part from the crowded key aboard were pass'd,
The careful chief remain'd among the last;
When sudden Ægypt's furious powers unite,
And fix on him alone th' unequal fight.
By land the numerous foot, by sea the fleet,
At once surround him and prevent retreat.
No means for safety or escape remain,
To fight, or fly, were equally in vain:
A vulgar period on his wars attends,
And his ambitious life obscurely ends.
No seas of gore, no mountains of the slain,
Renown the fight on some distinguish'd plain:
But meanly in a tumult must he die,
And, over-borne by crowds, inglorious lie:
No room was left to fall as Cæsar should,
So little were the hopes his foes and fate allow'd.
At once the place and danger he surveys,
The rising mound, and the near neighbouring seas:
Some fainting struggling doubts as yet remain:
Can he, perhaps, his navy still regain?
Or shall he die, and end th' uncertain pain?
At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
His own brave Scæva to his thought returns;
Scæva, who in the breach undaunted stood,
And singly made the dreadful battle good;
Whose arm advancing Pompey's host repell'd,
And, coop'd within a wall the captive leader held.
Strong in his soul the glorious image rose,
And taught him, sudden, to disdain his foes;
The force oppos'd in equal scales to weigh,
Himself was Cæsar, and Ægyptians they;
To trust that fortune, and those gods, once more,
That never fail'd his daring hopes before.
Threatening, aloft his flaming blade he shook,
And through the throng his course resistless took:
Hands, arms, and helmed heads before him fly,
While mingling screams and groans ascend the sky.
So winds, imprison'd, force their furious way,
Tear up the earth, and drive the foamy sea.
Just on the margin of the mount he stay'd,
And for a moment, thence, the flood survey'd;
Fortune divine! be present now, he cry'd;
And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy tide.
Th' obedient deep, at fortune's high command,
Receiv'd the mighty master of the land;
Her servile waves officious Tethys spread,
To raise with proud support his awful head.
And, for he scorn'd th' inglorious race of Nile
Should pride themselves in aught of Cæsar's spoil,
In his left hand, above the water's power,
Papers and scrolls of high import he bore;
Where his own labours faithfully record
The battles of ambition's ruthless sword:
Safe in his right, the deadly steel he held,
And plow'd, with many a stroke, the liquid field;
While his fix'd teeth tenaciously retain
His ample Tyrian robe's imperial train:
Th' encumber'd folds the curling surface sweep,
Come flow behind, and drag along the deep.
From the high mole, from every Pharian prow,
A thousand hands a thousand javelins throw:
The thrilling points dip bloodless in the waves,
While he their idle wrath securely braves.
So when some mighty serpent of the main
Rolls his huge length athwart the liquid plain,
Whether he range voracious for the prey,
Or to the sunny shore directs his way,
Him if by chance the fishers view from far,
With flying darts they wage a distant war:
But the fell monster, unappall'd with dread,
Above the seas exerts his poisonous head;
He rears his livid crest and kindling eyes,
And, terrible, the feeble foe defies;
His swelling breast a foamy path divides,
And, careless, o'er the murmuring flood he glides.
Some looser Muse, perhaps, who lightly treads
The devious paths where wanton fancy leads,
In heaven's high court, would feign the queen of love,
Kneeling in tears before the throne of Jove,
Imploring, sad, th' almighty father's grace,
For the dear offspring of her Julian race.
While to the just recording Romans eyes,
Far other forms, and other gods arise;
The guardian furies round him rear their heads,
And Nemesis the shield of safety spreads;
Justice and fate the floating chief convey,
And Rome's glad genius wafts him on his way;
Freedom and laws the Pharian darts withstand,
And save him for avenging Brutus' hand.
His friends, unknowing what the gods decree,
With joy receive him from the swelling sea;
In peals on peals their shouts triumphant rise,
Roll o'er the distant flood, and thunder to the skies.

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HOMER'S HYMN

TO

CERES,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY RICHARD HOLE, LL. B.

—chartis nec furta nocent, et fecula profunt;
Solaque non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

MARTIAL.

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PREFACE.

THIS tranſlation of the Hymn to Ceres was undertaken at the particular requeſt of the gentleman, who favoured the world with a criticiſm on that moſt valuable fragment of antiquity, in the Appendix to the 63d vol. of the Monthly Review; and to whoſe aſſiſtance the author acknowledges himſelf to have been greatly indebted.

The following extract from that criticiſm will, I apprehend, be ſufficient to give the reader ſome general idea of the poem itſelf; and at the ſame time it will afford entertainment to the curious, to be informed of the extraordinary and unexpected circumſtances which contributed to its publication.

The author of the criticiſm introduces his remarks with obſerving, that "the diſcovery of this ancient and truly beautiful Greek poem was no leſs ſingular than intereſting; and that the admirers of claſſic literature will think themſelves under great obligations to the learned and ingenious editor * for the pains he hath taken to gratify their curioſity, not only by an elegant edition of the poem itſelf, but by his very valuable notes and obſervations, which tend to illuſtrate its beauties, and to throw a light on ſome of its obſcurities.

"Ruhnkenius informs us that nothing was more diſtant from his expectations than the diſcovery of this Hymn to Ceres. He knew, indeed, that a poem, bearing that title, and aſcribed to Homer, exiſted in the ſecond century: but as it had long been conſidered as irretrievably loſt, he had formed no hopes of ever ſeeing it reſcued from the obſcurity to which it had been conſigned:—at leaſt he could not have flattered himſelf, that on a diſcovery of ſo unexpected a treaſure, the charge of preſenting it to the public, would have been intruſted to him.

"For the ſatisfaction of our readers, it is neceſſary to mention the moſt intereſting particulars that relate to this ſingular and valuable diſcovery.

"Some years ſince, a German, Chriſtian Frederic Matthæi, who had been educated by the learned Erneſti, and credited the diſcipline of that celebrated maſter, by his ſkill and erudition, was invited to ſettle at Moſcow, and to aſſiſt in a plan of literature, for which his abilities and acquirements moſt eminently qualified him. On his arrival at that city, he was informed, equally to his aſtoniſhment and ſatisfaction, that a very copious treaſure of Greek manuſcript was depoſited in the library of the Holy Synod, which no perſon in that country had either the abilities to make uſe of, or the curioſity to examine. Struck with the relation of a circumſtance ſo unexpected, and at the ſame time ſo peculiarly flattering to the taſte of this learned man, he immediately ſeized the opportunity that was luckily offered him, to explore this repoſitory of hidden treaſure. After having examined ſeveral curious books, he diſcovered a manuſcript copy of the works of Homer, written about the concluſion of the 14th century, but evidently a tranſcript from a very ancient and moſt valuable copy, which, beſides the Iliad and the Odyſſey, contained alſo ſixteen of the hymns, which had been long publiſhed under the name of Homer.—But this was not all. Twelve lines of a loſt hymn to Bacchus, and the hymn to Ceres, were preſerved in this curious and long unnoticed manuſcript. Exulting, as indeed he well might, in an acquiſition ſo unexpected, and at the ſame time ſo valuable, he, with ſingular diſintereſtedneſs, communicated it to our editor, that he might preſent it to the world without thoſe delays, which would, in all probability, have retarded the publication of it at Moſcow.

"Matthæi, indeed, was well acquainted with the talents and extraordinary erudition of Ruhnkenius; and as he knew too that his learned friend had been particularly engaged in the ſtudy of the hymns of Homer, in order to give the public a complete edition of them, he could not have intruſted this poem to the charge of a perſon more qualified to do juſtice to its publication than our editor. With this hymn many various readings, tending to illuſtrate and explain ſome obſcure paſſages in thoſe already publiſhed, were alſo communicated to Ruhnkenius.

"The editor obſerves, that as there was only one copy of this hymn to Ceres, to which he could have recourſe, he was frequently obliged to call in the aid of conjecture, in order to determine the reading, or gueſs at the ſenſe, of ſome obſcure paſſages. And when an editor makes ſo good a uſe of his † ingenuity as Ruhnkenius, the moſt ſcrupulous and faſtidious critic will ſcarcely be diſpoſed to find fault with him.

"The editor declines the hazardous taſk of

* *David Ruhnkenius, an eminent profeſſor at the univerſity of Leyden.*

† *Ad ingenium, codicis vicarium confugi.*"

RUHN.

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tranſlation. We are ſorry, that his ſcruples on this head ſhould have deprived us of a pleaſure, which we are ſure he could have given us by a Latin verſion of this hymn. It is certain, that tranſlations have been (as our editor ſays) the ſource of contentions; and we may add, that they have frequently been made the refuge of indolence. Nevertheleſs, they have their peculiar uſes; and we hope ere long to ſee a tranſlation of this poem executed with correctneſs and taſte by ſome learned and ingenious hand. Such a tranſlation would inſure its own ſucceſs; and would be as acceptable to the learned, as to thoſe who are incapable of reading the poem with eaſe and fluency in the original.

" Having given a general account of the diſcovery of this hymn to Ceres, the editor examines with what propriety it may lay claim to the muſe of Homer for its birth.

* " Pauſanias hath aſſerted more than once, and that not accidentally, but by deſign, that Homer had written ſuch a hymn: and the old Scholiaſt on the Alexipharmics of Nicander ſpeaks of hymns that were attributed to Homer, in which a circumſtance relating to Ceres is mentioned. † But this hymn records no ſuch circumſtance; and therefore the editor conjectures, that the critic, through forgetfulneſs or inadvertence, miſtook Homer for Orpheus: or elſe he muſt have ſeen another hymn aſcribed to Homer different from the preſent.

" As to Pauſanias, our editor hints, that his judgment with reſpect to the ſubject of Homer's hymns is not to be implicitly followed. He allows this writer great merit, as a critic; but thinks, that the ſplendour of the ſubject too much dazzled his underſtanding to permit him to decide with impartiality.

" He ingeniouſly acknowledgeth, that he hath ſome doubts, with reſpect to the high and illuſtrious origin aſcribed to this hymn: But as no poſitive external evidence can be produced to determine the point, he chooſes to reſt his argument on, what appears to him, the more certain ground of internal proof; and obſerves, that though it be exquiſitely beautiful, yet that it is evidently deficient in ſome of Homer's more ſtriking and predominant characteriſtics. It wants his energy and ſpirit:—that vigour, that inſpiration, which animates and gives an irreſiſtible power, as well as an enchanting beauty, to the poems of that ſublime and inimitable bard.

" But though this poem be diſpoſſeſſed of the claim aſcribed to it in the old manuſcript of Moſcow, viz. as the production of Homer, yet the editor heſitates not to give it the honour of very high antiquity. He is of opinion, that it was written immediately after Homer; or at leaſt in the age of Heſiod. The Χρως αρχαιοτητος—the venerable wrinkles of hoary age are deeply marked on the very face of it. This will be viſible to all that are ſkilled in the Greek claſſics. Such will perceive, and as it were feel, its antiquity, by a ſenſation that cannot be communicated or explained to the reader who hath not been particularly converſant in thoſe ſtudies.

" The editor congratulates the age on the diſcovery of this curious poem,—reſcued by mere accident from the darkeſt retreats of oblivion; and perhaps, but at a ſlight diſtance from inevitable perdition.—He deems it to be an acquiſition, not only calculated to gratify the curioſity of the connoiſeurs in claſſic antiquity, or to entertain thoſe lovers of Greek poetry whoſe ſtudies are made ſubſervient to a refined and elegant ſpecies of amuſement; but he alſo eſteems it, as of particular uſe to the critic, as it tends to illuſtrate ſome obſcure paſſages both in the Greek and Latin poets.

" He cloſes his preface with obſerving, that, content with the honour of publiſhing this hymn, he leaves the farther compariſon of it with the other poets of antiquity, for the ſake of mutual illuſtration, to the ſkill and induſtry of other critics."

To the preceding remarks it may not be improper to add, that the account, which Apollodorus hath given of Ceres, agrees with ſuch peculiar exactneſs (a few incidents excepted) with the eſſential and leading circumſtances of this hymn, that I imagine the curious reader would be pleaſed to ſee it entire; and at the ſame time it may be conſidered as a general argument to the hymn itſelf.

* " Pluto, being inflamed with a violent love " for Proſerpine, carries her off ſecretly by the " aſſiſtance of Jupiter.—Ceres traverſes the earth

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* "*Homerum hymni auctorem edit. teſtis idoneus, Pauſanias, nec ſemel, et quaſi prætereundo. ſed quatuor locis, et conſtanter*, Attic. 38. *bis.* Meſſen 30. Corinth. 14."—*See Ruhnkenius's preface, page* 6. N. B. *The lines quoted by Pauſanias from this hymn have but a ſlight verbal variation (together with the tranſpoſition of a line). eaſy enough to be accounted for from the inadvertence of ſome copyiſt; unleſs he himſelf made the miſtake by having quoted from memory.*

† *The old Scholiaſt, in the paſſage referred to above, ſays,* " *That the goddeſs laughed at, the ludicrous ſpeeches of Iambe, as is related in the hymns aſcribed to Homer.*" *Now ſince Ruhnkenius can diſcover no trace of ſuch a circumſtance in this hymn, he ſuſpects that the old critic, through forgetfulneſs, had confounded it with one of the hymns of Orpheus; or elſe that he had read ſome other hymn beſides the preſent, which bore the name of Homer, and recorded this incident of Ceres and Iambe.*

And yet it is by no means certain but that this may be the very hymn referred to by the Scholiaſt on Nicander; for it is worthy of obſervation, that immediately after Iambe is introduced by the poet, as accomodating the goddeſs with a ſeat, there is undoubtedly an omiſſion of ſome lines, which are neceſſary to connect one paſſage with another. In its preſent ſtate, it is abrupt and diſjointed; from whence this queſtion naturally ariſes:—May it not be preſumed, that the incident above mentioned occurred in the lines which are loſt in the preſent copy?

* *The lines marked with inverted commas perfectly agree with the ſtory of the poem.*

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" day and night with lighted torches in queſt of " her: Having learned from ſome ſkilled in di- " vination, that ſhe was conveyed away by " Pluto—enraged at the gods, ſhe forſakes hea- " ven, and aſſumes the form of a woman." She goes to Eleuſina, and ſits down at firſt on a ſtone called Agelaſton, from the grief ſhe then ſuffered, not far from the fountain Callichorus;—from thence ſhe proceeds to the houſe of Celeus, at that time king of Eleuſis, and is introduced to the females of his family, by whom being requeſted to ſit down, an old woman called Iambe, excites mirth by reviling the goddeſs. On which account it is ſaid, a licence of ſpeech is allowed to women when performing the myſtical rites of Ceres.

" Celeus at that time had a ſon by Metanira, " whom Ceres undertook to nurſe, and being " willing to make him immortal, ſhe placed the " child by night in the midſt of the fire, by that " means to take from him the corruptible part of " his nature.

" The child who was called Demophon, grew " and flouriſhed daily beyond belief.—Metanira " watched the actions of the goddeſs, and cried " aloud when ſhe ſaw him covered with fire.—— " On this, the child was inſtantly taken out, and " Ceres revealed herſelf." She then prepared a chariot for Triptolemus, Metanira's eldeſt ſon, drawn by winged dragons, that he ſhould travel in it over the world, and inſtruct mankind in ſowing wheat, which ſhe gave him for that purpoſe.

" In the meantime Jupiter commanded Pluto " to reſtore Proſerpine: But he, fearing ſhe " would ſtay a long time with her mother, * gave " her the ſeed of the pomegranate to eat; which " ſhe did in obedience to his commands, not fore- " ſeeing the conſequence."——Ceres placed a heavy ſtone over Aſcalaphus the ſon of Acheron and Gorgyra in the infernal regions, for bearing falſe teſtimony againſt her. " At laſt Proſerpine " was compelled to ſtay with Pluto one † third " of the year, and the other part ſhe ſpent with " the gods."——This is what they relate of Ceres. Ap. L. 1. C. 5.

I ſhall not enter into a particular diſcuſſion of the nature or merits of the Hymn to Ceres——In the following attempt to tranſlate it, I equally wiſhed to avoid the extremes of a ſervile verſion, and a diffuſe imitation. How far I have ſucceeded in adhering to the ſenſe of the poet, without abridging the privilege of a free tranſlator, muſt be left to the determination of the candid reader.

* Ροιας εδωκε φαγειν κρυφιον, *are literally the words made uſe of by the poet in this hymn.*

† *Ovid indeed repreſents the matter otherwiſe.*

Nunc dea regnorum numen commune duorum,
Cum matre eſt totidem, totidem cum conjuge menſes. Metam. lib. v.

—But the account of Apollodorus agrees, in this reſpect, with the hymn; and the general ſimilarity is ſo ſtriking, that one would imagine he had copied from it.

HOMER'S HYMN TO CERES.

CERES, to thee belongs the votive lay,
Whoſe locks in radiance round thy temples play,
And Proſerpine, whom, diſtant from thy ſight,
Fierce Pluto bore to realms of endleſs night.
For thus decreed the god, whoſe piercing eyes
Trace every act, whoſe thunder ſhakes the ſkies,
That ſhe, whoſe hands the golden ſickle bear,
And choiceſt product of the circling year,
Rich fruits, and fragrant-breathing flowers, ſhould know
The tender conflicts of maternal woe.
In Nyſia's vale, with nymphs a lovely train,
Sprung from the hoary father of the main,
Fair Proſerpine conſum'd the fleeting hours
In pleaſing ſports, and pluck'd the gaudy flowers.
Around them wide the flamy crocus glows,
Through leaves of verdure blooms the opening roſe;
The hyacinth declines his fragrant head,
And purple violets deck th' enamell'd mead.
The fair Narciſſus far above the reſt,
By magic form'd, in beauteous roſe conteſt.
So Jove, t' entrare the virgin's thoughtleſs mind,
And pleaſe the ruler of the ſhades deſign'd.
He caus'd it from the opening earth to riſe,
Sweet to the ſcent, alluring to the eyes,
Never did mortal, or celeſtial power,
Behold ſuch vivid tints adorn a flower.
From the deep root an hundred branches ſprung,
And to the winds ambroſial odours flung;
Which lightly wafted on the wings of air,
The gladden'd earth, and heaven's wide circuit ſhare.
The joy-diſpenſing fragrance ſpreads around,
And ocean's briny ſwell with ſmiles is crown'd.
Pleas'd at the ſight, nor deeming danger nigh,
The fair beheld it with deſiring eye:
Her eager hand ſhe ſtretch'd to ſeize the flow'r
(Beauteous illuſion of th' ethereal power!)
When, dreadful to behold, the rocking ground
Diſparted—widely yawn'd a gulf profound!—
Forth-ruſhing from the black abyſs, aroſe
The gloomy monarch of the realm of woes,
Pluto, from Saturn ſprung—The trembling maid
He ſeiz'd, and to his golden car convey'd.
Borne by immortal ſteeds the chariot flies:
And thus ſhe pours her ſupplicating cries—
Aſſiſt, protect me, thou who reign'ſt above
Supreme and beſt of gods, paternal Jove!
But ah! in vain the hapleſs virgin rears
Her wild complaint——nor god nor mortal hears!—

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Not to the white-arm'd nymphs with beauty crown'd, [found.
Her lov'd companions, reach'd the mournful
Pale Hecate, who in the cell of night
Muſes on youthful pleaſure's rapid flight;
And bright Hyperion's ſon, who decks the ſkies
With ſplendour, only heard the virgin's cries
Invoke the father of th' ethereal powers—
But he, at diſtance from their airy bowers,
Sits in his hallow'd fane;—his votaries hears,
Accepts their offerings, and rewards their prayers.
While hell's dread ruler in his car convey'd
To realms of darkneſs the reluctant maid.
Long as ſhe view'd the ſtar-beſpangled ſkies,
And ocean's many-teeming waters riſe;
While earth's gay verdure fled not from her view,
Nor Phœbus yet his cheerful light withdrew;
So long the ray of hope illum'd her breaſt,
Nor ſunk her ſoul, undaunted though diſtreſt.
Her mother ſtill ſhe thought would meet her fight,
And friendly powers who dwelt in realms of light.—
E'en ocean's depth reſounded to her cry,
And lofty mountains towering to the ſky!
At length, the ſhrieks of woe her mother hears—
Her heavenly breaſt the ſhaft of anguiſh tears.
The blooming wreath ſhe from her brow unbinds;
Rends her bright locks, and gives them to the winds:
Then (mournful emblem of her inward woes!)
A ſable veil athwart her ſhoulders throws.
As ſome fond bird her raviſh'd young deplores,
And every ſecret ſhade in vain explores;
To ſeek the fair ſhe flies o'er ſea and land,
The burning torches waving in her hand.
Nor gods, nor men the author of her woes
Unfold—no birds of omen'd flight diſcloſe.
Nine tedious days in vain the queen ador'd
The various regions of the earth explor'd;
Nor did ſhe taſte, while ſhe her courſe purſued,
The balmy nectar, or ambroſial food;
Nor ever in the cool tranſlucent wave,
Toil's ſweet relief, her form of beauty lave,
On the tenth morn, as chaſing night's dull gloom,
Aurora's beams the purpled eaſt illume,
Pale Hecate before her view appear'd,
Her hand the faintly-gleaming taper rear'd,
And thus began: Oh thou! to whom we owe
Thoſe joys, the ſeaſon's circling flight beſtow;
What god, what mortal dar'd the impious deed,
That makes a heavenly breaſt with ſorrow bleed?
I heard thy daughter's voice implore relief;
Unknown to me the author of her grief——
She ceas'd; nor did the goddeſs make reply,
But ſudden wav'd the flaming torch on high,
And ſought the ruler of the day; whoſe ſight
From the pure regions of unclouded light
All actions views.—Before his car they came;
The burning car, and horſes breathing flame,
Stopp'd ſudden. Ceres thus: Oh Phœbus hear!
My fame, my ancient dignity revere!
If e'er my bleſſings gave thy ſoul delight,
Thoſe bleſſings now by friendſhip's act requite,
A daughter late was mine of beauteous form—
(Sweet tender plant, uprooted by a ſtorm!)
Diſtant I heard her loud-lamenting cries;
But fate ſevere denied her to my eyes.
Oh thou! who crown'd with ether's pureſt light,
Through earth and ocean dart'ſt thy boundleſs ſight,
Tell me what god, what mortal has convey'd
Reluctant from theſe arms my darling maid?
Daughter of Rhea! he replied, I bear
With grief thy wrongs, and dignity revere.
Blame not th' ethereal race—from heaven's dread king,
Who dwells mid' black'ning clouds, thy ſorrows ſpring.
Pluto, by his decree the virgin bore,
Where darkly-frowning on th' infernal ſhore,
His lofty palace ſtands—no more repine;
No cauſe for anguiſh, nor for ſhame is thine.
He, brother to the god who rules on high,
Now hails her empreſs of the lower ſky:
For Saturn's awful race ſuperior reign
O'er heaven, o'er hell, and earth-encircling main.
He ſaid; and then (his courſe no more delay'd)
Spoke to his fiery ſteeds—his ſteeds obey'd.
Whirl'd rapid onwards through th' illumin'd ſkies,
The flame-rob'd chariot kindles as it flies:
Swift, as when ruſhing through the blaze of day,
Darts the fierce eagle on his diſtant prey.
But deeper anguiſh rends the mother's ſoul,
And thoughts of vengeance in her boſom roll;
She ſhuns th' imperious power who rules on high,
And quits th' immortal ſynod of the ſky.
Then, furious from Olympus' airy height
To earth precipitates her rapid flight.
There mingling with the race of man, ſhe ſhares
Their various toils—conſum'd with grief appears
Her beauteous form;—unknown from ſhore to ſhore
She roves; till Celeus hoſpitable door
Receives her ſteps—He in Eleuſis reign'd,
Where ſtill her rites, and honours are maintain'd.
Beſide a path, while o'er her drooping head
His grateful ſhade the verdant olive ſpread;
As by her feet Parthenius' waters flow,
She ſits, a pallid ſpectacle of woe.
Her faded cheeks no more with beauty bloom'd,
But now the form of wrinkled age aſſum'd.
She ſeem'd like thoſe whom each attractive grace
Forſakes, when time with wrinkles marks the face;
From whom the Cyprian power indignant flies,
Her gifts refuſes, and her charms denies;
Who, in ſome regal dome, by fate ſevere,
Are doom'd to nurſe, and ſerve another's heir.
Four gentle nymphs light-moving o'er the plain
Approach; four brazen urns their arms ſuſtain——
Great Celeus was their ſire—he bade them bring
The limpid water from Parthenius ſpring.
Lovely they ſeem'd as heaven's immortal powers:
Youth's purple light, and beauty's opening flowers
Glow'd on their cheeks—Callidice the fair,
And meek Clauſidice with penſive air;
Then Demo, and Callithoe's riper grace
Appear'd, the eldeſt of the lovely race.
They hail the power unknown—(For mortal eyes
How hard to penetrate a god's diſguiſe!)

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Who, and whence art thou, Dame! whose brow appears
Mark'd by the traces of revolving years?
Why dost thou shun yon peopled town? in grief
Why lonely sit?—there thou wilt find relief:
There, matrons, like thyself, who long the load
Of life have borne, and traced its rugged road,
Employ'd in labours, such as best engage
The pleas'd attention of declining age,
With tender maids thy sorrows shall condole,
And acts of friendship cheer thy drooping soul!
Hail nymphs unknown! the goddess thus rejoin'd,
Accept the tribute of a grateful mind.
Would you the story of my sorrows know,
Attend to no fictitious tale of woe.
Reluctant from the Cretan coast I came;
Dear native land! and Doris is my name.
To ruffians' force who plough the wat'ry way,
I fell an helpless, unresisting prey.
The bark bounds swiftly o'er the liquid main,
And soon the coast of Thericus we gain.
The vessel safely moor'd,—a female band
Prepare the banquet on the neighb'ring strand;
Whilst wide around us eve's gray vapours rise,
And her dim shades roll slowly through the skies.
But, deeply-musing on my woes, I pine,
Nor share the feast, nor taste the cheerful wine.
When through the sky night's deeper gloom was spread,
Unnotic'd, trembling o'er the beach I fled.
The spoilers' lust of gold I rendered vain;
Unransom'd, thus escap'd the galling chain
Of servitude—long time from shore to shore
I wander'd—various toils and perils bore.
To me e'en now unknown, ere you unfold,
The land I tread, the people I behold.
To you, ye virgins! may th' ethereal powers,
Who o'er Olympus dwell in airy bowers,
Shed choicest favours! may your consorts prove
Of lovely form, deserving of your love!
And be your children with such beauty blest,
As hope can image in a parent's breast!
Then gentle maids, in pity to my woes,
How best I can obtain relief, disclose,
In yonder town—with pleasure I'll engage
In tasks best suited to my feeble age.
Well-skill'd in household toils, to please my lord
The couch I'll spread, and crown his festive board.
Or should a child be trusted to my care,
These arms shall nurse him, and these knees shall bear.
She ceas'd;—the loveliest of a lovely line,
Callidice replied; no more repine!
But know, whate'er th' immortal gods ordain,
It is our part to suffer, not complain——
Enough for us that justice rules their mind,
Whose wisdom, like their power, is unconfin'd,
The chiefs, who here supreme dominion hold,
Be it my task, O stranger! to unfold:
Through whom, Eleusis hostile rage defies;
Beneath whose care yon guardian ramparts rise;
From whom protecting law derives its force,
And awful justice holds its steady course.
Triptolemus, of deep-revolving mind,
Diocles noble, Polyxenas kind;
With every milder grace Eumolpus crown'd,
And stately Dolichus in arms renown'd.
Superior to the rest, o'er these domains,
Our honour'd sire, the mighty Celeus reigns—
Each chief a lovely consort boasts, who guides
Domestic labours, and at home presides:
Not one of them who would thy suit reject,
But sooth thy sorrows, and thy age respect:
For sure, thou seem'st of more than mortal race,
Though time with wrinkles marks thy pallid face.
But if thou here wilt rest, without delay
We'll to our mother's ears thy tale convey,
If she approves, accept a welcome there—
An only child, an unexpected heir,
Born to his parents in declining age,
Our darling pleasure, will thy cares engage.
Should'st thou preserve him (kindly thus employ'd)
Till ripening manhood make thy labours void,
Such gifts hereafter he'll on thee bestow,
As those will envy most, who best shall know.
The virgin ceas'd; nor aught the goddess said,
But bow'd submissive her assenting head.
The liquid crystal fills their polish'd urns;
Each nymph exulting to the town returns.
Arriv'd at Celeus' dome, they quick disclose
The stranger's humble suit, and tale of woes
To * Metanira—pleas'd at the request,
Maternal fondness glowing in her breast,
She bids them to the matron thus declare,
That ample treasures should reward her care.
Like the kine's lowing race, that sportive bound
Along the plain with flowery verdure crown'd;
Or the sleek fawn, when he at first perceives
Spring's genial warmth, and crops the budding leaves;
Thus joyful through the beaten road they past,
With robes collected to promote their haste.
Their tresses, like the crocus' flamy hue,
In waving radiance round their shoulders flew.
Now to the place, where fate the heavenly dame
Beside the murmuring stream, the virgins came.
Their mother's suit they urge, nor she denies—
While thoughts of sorrow in her bosom rise,
Wrapt in the sable veil her course she bends;
The robe dark-flowing to her feet descends.
Soon they approach to Celeus' stately gate;
Within the lofty hall the † mother sate
Beside the threshold—frequent to her breast
The child, the darling of her soul she prest.
Each nymph to greet her much-lov'd parent flies,
While Ceres distant stands in humble guise.
Lo! suddenly before their wond'ring sight
Her form increasing, to the temple's height
Ascends—her head with circling rays is crown'd,
And wide th' ethereal splendour spreads around!
Awe, veneration, seiz'd the mother's breast,
And pallid fear was on her cheeks impress—
Upstarting from her couch she'd fain resign
The seat resplendent to her guest divine:
With looks unwilling she the suit denies,
And fixes on the ground her radiant eyes.
But kind Iambe with a modest mien
A seat provided for the season's queen:

* *The wife of Celeus.*
† *Metanira.*

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A lambkin's snowy fleece she o'er it spread;—
Still deeply musing nought the goddess said:
But round her head the dusky mantle drew,
To hide her deep-felt anguish from their view.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Be it thy care to nurse this lovely boy,
Child of my age, an unexpected joy
By favouring gods bestow'd!—should through thy cares,
My Demophon arrive at manhood's years;
Others shall at thy happier state repine,
Such high rewards, such treasure shall be thine!
Oh woman! favour'd by the powers of heaven,
To whom the gods this beauteous child have given,
Ceres replied, I take with joy thy heir—
No nurse unskill'd receives him to her care:
Nor magic spell, nor roots of mighty power,
From earth's dark bosom torn at midnight hour,
Shall hurt thy off-spring—to defeat each charm,
And herb malignant of its power disarm,
Full well I know.—She said, and to her breast
The infant clasp'd, and tenderly carest.
Thus Ceres nurs'd the child—exulting joy
Reign'd in his parents hearts—meanwhile the boy
Grew like an off-spring of ethereal race;
Health crown'd his frame, and beauty deck'd his face.
No mortal food he ate:—the queen ador'd
Around him oft ambrosial odours pour'd;
Oft as the child was on her bosom laid,
She heavenly influence to his soul convey'd.
At night, to purge from earthly dross his frame,
She kindled on the earth th' annealing flame;
And like a brand, unmark'd by human view,
Amid the fire wide-blazing frequent threw
Th' unconscious child—his parents wond'ring trace
Something divine, a more than mortal grace
Shine in his form;—and she design'd, the boy
To chance superior, and to time's annoy,
Crown'd with unceasing joys in heaven should reign—
Those thoughts a mother's rashness render'd vain!
One fatal night, neglectful of repose,
Her couch forsaking, Metanira rose;
And from her secret stand beheld the flame
Receive the infant.—Terror shakes her frame!
She shrieks in agony—she smites her thighs;
And thus she pours her loud-lamenting cries.—
Oh Demophon, my child! this stranger guest,
What causeless rage, what frenzy has possest?
Consuming flames around thy body roll,
And anguish rends thy mother's tortur'd soul!
Wrath seiz'd the goddess; her immortal hands
Sudden she plung'd amid the fiery brands;
And full before th' afflicted mother's view,
On the cold floor the blameless infant threw,
And furious thus began: Oh mortals vain!
Whose folly counteracts what gods ordain!
Who lost in error's maze, will never know
Approaching blessings from impending woe!
Long, for the rashness that thy soul possest,
Shall keen reflection agonize thy breast.
For, by that oath which binds the powers supreme
I swear! by sable Styx, infernal stream!
Else had thy son in youth's perpetual prime
Shar'd heavenly joys, and mock'd the rage of time.
But now 'tis past! from fate he cannot fly!—
Man's common lot is his—he breathes to die!—
But since a goddess on her knees carest
Thy child—since oft he slumber'd on her breast,
Fame shall attend his steps, and bright renown
With wreathes unfading shall his temples crown.
In future times, torn by discordant rage,
Eleusis' sons commutual war shall wage;
(Then Demophon)
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Know then that Ceres, from whose bounty flow
Those blessings the revolving years bestow,
Who, both from gods and man's frail race demands
Her honours due, before thy presence stands.
Away, and let Eleusis' sons unite,
Where steep Callichorus' projecting height
Frowns o'er the plain, a stately fane to rear:
Her aweful rites its goddess shall declare.
There with pure hearts upon the hallow'd shrine
Your victims slay, and sooth a power divine!
This said; the front of age so late assum'd
Dissolv'd—her face with charms celestial bloom'd.
The sacred vesture that around her flew,
Through the wide air ambrosial odours threw:
Her lovely form with sudden radiance glow'd;
Her golden locks in wreaths of splendour flow'd.
Through the dark palace stream'd a flood of light,
As cloud-engender'd fires illume the night
With dazzling blaze—then swiftly from their view,
Urg'd by indignant rage, the goddess flew.
In Metanira's breast amazement reign'd:—
Silent she stood; nor long her knees sustain'd
Their tottering weight—she sunk in grief profound.
The child neglected, shrieking on the ground
Beside her lay: his agonizing cries
The sisters hear, and from their couches rise:
They snatch him from the floor—the fire suppress
One lights anew—one fondly to her breast
The infant folds—by filial duty sway'd,
Another hastes to Metanira's aid.
And now they gather'd round th' afflicted child,
And bath'd his beauteous form with dust defil'd:
With broken sobs he ceas'd not to complain;
A different nurse he sought, but sought in vain.
To sooth the goddess' rage, with awe imprest,
In deep consult they past the hours of rest;
Till night her dreary shadows roll'd away,
And bright Aurora brought the cheerful day:
Then, as she bade, around whose brow divine,
The blooming flowers, a lovely wreath, entwine,
They, to the ruler of Eleusis' state,
The wonders of th' eventful night relate.
The sages of the land conven'd, his will
He thus unfolds; that on th' impending hill
Of steep Callicorus, to the bright-hair'd power
An altar rise, and stately temple tower.
Gladly the chiefs assent—with busy care
The people soon the splendid fabric rear.
A power superior aids their warm desire;—
They hail the omen, and with joy retire.
There Ceres, distant from the powers divine,
Sits deeply musing in her hallow'd shrine.
The eager wish to view her daughter's face,
Again to fold her with a fond embrace,
Consumes her beauteous form—alternate roll
The tides of grief and vengeance in her soul.
She to the earth her genial power denies:
The corn unfruitful in its bosom lies:
The oxen draw the crooked plough in vain
No waving verdure decks the blasted plain

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Pale famine ſpreads around—each mortal breaſt
Is ſunk with woe, and by deſpair poſſeſt.
One common fate had now involv'd them all,
And the bleſt gods who in th' aërial hall
Of high Olympus reign, by man ador'd,
Their votaries' vows, and offerings had deplor'd:
But Jove revolving on the ills deſign'd
By Ceres;—to appeaſe her wrathful mind,
Sends the bright goddeſs of the ſplendid bow,
Whoſe gold-beſpangled wings with luſtre glow—
Through yielding air with matchleſs ſpeed ſhe
flew;
Eleuſis' temple roſe before her view.
There, while rich incenſe wafted fragrance round,
Clad in her ſable veil the queen ſhe found,
And thus began: The ruler of the ſky
Calls thee to meet th' aſſembled gods on high—
Oh haſte! with them celeſtial pleaſures prove;
Nor fruitleſs be the words that come from Jove!
Iris in vain her ſoothing words addreſt;
The goddeſs yields not to her kind requeſt:
In vain, at his command who ſways the ſkies,
Th' immortals ſue—ſhe hears and ſhe denies:
Their proffer'd honours, and their gifts diſdains,
And in her breaſt relentleſs vengeance reigns.
Firmly reſolv'd where high Olympus towers,
She ne'er would mingle with th' ethereal powers,
Nor fruitful earth's productive force renew,
Till her lov'd daughter met her longing view.
When the dread power whoſe thunder ſhakes
the ſkies,
From whoſe keen ſight no act unnotic'd lies,
Heard her determin'd will; he gave command
To Maia's ſon, who bears the golden wand,
That ſtraight to Erebus he wing'd his way,
And woo the god whom ſhadowy forms obey
With words perſuaſive; that his queen ador'd
In Stygian realms, might be to heaven reſtor'd,
And mingling with the powers celeſtial, eaſe
Her mother's anxious ſoul, and wrath appeaſe.
Hermes obeys, and from the realms of day
To Tartarus directs his rapid way;
There, in the centre of the earth profound,
The monarch of th' infernal realms he found
High-thron'd in gloomy ſtate—beſide her lord
Fair Proſerpine her mother's loſs deplor'd,
Who, deep-revolving in her troubled mind,
Dire vengeance 'gainſt th' ethereal race deſign'd.
Hermes began; Oh thou! whoſe aweful head
Is crown'd with ſable locks—to whom the dead
Submiſſive reverence pay—the ſire of gods
Great Jove decrees, that from theſe dark abodes,
By me, thy conſort crown'd with beauty's charms,
Should be to heaven reſtor'd, and Ceres' arms.
For know, ſuch vengeful thoughts her ſoul inſpire,
That e'en the immortal gods muſt feel her ire.
No golden harveſts now the plains adorn,
In earth ſhe hides the life-ſuſtaining corn,
And man muſt fall;—to thoſe who rule the ſkies
No honours ſhall be paid no prayers ariſe.
Far, far from them, with rage-enkindled heart,
She, in the lofty temple ſits apart,
Rear'd by Eleuſis to her power divine,
Where clouds of incenſe roll around her ſhrine.
The gloomy monarch Jove's commands obey'd;
Reluctant ſmiles his dark-bent brows diſplay'd:
And thus his blooming conſort he addreſt;
Go Proſerpine! let pleaſure ſway thy breaſt,
No more let memory recal the paſt,
But to thy mother's fond embraces haſte—
'Tis fruitleſs, nay, 'tis folly to complain—
Nor I a huſband that deſerves diſdain—
Brother to Jove ſupreme!—Hence then my fair!
And ſoon again to Pluto's arms repair.
Honour to thee, the heavenly powers ſhall pay;
Thee ſhall the ſhadowy forms of hell obey:
And thoſe, who ne'er on earth invok'd thy aid,
Nor victims ſlew, nor rich oblations paid,
By thee condemn'd, ſhall prove eternal pains
In the dark realms where endleſs horror reigns.
He ſaid; and ſudden from her ſeat aroſe
His lovely bride—her heart with tranſport glows;
Then Pluto fear'd, leſt from the realms above,
And Ceres, object of her filial love,
She'd ne'er return; and fraudulent decreed
The fair ſhould taſte the rich pomegranate's ſeed—
A fatal pledge! The ruler of the dead
Then to their view his ſable courſers led;
And yok'd them to the ſplendid car—his bride
Aſſum'd the ſeat, with Hermes by her ſide,
The god, whoſe fury to the infernal plains
Hurl'd hapleſs Argus;—firm he graſp'd the reins,
And wav'd the laſh—the ſteeds impetuous flew:
The realms of darkneſs vaniſh'd from their view.
Onward they ruſh, impatient of delay,
Nor ſeas, nor rapid ſtreams impede their way;
Nor towering heights, which dark'ning clouds
ſurround;
Nor low-ſunk vales with verdant herbage crown'd.
With ſteady ardour, unabated force,
Through depth of air they urge their rapid courſe;
Till Ceres' ſacred temple they behold,
Where clouds of incenſe round her altar roll'd.
Soon as the goddeſs view'd her daughter's face,
With eager ſpeed ſhe ruſh'd to her embrace.
Thus when the hind her long-loſt fawn eſpies,
In tranſport from the mountain's brow ſhe flies.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Thou, here with Ceres, daughter of my love,
Shalt ſtay, high-honour'd by the powers above:
But if thou aught in Pluto's drear abode
Haſt ate, thou muſt retrace the gloomy road;
And with th' infernal god his ſceptre ſhare
One tedious third of the revolving year:
The reſt, ſhalt thou partake with heavenly powers.
And when with herbage green, and blooming
flowers
Spring decks the earth, thou ſhalt aſcend the ſkies,
A joy to mortal and celeſtial eyes.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Say, by what art thy unſuſpecting mind
The god deceiv'd?—Thus Proſerpine rejoin'd:
When the wing'd herald of the powers above
Came with the mandate of all-ruling Jove,
Again to bear me to th' ethereal ſkies,
And give me to thy long-deſiring eyes:
That thus thy vengeful rage might be ſuppreſt:
My heart with tranſport bounded in my breaſt
But then, ſo hell's imperious lord decreed;
I ate reluctant the pernicious ſeed.
Joyful I wander'd through the verdant plain,
Leucippe, Phæno, Rhodia in my train:
With them Electra, Ianira ſtray'd,
And Rhodope in beauty's charms array'd:
Ocyroe too was there of roſeate hue;
Her golden locks around Chryſeis flew:

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Calypso's charming form, Urania's grace,
And Galaxaure's love-inspiring face:
Pallas, who bids the rage of battle glow,
And chaste Diana with her sounding bow.
In pleasing sports the fleeting hours we wear,
And pluck the blushing honours of the year.
Lilies and hyacinths the air perfume;
The crocus glows, th' expanding roses bloom:
But lovelier far I view with joyful eyes
The fair Narcissus from the earth arise.
This wond'rous flower, the meadow's blooming pride,
I rush'd to seize—The rent earth opening wide
A dreary gulf disclos'd: from thence appear'd
The mighty king in Tartarus rever'd,
And bore me to his golden car—in vain
I weep, resist, and to the gods complain.
Swift flies his chariot to the realms below,
And still my bosom bleeds at former woe!
With mutual joy they now sweet converse hold,
And now each other in their arms enfold;
And, all the live-long day, the transports prove
That flow from filial and maternal love.
No thoughts of vengeance Ceres' soul infest;
But harmony and pleasure rule her breast.
Soon Hecate approach'd, and hail'd the fair,
A splendid fillet bound her flowing hair:
To Proserpine her breast with friendship glow'd,
And all her acts a kind attention show'd.
And now th' all-seeing god whose thunders shake
Th' aërial regions, thus to Rhea spake:
Around whose form her robes in darkness flew;
From whom her birth the queen of seasons drew.
Let Ceres hasten to th' ethereal plain,
And every honour she desires, obtain.
Her Proserpine, with heavenly powers shall share
In joy, two parts of the revolving year,
The rest in realms of night.—The thunderer said:
The willing goddess his commands obey'd;
And from Olympus' cloud-encircled height
Bends to Callicorus her lofty flight:
O'er the drear region desolation frown'd,
So late with fruits, and waving verdure crown'd.
But soon the earth its wonted power regains;
Again the harvest clothes th' extended plains;
Increasing ploughshares turn the grateful soil,
And weighty sheaves reward the lab'rers toil.
Through air's ungenial void the goddess bends
Her flight sublime, and now on earth descends.
Each kindred power to hail the other flies,
Joy rules their hearts, and sparkles in their eyes.
At length sage Rhea, 'round whose awful head
The wreath of splendour glow'd, to Ceres said.
Jove calls my daughter to th' ethereal plain;
Such honours as thy soul desires, obtain.
He wills, two parts of the revolving year,
Thy Proserpine shall heavenly pleasures share;
The rest in realms of night.—His sacred nod
Confirm'd the promise of th' all-ruling god.
Haste then—no more oppose with wrathful mind
Heaven's mighty lord mid dark'ning clouds enshrin'd:
But thy kind influence to the earth impart,
And with thy blessings cheer man's drooping heart.
The power, whose brow the flowery wreath entwines,
Obeys her word—her anger she resigns.
Th' extended plains with fruits and flowers are crown'd,
And plenty reigns, and nature smiles around.
Then to the chiefs, who o'er Eleusis sway'd,
Whose righteous laws the grateful realm obey'd,
Eumolpus, and Triptolemus the sage,
Diocles skill'd to tame the courser's rage,
Kind Polyxenus, and the king who reign'd
Supreme, great Celeus, she her rites explain'd;
Those sacred mysteries, for the vulgar ear
Unmeet; and known, most impious to declare!
Oh! let due reverence for the gods restrain
Discourses rash, and check inquiries vain!
Thrice happy he among the favour'd few,
To whom 'tis given those glorious rites to view!
A fate far different the rejected share;
Unblest, unworthy her protecting care,
They'll perish; and with chains of darkness bound,
Be plung'd for ever in the gulf profound!
Her laws establish'd, to the realms of light,
With Proserpine she wings her towering flight:
The sacred powers assume their seat on high,
Beside the god, whose thunders shake the sky.
Happy, thrice happy he of human race,
Who proves deserving their benignant grace!
Plutus, who from his unexhausted stores
To favour'd mortals boundless treasure pours,
Th' auspicious deities to him shall send;
And prosperous fortune shall his steps attend.
And now, O Ceres! at thy hallow'd shrine
Submissive bow the Eleusinian line:
Antron's dark rocks re-echo with thy praise,
And sea-surrounded Paros thee obeys.
Goddess! through whom the season's circling flight
Successive blessings pours, and new delight;
And thou, O lovely Proserpine, reward
With honour'd age, and tranquil joys, the bard
Who sings your acts; and soon his voice he'll raise,
And other strains shall celebrate your praise.

NOTES ON THE HYMN TO CERES.

Ver. 32. "And ocean's briny swell with smiles is crown'd."

The same figure is used by the Psalmist somewhat heightened.—"The vallies shall stand so "thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing." Psal. lxv. 14.

Ver. 49. "Not to the white-arm'd nymphs with beauty crown'd,
Her lov'd companions reach'd the mournful sound."

The original is, οὐδ' αγλαοκαρποι ελαιαι; "neither did the beautiful fruited olives hear her." This passage Ruhnkenius gives up as unintelligible. Probably εταιροι should be read instead of ελαιαι, and in that case it would signify; "Neither did her "beautiful-wristed (white-arm'd) companions "hear her voice." Αγλαοκαρπος is used by Pindar in that sense, and applied to Thetis in his third Nemæan Ode.

Ver. 56. "But he, at distance from their airy bowers,
Sits in his hallow'd fane"——

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This idea is very conſiſtent with the imperfect ſyſtem of heathen polytheiſm in the earlier ages of Greece, when it was ſuppoſed Jupiter himſelf could know nothing of any tranſaction, unleſs locally preſent. Thus Thetis adviſes Achilles to leave the army, and retire to his ſhips; and promiſes that, when Jupiter returned from a feaſt in Ethiopia, ſhe would requeſt him to favour their cauſe. This paſſage is thus elegantly tranſlated by Mr. Pope——

" The fire of gods, and all th' ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the fartheſt main,
Now mix with mortals, nor diſdain to grace
The feaſt of Ethiopia's blameleſs race.
Twelve days, the powers indulge the genial rite;
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount, &c."

Il. Lib. 1. l. 554.

Ver. 76. " A ſable veil athwart her ſhoulders
" throws."

Ceres is ſaid to have worn a black veil by the Grecian poets, either as a ſign of ſorrow for the loſs of Proſerpine, or to conceal her grief from obſervation. But it was uſed as an ornamental part of dreſs, richly embroider'd and tranſparent, in very early ages. Homer deſcribes a beautiful one offered by the Trojan matrons at the altar of Minerva: (Il. Lib. 6. l. 293.) And Penelope's is thus deſcribed by Pope, in his tranſlation of the eighteenth book of his Odyſſey.

" A veil tranſlucent o'er her brow diſplay'd,
Her beauty ſeems, and only ſeems to ſhade."

We find Rebecca makes uſe of one, on being informed that Iſaac was approaching to meet her. (Gen. xxiv. 65.) When Judah meets Thamar likewiſe, ſhe is deſcribed, as covering herſelf with a veil, (Gen. xxxviii. 14.) This phraſe is rather remarkable, as Judah, on that account poſſibly, ſuppoſed her to be a courtezan; and it is ſaid, that ſlaves formerly in Greece wore larger veils than other people. Euripides makes Andromache complain in his play of that name—" I was conducted from my huſband's bed to the ſtrand, my face covered with the veil of a captive." It is well known, that the veil of female ſlaves in the Levant, at preſent, covers the whole body, and that the Greeks have been more tenacious of their old cuſtoms, than moſt other nations. May not this account for the daughters of Celeus, though ſtruck with the venerable appearance of Ceres, propoſing an employment to her, on ſeeing her wear a veil appropriated to women of inferior rank, which otherwiſe would have ſcarcely been conſiſtent with their amiable characters? (See l. 275.)

Ver. 98. " Unknown to me the author of her
" grief."

Some part of Hecate's ſpeech appears to have been loſt. She relates nothing more to Ceres, than what ſhe knew before; and yet, from what follows, one would ſuppoſe that her information had convey'd to the goddeſs ſome additional cauſe for grief and vexation.

Ver. 159. " Four gentle nymphs light-moving
" o'er the plain approach."—

This circumſtance is mentioned by Pauſanias, and bears ſome reſemblance to that beautiful paſſage in Geneſis, which gives ſo pleaſing an idea to the ſimplicity and artleſs benevolence of the primitive times:—when Rebecca went with her pitcher to the well, and found there the ſervant of Abraham—" He ran to meet her and ſaid, Let " me I pray thee drink a little water of thy pitch- " er—And ſhe ſaid, Drink, my Lord: and ſhe " haſted and let down her pitcher upon her hand, " and gave him drink: and when ſhe had done " giving him drink, ſhe ſaid; I will draw water " for thy camels alſo, until they have done drink- " ing. And ſhe haſted, and emptied her pitcher " into the trough, and ran again unto the well to " draw water, and drew for all his camels." Gen. xxiv. 17. Can modern politeneſs exceed the humanity of the action, or refinement in language improve the deſcription of it!

Ver. 184. " Attend to no fictitious tale of woe
Reluctant from the Cretan coaſt I came."

This affirmation of truth by way of proem to a fabulous relation, ſeems to reflect no great credit on the integrity of Ceres, or judgment of the bard. It is, however, no uncommon mode of beginning a narrative ſtory among the Grecian poets, and Proſerpine uſes nearly the ſame expreſſion when ſhe acquaints Ceres with the manner in which ſhe was carried off by Pluto. Ulyſſes, in giving a falſe account of himſelf to Minerva, begins with aſſuring her that he would ſpeak merely what was true, and then ſays he was of Cretan extraction. (Od. B. 14. l. 192.) What is rather remarkable, in giving two other feigned accounts of himſelf, he declares that he was born in Crete. (Od. B. 13. l. 256. and B. 19. l. 181.) From theſe concurrent circumſtances, may not * Cretan falſehood have been a proverbial expreſſion long before the days of Epimenides, and glanced at both in the Odyſſey and in this poem?

It is ſomewhat ſtrange that people of ſuſpected characters in regard to truth, generally preface their ſpeeches with ſome compliment to their own veracity, or with expreſſing a deteſtation of falſehood; and, if they mean to deceive, begin with proteſting that they had no ſuch deſign; though true policy would ſuggeſt to them the expediency of avoiding the ſlighteſt inſinuation which might lead even to a ſuſpicion of deceit. But the language of falſehood has been ſimilar in all ages, and the Roman poet, with great judgment, makes Sinon, after having mentioned the only true circumſtance of his ſtory, proceed in this manner—

——" nec ſi miſerum fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemq; improba finget."
Æn. L. 2.

" Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and abhors a lie."—PITT.

Virgil is perhaps more conſpicuous for his intimate acquaintance with the minute receſſes of the human heart, than for the extent of his knowledge, or the ſublimity of his genius.

Ver. 297.—" the duſky mantle drew
To hide her deep-felt anguiſh from their view."

Here probably ſhould follow the lines which the

* Κρητες αει ψευσται.

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Scholiaſt on Nicander alludes to,—(See Preface.) and likewiſe ſome explanation of the miraculous appearance aſſumed by Ceres, which induced them not to look on her as a goddeſs, but to conſider it as a ſign of her being favoured by ſome deity, or an omen of divine approbation in regard to her taking charge of Demophon.—Something of this kind ſeems to be wanting, for by the few lines of Metanira's ſpeech that are preſerved, and immediately follow, we find her impreſſed with no veneration for Ceres, but ſpeaking to her with the greateſt freedom.

Ver. 337. " She ſhricks in agony—ſhe ſmites
her thighs."

This was a common method among the ancients of expreſſing grief, or any violent emotion of the mind.—Plutarch in his life of Fabius, ſays, " That " he ſtruck his thigh on ſeeing his troops flying " from their enemies"—probably through ſhame and vexation. Aſius expreſſes rage and indignation in the ſame manner.—Il. Lib. 12. l. 162. And Achilles his ſurpriſe and anger.—Il. Lib. 15. l. 125.—In the holy ſcripture it is repreſented as a ſign of ſorrow and unfeigned repentance. Thus Jeremy xxxi. 19. " Surely after that I was " turned, I repented; and after that I was in- " ſtructed, I ſmote upon my thigh." And Ezekiel much to the ſame purport ſays, xxi. 12. " Cry " and howl, ſon of man! for it ſhall be upon my " people: it ſhall be upon all the princes of Iſrael " —terrors by reaſon of the ſword ſhall be upon my " people; ſmite therefore upon thy thigh!"—i. e. in token of grief and contrition.

Ver. 528. " In tranſport from the mountain's
brow ſhe flies."

It is evident from the few and imperfect words preſerved in the original Greek manuſcript, that an affectionate dialogue between Ceres and Proſerpine took place, after this line.——There is great reaſon to regret the frequent defects of the Moſcow MS. in this part of the poem.

Ver. 535. " One tedious third of the revolving
" year."

See an obſervation on this paſſage at the end of the preface.—Some few lines of the original ſeem to have been loſt, where the vacancy is left in the page, from the abruptneſs of Ceres queſtion to Proſerpine.

Ver. 548. " I ate reluctant the pernicious ſeed."

Here appears to be an omiſſion, unleſs the ſpeech of Proſerpine has been tranſpoſed through ſome miſtake. It ſhould probably have begun with the following line——

" Joyful I wander'd through the Nyſian plain."

And after that which now concludes the ſpeech ſhould follow the account of Mercury's coming to her in the palace of Pluto, with which it now begins. As it ſtands at preſent, Proſerpine concludes her narrative with telling Ceres, that ſhe is ſtill ſorrowful, and the lines that immediately follow, deſcribe their mutual joy at meeting each other.

Ver. 580. " Soon Hecate approach'd."

This paſſage is rather obſcure in the original—ſhe ſeems indeed both here and in other two places to have been introduced very needleſsly, unleſs ſomething allegorical was intended. The interview between Rhea and Ceres, which almoſt immediately follows, appears plainly to be ſo.

Ver. 628. " Thoſe ſacred myſteries for the vul-
" gar ear
Unmeet; and known moſt impious to declare."

Diodorus obſerves of the religious rites preſcribed by Orpheus, meaning the Eleuſinian myſteries, that it was unlawful for thoſe not initiated to inquire into their meaning; and there was a law at Athens, which condemned thoſe to death who divulged any thing concerning them.

Ver. 638. " Her laws eſtabliſhed."

Herodotus, in the ſecond book of his hiſtory, relates that the myſtic rites of Iſis were originally carried from Egypt to Greece by the daughters of Danaus; and that the Pelaſgic women were inſtructed by them in the nature, deſign, and forms of their celebration. From the ſame authority, ſtrengthened by that of Apollodorus, it hath been ſuppoſed that theſe myſteries, diſguiſed under other names and other forms, were afterwards celebrated at Eleuſis in honour of Ceres; and obtained the name of Theſmophoria.

The Eleuſinian myſteries were, however, divided into two diſtinct claſſes. The Theſmophoria were in the ſubordinate claſs.

A ſtriking ſimilitude hath been frequently obſerved, by the curious inquirers into ancient cuſtoms, between the myſteries of Iſis and Ceres: and the ſuppoſition, that the latter were borrowed from the former, is ſupported by the ſtrongeſt analogy, as well as by the moſt reſpectable authority.

Many of the learned indeed have conjectured that Greece was indebted to Orpheus for their introduction into that country: and that this ancient bard had an eye to the Egyptian myſteries in their inſtitution; and accommodated the general plan of the one, to the particular genius and deſign of the other. Some have even conjectured that the hymns which have been tranſmitted to the preſent times, under the name of Orpheus, were the ſame that were originally ſung at the celebration of the rites of Ceres. This honour, Pauſanias remarks, had never been conferred on the hymns of Homer; who, probably, by indulging his fancy in fictions of its own creation, and departing with too bold a licence from the eſtabliſhed traditions of the gods, had rendered his hymns unfit for their worſhip. It was for this unwarrantable ſtretch of poetic liberty that his works were proſcribed by Plato.

The Egyptian prieſts threw an awful and ambiguous veil over their religious rites; and, having enjoined ſilence and ſecrecy, as indiſpenſible terms of initiation, gave an air of pomp and ſolemnity to inſtitutions that were trifling, and doctrines that were abſurd. The ſimpleſt truths were loſt in the crowd of myſtic rites which gathered thick upon them; and, while hiſtorical facts were veiled beneath the dreſs of allegory, it was difficult to diſtinguiſh the real from the fictitious; or to tell, with certainty, where the annaliſt ended his record, and where the mythologiſt took up his fable.

The Grecians changed the names, but retained and exaggerated the ſtories of Egypt; they ſometimes debaſed, at other times they improved and

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embelliſhed them. That which amuſed the fancy, at length was admitted as the truth; and what at firſt was meant to be figurative, was, in proceſs of time, believed to be literal.

If this hymn ſhould not be ſuppoſed to allude to the Egyptian Iſis, figured under the character of Ceres, and to Proſerpine, as an emblem of the * corn being hid part of the year beneath the earth; may not the ſtory on which it is founded be ſimply this?—The conjecture is vague, but it is hoped excuſable, as many inſtances occur of the Greek poets blending hiſtory with allegory.

Pluto, probably king of the Moloſſians, wages war againſt the Eleuſinians, waſtes their country, and carries off their corn—a famine enſues—Jupiter, his brother, ruler over great part of Greece, who had connived at the invaſion, thinks proper at length to obtain a peace for them, on their paying to Pluto one third of their tillage by way of tribute. They again cultivate their country, and Rhea, Ceres, and Jupiter are reconciled; i. e. the earth produces corn, and the people are under the protection of their neighbouring king.

Ver. 644. "Pluto, who from his unexhauſted ſtores."

The concluſion of the ſtory ſeems evidently allegorical, and intended to convey this plain and excellent moral. "That thoſe people ſhall grow rich who apply diligently to agriculture, and the cultivation of their lands. Plutus probably was called the ſon of Ceres on that account.

* *So Perſephone ſignifies in the Phœnician language, from whence Proſerpine is ſuppoſed to have been derived.*

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SIX OLYMPIC ODES,

OF

PINDAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

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PREFACE.

It is ſurpriſing, that while the prince of Roman lyric poetry has been either imitated or tranſlated by every dabbler in Helicon, his Grecian archetypé ſhould have remained almoſt unattempted. Horace, it is true, ſets forth in ſtrong terms, the danger attending ſuch an attempt; while Cowley, by his ill ſucceſs, has but too truly verified his prediction. But the regularity and confinement of Latin verſification by no means ſuited the Pindaric muſe, uſed to the more extended licence, and varied dialects, of the Greek: And the failure of Cowley muſt be imputed to the great liberties he took in altering, not only the expreſſions, but the apparent meaning of the poet he profeſſed to imitate; and, to uſe his own phraſe, being determined not to fall into the common error of other tranſlators, by fearing to ſhoot beyond his mark; he has but too often ſhot far wide of it.

The Engliſh is, of all languages, moſt calculated to copy the lyric compoſitions of Greece; witneſs the Elfrida and Caractacus of Maſon, and the incomparable odes of Gray. And how well Mr. Weſt has employed that language in the tranſlation of Pindar, and how happily he has avoided the danger, foretold by Horace, and experienced by Cowley, is too well known to require any repetition.

That tranſlations of the ancient poets, if faithfully executed, and the connection of their thoughts properly preſerved, are uſ uſe even to the learned reader, is aſſerted by one of the beſt critics this country ever produced. The author of Polymetis informs us, that he never perfectly underſtood the ſatires and epiſtles of Horace, till he read Pope's imitations of them. How neceſſary, then, muſt ſuch aſſiſtance be to the explanation of a poet, of all others the moſt daring in his flights; and whoſe meaning has been ſo much perplexed by fanciful and taſteleſs commentators!

Of my own attempt I ſhall only ſay, that I have ſtudiouſly endeavoured to give the ſenſe of the original as exactly as poſſible; not taking too great a liberty in paraphraſing, on one hand; nor on the other, ſuffering the ſpirit of the poet to eſcape me, by adhering too cloſely to his letter. I have added notes on ſome obſcure paſſages, in which I often refer to Mr. Weſt's diſſertation on the Olympic games; with whoſe performances I never mean to interfere, my utmoſt ambition being only to follow his ſteps, though I fear, *haud paſſibus æquis*.

ODE IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA, ON HIS VICTORY IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, after an invocation to Jupiter, extols Pſaumis for his victory in the chariot race, and for his deſire to honour his country. From thence he takes occaſion to praiſe him for his ſkill in training horſes, his hoſpitality, and his love of peace; and mentioning the hiſtory of Erginus, excuſes the early whiteneſs of his hair.

STROPHE.

O thou who o'er the realms above!
By the unwearied thunder borne,
Urgeſt thy ſhining car! immortal Jove!
Again the circling hours return
Awakes my lyre, and ſends me forth
A witneſs of heroic worth.
Sweet to the virtuous ever ſound the lays
Which tell a friend's ſucceſs, or chant his praiſe.
O ſon of Saturn! who on Ætna's brow,
The woody load of Typhon's giant breaſt,
Hold'ſt thy abode; O let the graces now
Incline thee to aſſiſt the ſtrain, addreſs'd
To greet the victor in the Olympic ſtrife;
Of every virtuous deed, the luſtre, and the life.

ANTISTROPHE.

Triumphant on his conquering car
With Piſa's ſacred olive crown'd,
Lo! Pſaumis comes; the echoing ſhores afar
Fair Camarina's praiſe reſound;
For to his own illuſtrious name
The patriot joins his country's fame.
O may the immortal gods propitious hear
His future vows, and grant each pious prayer!
Well is he ſkill'd to train the generous ſteed,
Fair plenty crowns his hoſpitable gate,

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With breast sincere he courts the placid meed
Of peace, the guardian power of every state.
No hues fallacious tinge my honest lay,
Experience to the world will every truth display.

EPODE.

Experience taught each Lemnian maid
No more to scorn * Clymenus' valiant son,
What time in brazen arms array'd
In the long course the envied prize he won
When, taking from Hypsipyle the crown,
He thus the royal maid address'd:
Behold the man! nor great in speed alone!
My hand unvanquish'd, undismay'd my breast.
These silver tresses lo! are spread
Untimely, on a youthful head;
For oft capricious nature's rage,
Gives to the vigorous brow, the hoary tint of age.

* *Ergenes.*

NOTES ON ODE FOURTH.

Psaumis of Camarina was, according to the Scholiast, the son of Acron; and got the victory in the chariot race in the eighty-second Olympiad, about the time that Rome was governed by the Decemviri. Camarina was a city of Sicily, now called Camarana

Ver. 1. Who o'er the realms above
By the unwearied thunder borne,
Urgest thy shining car,——

I find the word Ελατὴρ rendered in most of the Latin interpretations *vibrator*, or *impulsor*. And in Sudorius's poetical version, printed at the end of the Oxford Pindar, it is thus translated.

O qui coruscâ fulgura dexterâ
Fulmenque torques.——

The word 'Ελατὴρ in this sense, when connected with ἀκαμαντόποδος, strikes me, as occasioning a confusion of images; but, by considering it as derived from a very usual sense of Ελαύνω, viz. *equito*, this confusion is removed. My opinion is favoured by the elder Scholiast, who says, τὴν βροντὴν ὁ Πίνδαρος ὡς ἵππον ὑφίσαται τοῦ Διὸς διὸ καὶ ἀκαμαντίποδα αὐτὴν εἶπεν: And the more modern Scholiast, though he afterwards rather inclines to the other interpretation, says first, 'Ελατὴρ ὑπέρτατε βροντας. ὡς ἐπὶ ἵππου χρῆται, τῷ λόγῳ.

Ver. 28. Experience to the world will every truth display.] I own this transition seems to me the most abrupt and confused of any in Pindar; and the story of Erginus appears to be brought in without any apparent reason, as the poet himself makes no mention of Psaumis's gray hairs, though all his scholiasts and commentators do.

Ver. 33—Hypsipyle]—She was daughter of Thoas, king of Lemnos, and instituted funeral games in honour of her father: to which the Argonauts were invited; amongst whom was Erginus, the son of Clymenus, who, having white hair, was ridiculed by the Lemnian women, as unfit to contend for the prize; but beating Zetus and Calais, sons of Boreas, in the race, their contempt was changed into admiration. The learned reader must forgive my accenting the penultimate of Clymenus, which he will call making a false quantity. I shall shelter myself from his indignation, by pleading our common pronunciation of many Greek names; for example, Cleomenes, Eumenes, &c. though I could defend myself on more safe principles, viz. the different effects of accent and quantity, the subject is amply treated of, as far as it relates to the Greek language, by the late master of Eton school, in his answer to Dr. Galley; and is brought home to English versification in an excellent treatise just published, entitled, "An Essay on the Harmony of Human "Speech;" to both which ingenious performances, I refer the reader who is desirous of information on this much-disputed point.

O D E VI.

TO AGESIAS, OF SYRACUSE, ON HIS VICTORY GAINED BY THE ΑΠΕΝΕ, OR CHARIOT DRAWN BY MULES.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet, after comparing the opening of his ode to the beautiful portico of a palace built by a skilful architect, celebrates Agesias on account of his Olympic victory, his being guardian of the altar of Jupiter, and being admitted to the rights of a citizen at Syracuse; and from these circumstances compares him to Amphiaraus. Then he mentions his ancestors; and speaking of Pitana, and Evadne, has a long digression on the birth of Iamus. The poet then returns to Agesias, and declares himself to be in some measure of the same country; and exhorts Æneas, the leader of the chorus, to exert himself;

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directing him to celebrate Ageſias, for his being an inhabitant of Sicily, and for his friendſhip with Hiero, king of Syracuſe: And congratulating him on his good fortune in having two countries, concludes with a prayer to Neptune for his proſperity.

STROPHE I.

The ſkilful architect whoſe dædal hand
Contrives the far-reſplendent dome to raiſe,
Bids the bright porch on ſhapely columns ſtand,
That rich with gold and poliſh'd marble, blaze.—
So we ſuperbly pour along
In conſcious dignity the opening ſong.
To him Olympia's wreath who wears,
Who guards the thunderer's ſacred fane,
And every ſocial bleſſing ſhares,
With Syracuſa's happy train;
Each friendly voice ſhall notes of triumph blow,
And each unenvious hand, a votive wreath beſtow.

ANTISTROPHE I.

In this thrice honour'd ſtate by fortune placed
The happy ſon of Soſtratus behold!
Nor is the warrior, or the ſeaman graced
By ſloth: 'Tis toil muſt every worth unfold.
Honour and endleſs fame await
The man, who ſeeks through danger to be great.
To thee, Ageſias, ſhall belong
The worthy praiſes, which of old
Adraſtus with no flattering tongue
On Amphiarus, ſacred ſeer! beſtow'd:
What time the fatal earth with yawning womb,
Him and his fiery ſteeds cloſed living in the tomb.

EPODE I.

Now ſeven funeral pyres begun
To ſhed a lurid blaze around,
When * Talaus' ſorrowing ſon
Pour'd to the Theban hoſt this mournful ſound:
"O how I languiſh to behold
"The braveſt of my warrior train,
"Well ſkill'd the deep beheſts of fate to unfold,
"Or ſpread deſtruction o'er the embattl'd plain:"
To him, the Syracuſan youth, belong
Such praiſe, to whom I tune the Olympic ſong.
No ſon of diſcord, I proclaim
His worths, his triumphs are the ſame:
And with an oath confirm the unerring ſtrain,
Form'd by the favouring help of all Aonia's train.

STROPHE II.

Come then, O Phintis! to the ſhining car
With ſpeed, with ſpeed, the foaming courſers join;
That whirling o'er the pureſt paths afar.
We reach his anceſtors high-honour'd line.
Above the reſt my courſers know
When Piſa's olive decks the hero's brow,
To bear him o'er the ſounding road
Where, far from dark oblivion's cell,
Bright honour holds her high abode,
And fame and glory ever dwell.
Now wide the gates of harmony diſplay,
For to Eurota's ſhores I guide the ſounding lay.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To fair Pitana ſing, who whilom bore
Evadne, beauteous in her hair that flows.
Compreſs'd by Neptune on the ſilent ſhore,
With ſtricteſt care ſhe hid her virgin throes;
But when the circling moons her pain
Maturely brought, ſhe bade her female train,
To Æpytus' parental hands
With ſilent care the child convey;
Phaſana's turrets who commands,
Where Alpheus pours his ſilver-winding way:
On whoſe enamell'd brink ſhe learn'd to prove,
In great Apollo's arms, the bluſhing rites of love.

EPODE II.

As o'er heaven's eternal field
Roll'd the hours in circling pace,
Time to Epytas reveal'd
The produce of the ſtolen embrace;
Now to Pytho's ſacred ſhrine
Eager flies the anxious king.
To try the aſſiſtance of the powers divine,
And to his labouring boſom quiet bring.
Evadne in his abſence, left alone,
With trembling hands unlooſed her purple zone;
And, wandering far from human aid,
Beneath the wood's impervious ſhade,
Laid her young offſpring on the foſtering earth;
Smil'd for Lucina's power on his auſpicious birth.

STROPHE III.

Not long, Iamus, on the lonely glade
Unnotic'd, unprotected, didſt thou lie:—
For by the gods command, lo through the ſhade
Two watchful dragons dart with azure eye.
And from the bees tranſparent hoard
Thy little breaſt with dulcet nurture ſtor'd.
Meanwhile from Pytho's rocky ſhore
The wandering king, return'd again,
With anxious care now tried to explore
The fruit of fair Evadne's plain;
For ſhining Phœbus from his ſacred ſhrine
Proclaim'd Evadne's love, and own'd the boy divine.

ANTISTROPHE III.

And openly proclaim'd his future worth
Above mankind in myſtic lore to ſhine,
And ne'er be wanting in the happy birth
Of glorious ſons:—thus ſpake the voice divine!
Five days were paſs'd the mother's pain,
Unfound the infant by the careful train.
Far from the reach of every eye,
Deep in the irriguous ruſhes laid,
While purple violets growing by,
With dewy leaves his body ſhade:
His mother's voice at length the place proclaim'd,
And from his fragrant couch the heavenly infant nam'd.

EPODE III.

As the gently circling hours
Still their foſtering influence ſhed,
And opening manhood's roſeate flowers
Kindly crown'd his blooming head;
Deſcending then to Alpheus' ſhores,
While round his head the night-winds blow,
He calls the god who rules where ocean roars,
And Phœbus dreadful with his ſilver bow:
Deſiring public fame, and fair renown,
Might with their verdant wreaths his temples crown.—
Soon each paternal voice divine
Own'd him as ſprung from heavenly line;

* *Adraſtus.*

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"Rise, son, and this propitious sound pursue,
Till Pisa's crowded plains rise to thy raptur'd view."

STROPHE IV.

The hero straight the voice obey'd; and now
Cronius, thy cliffs and rocky heights they scale;
There the kind gods the twofold art bestow
Of augury, that never knew to fail;
There, many a dreadful labor done,
At length when great Alcmena's son
Arriv'd, and bade the awful shrine
Sacred to potent Jove arise,
And first began those rites divine,
Where courage wins the Olympic prize;
He rais'd the crowded fane's prophetic fame,
Whilst Græcia's shouting sons Iamus worth proclaim.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Hence endless fame, and happy fortunes wait
On the Iamidæ's exulting race.—
Those who in virtue's rugged ways are great
The most conspicuous paths of life shall grace,
Still glorious deeds the hero speak
Though envy burst her venom'd cheek,
And teach her offspring to despise
The man, on Pisa's trophied plain
Whose coursers know th' Olympic prize
In the twelve-turn'd course to gain.—
Nor have the gods, Agesias, given to air
Thy sire's propitious vows, and every pious prayer.

EPODE IV.

Who beneath the sacred shade
Which Cyllene's mountains shed,
Honours due for ever paid
To Hermes' venerable head;
To him who cleaves the yielding skies,
The herald of the ethereal train,
Who in the Olympic strife appoints the prize,
And guards Arcadia's happy-peopled plain.
He and his thundering sire to thee decreed,
O son of Sostratus! the glorious meed.—
A sudden thought I raptured feel,
Which, as the whetstone points the steel,
Brightens my sense, and bids me warbling raise
To the soft breathing flute, the kindred notes of praise.

STROPHE V.

From fair Arcadia too my line I bring,
From Stymphalus the bright Metopa came,
Mother of warlike Thebes, whose silver spring
I drink, and votive songs of triumph frame.
Æneas, bid your friends now raise
Their voices to Parthenian Juno's praise;
Then shall be known if we avoid
Of dullness the long-borne disgrace
Which ancient malice has employ'd
To stigmatize Bœotia's race;
To thee the secrets of the muse belong,
And well thou know'st to guide the far resounding song.

ANTISTROPHE V.

To Syracusa's and Ortygia's praise,
Tell them aloud to swell the exulting strain:
Whose plains with blameless sceptre Hiero sways,
Performing sacred rites to Ceres' fane,
To her loved daughter, Pluto's love;
And him the king of gods, Ætnean Jove.
Him the sounding lyre and song,
Know and honour as their friend;
Ne'er may time that rolls along
To his blessings give an end,
Still may he, fortune's friend, with cheerful voice
In bold Agesias' worth and votive hymns rejoice.

EPODE V.

Stymphalus' maternal walls,
And Arcadia's fleecy glades
Leaving:—here his fortune calls
To Sicilia's fragrant shades;
Either country claims him now;—
When the midnight tempests roar,
And raging loud the stormy whirlwinds blow,
Two anchors best the shatter'd vessel moor.
On each may heaven its guardian care bestow!—
And thou who rulest where ocean's torrents flow,
Amphitrite's honour'd mate,
Through the rocks and shoals of fate
Propitious guide Agesias' bark along,
And grace with livelier flowers my rapture-breathing song.

NOTES ON ODE SIXTH.

Agesias, the son of Sostratus, is sometimes called of Syracuse, sometimes of Stymphalus, a city of Arcadia; and the opinion of most of the commentators seems to be, that, of his father's side, he was a Syracusan, of his mother's an Arcadian: but from the tenor of the ode itself, I rather incline to think he was a native of Stymphalus, and afterwards inhabited Syracuse: most likely drawn thither by the friendship of Hiero; and this idea I have followed in my translation. Συνοικιστήρ τε τᾶν κλεινᾶν Συρακοῦσαν, seems, I think, to intimate his being admitted to a participation of the rights of the Syracusans, rather than his being a citizen himself. And where the poet makes use of the expression μάτρωες ἄνδρες, it may only mean that his maternal ancestors lived in the part of Arcadia contiguous to the mountain Cyllene, and were priests of Mercury. But I can see no reason to infer from this that his paternal ancestors were not Arcadians; or to imagine from any other part of the ode, that they were inhabitants of Sicily. One of the Greeks who accompanied the younger Cyrus in his expedition, near a century after this, was of the same name and country, and is often mentioned by Xenophon, who had a particular friendship for him.

Mr. West, in his learned dissertation on the Olympic games, gives the following account of the ἀπήνη. "The Apene was a chariot drawn by two mules, after the manner of the synoris *, as Pausanias tells us; and was introduced into the Olym-

* *The synoris was a chariot drawn by two full-aged horses.*

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pic games by one Asandrastus, as we learn from Pindar's Scholiast. I have called it a chariot, though, if it resembled the apené described by Homer in the 24th Iliad, it should more properly be called a waggon: And indeed that account of it agrees best with what Pausanias says, who observes, that the race of the apené could pretend to neither antiquity, nor beauty; and that mules were held in such detestation by the Eleans, that they permitted none of those animals to be bred in their country."

Ver. 13. In this thrice honour'd state by fortune placed—

The original is

"Ἴσω γὰρ ἐν τούτῳ πεδι-
λῳ δαιμόνιον πόδ' ἔχων.

To stand in a person's shoes, is a well-known English proverbial expression. This is a striking instance of the different genius of languages; what is sublime in the Greek would be the height of ridicule in English.

Ver. 21. Adrastus with no flattering tongue
On Amphiaraus, sacred seer! bestow'd:

Adrastus, son of Talaus, was king of the Argives: Polynices, son of Oedipus, married his daughter; who being killed, Adrastus made war with the Thebans in behalf of his son Thersander; where he lost a battle before each of the seven gates of the city; and being unable to recover the dead bodies of his soldiers, he applied to Theseus, who prevailed on the Thebans to permit him to erect a funeral pile before each gate. Amphiaraus, son of Oicleus, was a celebrated augur that accompanied him, and was swallowed up by the earth, at the command of Jupiter.

——ὁ δ' Ἀμφιάρηϊ
Σκίσεν κεραυνῷ παμβίᾳ
Ζεὺς, τὰν βαθύστερνον χθόνα.
Κρύψεν δ' ἅμ' ἵπποις. Nem. xi. 57.

Ver. 29. O how I languish to behold
The bravest of my warrior train.

In the original it is,

Ποθέω στρατιᾶς
Ὀφθαλμὸν ἐμᾶς ——

So Pindar, speaking of the ancestors of Theron, says,

—— Σικελίας τ' ἔσαν
Ὀφθαλμὸς —*Olymp.* II. 17.

Ver. 39. *Come then, O* Phintis]—Φίντις, Dorice for Φίλτις, anima. I have chosen to keep the Greek word as a proper name. Sudorius does the same in his Latin version; only he puts *Philtis*.

Junge sed promptos mihi jam jugales
Philtis.——

Ver. 54.——*Virgin Throes.*] In the original, παρθενίαν ὠδῖνα. The Scholiast says, Παρθένιοι δὲ λέγονται παῖδες, οἱ κρύφα τικτόμενοι τῶν νομιζομένων παρθένων εἶναι. Those secretly produced by reputed virgins, are called maiden children.

Ver. 72. *With trembling hands unloosed her purple zone.*] The meaning of Κάλπιδά τ' ἀργυρέαν, I confess, I do not understand, and therefore have not attempted to explain it. Sudorius has it,

——Evadne patulis sub umbris
Arborum, zonam posuit simulque
Hydriam auratam—

This is an advantage the Latin translators have over those who attempt to give the sense of an ancient poet in their native language. If the Greek is rendered faithfully, without offending the rules either of concord or quantity, it is sufficient. The reader may find out the meaning if he can, There are numberless instances of this in Sudorius's version. The paraphrase of this passage in the Oxford Pindar is as follows—Atque interim illa, solutâ virgineâ zonâ, parturiendo prævias prænunciasque aquas, & sanguinem cum fœtu fundens, &c.—Another Commentator says, Est autem *verecunda* partûs descriptio, ἀργυρέα κάλπις, Argentea Amphora, est aqua fœtum precurrens, zona φοινικόκρορος est sanguineus humor, et involucrum in quo fœtus uterum maternum egreditur. I am at a loss which to admire most, the ingenuity or the decency of these remarks.

Ver. 108. And from his fragrant couch the heavenly infant named.

Iamus from ἴος, *viola*. Scholiast.

Ver. 135. Thy sire's propitious vows—

In the original,

Μάτρωες ἄνδρες—

Ver. 159.—The long borne disgrace
Which ancient malice has employ'd
To stigmatize Bœotia's race.

Βοιοτίαν ὑν, the expression in the original, was a proverbial phrase throughout Greece, ridiculing the national dullness of the Bœotians.

ODE VIII.

TO ALCIMEDON, ON HIS OLYMPIC VICTORY; TIMOSTHENES, ON HIS NEMEAN VICTORY; AND MELESIAS, THEIR PRECEPTOR.

THE ARGUMENT.

Though this is called an Olympic Ode, the poet does not confine himself to Alcimedon, who won the prize in those games; but celebrates his brother Timosthenes, for his success at Nemea, and Melesias, their instructor. The ode opens with an invocation to the place where the games were held. Pindar then, after praising Timosthenes for his early victory in the Nemean games, mentions Alcimedon, and extols him for his dexterity, and strength; his beauty, and his country Ægina; which he

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celebrates for its hospitality, and for its being under the government of the Dorians after the death of Æacus; on whom he has a long digression, giving an account of his assisting the gods in the building of Troy. Then, returning to his subject, he mentions Melesias as skilled himself in the athletic exercises, and therefore proper to instruct others; and, enumerating his triumphs, congratulates him on the success of his pupil Alcimedon; which, he says, will not only give satisfaction to his living relations, but will delight the ghosts of those deceased. The poet then concludes with a wish for the prosperity of him and of his family.

STROPHE I.

OLYMPIA! mother of heroic games!
Queen of true prophecy! beneath whose grove
While the red victims pile the aspiring flames,
The augurs search the high behests of Jove:
Thence try to know on whom he'll deign to smile
Of those, who, by the means of glorious toil,
Seek on the dusty cirque with generous pain,
Virtue's immortal meed, and honour'd rest to gain.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For to the supplications of the good
He ever deigns a favouring ear to give,
O Pisa's woody shades, o'er Alpheus flood
That wave, my wreath-bestowing song receive;
Eternal fame, and endless honours shine,
On him whose brows thy sacred leave entwine.—
For different pleasures, different bosoms glow;
And various ways to bless the indulgent gods bestow.

EPODE I.

Timosthenes, what fair renown
Was on your almost infant actions shed,
When genial Jove resolv'd with fame to crown
Thine and thy brother's youthful head!
What time Nemea shouts thy conquering name,
And Pisa's groves Alcimedon proclaim:
Lovely shone his form, and face;
Nor did his deeds that form disgrace,
When, victor in the glorious strife,
He bade the listening woods around
Ægina's sea-girt shores resound;
Whose regions gave him life.

STROPHE II.

There sacred Themis sits, beloved of Jove,
Her favourite people's ever-watchful guard.
The crowded coasts where various nations move
To judge with skill, and sway in peace, is hard;
By heaven's decree, amidst the briny flood
This isle, to every stranger sacred, stood
A column firm, O ne'er may rolling time,
Or black misfortune, change the hospitable clime!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here Doria's warlike race their reign begun;
Here, after Æacus, their empire rose,
Whom potent Neptune, and Latona's son,
The friend, and partner of their labor, chose,
What time with social care, those heavenly powers
Crown'd Ilion's sacred seat, with strengthen'd towers.
For even then the hostile fates decreed
Her ample fanes should fall, her hardy warriors bleed.

EPODE II.

When the massy work was raised,
Three azure dragons on the new made wall
With fury sprung—the people saw amazed
Two on the ground expiring fall;
The third with horrid roars the summit gain'd:
When Phœbus thus the fatal sign explain'd:

"O Æacus, the insulting foe
Shall lay the haughty turrets low,
Which thou hast rear'd with mortal hands:
Ilion, I see thy fate decreed;
And in this omen plainly read
Immortal Jove's commands.

STROPHE III.

"Nor shall without thy race these bulwarks fall,
Thy sons at first shall shake the new-form'd state;
The hostile gods thy grandson's offspring call,
To seal its doom, and close the work of fate."
Thus spoke the god, and straight o'er Xanthus' tide
His skilful hands the heavenly coursers guide,
Till midst the warrior race his chariot stood
Of Amazonian dames, by Ister's frozen flood.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Immortal Neptune's golden horses now
To sea-beat Isthmus bear his rapid car:
There Æacus on Corinth's lofty brow
They leave, spectator of the sportive war.—
No bliss alike charms all.—The votive lays
Shall envy blast, that chant Melesias' praise?
Whose infant sinews, courting fair renown,
Obtain'd Nemea's wreath, and sam'd Olympia's crown.

EPODE III.

After, with manly sinews strong,
He in the great pancratium won the prize:—
To teach, must surely to the skill'd belong,
Experience fools alone despise:
Full well the hero knows above the rest
To form with precepts sage the manly breast;
To point the surest path that leads
To glorious acts, and daring deeds,
And future wreaths of fame prepare;
And well his * pupil's fair renown,
Who now has won the thirtieth crown,
Reward's his teacher's care.

STROPHE IV.

By fortune favour'd, nor by manhood less,
Four striplings in the strife he overcame,
Bade infamy their vanquish'd limbs oppress,
And sent them home with foreheads veil'd in shame;
While to his grandsire's hoary head he brings
Triumphant joy, whence health, whence vigour springs;
For he whom fortune fans with prosperous breath,
Forgets the pains of age, and near approach of death.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Mnemosyne, awake the silver lyre,
Tune to Blepsiadæ the sounding song:
Well their brave brows the flowery bands require,
To whom now six Olympic crowns belong.

* *Alcimedon.*

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Nor will the muſe forget the honour'd head
Though ſunk to earth, and number'd with the dead.
The virtuous actions of the good and brave,
Shall rouſe the ſleeping duſt, and pierce the ſilent grave.

EPODE IV.

Iphion 'midſt the infernal ſeats
The pleaſing news from Hermes' daughter hears;
He to Callimachus the tale repeats,
Who drinks it with exulting ears:
That Jove's ſupreme beheſt had deign'd to grace
With Piſa's ſacred meet their happy race,
Still may he good on good beſtow,
No pallid ſickneſs let them know,
Nor Nemeſis their ſocial band
By curſed diſcord e'er disjoin;
But happy may they ever ſhine,
To bleſs their native land!

NOTES ON ODE EIGHTH.

Ver. 17. *Timoſthenes, what fair renown.*] Though this, as an Olympic ode, ſhould belong chiefly to Alcimedon, the poet here firſt mentions his brother, and addreſſes himſelf particularly to him.

Ver. 31. The crowded coaſts where various nations move
To judge with ſkill, and ſway in peace, is hard.

The preſident Monteſquieu, has the following obſervation in his Spirit of Laws: * Platon dit que dans une ville où il n'y a point de Commerce Maritime, il faut la Moitie moins de Loix Civiles. Et cela eſt très vrai, le Commerce introduit dans une même Pays différent ſortes de peuples, un grand nombre de conventions, d'Eſpeces de biens, et de maniêres d'acquêrir.

Ainſi dans une ville commerçante il y a moins de Juges et plus de Loix. Eſprit de Loix, Liv. xx. 18.

There is the following paſſage in the fourth book of Plato de Legibus, near the beginning. Εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἐπιθαλαττίαν τι ἔμελλεν εἶναι καὶ εὐλίμενος, καὶ μὴ πάμφορος, ἀλλ' ἐπιδεὴς πολλῶν, μεγάλαν τινὸς ἂν δεῖ σωτῆρός τε αὐτῇ, καὶ νομοθετῶν θειῶν τινων, εἰ μὴ πολλά τε ἔμελλεν ἤθη, καὶ ποικίλα καὶ φαῦλα ἕξειν τοιαύτη φύσει, γιγνόμενη.

Ægina was an iſland in the Ægean ſea; and according to the Scholiaſt, had four hundred and eighty thouſand inhabitants.

Ver. 37. *Here Dorias' warlike race their reign begun.*] The ſcholiaſt informs us, that Peleus and Telamon, having killed their half-brother Phocus, fled, one to Theſſalia, the other to Salamis; and Æacus dying in Ægina without a ſucceſſor, Triacus, an Argive, aſſembling ſome of his country men who were of the race of the Dorians, invaded the iſland, and took poſſeſſion of it.

Ver. 57. *Nor ſhall without thy race her bulwarks fall*]. It is in the original,

Οὐκ ἄστυ παιδῶν σίθεν' ἀλ'
λ' ἅμα πρώτοις ἄρξιλαι
Καὶ τιλεύταις.

This is one of the paſſages of Pindar that is rather obſcure. I have followed the common opinion of the Commentators, who ſuppoſe πρώτοις to allude to Peleus and Telamon, who aſſiſted Hercules in his war againſt Laomedon: And τιλεύτας to mean Pyrrhus; who, according to Virgil, ſlew Priam, and was great grandſon to Æacus. Sudoriûs does the ſame:

——Natus at impias
Invadet arces haſque multa
Cæde madens pronepos cremabit.

Ver. 69. *No bliſs alike charms all*]. This is rather an abrupt ſentence, and does not ſeem to ariſe naturally out of the ſubject. Which, after all that has been ſaid concerning the irregularity of Pindar, is ſeldom the caſe with our poet, perhaps never, when he is rightly underſtood. The original is,

Τερπνὸν δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον ἴσταλαι ἀδάν.

And Sudorius's verſion,

Res nulla cunctos æque homines juvat,

The Scholiaſt ſays, the ancients were much divided in their opinions concerning this paſſage; ſome ſuppoſing it to relate to the ſeveral ways Neptune, Apollo, and Æacus went when they parted; ſome to the different exploits of Alcimedon, Timoſthenes, and Meleſias.

Ver. 74. He in the great Pancratium won the prize.

The Pancratium from πᾶν and κράτος, was the moſt laborious of the Athletic exercites. Some writers have improperly confounded it with the Pentathlon. There is a moſt accurate account of it in Weſt's diſſertation on the Olympic games; to which I refer the reader who deſires fuller information on the ſubject.

Ver. 94. Tune to Blepſiadæ the ſounding ſong.

According to the Scholiaſt, the Blepſiadæ were a particular tribe in Ægina, to which Alcimedon belonged; all of whom the poet imagines to be intereſted in the glory of his hero.

Ver. 101. Iphion midſt the infernal ſeats
The pleaſing news from Hermes' daughter hears.

In the original it is

Ἑρμᾶ δὲ θυγατρὸς ἀκούσας Ἰφίων
Ἀσγελίας.

* *De Legibus, Lib.* 8.

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There is a singular beauty in personifying Ἀοιδὰ. and making her daughter to Mercury, which it is impossible to translate, as I know no English word capable of rendering Ἀοιδὰ. Sadorius did not find his Latin more happy.

Iphio ut illic Angeliam audiet
Natam volantis Mercuris alitem.

I could also have used the Greek word; but I think it has not at all the happy effect which strikes me so much in the original. The Scholiast says, some suppose Iphion and Callimachus to be simply relations to Alcimedon; others, that they were his father and uncle. I think this passage in the ode strongly favours the latter opinion:

Παλαῖ δὲ παλαὸς ὑπάτωσεν μόνος.
Γέρων ἀνίκητον.

The address to the grandfather supporting the supposition of his father being dead.

ODE IX.

TO EPHARMOSTUS OF OPUS, ON HIS OLYMPIC AND PYTHIAN VICTORIES.

THE ARGUMENT.

PINDAR begins the ode with mentioning the hymn composed by Archilochus, and indiscriminately sung before such of the Olympic victors as were not fortunate enough to have a poet to celebrate their particular exploits. He then invokes the Muses, to assist him in praising Epharmostus for his success at Olympia and Pythia, and tells them it requires no common share of genius. He then, speaking of this country, commends him for raising its honour by his skill and success in athletic exercises, and implores the assistance of the Graces; asserting, that no glory can be expected without the aid of the superior Powers,—by whose help, he says, Hercules was able to oppose Neptune, Apollo, and Pluto. Here he checks himself, reflecting, that it is wrong to sing of any thing that may cast dishonour on the gods; and, describing Deucalion's flood, addresses Epharmostus and the citizens of Opus, as being descendants from him and Pyrrha, by means of their daughter Protogenia, who was carried away by Jupiter, and had a son by him named Opus, who founded the city of that name. Him he celebrates for his hospitality, and, enumerating his friends, particularly mentions Menœtius From thence he digresses to the story of his son Patroclus and Achilles attacking Telephus. The poet now, invoking again the Muses, desires to commemorate the victories gained by Epharmostus and his kinsman Lampromachus; and gives an account of their various triumphs; and, asserting the superiority of native over acquired merit, and giving mental accomplishments the preference to all others, he concludes with a compliment to his hero.

STROPHE I.

THE lay Archilochus prepared, the meed
Of every victor on Olympia's sand,
Might have sufficed thrice chanted, to proceed
Brave Epharmostus and his social band;
But from her bow let each Aonian maid
The glittering shafts of harmony prepare,
The heights of sacred Elis to invade,
Her shady forests, and her pastures fair;
Seats sacred still to thunder-bearing Jove,
Which Pelops gain'd, the dower of Hippodamia's love

ANTISTROPHE I.

To Pythia too one dulcet arrow send.—
Nor does that poet humble lays require
The chiefs who sings, for glory that contend.—
To princely Opus now the silver lyre
Awake, and chant her son's athletic worth.
Opus, where Themis, with her daughter, reigns,
Divine Eunomia.—Mindful of his birth,
He decks the capital of Locris' plains
With ev'ry flow'r on Alpheus' brink that grows,
And every blooming wreath Castalia's cirque bestows.

EPODE I.

My votive voice, in soothing lays,
Shall sing the much-loved city's praise;
And, swifter than the courser scours the plain,
Or the winged galley cleaves the yielding main,
Will send the messenger of Fame
Through all the admiring world, her honours to proclaim.
If haply my assiduous hand
Shall cull the flowers that deck the Graces' land.
For every bliss that crowns mankind,
Must from the powers superior rise;
And every plan's by them design'd,
That forms the valiant or the wise.

STROPHE II.

Favoured by them, Alcides' nervous arm
Repelled the monarch of the briny flood;
Nor did the silver bow his heart alarm,
But, firmly, angry Phœbus' rage he stood;
Nor could stern Pluto's rod his breast dismay,
Which drives the dying to his drear abodes:—
Rash muse, desist! nor urge the impious lay;
Hateful's the wisdom that blaspheme the gods.—
'Tis madness, strength absurdly thus to boast,
And mortal might compare with Heaven's triumphant host.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Let war and discord, with the ills they bring,
Be banished distant from the ethereal train:

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Fair Protogenia's new-raised city sing,
Where, from Parnassus to the level plain,
Deucalion and his mate descending first,
By Jove's command the rising dome design'd;
While from the stones their living offspring burst,
To fill the nations, and renew mankind.—
Let strains like these their pleas'd descendants hear,
Old wine delights the taste, new numbers charm the ear.

EPODE II.

Of old o'er earth's involved head,
The congregated waters spread,
And o'er the wasted country urged their course;
Till Jove, relenting, check'd their ruthless force,
And bade their native beds again
The raging waves absorb, and spare the ravaged plain.
From Pyrrha and Deucalion then
Your sires arose, a hardy race of men.
Thence your honour'd lineage springs;
The offspring of a god's embrace;
And hence, for ever native kings,
With glory reigns the warlike race.

STROPHE III.

Opus, thy daughter erst Olympic Jove
To shady Mænalus from Elis bore;
And there compressing with impetuous love,
Restor'd her to her plighted * lord once more,
Her womb then teeming with the heavenly child;
Lest fate his days without a son should claim.
The hero on the foster'd infant smil'd,
Pleas'd with his form, and gave his grandsire's name,
And subjects brave bestow'd, and fair domains;
Whence Opus' lofty walls, and Locris' hardy swains.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Drawn by his virtues, to whose friendly towers,
From Argos' Thebes' and Pisa's fertile plain,
And fair Arcadia, crowd the social powers,
Menœtius, chief among the warrior train,
He lov'd, from Actor and Ægina sprung:
Whose son, when wrong'd Atrides call'd to arms,
Was nobly found the vengeful train among;
Who, when the Greeks from Telephus' alarms
Found shameful safety on the friendly flood
With Peleus' godlike son, the threatening storm withstood.

* *Locrus.*

EPODE III.

From hence the skilful well might find
Th' impatience of Patroclus' mind:
Achilles, therefore, with parental care,
Advis'd him ne'er alone to tempt the war.—
O could I soar on daring wings,
Where, in her rapid car, the muse exulting sings;
(For ample power, and eager will,
Attend with duteous care her footsteps still);
Thy social worth, and Isthmian prize,
Lampromachus, should grace my lay.
When fame beheld both trophies rise
Congenial, in one rolling day.

STROPHE IV.

Twice, Epharmostus, too, thy matchless might
Fair Corinth saw, and twice Nemea's ground:
Argos, thy manly brows with glory dight,
And Attica thy youthful forehead crown'd:
What praise thou mett'st in Marathon's fam'd course!
Now, scorning with the beardless youths to run,
Match'd with the veteran race, thy rapid force,
Temper'd with skill, the silver goblet won;
Shout with exulting voice the friendly train,
To see the loveliest youth the fairest trophies gain.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

In Lycian Jove's high feast with wonder glow'd
Parrhasia's sons, thy valour to behold;
And fair Pellana on thy worth bestow'd
Her prize, a guard secure from winter's cold.
Iolaus' tomb, and fair Eleusis' plain,
Wash'd by the briny wave, thy deeds attest.—
Though men by labour strive applause to gain,
Yet native merit ever shines the best;
Nor shall the wreaths attain'd by toil and care,
With heaven-descended might, and inborn wrath compare.

EPODE IV.

Not every path extends the same,
But various are the roads to fame;
With different eyes the same pursuits we view,
Nor all one wish with equal zeal pursue;
But his great fame shall highest soar,
Who climbs the arduous heights of science' sacred lore.
By which inspir'd, I now proclaim
My hero's strength, his courage, and his fame;
Who, conqueror on Oilia's plain,
Bade the bright meed of victory twine,
Great Ajax, round thy votive fane,
And grac'd with wreaths the hallow'd shrine.

NOTES ON ODE NINTH.

Ver. 1. *The Lady Archilochus prepared*, &c.] The Scholiast tells us, Archilochus composed an ode on the victory gained by Hercules and Iolaus at Olympia, called Καλλινικος from the first word in it. Its beginning being 'Ω Καλλινικε, χαῖρε ἄναξ Ἡράκλεες. This ode it was customary to sing before every person who gained the prize at Olympia, if he had no poet to compose one purposely for the occasion.

Ver. 5. But from her bow let each Aonian maid
The glittering shafts of harmony prepare.

This manner of expression is not uncommon with our poet; he uses it in the second Olympic ode:

Ἔπεχε νῦν σκοπᾷ τόξον
Ἄγε θυμέ τίνα βάλλομεν
Ἐκ μαλθακᾶς αὖτε φρε-
-νὰς εὐκλέας οἴστους
Ἱέντες; ἐπί τοι
Ἀκράγαντι τανύσαις.

Come on, thy brightest shafts prepare,
And bend, O muse, thy sounding bow;

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Say through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows shall we throw?
On Agrigentum fix thine eye;
Thither let all thy quiver fly. WEST.

And a little before in the same ode:

Πολλὰ μοι ὑπαγκῶ-
-νος ὠκέα βέλη
Ἔνδον ἐντι φαρέτρας
Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι.

It is surprising that a man of Cowley's genius could give so very puerile a turn as he has to the first quoted passage,

Leave, wanton muse, thy roving flight,
To thy loud string the well-fletcht arrow put,
Let Agrigentum be the butt,
And Theron be the white.

Ver. 10. *Hippodamia*] The learned reader must again forgive me for sacrificing quantity to the genius of our verse and language. I have taken the same liberty afterwards with Protogenia. Iphigenia and Hyperion are commonly pronounced in the same manner.

Ver. 33. *Favoured by them Alcides' nervous arm.*] The Scholiast gives the following account of this passage: "These were the causes which induced Hercules to make war with the gods. With Neptune, for assisting the Pylians, whom he attacked for this reason: Having killed one Trachinius, and flying on account of the murder, he came to Neleus for his aid in expiating the crime; which being refused him, he made war on the Pylians, whom Neptune assisted, being father to Neleus and Peleas. With Apollo, because, when he consulted his oracle at Pytho, he was told that the god was absent; which enraged him so much, that he carried away the tripod. And with Plato, on account of his bringing away Cerberus by the command of Eurystheus."

Ver. 45. *Fair Protogenia's new raised city sing.*] The city of Opus is here called Protogenia from the daughter of Deucalion.

Ver. 49. While from the stones their living offspring burst,
To fill the nations, and renew mankind.

This is the original:

——ἄτερ
Δ' εὐνᾶς ὁμόδαμον
Κτισάσθαν λιθινον γόνον.
Λαοὶ δ' ὀνόμασθεν.

By this means, giving the etymology of the Greek word Λαὸς, populus. Sudorius in his version gives the exact sense of Pindar, by keeping the Greek work, which could not have been done with propriety in an English translation:

——Jactu lapidum dederunt
Alteram prolem, vocitant et inde
Λαὸν Achivi.

The story of Deucalion and Pyrrha renewing the race of mankind, by throwing stones over their heads, is thus told by Ovid:

Descendunt velantque caput, tunicasque recingunt.
Et jussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt:
Saxa, (quis hoc credat nisi sit pro teste vetustas?)
Ponere duritiem cœpere suumque rigorem
Mollirique morâ mollitaque ducere formam.
Ov. Met. l. I.

Ver. 50. Old wine delights the taste; new numbers charm the ear.

Perhaps the poet here means to hint to his patron, the advantage he has in having an ode purposely composed for him, instead of having only the old one, common to all the Olympic conquerors

Ver. 65. *Opus, thy daughter, &c.*] This means Protogenia, daughter of Deucalion, who is mentioned before; she was married to Locrus, from whom the country took its name. Opus and Deucalion are the same person.

Ver. 82. *And when the Greeks from Telephus' alarms,*] Telephus was son of Hercules, and, opposing the Greeks in their march to Troy, was dangerously wounded by Achilles, and afterwards healed by the rust of the same spear that gave the wound:

Telephus æternâ consumptus tabe perisset,
Si non quæ nocuit dextra tulisset opem.
Ov Trist. l. v. el. ii.

As I have mentioned Achilles, I must beg the reader's indulgence for a short digression on the story of his being rendered invulnerable by bathing in the Styx; which appears to have no foundation in any classic author, and seems to be one of those additions which the Gothic writers were so fond of making to the fables of antiquity: but though the classic authors are silent on the subject themselves, all their commentators are full of it. The following half verse of Statius,

——Ad Stygios iterum fero mergere fontes.
Stat. Achil. l. i. 134.

is the only line of any ancient poet that can at all be supposed to allude to such a fable; but is not sufficient of itself, unsupported by any other authority, to make us conclude that it was current in his time, though perhaps it might give rise to it in the imagination of subsequent authors. Monsieur Boyle, in his Dictionary, says, speaking of Achilles, "On a dit que sa mere l'aiant plongé "dans les eaux du Styx pour le rendre invulnerable, ne put procurer cet avantage au talon "parce qu'elle tenoit son fils par là, Fulgence au "chapitre 7 du livre 3, et le Scholiaste d' Horace "sur l'ode 13 du livre 5, marquent qu'elle le tint "par le talon. Ceux qui disent qu'il mourut "d'une blessure au talon, comme Hygin au "Chapitre 107 et Quinte Calaber au vers 61 du "livre 3, convienent au fond avec les deux autres; Servius sur le vers 57 du 6 livre d' Eneide dit en general qu'il etoit invulnerable, "*excepta parte qua a matre tentus est.*" Bayle, Dict. Art. ACHIL.

Whatever Servius, Fulgentius, &c. may say, sure I am, that there is no word of Achilles being invulnerable, or dying by a wound in his heel, in

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any ancient Greek poet, nor in Virgil, Horace, or Ovid; and almost every fable of antiquity is alluded to in some or other of the writings of the last. Homer actually gives an account of his being wounded in the hand by Asteropæus, who threw two darts together, one of which was innocent:

Τῷ δ' ἑτέρῳ, μιν πῆκυν ἐπιγράβδην βάλε χειρὸς •
Λεξιτερῆς, σύτο δ' αἷμα κελαινεφὲς——

Iliad xxi. 166.

One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth——

Pope.

Virgil says,

Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manusque
Corpus in Æacidæ.

Æneis, l. vi. 57.

And whoever will take the trouble to read the account of the battle between Achilles and Cycnus, in the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, will, I believe, be convinced that the poet had never heard the story of Achilles being invulnerable, as well as his antagonist.

Mr. Warton, in his History of English Poetry, mentions Statius as a great favourite of the Romantic writers; from that half line, therefore, of his above quoted, it is very probable, they borrowed this story, in every circumstance agreeing so well with the character of Gothic fiction. Cervantes informs us of a hero of romance, nearly in the same circumstance. Don Quixote, speaking of the various miraculous endowments of different knights, says: "One has the gift of never being "enchanted; another to have such impenetrable "flesh as never to be wounded, as was the case of "the famous Roldan, one of the twelve peers of "France, of whom it is reported, that he was incapable of receiving a wound except in the sole of "his left foot; and there it must be made with the "point of a large needle, and no other weapon "whatever. Therefore, when Bernardo del Carpio "killed him at Roncevalles, seeing it impossible "to wound him with steel, he lifted him from "the ground in his arms, and strangled him, recollecting the death that Hercules gave to Antæus, that fierce giant, said to be a son of the "earth."

Don Quixote, Part III. Book iv. Chap. 32.

Ver. 93. Thy social worth and Isthmian prize,
Lampromachus, shall grace my lay.

The Scholia make Lampromachus a kinsman and fellow-citizen of Epharmostus. The elder Scholiast says, that some were of opinion he won the Isthmian crown the same day that his friend did the Olympic; others, that they were both Isthmian prizes; the younger Scholiast only mentious the last opinion. Indeed it was not likely that the Olympic and Isthmian games should be celebrated at the same time.

ODE X.

TO AGESIDAMUS, SON OF ARCHESTRATUS, AN EPIZEPHYRIAN LOCRIAN, ON HIS VICTORY OBTAINED BY THE CÆSTUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet begins the ode, by apologizing to Agesidamus, for having so long delayed composing it, after promosing to do it. He then compliments him upon his country, and consoles him for being worsted at the beginning of the contest, till encouraged by Ilas, by relating the same circumstance of Hercules and Patroclus. He then describes the institution of the Olympic games, by Hercules, after the victory he had obtained over Augeas, and the sons of Neptune and Molione; and ennumerates those who won the first prizes in the athletic exercises. He then, returning to Agesidamus, and congratulating him on having a poet to sing his exploits, though after some delay, concludes with praising him for his strength and beauty.

STROPHE I.

O Muse, awake the Olympic lay,
Which to Archestratus' brave son we owe;
The meed I promised to bestow,
Oblivion's icy hand had wiped away:
And thou, O truth, the favourite maid
Of thundering Jove, vouchsafe thy aid,
To quell their slanderous falsehoods, who pretend
I e'er with wilful aim deceived a trusting friend.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Full many an hour has rolled away [glow,
Since shame has made my cheeks with crimson
So long the promised meed to owe: 11
But now the song, with interest, I'll repay;
And, as where ocean's billows roar,
They clear from stain the pebbled shore,
So shall the breath of this my friendly strain,
To listening crowds assert my spotless faith again.

EPODE I.

Where, gently fann'd by Zephyr's balmy breeze,
Fair truth o'er Locris' colony presides;
Her guardian, sweet Calliope she sees,
While warlike Mars the generous care divides.—
Bold Cycnus, in the hard-fought field, 31
Forced Hercules at first to yield;
Agesidamus, so thy might
Was wavering in the Olympic fight.

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Till, as Achilles' friendly tongue
Patroclus' fainting limbs new ſtrung;
So Ilas' words thy drooping ſpirits fire [inſpire.
Thy ſlumbering virtues rouſe, and godlike deeds

STROPHE II.

When emulation warms the breaſt, [gain;
The youth (heaven aiding) matchleſs fame ſhall
But few the envied prize obtain
By ſlothful luxury and inglorious reſt;
Now, cuſtom bids my Muſe proclaim
Jove's feſtival and ſolemn game,
With which Alcides honour'd Pelops' ſhrine,
When Neptune's baffled ſons confeſs'd his power divine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

When his triumphant arm had laid,
O blameleſs Creatus! thy glory low;
And bold Eurytas felt the blow,
O'ercome by ſtratagem in Cleon's glade;
From proud Augéas, to obtain
The promiſed meed of toil and pain;
And wreak on Molion's ſons the fatal day, [lay.
When ſtretch'd on Elis' plains his ſlaughter'd army

EPODE II.

Soon did the * faithleſs king his fraud repay,
He ſaw his country's faireſt hopes expire:
Saw his exulting cities fall a prey
To vengeful ſlaughter, and conſuming fire;
Saw deſolation's iron reign
Extend o'er all his fair domain.—
Vain are the endeavours to withſtand
The vengeance of a mightier hand;
Awhile he raſhly tried to oppoſe
The forceful entry of his ſhouting foes;
Till, ſeeing fell deſtruction round him wait,
Amidſt the preſs he fought a voluntary fate.

STROPHE III.

On Piſa's plains the ſon of Jove,
Aſſembled, with their ſpoils, his conquering band;
And bade forever ſacred ſtand
To his eternal fire this hallow'd grove:
Bade ſacred fences ſtraight ſurround
The Altis' conſecrated ground;
Whilſt round, the feſtive ſeats with ſplendor gleam,
And crown the verdant brink of Alpheus' honour'd ſtream.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alpheus, who, with the imperial train
Of high Olympus, ſhares the ſacrifice;
Where the Saturnian ſummits riſe,
With ſite conſpicuous from the trophied plain;—
There, erſt when Oenomaus ſwayed,
In ſnow was wrapped the unnoticed glade.
On the firſt rites propitious ſmiled the fates;
And time, on whom even truth for confirmation waits;

EPODE III.

He, rolling on with never-ceaſing courſe,
To the ſucceeding race of men, declares,
How the rich ſpoils of war's reſiſtleſs force,
The godlike hero 'midſt his army ſhares;
And bids the feſtive games ſtill cheer
Again each fifth-revolving year.—
Who in the conteſts now ordained,
The firſt Olympic wreath obtained?

Whoſe courſers in the rattling car,
Or limbs exerted in the ſportive war,
Or feet inured to urge the rapid race,
Snatched from their baffled foes the matchleſs olive's grace?

STROPHE IV.

On the long ſtadium's even courſe.
Oeonus, great Licymnius' valiant ſon,
The prize with active footſteps won, [force:
Who brought from Media's plains his friendly
Reſplendent with the wreſtler's oil,
Fair victory crown'd the * Tegean's toil:
While brave Doryclus, from Tirynthe's ſhore,
The cæſtus' manly prize from all his rivals bore.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Conſpicuous on his conquering car,
The Muſe Mantinian Semus' courſers ſings;
Phraſtor the unerring javelin flings:
While, by Eniceus' ſinews hurl'd afar,
Beyond the reſt the diſcus flies.—
Reſound the ſhores with friendly cries;
While lovely Luna pours her argent light
Full-orb'd, and cheers with rays the gloomy ſhades of night.

EPODE IV.

The echoing woods, and vaulted temples round,
Ring with the jocund ſhouts, and feſtive ſtrain.
Following their great example, we reſound
Their glories who the Olympic olive gain;
And in the far-reſounding verſe
The manly victor's praiſe rehearſe,
And tune the hymn to awful Jove;
Who, 'midſt the ſapphire plains above,
Bids the bright-gleaming lightning fly,
And darts the thunder through the trembling ſky.
Breathed to ſoft flutes ſweet ſounds the lingering lay,
Which, formed on Dirce's brink, though long deferred, we pay.

STROPHE V.

As grateful comes the long hoped air;
As to the expecting ſire whom age and pain
To ſecond child-hood bend again,
The happy offspring of a legal heir;
The joyful tidings ſtraight impart
New vigour to his ſinking heart;
For wealth itſelf the dying breaſt offends,
When to a ſtranger's hand the envied gift deſcends.

ANTISTROPHE V.

So he who at dread Pluto's gate
Arrives unſung;—though worth and fair renown
His every word and action crown.
What ſhining honour ſhall that worth await?
Thy ears, the lyre, and dulcet flute,
Ageſidamus! ſhall ſalute;
O'er thy fair fame diſtil mellifluous lays,
And all Pieria's choir afford thee ample praiſe.

EPODE V.

And on his country too we muſt beſtow
The faithful tribute of a votive verſe;
On Locris' race the honied ſtream ſhall flow
While their victorious ſon my lays rehearſe;
Whom, by Olympia's awful ſhrine,
My eyes beheld, with ſtrength divine,

* *Augeas.*

* *Echemus.*

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In the ſtern conflict bear away
The envied trophies of the day.
Lovely his form, while youth's ſoft grace
Shed ſmiling beauty o'er his face;

Youth's bloom divine, which, join'd to potent love,
The ruthleſs arm of death, from Ganymedes drove.

NOTES ON ODE TENTH.

Ver. 12. But now the ſong with intereſt I'll repay.

Pindar, having ſo long delayed ſending the ode, according to his promiſe, accompanied it with another ſmall one, to atone for his neglect: this is the eleventh ode; which is from thence intitled Τόκος, intereſt. It is tranſlated by Weſt.

Ver. 17. Where gently fanned by Zephyr's balmy breeze,
Fair truth o'er Locris' colony preſides.

There was a colony of Locrians eſtabliſhed in that part of Italy called Magna Græcia; who, from their weſtern ſituation, were ſtiled Epizephyrian Locrians. Ageſidamus was of this colony: the ode being inſcribed in the original, Ἀγησιδάμῳ, Λοκρῷ Ἐπιζεφυρίῳ.

Ver. 21. Bold Cycnus in the hard-fought field,
Forced Hercules at firſt to yield.

Hercules, making war with Cycnus, the ſon of Mars (the Cycnus ſlain by Achilles was a ſon of Neptune), on account of his cruelty, was at firſt defeated, though he afterwards overcame and killed him. From this circumſtance, and from Patroclus being encouraged by the exhortations of Achilles at the ſiege of Troy, he conſoles Ageſidamus for being worſted at the beginning of the conflict, till he aſſumed freſh ſtrength and ſpirits from the encouragement of Ilas, his Ἀλειπτής, or anointer: whoſe buſineſs it was, not only to prepare the combatants for the conteſt, by anointing them, but alſo to inſtruct them in the athletic exerciſes; as appears from what is ſaid of Meleſias in the eighth Olympic ode, who in the title of it is ſtyled Ἀλειπτής, Unctor. This Ilas the elder Scholiaſt calls Iolas; and the younger Scholiaſt, and after him Sudorius, Hylus. I have choſen to keep the name as it is in Pindar.

Ver. 35. Jove's feſtival and ſolemn game,
With which Alcides honoured Pelops' ſhrine.

The poet here gives an account of the firſt inſtitution of the Olympic games, by Hercules, after the victory he had obtained over Augeas, and his allies Cteatus and Eurytus, ſons of Neptune and Molione; with whom he made war, to obtain the reward promiſed him by Augeas: and to revenge the loſs of his army, which had been before cut to pieces by Cteatus and Eurytus; in which were ſlain his brother Iphicles, and alſo Telamon and Calcedon.

Ver. 62. *The Altis' conſecrated ground.*] The Altis was a grove near the Olympic ſtadium, ſacred to Jupiter; in which were placed the ſtatues of the Olympic conquerors. In Weſt's diſſertation there is a particular account of it.

Ver. 65. Who worſhipped with imperial train
Of high Olympus, ſhares the ſacrifice.

In the original it is,

Μίξε δωδεκ' ἀνάκτων θεῶν.

There were ſix altars erected by Hercules, to twelve of the principal gods: the firſt was dedicated to Jupiter and Neptune; the ſecond, to Juno and Minerva; the third to Mercury and Apollo; the fourth, to Bacchus and the Graces; the fifth to Diana and Alpheus; the ſixth to Saturn and Rhea.

Ver. 85 *On the long Stadium's even courſe.*] The poet here gives the names of the conquerors at the firſt inſtitution of the Olympic games, in the ſix different exerciſes, viz. the foot race; the paleſ, or wreſtling; the cæſtus; the chariot race; darting; and throwing the diſcus; all of which, with other exerciſes added afterwards, are accurately deſcribed in Weſt's diſſertation on the Olympic games.

Ver. 112.—*Formed on Dirce's brink.*] Dirce was the name of a fountain near Thebes, ſuppoſed to have been wife to Lycus, king of Thebes, and transformed into a fountain by Jupiter, after having been torn to pieces by horſes, for her cruelty to Antiope.

ODE XIII.

TO XENOPHON, OF CORINTH, ON HIS VICTORY IN THE STADIC COURSE, AND PENTATHLON, AT OLYMPIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet begins his ode, by complimenting the family of Xenophon, on their ſucceſſes, in the Olympic games, and their hoſpitality; and then celebrates their country, Corinth, for its good government and for the quick genius of its inhabitants in the invention of many uſeful and ornamental arts. He

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then implores Jupiter to continue his bleſſings on them, and to remain propitious to Xenophon; whoſe exploits he enumerates, together with thoſe of Theſſalus and Ptœdorus, his father, and grandfather. He then, launches out again in praiſe of Corinth and her citizens, and relates the ſtory of Bellerophon. He then, checking himſelf for digreſſing ſo far, returns to his hero, relates his various ſucceſs in the inferior games of Greece, and concludes with a prayer to Jupiter.

STROPHE I.

WHILST I rehearſe the illuſtrious houſe's praiſe,
Thrice victor in Olympia's ſportive war;
To friends and ſtrangers open: let my lays
The fame of happy Corinth bear afar:
Which as a gate to Neptune's Iſthmus ſtands,
Proud of her blooming youth and manly bands;
There, fair Eunomia, with her ſiſter train
Bleſt peace and juſtice, hold their ſacred reign;
Who wealth and ſmiling eaſe on mortals ſhower,
From Themis' genial care, drawing their natal hour.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But bloated inſolence and ſell diſdain
Far from their peaceful ſeats they drive away.
Now lovely deeds inſpire my ſounding ſtrain,
And honeſt boldneſs ſwells my riſing lay;
When native worth the generous boſoms feel,
'Tis hard the ſhining virtues to conceal.
Corinth, on thee the blooming hours beſtow
The envied wreaths from manly deeds that flow,
And teach thy dædal ſons with careful heart,
Firſt to explore the way of many a uſeful art.

EPODE I.

Who bade the bullock ſacred bleed
To Bacchus in the Dityhrambic rite?
Who firſt with reins the generous ſteed
Directed in his rapid flight?
And bade the ſculptured bird of Jove
The temple's maſſy roofs above,
For ever fixed on either end,
His ornamental wings extend?
While the ſweet muſe her ſilver ſounds inſpires,
And Mars with glorious flame the warriors boſom fires.

STROPHE II.

Olympia's honour'd patron! potent Jove!
Whoſe ſovereign mandates o'er the world extend,
O with propitious ear my ſtrain approve,
And, to fair Corinth's virtuous ſons a friend,
On Xenophon let gales propitious breathe,
And take with hand benign the victor wreath
He won: ſurpaſſing, when on Piſa's ſhore,
What mortal valor had perform'd before;
The Stadic courſe re-echoed his renown,
And with knit limbs he gained the Pentathletic crown.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And twice conſpicuous on the trophied courſe
The Iſthmian parſley graced his victor brow;
Nor did Nemea's clique contemn his force —
And where the ſacred waves of Alpheus flow
His father Theſſalus the olive wore
By ſwiftneſs gain'd, and ſince on Pythia's ſhore,
One ſun beheld his might, 'midſt wondering eyes
Obtain the Stadic, and Diaulic prize;
And the ſame month, to grace his honour'd brow,
The third triumphal wreath did Attica beſtow.

EPODE II.

Seven times with rival force
Did Theſſalus the Hellotian trophies gain,
With Prœodorus too, his ſire,
He triumphed on the Iſthmian plain.
The ſwelling joy, the ſounding ſong,
Still follow as they go along;
What wreaths! what honours! too, they bore
From Pythia's and Nemea's ſhore!—
He who recounts their various crowns, as well
May number all the ſands where ocean's billows ſwell.

STROPHE III.

Some medium though will every praiſe beſeem,—
Which 'tis the firſt of wiſdom ſtill to know.—
While, with no alien voice, the much-lov'd theme
The fame of Corinth from my lips ſhall flow;
And I her chiefs, and prudent ſires rehearſe,
No ſounds fallacious ſhall diſgrace my verſe:
There Siſyphus aroſe, whoſe wiles could ſhine
With matchleſs force and luſtre near divine;
Medea there, whom Venus' flames inſpire
The Grecian ſhip to ſave, and cheat her cruel ſire.

ANTISTROPHE III.

When warred the Greeks on Phrygia's hoſtile ſtrand,
On either ſide her ſons embattled ſtood,
Though to bear Helen from the ill-fated land,
Her warriors with the Attridæ croſſed the flood;
Yet ſome, who thoſe with vengeful ſpears repell'd
From Corinth's race their honour'd lineage held,
For Lycian Glaucus to the Achaian hoſt
Trembling before his lance, would often boaſt
His ſires' abode, and wealth, and wide domain,
Where fair Pirene's waves enrich the fertile plain.

EPODE III.

Who by the ſilver fountain's ſide
Much labour found, and much affliction knew,
While winged Pegaſus he tried,
Meduſa's offspring to ſubdue;
Till, ſleeping on his native plains,
Minerva gave the golden reins;
" Awake, Æolian king! awake!
" This ſacred gift with tranſport take;
" Show it to Neptune, potent god of ſteeds,
" While at his hallowed ſhrine the votive bullock " bleeds."

STROPHE IV.

The Ægis-bearing maid Minerva ſpoke,
While midnight ſlumbers cloſ'd his heavy eyes;
Straight from the dull embrace of ſleep he broke,
And ſeiz'd with eager hand the glittering prize:
Cœranus' ſon he fought, the neighbouring ſeer,
And pour'd the wonderous tidings in his ear;
That, as in awful Pallas' holy fane,
Sleep o'er his temples ſpread her leaden reign;
Before him ſtood confeſs'd the warlike maid,
And by his ſide at once the golden bridle laid.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

The wondering augur bade him ſtraight obey
Each mythic mandate of the dream divine;
To Neptune firſt the votive bullock pay;
Then to equeſtrian Pallas rear a ſhrine:
Beyond his hopes the gods with favouring will
The object of his wiſhes ſoon fulfil;

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For brave Bellerophon, with joyful look,
The sacred present of th' immortals took;
Threw it with ease about his arching head,
And peaceful in his hand th' ethereal courser led.

EPODE IV.

Now, shining in refulgent arms, 111
The winged Pegasus his limbs bestrode;
And seeking war's severe alarms,
To Amazonia's plains he rode;
And, 'midst the chilling reigns of frost,
O'ercame the female archer-host.
His arms Chimæra's flames subdue;
The dauntless Solymi he slew.—
I pass the death his cruel fate decreed, [steed.
When Jove's eternal stalls receiv'd th' immortal

STROPHE V.

While thus the shafts of harmony I throw, 121
Let me not aim too wide with erring hand;
The Muses now command the strain to flow
To Olygæthidæ's triumphant band;
Recount the early praise and young renown
On Isthmia's and Nemea's cirque they won;
In verse concise stupendous deeds display,
And with an oath confirm the wonderous lay;
That in both stadiums for their vigour fam'd,
Full sixty victor wreaths the herald's voice proclaim'd. 130

ANTISTROPHE V.

How oft their brows the Olympic olive grac'd,
To fame already have my numbers given,
What future crowns shall on their heads be plac'd,
Though we may hope, is only known to heaven:
Yet if new strifes their genius bids them prove,
We trust th' event to Mars, and mighty Jove.
Oft from Parnassus' heights the meed they bore,
And Argos' fields, and Thebes' resounding shore;
And well can witness Lycian Jove's high fane,
The manly toils it saw on fair Arcadia's plain.

EPODE V.

Pellana's fields, and Sycion's coast; 141
Megara, and the Æacides' domain;
Eleusis' cirque, and freedom's boast,
Fair Marathon's triumphant plain;
Proud Ætna and Eubœa green,
Have their victorious trophies seen.
Through Græcia's realms their large amount
Of wreaths, in vain the muse would count.—
Assist, immortal Jove! my soaring lays,
And crown with honour'd ease my calm-revolving days. 150

NOTES ON ODE THIRTEENTH.

Ver. 1. The illustrious house
Thrice victor in Olympia's sportive war.

The poet here alludes to the several prizes gained by Xenophon, his father Thessalus, and his grandfather Ptœodorus; all which are mentioned in the ode, and not to three prizes won by Xenophon alone, as some commentators have imagined, making Σταδίου δρόμῳ not to signify one exercise, but two. I leave the precise meaning of these words to be determined by those who are more curious in these sort of conjectures; but I think the poet's intention is to put out of all doubt, by the expression οἶκον τρισολυμπιονίκαν; which plainly relates to Xenophon's family, and not to himself.

Ver. 25. And bade the sculptured bird of Jove,
The temple's massy roofs above,
For ever fix'd on either end,
His ornamental wings extend.

This is rather an obscure passage, and relates to a particular ornament of the Grecian temples, viz. the Aëtoma, or figure of an eagle placed there; the invention of which the poet here ascribes to the Corinthians. The Scholiast adds, it was called double, from its form; or rather from there being one placed on each end of the temple, Δίδυμον δὲ φησὶν ὅτι διπλᾶτον ἀετώματα τὰ ὄπισθεν καὶ ἔμπροσθεν. Sudorius only differs from me by placing it within the temple; and perhaps he is in the right, as the word in the original is ἔνθην';

——vel intra,
Templa aquilæ speciem locavit?

I have seen a Latin comment on Pindar, which supposes ἀέτωμα to mean a part of the temple itself; and to be so called, from its extending on each side as an eagle does its wings. *Sciendum est ἀέτωμα locum et partem templi fuisse, ita dictam quæ ἀετὸς etiam dicta est propterea quod in modum aquilæ extendentis alas formata esset.* Comment. in Pind. auctore Benedicto Aretio Bernensi, p. 189.

Ver. 37. Surpassing, when on Pisa's shore,
What mortal valour had perform'd before;
The stadiac course re-echoed his renown,
And with knit limbs he gain'd the Pentathletic crown.

The mention only of two prizes here, confirms, I think, my opinion of the passage spoken of in the full note. The Pentathlon consisted of five different exercises, viz. leaping, running, quoiting, darting, and wrestling; thus expressed in a Greek epigram;

Ἴσθμια καὶ Πυθοὶ Διοφὼν ὁ Φίλωνος ἐνίκα,
Ἅλμα, Ποδωκείην, Δίσκον, Ἀκόντα, Πάλην.

Anthologia, l. i. cap 1. epig. 8.

What made it so extraordinary for the Pentathlete to succeed in any of the other exercises, was the great application, and strict and peculiar regimen, necessary to be observed in the attaining

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perfection in any one of the Gymnastic exercises; which care the Pentathlete was obliged to divide amongst so many. Plato confirms this in his Ἔρασται; where he makes Socrates answer to a person who affirms philosophy to consist in a general knowledge: Δοκεῖς γάρ μοι λέγειν οἷον ἐν τῇ ἀγωνίᾳ εἰσὶν οἱ Πένταθλοι πρὸς τοὺς δρομέας, ἢ τοὺς πελταστὰς, καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖναι τούτων μὲν λείπονται κατὰ τὰ τούτων ἆθλα, καὶ δεύτεροι εἰσί, πρὸς τούτους τῶν δ' ἄλλων ἀθλητῶν, πρῶτοι, καὶ νικῶσιν αὐτούς. "You seem to speak of a person like the "Pentathlete; who, when matched with a runner, or darter in their own particular exercises, "is always inferior; though he may be the first "among the other Athlets (i. e. those of his own "profession), and overcome them." Longinus has also a passage much to the same purpose; when, comparing Hyperides with Demosthenes, he mentions the various merits of the former, and says, "He bears the second rank in almost every "thing, like a Pentathlete, who, though he may "be inferior to those who hold the first estimation in their several particular exercises, yet "excels all others of the same class with himself:" Ὥς ὁ Πένταθλος, ὥστε τῶν μὲν πρωτείων ἐν ἅπασιτων ἄλλων ἀγωνιστῶν λείπεσθαι, πρωτεύειν δὲ τῶν ἰδιωτῶν.

Ver. 48. The Isthmian parsley crown'd his victor brow.

The prizes in the four sacred games are enumerated in the following line:

Ἆθλα δὲ τῶν Κότινος, Μῆλα, Σέλινα, Πίτυς.

The latter of which, i. e. a garland made of the leaves of the wild pine, was the reward given in the Isthmian games. But Pindar's Scholiast informs us, that σέλινα, the parsley, was also sometimes given at the Isthmian games, as well as the Nemean; only with this difference, that the Isthmian parsley was dried, and the Nemean green. The third question of the fifth book of Plutarch's Symposiacs assigns the reasons for changing the pine branch for the parsley, and afterwards restoring the pine again.

Ver. 48. *Diaulic prize.*] The Dialus was a foot-race, twice the length of the Stadic, consisting of two Stadiums, as that did of one.

Ver. 77. For Lycian Glaucus to the Achaian host,
Trembling before his lance, would often boast
His sire's abode, and wealth, and wide domain,
Where fair Pirene's waves enrich the fertile plain.

Glaucus was king of Lycia; great great grandson to Bellerophon; though Pindar says Πατρὸς ἀρχὰν κ. τ. λ. He was an ally of Priam's at the siege of Troy. In Homer, he gives an account of his whole lineage, and the story of Bellerophon, at large, in his speech to Diomedes, in the sixth Iliad. It is too long to insert here.

Ver. 121. While thus the shafts of harmony I throw.

This is another instance of that manner of expression I have taken notice of in the note upon the fifth line of the ninth ode.

Ver. 124. *To Oligæthidæ's triumphant band.*] The Oligæthidæ, were a tribe, or division of the people at Corinth, to which Xenophon belonged. The Scholiast says, the number of their prizes was equal in each of the games, viz. Thirty in the Isthmian, and Thirty in the Nemæan. Ἑξηκοντάκις γὰρ ἀμφότεροι τοῖς ἀγῶσιν Ἰσθμίοις καὶ Νεμέοις ἀνεκυρήχθησαν οἱ Ὀλιγαιθίδαι, τριάκοντα ἐν ἑκάστῳ ἀγῶνι.

Ver. 137. *Oft from Parnassus' heights,* &c.] The poet here, as in several of his other odes, enumerates the exploits of his patron and his family, in those inferior festivals which were held in almost every city throughout Greece; and where the same exercises were performed, though the prizes were not so honourable as in the four principal ones, viz. the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian; which were called, by way of eminence, sacred. A list of these festivals, with the occasion of them, and the places where they were held, may be found in the twentieth chapter of the first volume of Potter's Grecian Antiquities.

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